

12th Mess Gp. Plans To Throw Big Shindig Soon

By Cpl. Clarence Halleback
M-Sgt. Joseph Seilas, Sgt. Major of the 12th Mess Group is advising his boys to join the N. C. O. Club. Quite right you are Sarge and from what I've seen of the floor plans from the N. C. O. Club is really going to be top in entertainment. Here's hoping to see all you Non-Corns there in the near future.
Lt. Maurice Beaulieu, C. O. of the 40th Mess Sqdr., says it is time for another Mess Group party and all heartily agree... what say Lieutenant??? I for one don't want to play ball in the snow.
Vital Statistics, or, when do we

as Pat says, "We ain't walking!" Have any of you guys dropped into the day room these past nights and heard Pfc. Roland Fort at the piano? Fort pronounced Party is really an ivory tuckler from way back... very entertaining.
Now that S-Sgt. Bailey Patrick, the boy from Saratoga way, has settled down in the environs of his wife Kay, the ex-maestro of the N. C. O. School has taken over the reins of the 40th Mess Sqdn. as its team 1st Sgt. Good luck to you Bailey and to Carl Schulz new boss of the 39th Mess Sqdn. We know you both can make good.

Was over to the Sports Arena the other night with S-Sgt. Mike Origel and what a work out we had. Mike is a great man for his excitment and the built and good to show it. Must try it more often and get to be a muscle man my self.
Very good seeing the boys in the day room writing home to the folks. You know they keep after the civilians to write to us but it is just as important that we write to them... Caught the devil from my wife because she only got three letters from me last Monday and with me writing every day just goes to show you that no matter how much you write they still want more... so lets give those at home a break and drop them a letter quite often.



got the cigars department Pfc. Jacob Watkins is now the proud papa of a boy seven and one-half pounds at birth—promises to be able to lick the old man before long. The great event occurred two weeks ago Saturday at noon o'clock. Mother and son are doing fine but Pop looks pale... Cpl. Jack Ice is also the father of a son weighing in at eight and one-quarter pounds. Mother, Jacquelyn by name, is fine thank you but as Jack says it was tough on him... We hear that Act. 1st Sgt. Carl Schulz of the 39th and his wife

Well now that basketball season is about to get underway the boys in the Mess Group under the guidance of Capt. Dickson S. Stauffer Jr., are saying that we will take the Post Basketball Championship as we did the Baseball Championship. Only the future can tell that but we will be rooting for you boys on the team and hoping to add that cup to the one we have and really start a collection.

Hoop Quintet Of The 797th To Be A Lulu

A soldier boy in khaki and a lady in lace make a fine combination. Soldiers in jerseys and trunks make a good combination known as a basketball sensation. Under the leadership of that undaunting, flashy man of the court, not a man from the 797th but one against any bar, S-Sgt. Mike Conny, there is the kings of her basketball chamois-ship. Many of the players of last year's team will be in the line-up. Reports form the sporting circles are favoring the 797th to repeat last years achievement, and also add to it's laurels the championship of Seymour Johnson Field. The Volley Ball courts are in constant use, with keen competition. Soldiers (wolves) are discovering that two arms can be put to use in many a squeeze—play.
The officers and enlisted men take pleasure in welcoming Major E. Carter, our new commanding officer, formerly of the 333rd.

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Here is the Moral for this week and the duration although I know that the Army doesn't need any of that—Oh No!! Remember fellows, "Money is a good friend but is his master" so buy some more war bonds and really have a bunch of good friends.
"An aviator for now. See you in the chow line."

The Wolf by Sansone



"Really—I don't understand why you run go into town every weekend. There's fully as much fun to be had right here in camp!"

Air-O-Mech To Get Rubber Type-- We'll Wait

By PFC. JOE MARTIN
George Bernard Shaw said about money, "Money is a good friend and we hope the G. I. will forgive us for this new low in humor—The 791st's Basketball Team is 'on the ball' from dusk to dawn. Don't let where the energy get the energy but rumors have it there's a cache



of vitamin pills (at least) somewhere in the squadron area. I practice makes perfect the Air-O-Mech sport pages are going to need 'rubber type' to record their victories. Every time we pass the basketball court, it seems they're putting in some practice.
Not to be outdone, there's another group of indoor athletes who head for the Bowling Alley almost nightly to finish working off the rough spots on their form before the Inter-Squadron competition opens. The man to watch on the Bowling Team this Winter is S-Sgt. Easton Cook.

the benefit of those who didn't meet the nice guy while he was visiting "Butch" he's Pfc. David Shope of the Chemical Warfare Dept. His stories of fifteen months in a corner of Alaska would make you blanche and blush.
We like Sgt. Bill Graffius' crack about coming back to S. J. "I'm glad to be back because I'm leaving soon." That children is a classic example of both subtlety and understatement. Don't question, Poppa, just believe him.

