

MUSINGS FROM THE 78TH

By J. R. HAINES

This past Tuesday we celebrated the birthday of our own George Washington. Having been born near his famous home at Mount Vernon, I have heard and read much about the father of our country. The boys in the 78th bow their heads and offer a prayer that we may carry on as our forefathers did before us. Thanks to men such as Washington that we have America to fight for.

The landscaping took on a little change with our civilian friends widening our sidewalks. The appearance was improved one hundred percent.

Glad to see Jerry Spencer back to work after being confined to the hospital the past few weeks.

Our one and only A-1 mechanic, formerly of Flight III, is now back where he can do the most good. Cpl. Brown, how about policing up the area? How much do you charge for a barracks bag full of clothes? To wash, I mean.

Wish I knew where Cpl. Ferder got his pin-up girls. When he opens his locker you can find it surrounded by a lot of wolves. I have had the same pin-up girl for the last two years and she is still the best one in the barracks. I'll even class her as the best in any army camp, or in the armed forces.

DOGTAGS

- D—is for your dingle, dangle, dingle.
- O—is for my blood type, which you tell.
- G—is for your gloom, and ghastly purpose.
- T—is for tetanus shots (how swell).
- A—is for the address of my mother.
- G—is for your greenish, dirty hue.

Put them all together, they spell Dogtag. I hope I never have any use for you.

—Reprinted from Codence in "The Communique."

It seems as though a certain staff sergeant with aspirations for officers candidate school in Miami secured his knowledge of heliography from a certain heliographer in the Park Lounge. Won't you take my address, Sonny?

Why is Pvt. Trumm going on pass every afternoon? Looks like wedding bells will be ringing in the not too distant future. Nice Chevrolet involved in the deal, too.

Pvt. Rose is confined to the post hospital.

Maintenance . . .

In spite of the rain and wind the past few days, this department is functioning so smoothly that there really is nothing to write about. Unless we blow our own horns:

The personnel section has been busy the entire week correcting time cards coming in from the G. I.'s on the Line. Sgt. Huebsch says it takes longer to correct the time cards than the time shown on them, and suggests a two weeks course on how to fill out these cards for all G. I.'s including the Smart Guys in the time section.

Other happenings of the week—Cpl. Aldo Bianchetto of Tech Order fame, transferred to Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, where the WACs bloom and blow . . . Sgt. Keeley of Propeller Shop transferred to headquarters, Santa Ana . . . Sgt. Paul of P. L. M. transferred to Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Cpl. Brush back from hospital looking skipper and noisy as ever . . . M/Sgt. Roberts back from L. A. and way-points, says the snow ran him out of L. A. This can be verified by calling the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce . . . Sgt. Dechenne looking all over town for spot remover. We don't know if the Sgt. was bothered with spots before his eyes or the kind one gets on coat collars . . . Cpl. Hammontree absent-mindedly after winning booby prize of a cup of coffee curling his mustachio . . . M/Sgt. Levy grinning like cat that swallowed canary from Sergeants Dresser and Johnston at the Sad Sack Snackery . . . Pvt. Sack says you can lead a good soldier to slaughter but you can't make him shrink . . . Pvt. Whiffletree says a politician is a man who gambles with votes, and a statesman is a man who votes with gamblers.

We sincerely hope you will be back with us soon.

We had quite a gathering this past Wednesday in T-119. Yes, you guessed it. Army's monthly regulation.

Until next week around this time I'll say so long for now.

Chicago (CNS)—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stewart made sure that there would be no slip-up in the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Ens. Roy Roberts. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, both ordained ministers, performed the nuptials themselves.