

AIR-O-MECH

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THE AIR-WACS

Back in early summer, 1942, when the tide of this war was running against us, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was founded.

Nazi columns in North Africa and Russia were knifing through resistance, and the Japs set smug and secure on their far-flung island strongholds. We were wobbling in the ring—trying to shake off the roundhouse punch at Pearl Harbor and square off for the fight.

Born in one of the nation's dark hours, the WAAC pitched in with a will that has always characterized American women. They took their basic training, learned their specialized jobs, trained their officers, and then went out to do those jobs efficiently.

In Autumn of this year, the WAAC, as an organization, was terminated. In its place, the Women's Army Corps was brought into being as a component of the Army of the United States and not an auxiliary. An overwhelming majority of its personnel re-enlisted in the WAC.

They had done their job so well, had garnered the praise of so many high-ranking officials, that the War Department had reason enough to bring them into the Army on the same level with enlisted men and officers of the AUS.

According to research figures, there are 628 Army specialized jobs, of which 406 can be handled by WACs. Based on strength reports, it has been shown that over one million men are now employed in those 406 jobs. In order to use fully the skills and aptitudes of present WAC personnel, but 155 of those positions are being filled with women.

But the goal in view, ultimately, will be to place properly qualified women in those jobs. And, with that in mind, the Army has initiated one of the greatest WAC enlistment drives in its history.

Women with skills and knowledge are being allowed to apply for a specific branch of the Army, and every effort is being made to see that they are placed in those jobs. In addition, they will be given every opportunity to see how the WAC is run, and how their jobs are now being handled, even before enlisting.

It is now possible for women to enlist in the AAF. They'll be known as "Air-Wacs" and they'll work side by side with men now in the Army Air Forces. They're going to take over a multitude of jobs, and the Army believes that they will do them as well, or better, than the men now in those positions.

Thus it is, that on the eve on what will may be a great, all-out attack on the Axis, the women of America are called upon again. It is fitting that they respond with all the patriotism and loyalty they are so capable of giving.

This time, women with special qualifications are needed. Women who will step into a job they have been familiar with or have the skills for, and carry it through.

This time, specialists are needed. And this time, as before, the WAC will get those specialists. The WAC is depending on the women of America—and the WAC won't be let down.

BULLETS AREN'T CHOOSEY

One phase about this job of being a soldier which we've called to your attention from time to time is this; that whatever your speciality, you must be above all, a fighting man. We know of men who, because they were classified as instructors, objected to being sent to Non-coms Schools, who objected to the requirement that they dress, and look like soldiers. They seem to have the idea that because they're instructors now, that they'll never be called upon to fight—or to act as non-com. Perhaps they think the Germans or the Japs will say: "Oh, you're an instructor—stand aside while I shoot that Infantryman."

A RUMOR IS BORN

"Beams again," said the GI in the chow line. He had a particular dislike for beams, and although he got them once a week, it was always "again" to him.

Later in the day, as he rode a bus to town, he turned to the soldier standing next to him. "That was what I called you chow we got today," he said.

"They call it food," the other soldier said. "I call it poison."

"I heard two guys got sick from it last week," returned the 1st G. He had dipped deep into his store of latrine-ograms for that doozy, and with a little exaggeration, it served to make his point.

"I dunno what they put in the stuff, but it tastes lousy," said the second soldier. He had a cold, but he knew when something tasted lousy.

And, still griping, they got off the bus. Did it do any good? It did have one effect. The selderly lady sitting within earshot had picked up everything. Talk, she mused to herself; they expect those poor boys to win a war and then they feed them poison.

And, still musing, she got off the bus and went home to tell her neighbors.

TOO, SUSTAIN THE WINGS



Hospitals Brightened By Red Cross Ladies

Of all the jobs which the American Red Cross handles for Uncle Sam's armed forces, one of the most important is its services to men in hospitals. As one soldier put it, "The Red Cross makes you want to break a leg." Here is the set-up you'll find waiting for you: should you some day pick up a broken bone or a couple of micro-

bes.

At the station hospital here at Seymour Johnson Field there is a Red Cross Assistant Field Director, Miss Pearl Bourne, who is under the command of the hospital's commanding officer. Her job is to keep you and your family in close contact, to handle your problems for you while you are out of action, and to see that nothing goes wrong at home. The local Red Cross chapter in or nearest your home town will make all necessary home visits and report back to her, with the result that your family will be spared some unnecessary worry and your mind eased in case of sickness or trouble at home.

