

AIR-O-MECH

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COL. DONALD B. SMITH, Commanding Officer
MAJOR J. B. MURR, Special Service Officer
EDITORIAL

Pfc. Leslie Waller M/Sgt. Richard B. Tall
Pvt James Hearn Post Photo Section

End Their Ride

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, who rode the earth on their coal-black steeds spreading violence and terror in their wake, were labeled Famine, Pestilence, Disease, and Death.

As the old story goes, these four horsemen were responsible for the misery and suffering of mankind, having been sent to Earth by Satan himself.

Well, nowadays, folks don't believe too much in the Four Horsemen as such. Most of us know that pestilence and disease are usually caused by germs and infection, that famine is bred out of bad living conditions and faulty food supply, that death always has an accountable reason for happening.

But in this deadly war, four new horsemen ride again. They ride against us—on the side of the enemy—and they ride in earnest.

You won't see them driving across a dark and sullen sky, flogging their bony nags into a frothing frenzy of destruction. You won't see pictures of them striking fear into the hearts of our country and armed forces. But they're here, all around us, and they're just as potent as ever.

AWOLs, Goldbricking, Rumormongering, and Gripping are the four. And don't laugh, soldier, because they're the things that can and will help us lose this war unless we can stamp them out.

The man who sneaks off without authority either because he feels like seeing somebody or because he hasn't adjusted himself to Army routine, is an enemy of the nation—a soldier of the enemy who is sniping at our war effort just as surely as if he wore their bloody emblem. He is a cog in a machine, true. But a cog which the machine counts on to be there, functioning properly at all times. And when he leaves, the machine may not break down, but it cannot operate at full capacity.

A man who shirks his assigned duty, who takes as long as he can to finish a job, who feels that every bit of work he gets is an imposition on him—that man is slowing the progress of the war just as his brother Horseman, the AWOL. The Army is planned to a tight program of action in which time is an essential factor. A man who wastes time, who deliberately destroys time, is playing into the hands of the enemy. Our loss count on a lot of this waste, but we're not working for them.

A soldier who, in the course of his work, has access to classified military information is charged with the duty of keeping that data secret. Bragging about such facts, or alluding to them in a veiled fashion, is a violation of this trust. But it is more than that. It is another aid and comfort to our enemies. The espionage system in this country works on the principle of collecting small facts and building them into a huge, general truth. Don't underestimate the value of your information.

And the griper. A miserable character, full of self-pity, who imagines his lot the worst in the Army. A large dose of active duty would convince him that his position is heaven, but he never realizes this. His chow, his job, his surroundings are all material for griping. It has been said that a real soldier is a chronic griper. That may be so, but a real soldier knows when, how, and about what to gripe. He knows that waiting an extra ten minutes at the mess hall is inconvenient, but he understands that waiting ten days for field rations in some slimy fox-hole is quite a bit worse.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse have been laid to rest by the advances of modern science and knowledge. But the Four Horsemen of today can only be stopped by our own effort. It is up to you, as clear-thinking soldiers, to stop their ride.

Obey Traffic Rules:

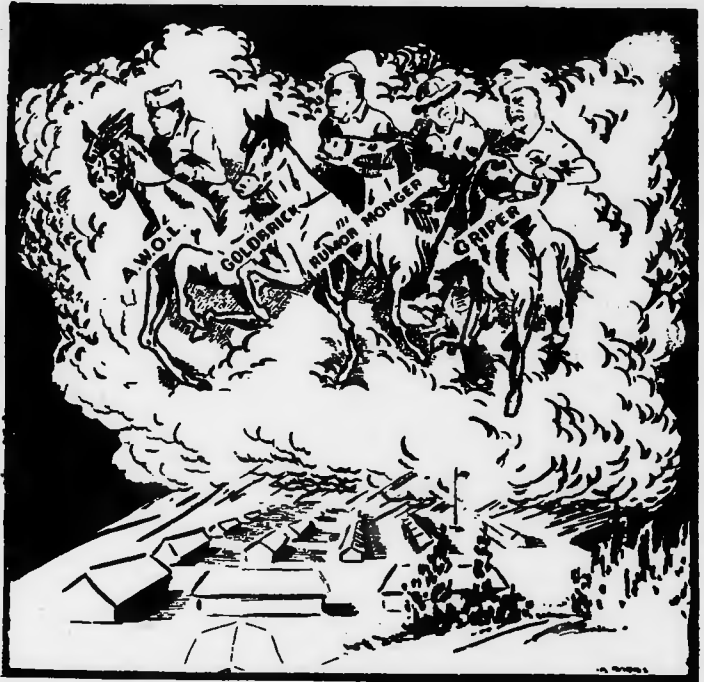
Too often troop movements on the post streets take the drivers of motor vehicles by surprise. According to Post Regulations troop formation have the right of way over motor vehicles at all times. At the same time, mess and other formations must not march more than three abreast and they are obliged to keep to the extreme left-hand side of the road, facing the traffic.