Mail-call doesn't seem the same any more. Don't get us wrong, we think the fellows in the Mail-room are just dandy guys. But it seems strange to get mail from anyone but Cpl. Oliver "Whitey" Snow. We regret to record he's moved from the Squadron to Tent City.
The next time O. I. is gone in the Orderly Room, watch the way S-Sgt. Nat Finkelstein answers a phone. It isn't that he's been studying the operation of "booby traps" he's just being discreet these days. Seems one night last week "Joe" called Nat—"At least, Nat was sure it was "Joe" who's been calling Nat for a long and there's no mistaking his voice. The Sarge was a little goofed-off with "Joe" and a few unmentionable points of

80th Boasts Real Artist

By PRIVATE JOE FERREIRA
If you ever visit our Service Club and you are invited to come down and do so as we are very proud of the work we have done on it, you will notice various drawings of vivacious ladies and a very likeliness of our Commanding Officer, Captain Edward T. Riley. These works of art were done by a fellow in our Squadron who we call Chipmunk. His real name is Ray D. Trotter Jr., and he has worked at North American Art Co. making E-S's. The type of painter of portraits. He does like to speak of it but he won't say Second Prizes at the National Negro Art Contest in 1941. Oklahoma City. Out of 800 paintings submitted, his were the best.

Before entering the Army and by the way he volunteered, he worked at North American Art Co. making E-S's. The type of ship he some day hopes to fly. His brother, Jim Trotter is in Texas as an Aviator Cadet and they have hopes of some day flying side by side. If he flies as good as he draws, the Axis had better without any coaxing discussed a few unmentionable points of

His hobbies are photography and building airplane models. Not boy but the type that fly and did our cadets in identifying aircraft.
He is a fine soldier and a regular fellow and we of the 80th are glad to have him with us.

for a long, high one the other day and ended up with a broken right foot. If anyone's around the Library, he can use a couple tomes of poetry. He turns a neat couplet himself.
Have Sgt. Paul Buford shown you the pix of the two little Bufords he left back in Nashville before you start wondering why he's so impatient to get going on his furlough. We caught him cursing the C.O. under in Wing Headquarters last Sunday.

There wasn't anything seriously wrong with those G. I. who raced out of the Orderly Room the other night and disappeared off into the section of the Infirmary. It was their reaction to a little conversation they heard between a C.O. and 1st-Sgt. Martin Birch. It went like this: (1st-Sgt.) "You're like R. P. today?" (Pfc.) "It was swell." And, honest, meant it!



"Joe's" ancestry. And then quicker than a G. I. saying "yes" to Betty Grable, the Sarge aged twenty years. It wasn't "Joe" who was it? That's none of my business, nor yours. Just watch him answer a phone that's all.
S-Sgt. Nevin Ragsdale is up and about to report for duty any day. For the benefit of the new G. I. he'll be the stern looking guy with the wavy hair.
Sgt. Bill Yoh is the latest squadron member to fall victim to the football practice hoodoo. Reached

BE BRAVE, BILL
wife Ruth have requested a little G. I. Maybe it will be twins Carl!!!
Glad to see Cpl. Berton Zina out of the hospital. He really had a rest as he is pitching horseshoes like a superman. Also good to see Sgt. Jack Shaira back in the fold. Now I can get a good haircut from our official barber. He.

So far Sgt. Bill Walker hasn't asked Snow White for that date and as this promises to be a long hard struggle we will keep you posted. Remember Bill, "He who hesitates is lost" and so do we seem to lose Virginia. The "General" Bill remembered Virginia's Birthday with a card. Looks like progress.
Did you notice the glad smiles on the boys with the furloughs in their pockets? Sure was a bunch of 'em around here just before they left... but those returning from that trek to the bright spots and happy places didn't seem any too happy about the whole thing. They looked kind of worn out and ready for a weeks rest to recover from the gay time at home. Just think fellows there is only a six months between you and the next one so relax till that day comes along.
Nice to see Sgt. Pat DiLorenzo has his auto back in commission. That is if you can call that hunk heap an auto. Maybe he will park it along side of a scrap drive pile of junk and Goodbye car... but

No 'tis not a peacock strutting around the area—'tis the personnel of the 797th, from the commanding Officer down to the buck privates and the mess hall and mess kitchen. The favorable comments made by the inspecting officers in our recent command inspection is indeed a feather in our caps. OUR MOTTO: Don't Dream -- GET ON THE BEAM.

Sgt. Andy etc. etc., our casual man met an eye full of loveliness the other week-end while strolling down the main street of the 797th. He was a little disoriented away Andy's temperature returned of normal 110 degrees, he soon discovered that the gorgeous creature was the exclusive property of Sgt. Kelley. Andy's last words were "Ah, tis a cruel, cruel world as we live in."
A discovery of worth musical note—a bit sour.
The sequence to the most recent popular ballad of the "Hit Parade"—"Packin' Mammy" is making it's correction his debut in the squadron area. Not mere word and music, but strictly G. I. issue "Packin' Mammy" Permanent Party Non-Commissioned Officer of the Day" This gun for hire but does not fire.
A smiling face is once again seen around the area. It belongs to Pfc. Harry "How it All" O'Connor, who was just released from the Post Hospital after an operation. Welcome back Harry.

Life has its little ironies, but we think this one could only happen in the Army. The Sergeants Bill parted from the Squadron recently in search of new horizons to conquer. They wrote the customary letters and then silence. Seems the little gods who take care of things like this handled their cases personally because they're both back.
Anybody within range of the Squadron's P. A. system didn't have to be told Small had come home. That hour of swing recordings crashing out of the squadron area was Small making friends with the collection of hot platters he left behind.
Notes to You—If anyone wants info on Arctic warfare drop into Barracks 834 and go into a hurry. The 8th Air Force Shoppe here got all the answers from his brother who visited him last week. For

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates



Eleven and Nor Co. ad for Recoil

