

HQ & HQ Doings: That Dance, Furloughs, Dope

By PVT. JIMMY HEARNS

Sgt. Ivan Flye, diminutive slumberg of Barracks 205, alias Le-hane a Little Latrine, was all af-fur-rough to his home in Maine. Famed from one end of the first to the other because of his pre-vious record on "buggin," Ivan was a genuine king in this line.

Buggin is the digging of worms on the beach for commercial sale as fishing bait. Ivan, scooping off trainbunch with huggage in both hands, could be heard spouting an incoherent and extended treatise on the joys of snapping the thumb and index finger around the neck of a nice big, juicy bait worm as its signs dance in front of the eyes.

Claudeville Gathering
The date is October the fifth. The scene: The Service Club. It is THE night for Eq. and Eq. men. The squadron is in a jollity mood all expectations with a fine turnout of Eq. men and girls. Gaze. With the super-soldier strains of the Foot dance of filling the club, the writer happens to stumble upon a secluded little part of the club where four well-known men about the outfit are regaling an equal number of WAAC beauties.

They get away from it—al operators have themselves a sure nuff private ball. Through a small cranny in the wall we watch the winks on. There's "Shine Shine Tomorrow," Paul! Well, whaddya know! Pipe the doll he walzins' with "Angeliace." Ben's dancing with another huscious in his arm.

Hawkeye Joe and Bombay Sam have similar cargoes of beauty in tow and the very air is laden with the perfume of romance. And so, that is the way it is with some puniate lads of our organization. The attentions of four lovelies all for themselves with

no interference. What men (ughh!) hitting from All Angles.

Johnny nice. Cpl. Johnny. The personally-plus kid is back from D6 at Special Services School and says that he picked up publicly added learning to interesting phases of the work. Sgt. Assanoff is getting ready to lock himself up to a ball and chain, soon. That certain barracks cited continues to grow more lirkson with each day that passes.

Cpl. Charley Brackett has been receiving a bekovra lot of mail in feminine screwy lately. Has kept him busy answering. He left yesterday on furlough and judging from the many letters, his frequent jaunts to the jewelry counter of the PX and reviewing on of stripes and attaching of medals, he is anticipating a veddy, veddy busy time. . . . Felien and Driscoll, the Katsenhammer kids, are out on the barracks jumpin' with their mischievous and frolicsome clowning.

A trifle belated but still plenty appropriate are a whole basketful of congratulations to Sgt. G. Carnes, of the Orderly Room, for his great work in the 30 day period taken in by the Third War Loan Drive of September. Carnes, acting as squadron representative for Bond sales, plugged on day after day working for an above-quota amount of sales in the squadron. His line efforts paid off with the neat figure of \$12,075, whereas the quota asked was only \$2,250! That's the way, Sarge! Thanks, again to you for being so instrumental in the wonderful off your outfit made.

Glad To Knowya, Reg! Men, throw out that welcome mat for a class 'A' guy who is now acting as Squadron representative. Roger Barklow is the one we're beating the drums for and we're proud to have him. He's out on furlough. It is gonna make a big hit with you and HQ men when you get o' him. Usta be top kick for the 801st.

AN OKAY DOODIE!

Chips, a German shepherd dog owned by Little Nancy Wren, of Pleasantville, N. Y. has become the first canine in history ever recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross and Nancy is plenty proud.

Nancy hadn't heard a word from Chips since the day he trotted off to war with the 89 Corps until recently when the War Department informed her father that Chips had been cited for cleaning out an enemy pillbox in Sicily.



333 ABS Welcomes New CO He's Capt. Wm C. Sharpsteen

By S-SGT. ADAM SENDERSKI

The flying officer who wears silver tracks on his collar, breastful of ribbons and whose presence has been very evident in the Squadron area is Captain William C. Sharpsteen, newly assigned Commanding Officer of the 333rd, relieving Major Walter E. Carter who was transferred to the 79th Technical School Squadron. The boys extend a fond welcome to the Major and a welcome to the Captain.

An important unit manned by the 333rd specialists is the Unit Personnel Section whose functions are ably described by press correspondent Pfc. Orrin T. Patterson as follows:

"Have you had a baby lately? Did you talk some lucky girl into a visit to the hospital? Do you wish to increase your war bond allotment? If you are a member of one of the twelve squadrons of the Air Base Group (Prov), you will visit the Unit Personnel Sec-

tion to make the necessary arrangements for allotments as well as for other purposes.