Certain streets on the post are designated as "one-way." If you drive a car, be careful not to find yourself going against the tide. Not only will it prove most embarrassing when someone calls it to your attention, but it is liable to be dangerous when someone else who knows the rules expects you to know them, too.

When not in formation, walk on the sidewalk. Or, lacking a sidewalk, walk as far over to the left-hand side of the street as is possible. The post streets are narrow and it is in your own interest that you should walk facing the oncoming automobiles.

Post traffic regulations apply to everyone on the post, whether they be civilian or Army personnel; assigned here, or just visiting. It is the duty of the MP's to enforce these rules, but it is the right of anyone who is better informed than you to call your attention to them. (From the Mechanic's World).

THE FOUR HORSEMEN



Ordnance Is Plenty Interested In Flickerdom's Fancy Fighting

It would certainly be a pleasure, to say nothing of a quick and painless victory, if our troops fighting overseas could get their hands on some of those Hollywood weapons.

We're referring, specifically, to the 100,000 round sub-machine gun that various filmland stars have used in the past few months. This marvelous weapon has passed from hand to hand, from Robert Taylor to Humphrey Bogart, from Alan Ladd to Lloyd Nolan, and a line-up of 100,000 rounds has yet to be depleted.

It's a sweet weapon, boys, a mighty sweet weapon. No kick, no backfire—just smooth, steady firing in as long a burst as the camera can afford. Due to its remarkable load of 100,000 shots, the gun can't run out of ammunition in the crucial point of action. It never jams, it never overheats, and most tremendous of all, it hits whatever you shoot it at.

To say that it has Army-ordnance men envious, is to minimize the situation. Its got 'em baffled and influenced by its secret design—a sub-machine gun—on which aerial snipers use. John Garfield is the lad for these bottles. You can see his secret "leading" far ahead of the Zero zooming in to attack and then suddenly, just like that, the plane explodes. MGM, Warner Brothers, and Paramount are said to have the plans for this weapon guarded by a 24-hour armed guard.

Whoever slipped a micky into James Cagney's last gig did the film industry a disservice. Jimmy had himself a small, flat automatic of rather ancient design. He was hot on the trail of two killers when, like a bolt from the blue, his ammunition ran out. Everybody was so shocked that the processing and editing men forgot to cut the scene out. Jimmy himself would not have some temporarily mad from the jolt he received, because he lashed into his opponents with bare fists and it took him more than five minutes to finish the pair of them.

Off's fresh from the firing range shake their heads in sadness over the rough treatment they get out of them. I com's as quite a blow to them when they're told to fire bursts of three rounds each. Here they're all set to stand up, feet spread wide and a cocky expression on their faces, and let fly with the gun from their hip.

It's certainly a blow to their morale when they discover that the doggone thing bucks like a broncho, and that you're liable to be shooting at clouds overhead if you let more than three or four rounds run off. After that, all the kick and pleasure of Hollywood epics is gone for them. They drag themselves to the movies right after

night, and laugh hollowly at the bitter mockery of ordnance that the screen displays.