This special communications system can mean a lot to a man when he is flat on his back. It takes away some of the isolation of a hospital bed and some of the helplessness. I know of a case of a young soldier who had suffered a serious accident and was weighted to his bed by heavy casts. He hadn't heard from his mother or his girl friend in what seemed an awfully long time, and was becoming more depressed every day. A Red Cross worker managed to contact both of them for him, and then provided him with special games and books. With his depression and feeling of isolation gone, his improvement was rapid indeed. Then there was the case of a soldier who developed a heart condition while in service. The Red Cross worker who handled his case helped him to understand the limitations of activity facing him on discharge, arranged for him to take a special course in a line of work in which he could make a living without taxing his weakened heart, and arranged through the local Red Cross chapter for him to secure the proper medical supervision at home.

While you are kept strictly in bed and are in none too cheerful a mood, you'll be saved from getting too sick of things by the magazines and various comfort articles given out every day by volunteer Gray Ladies. They are life savers in gray veils, and so are the gifts they bring with them, which are made or collected by volunteers throughout the country.

As for convalescence, Gray Ladies are good recreational workers and party throwers, and now they're having a place to throw a party. Miss Ruth McDonald, a trained Red Cross recreation worker, supervises their activities which are centered in the Hospital Recreation Building connected with the Station Hospital. This building

contains a theatre for moving pictures or stage plays, as well as reception room and reading room for convalescent soldiers.

Gifts made by chapter volunteers may include such items as warm afghans, sweaters, socks, bed bags, or even something army men know as a "housewife," which is nothing more or less than a sewing kit and a fairly necessary group prop to a bachelor existence. I know of a certain Colonel who turned up at Red Cross headquarters a while ago asking for a new "housewife." Seems his old one, which he had carried and used faithfully since it was given him during World War I, had worn out.

Accept these services as yours by right because you, in turn, are in the service of this country; but accept them as coming not merely from an organization called the Red Cross but as coming from a people called Americans, who are themselves the Red Cross and who put their faith in you.

Compass, Compass, Who's Got The Compass... Huh?

You guys with a yen for the scientific will be happy to know that the electrical jokers have come up with a dilly. It's a new kind of compass that they claim is as much better an advance as the old compass was over the lodestone.

They call it a "Gyro Sphagrate" kind of doubletalk not to be confused with a "Yokelate Gyrorepelid compass" or a "Sanstrans Porroscopic Compass," or any of that stuff. This is the Compass, of the boys claim, which will function correctly under all conditions.

Spins, turns, dives, and climbs don't affect it. You can even parade Betty Grable past it and it won't flicker. It's the last word in compasses, me. Well, for you scientific laddies, it replaces the old-fashioned needle with a fixed coil in which actuating currents combine with the earth's magnetic system. It's maintained at an absolute horizontal by a gyroscopic stabilizer.

Okay? Got it, now. It's a breeze! Upon closing instead of putting the fourth-stage condenser and associated with crumpled corps. Will function similarly, frangid, bordort, veep, hic, veep, hic, veep, hic.

Then there was the future scientist who wrote his draft board. Upon closing instead of putting "Sincerely yours," he wrote "Eventually yours."

The CHAPLAIN'S Message

If Our Lord should walk through our area, stroll among the barracks, over the bridges and through the paths and trails of this Post; and if he should stop many of us, encouraging and advising in "Taking a vacation" way; if he should ask some of us what we are doing—truth hurts, but sincerely we must answer "Taking a vacation."

A vacation yes; a vacation from serving God; contrary to the common opinion our temporary service in the Army does not excuse us from our obligation to God. We don't stop going to Church every God just because we are soldiers.

A soldier should be closer to God than any other person in the world, because he might meet Him sooner. Whether an individual soldier believes in God or not—the Angels still are in heaven, the majority of mankind still believe in Him. Only a fool has no fear, so I can't fool myself that God means nothing in my life. What are we fighting for if there is no God in heaven, what's the baloney about happiness, democracy, love and "finer things" if we are as if there were no God to be respected? But we are fighting that the little children of our homes can be brought up in the fear of God and a hope of happiness and security.

If that freedom is fought for by Godless fathers and soldiers, our battle is a farce and our victory is an insane hope. This Army wants brave soldiers, and we can't be brave soldiers unless we are good men. A good man fears God, boldness is a necessary evil, and we don't lose our identity as Tom Smith of Chicago, or John Brown of Brooklyn because we wear a uniform. We are always Christians, children of God. Let's live up "to our blood" by being faithful to Our Lord Jesus Christ.

(Official order issued by General Washington in New York City 1776)

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hopes of the blessing of heaven on our arms if we insult it by our impious and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character, detests and despises it."

If you wish to place a Long Distance call collect, be sure to tell the operator at the time you place the call. If the party you're telephoning agrees and without any temptation, that every man of sense and character, detests and despises it.