

SOLDIER OF THE WEEK

Where there's a job to be done, the Army can find a man to do it. In the case of S-Sgt. John J. O'Neill, not only is he doing the job best suited to his abilities but it is his duty as sergeant major in the officers section of the Classification and Assignment Office to help put other men in the jobs best suited for their qualifications.

Ever since S-Sgt. O'Neill entered the Army he has been employed in some type of classification work; starting as an interviewer, he has advanced to his present position.

During this time he had opportunity to interview and classify many men, at the time of their induction or after they had adjusted themselves to army life.

"Army life is one of the best character builders that a man can go through," says Sgt. O'Neill. Primarily, he learns to be an individual in a group; his evaluation of human relationships and considerations for his fellowmen are focused in a light that he probably never would have known."

After completing scholastic training at Providence College, when he majored in social sciences and was graduated as Bachelor of Philosophy, Sergeant O'Neill was employed by one of the nation's largest oil companies in their personnel office. Advancing rapidly, he was supervisor in his office at the time of his induction.

In civilian life, he was in charge of the employment of a large personnel roster throughout the year and the maintenance of the employer-employee relationships.

Two years ago, Sgt. O'Neill was inducted into the Army at Newport, Rhode Island, and was sent to Camp Lee for his basic training and from there to Camp Pickett. After this came Camp Davis and on January Sixth, he was assigned to the Classification Section and has been working there since. For seven months, he has been a Staff Sergeant. In his words, "I've held every rating up to staff, except buck sergeant."

Asked his impression of Camp Reynolds, S-Sgt. O'Neill replied, "The people here are wonderful to the soldiers; their hospitality when GI's were a novelty was overwhelming."

During the year he has been here, Sgt. O'Neill met Betty Louise Lyon, of Greenville, who became Mrs. O'Neill two months ago.

Assigns Officers
In his position, Sgt. O'Neill has quite a bit of responsibility and opportunity to exercise his ability and knowledge of personnel administration. He takes care of the important job of assigning officers and acts in the capacity of chief clerk in his particular section. His job is an integral part of the necessary administration to build a victorious fighting force.

Sgt. O'Neill's personal philosophy toward army life is expressed in the following sage advice: "Though many men find it difficult to make the initial adjustment to army life, I have discovered that those who make a special effort to accept it for what it is and try to make the best of it are those who get along. Of primary importance is essential army discipline. Every man should remember that those in authority are placed there because of their experience and knowledge."

Through his work keeps the sergeant pretty busy, he can devote some spare time to his hobbies. During his college days, he played football and basketball and was interested in many other sports. His chief recreations are golfing and riding, but most of his time is spent in doing a thorough and efficient job.

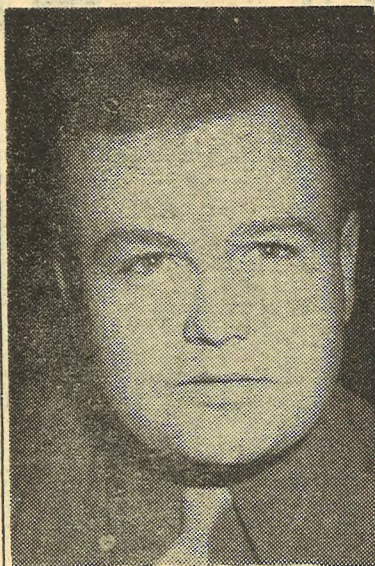
Screening Smokes Give Tactical Advantage

Camp Polk, La.—When the average soldier thinks of chemical warfare, he has a mental picture of gas masks and of layers of poisonous gas lurking along the ground to trap the unwary.

However, modern chemical warfare involves the use of many techniques and gas is only one, Lt. Col. G. O. McMillen, chief of the Chemical Warfare Section of the 9th Armored Division, points out.

Colonel McMillen said that the proper use of smoke gives the attacking force a double advantage.