Hollywood Let's get on the ball! Release the designs for those machine-guns, those 50-shot revolvers, and those super-accurate automatics! This is war, gentlemen, and we should all do everything in our power to get it over with as soon as possible.

And, while you're at it, how's about giving out with that dean of all film secrets. How's about telling us how we can kiss our gal and come away with no lipstick smears. It's things like that which can make a war long and costly, or short and snappy.

Pay Day in A Tele. Booth

You can almost tell when pay day rolls around by keeping your eye on the public telephone calls at the field. As pay day invariably brings on a rush for the phones to call Mom, the girl friend, or the wife.

And when the rush is heavy, there is usually delay in getting calls placed or getting them completed, or probably both. Ned Huffman, the Camp Telephone Manager, points out that the telephone lines and switchboards are crowded even during a normal rainy day, but when there is anything extra like a payday rush they really have a load to carry. When too many calls are made at the same time, some must wait.

The telephone company cannot build enough lines to handle all calls presto like before the war, because the raw materials they would use are going to war. But we can help a little by using our heads and making our calls before payday, or wait until the rush periods from 7 to 10 o'clock; and before you talk, plan what you want to say—it will help you to brief and make the lines available for the next call.

Boy, that was some blonde you were out with last night. Where did you get her? I don't know, I just opened my wallet and there she was.

Convenient Amnesia, Eh? Arrested in the lobby of an Indianapolis hotel, a 43-year old man was asked why he wore a Captain's uniform. "Oh," he said, as he hid his away, "I really couldn't recall just why." (CR) IT'S THE WAR, THAT'S ALL... Pvt. George Specht went up to the CO out in Lincoln, Nebraska, and asked for an emergency furlough. Said he: "My mom's an Army nurse and I've just found out that she's sailing for overseas." He got it. (ONS)

Kindness Will Win

"Speak ye unto the rock and with his feet he smote the rock".

There are many ideas and opinions as to the best ways and methods of performing any task. The common old fashioned "mule skinner," at least in his opinion, knew how to get the most and best out of his hybrid pair. The horse "wrangler" of other days thought his plan of wrangling the best to be had. The same opinion of efficiency existed in the old fashioned method of branding and marking a bunch of dogs. The plans used in accomplishing the desired results in the now mentioned jobs were of the most severe type. Only a few years ago those of us whose task it was to break out a bunch of new horses each spring, had the fixed opinion that the only sane and sensible manner of taming a mustang was to "tear him down" while placing the saddle in its proper place, and cinching the girth, sufficiently to keep the saddle in a comfortable sitting position. Then the rider would mount the yo-yoked, roman-nosed, sway-backed, slender legged beast of the prairie, and set in motion this nerveless, wild, enraged dumb brute by slamming the steel in his sides and shoulders, and clamping him from head to tail with a riding quirt. This seemed to be the smiting shock rather than "speaking" to the rock. As was suggested by the "Great Father of all men," and perhaps some would insist that the sensible idea will bring desired results, but I do not see an ignominy and does not know how to arrive at the more abundant results with less effort, why should his teachings ever be held up as good ideals. They are either all good or else they are all bad and are in the opinion of many of us that no set of rules or by-laws have ever been written nor will ever be written that can compare with one given by the Creator of heaven and earth. Doubtless most of us have tried brow-beating, criticizing, lambasting, and railing on our fellow men. Why should we not, at least, be considerate enough to try the method suggested in the Book, "Speak to the rock." "Love one another as I have loved you." Do unto others as you would have men do unto you. And finally "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The same principles that work in regards to the employer and employee, the Father and the child will work in any branch or type of human service and relationship. A kind word will never die; a smile will never make an enemy; a deed or act of human sympathy and kindness will last through all the ages and bear fruit of the most desirable and beneficial type. Contact the God of your faith and He will supply every need, dry every tear, comfort every sorrow, and abundantly bless every soul.

EAST WYCHE, N. C. SQUAD Captain (1st Lt.) USA

They tell this one about a Negro artilleryman Over There who, each time his field piece is fired, cries out with great glee: "Mister Hitler, count your cadum now!"