The smooth running personnel office is under the supervision of Lt. Elmer F. Mezza, Unit Personnel Officer, who, in the short time he has held the position, has made many beneficial changes. A plaining and intelligent feminine touch is added to the office by Lt. Cecilia T. Kenney, Assistant Personnel Officer.

The Section is comprised of six departments headed by Sgt. Major John Duigan who also handles the correspondence.

In the Service Record department in charge. This very important department keeps all records pertaining to each soldier's army life, history and achievements. Sgt. Meyer is ably assisted by S-SGT. L. E. Rice, Cpl. Andy Lovask, Cpl. Edward J. Houck.

More information next week about this important section of the 333rd.

794 Cops Banner, Gloats!

By SGT. BILL SPENCER

The big smile on the face of Commanding Officer Major Malone these days is the result of our squadron winning the Excellence Award for the second consecutive month. From the looks of the way the men of the squadron have been keeping on the beam it will be a real hard job to get that Award away from us.

The boxing team met and defeated the 73rd team in the first inter-squadron boxing tournament. These fights were real hard fought contests. With the bout even at two pieces the tension was high going into the last bout. A fast knockout ended this contest giving the old 794th another victory to hang on its belt.

Plans for the squadron's dance have been worked by committees that have more than just a casual interest. The men intend to make this a dance that those who attend will never forget. By the time this issue of the paper is out history will have been made.

We don't know how we ever missed this item before, but here it is better late than never. S- Sgt. William F. Murphy of the Newburyport, Massachusetts, Murphy's has been appointed acting First Sergeant of the squadron.

Sgt. Pogorelski has got em again. You know it blues; the reason is the better half has gone back home. Take it easy Sgt.; she'll be back again.

S-Sgt. Bill Franklin and Gene Newburyport, Massachusetts, Murphy's talk that are almost convincing about their jobs. They are Physical Training men and according to the way they are doing the work of the day for students.

Wacky the hen is now in mourning. There is a certain cat that has little for sure chicken and has enjoyed a couple of Wacky's offspring.

News, Views From 791st This Week

By PFC. JOE MARTIN

When our neighbors—the 36th Squadron—went parading off to the drill-field with the Excellence Banner fluttering at the head of their lead unit, we knew something was going to happen. It did. The gang got on the beam and the Banner is back home again. Let's keep it here.

Pfc. Paul (The Mad) Rago is as innocent as the whims of a woman these days. He decided, but definitely, to rid himself of his prize Pontiac. Exactly twenty-four hours later he decided, but definitely, that where he went the car would go with him. But NOW he's changed his mind again.

Sgt. Carroll Shurkin wants it known: he had the perfect furlough spent a couple of days with his brother who's back home after a long session of Jap-slappin'.

Sgt. Charlie Pappageorge is dreaming of arming a Capehart deluxe in the post-war days. Plans to wear the face off his Colerain Hawking's copy of "Body & Soul."

It was a parading gift from Pvt. Mert Small.

We'll report to the nurses at the Post Hospital what people have been telling as about T-Sgt. Nevlin (Rags) Ragsdale—he's the O. I. Brown!

Is it a new ambition — or is it getting tougher—that's making the

Luscious, Juicy Steaks . . . Plastersnatch Wants Nourishment But It's The Same Old Story Again

Part VIII

"Lescen," said the cab driver, "I just came from there. The place empty."

"Well there certainly is a relief," said Reginald De Quincy Plastersnatch, Pvt. USAF. He leaned back in the seat of the cab and settled down to some plain and fancy thinking, mainly about food. It was two days after pay-day, and Reggie had decided to blow himself to a big steak dinner at a restaurant just outside of town.

Reggie had heard a lot about this restaurant the fellow called it "Plink's" which was supposed to be the name of the owner. And those steaks. Reggie's mouth watered.

"Yeah," said the cab driver, "I been driving guys out all night. But the place's empty. You want I should pick you up, too?"

Reggie pondered for a moment. "Well," he said slowly, "if you can



come back in about an our and a half, it might take little time to get waited on, you know."