"When the smoke layer is placed directly over the enemy position," Colonel McMillen explained, "it shows the attacking side exactly where the enemy is located and localizes the target area. In addition, the side covered by the smoke is blinded and unable to select targets. It has been proved that the proper placing of smoke gives the attacking force a 4-to-1 fire superiority."



S-Sgt. John J. O'Neill

Long Voyage for Carton of Cigarettes

Second Lt. C. H. Van Buren, of Station Hospital at Fort McPherson, received a Christmas carton of cigarettes recently. It's the proper season, yes—but the wrong year.

In October of last year, Lt. Van Buren's uncle in Macon, Frank W. Walthall, wrapped the cigarettes securely in bright Christmas papers and sent them to his nephew, who was then in Cairo, Egypt. When they arrived, the lieutenant had left the pyramids and camels behind.

Then, always just a step or two behind the intended recipient, the cosmopolitan carton traveled southward to Eritrea, north again to Palestine, then to the island of Sicily, all the way back to Camp Barkley, Tex., and from there to the Fort McPherson Hospital where its epic journey ended.

"I've about finished my first pack," reports Lt. Van Buren. "They're a little strong and a bit dry, but they're still enjoyable."

On the Loose

The members of a hunting party had been requested to bring only male hounds. One member brought a female, and after much arguing was allowed to run her. The pack was off in a flash, and soon was out of sight. The confused hunters stopped to question a farmer. "Did you see some hounds go by here?"

"Yep," replied the farmer. "See where they went?" the hunters continued. "Nope, but it were the first time I ever seed a fox running fifth."

Ten Printing Points Used by YANK

Ten printing points are used by YANK, The Army Weekly, to supply the magazine to troops the world over as quickly as possible. The points are New York, London, Puerto Rico, Egypt, Trinidad, Hawaii, Australia, Iran, India and Panama. Most pages are set and matrixed in New York and shipped to overseas points by air. Local material is gathered, written and edited by soldier newsmen who are on the spot; YANK combat correspondents go with the fighters on all fronts and write their stories in between taking shots at the enemy.

One thousand airplane workers will have to work 40 hours a week for a year to replace the 60 bombers we lost in one day—in the recent raid on Schweinfurt. Stick to your job. Teamwork will beat the Axis!

EDUCATION TO COMBAT V. D.

"Do Your Part As An American," Venereal Disease Officer Warns.

By Capt. Samuel A. Hillman

The Army is making every effort possible to keep you well, but unless you do your part it cannot keep you from getting a venereal disease. In the past articles you have been told about the five venereal diseases, how one catches them, and how it is up to you to guard against getting them. We now leave it strictly "up to you."

In spite of every warning, education with movies, posters, articles of this type and many other items, some men catch one or more of these serious diseases. These men are very unlucky, and all through their own fault.

If you are so unfortunate as to catch a venereal disease do not despair and do not let embarrassment or the fear of losing your pay prevent you from reporting to your Medical Officer at once. Remember, you cannot hide a venereal disease. If you do you prevent proper treatment, and you lose in the end. Remember this, the earlier the treatment, the better the results, and the better are your chances of cure.

Another warning: Do not waste your time, money and your health by resorting to self-treatment or quick Quack cures. Drug store clerks are not trained to treat venereal disease and they may do irreparable damage to your health.

If you suspect you have a venereal disease—see your medical officer in the Infirmary. If you are infected follow out the treatment as long as he says you need to for cure.

For the individual welfare of the soldier and the protection of the command as a whole, if it comes to your attention that another soldier deliberately fails to report to a Medical Officer for treatment, it is your duty to report that fact at once so that that person is placed under treatment at once. Great harm is done by missing treatments. The one who sticks to the end with his treatment is the one who is cured. To carry out a comprehensive control program you, the individual soldier, play an important role. With the combined efforts of unit commanders, enlisted personnel, and medical personnel, the venereal menace can be conquered.

Remember: Venereal Disease Hurts the Stars and Stripes!

(If any soldier has any questions with regard to any of the articles in this series, please direct them to Captain S. A. Hillman, M. C., Station Hospital, T-110. Replies will be personal or will appear in this column.)