Reggie was halfway through the door at Plink's when he was tripped from behind and brought down on his face across the threshold.

"No mo' seats in there, sojahn," the waiter said.

Reggie lifted his head from the hard pine floor and peered into the room before him. The waiter spoke the truth but Reggie had not been in the Army for nothing. After a few concentrated seconds of search, he found an empty place next to three captains and a Master Sergeant, sitting at the waiter's be. he ran for the chair.

Twenty minutes later a waiter angled his way through the crowd

and stood there, looking challengingly at the assemblage.

"No steaks," he said, before anyone could open his mouth.

"I'll have the fried chicken," said five pairs of lips simultaneously.

Reggie was disappointed, but not disheartened. Chicken, was, after all, not steak, but a good substitute. He eyed the three captains and mentally approved that second pick.

Fifteen minutes later, after he and the Master Sergeant succeeded in trapping the waiter behind a juke-box, they found that their orders were even now in the process of being prepared. "Better outside," the Sergeant and stalked back to the table.

But Reggie, being a nervous type of lad, decided to inquire a bit. "Know anything about the fried chicken done for me?" he asked the scotchy clad fellow behind the cash-register. "Chicken," said the lad, as if Reggie had asked him the diameter of a snark's eyeball.

"Chicken?" He seemed to be coming his mind for some information on this strange new idea.

"Oh, yes, I'll fix you right up, friend," he replied suddenly. "You know'd you be because . . . er, uh," he paused, raking through his mind again for a suitable sibil.

"Well, the fact is, the cook just had an attack and he's not feeling too well, your order'll be right up."

Reggie walked back to his table. The three captains were just picking the drumsticks and Reggie's Master Sergeant had worked his way well along a wish-bone. Reggie sighed. He swallowed a couple of times. He watched the waiters carrying chicken past him. It other tables. He sighed again.

And then, just like in the movies, a waiter bore directly down on him. There was no mistake this time. "Here's your oysters, sojahn," said, and laid the plate before Reggie.

"There must be some mis- . . . Reggie stopped as a hand tapped him on his shoulder.

"Enjoy yourself?" the cab-driver asked. "Let's get moving eh? got a couple fares waiting in town."

Reggie got up, he saw the time the bulls off those peanuts, b. they were food, after all.

(to be continued)

B-17-G Is Latest Fortress Model

A new model of the Flying Fortress heavy bomber, called the "B-17-G" is now in production. It was announced this week by Boeing Aircraft Company, manufacturers of the high-altitude ship. Sixth in the line of American four-engine aircraft bearing the B-17 number. (Gratifying to the mail—only he gains to know "things are working out swell but I sure miss the mob.")

Pfc. Mike (The Deacon) Pashaoff swore that when he got his G. I. bean-choppers he'd have his picture taken in it. He's in the line-crocker in is left hand. We can get a camera so you'd better get ready to do a little promise-keeping.

To Whom It May Concern Dept. T-Sgt. Al (Microphone-chewer) Connelly is busy getting the finishing touches at. No does that answer your questions?

Does Lt. George Koenig really want a return football match with Lt. John Kley's team. Wasn't it enough?

Has ANYBODY heard from Brown?

Memo to Disgruntled Chow-Hounds: A fly in your soup is better than nothing, these days if it's meat rationing.

THERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN

Comely New York City mode. Elaine Ward and her press agent combined to come up with the latest publicity stunt during these war days. Elaine says she makes her boy friends buy a \$500 bond every time they take her out on a date. In this way she says she raises \$7,000 worth of war bonds a week. When does she do her modeling work?

Male Call

Dear Miss Lace— Since you are the only glamorous girl most of us guys ever see, we'd appreciate it if you'd show up in real pin-up outfits— You know—like the movie stills. Dogface Dan

by Milton Caniff, creator of 'Terry and the Pirates'

GEE—THAT'S A TOUGHIE... I CAN'T GO RINNIN' AROUND WITH THE GENERALS DRESSED LIKE THIS.... THE M.P.'s WOULD CHASE ME (PURELY IN LINE OF DUTY, OF COURSE) IF I WORE THIS....

There's a War On, Don't Be A 'No Show'

Bear Dan: I guess you're stuck with me the way I am— Not pinned-up. Approximately yours, Lace