In civilian life if we picked up cigarette butts they called us a tramp. In the Army if we don't pick 'em up the sarge barks at us: "G'wan back and' police up that area, stupid!"

Rejected Suitor: "Well, in any case, I'll always be a brother to you."
She (sweetly): "If I had any use for a brother I could reach under the sofa and get one now."

GI: Do you think I'm conceited?
Girl: No. Why do you ask?
GI: Well, men as good looking as I am usually are.

Great Game Of Guessing War's Future

(Editor's note: Favorite indoor sport of chairborne strategists is the hurling of conjectures about the progress of the war. In press and private conversation, numerous theories are advanced. Just in jest, the Reynolds Victory News seeks to deride some of these misleading predictions by presenting prognostications of its own).

Things are bound to happen in the new year. The following predictions for 1944 were found in a pop bottle floating down the Shenango River over the signature of an anonymous predictor from 'way back who is credited with having flatly stated that until war broke out people were having more fun than anybody:

1. The invasion of Europe is bound to take place during 1944. It

will occur either during the first half or the second half of the year. Then again unforeseen developments may alter Allied strategy and knock this prediction out of line.

2. The Russians will continue to drive the Germans back unless the Germans counter-attack and repel the Red troops. Populated places will undoubtedly be conquered.

3. There seems little doubt that the various underground movements will render assistance to the Allied invaders wherever they exist. However, on the other hand, it is safe to assume the Axis will attempt to wipe out these organizations wherever possible.

4. An attempt in Germany to depose Hitler and negotiate peace terms through "acceptable" German leadership may materialize but the Nazi superman under any name will find the world still thinks he has B. O.

The year 1944 is of epic significance, as the revolving earth and calendar get together to polish off a couple of quarter-days heretofore unaccounted for. Leap Year will give free reign to a disturbing social convention, in which the shy, retiring members of the weaker sex assume an air of boldness and exercise the womanly prerogative of enticing men into the throes of matrimony.

Soldiers who have withstood bombardments and enemy gunfire may yet succumb to the flank assaults of the feminine gender. In coping with these friendly forces, we issue this watchword for the new year: Soldiers, be of stout heart, ever on the alert, for we embark on troubled times, tormented by the prospect of a year-long Sadie Hawkins Day!

At the telegraph code room, Sgt. Mike Lazar, who directs the trainees, heard the letters C. R.—M. F. L., C. R.—M. F. L. repeated continuously on the keyer unit. He investigated, found Pvt. Riordan clicking off the message: "Camp Reynolds—Means Fine Living. Yes, Camp Reynolds Means Fine Living. With men who know the Army best, with independent privates, non-coms, and high ranking officers, it's Camp Reynolds, two to one." 'Twas just a variation of a well known radio plug being parodied by a whimsical GI.

The Belle of Sharon is writing a biography which she calls "True Concessions." "With me and all those Camp Reynolds Army men," she reminisces, "it was a matter of Platonic love."

Being prepared is the motto of the men at fourth regimental headquarters. Pvt. Jessup walked over to the phone and made ready to answer it until stopped by the Sgt. Major. The following dialogue ensued:

"What are you going to do?"
"Answer the phone."
"But it didn't ring," the Sgt. exclaimed.
"Well, why wait till the last minute," says the nonchalant GI.

Of course you don't have to believe this, but some punster at a southern Army camp appeared for an interview at classification and explained: "I want to be transferred from the Infantry to the Adultery!" Seems he wanted to be a Pfc, which he translated to mean: "Poorly Fed Civilian."

A day after his family received word from the Provost Marshal General's monitoring service that his brother, a captured Army pilot now a Jap prisoner of war, was mentioned by name and address on a Jap propaganda broadcast, S-Sgt. Francis Guy, of the special orders department, received several dozen communications from other sources who reported they, too, had intercepted the broadcast.

It's a one-man obstacle course for the MP jack-in-the-box at A and Tenth Streets, if he ever has to scam out of the way of oncoming traffic. Come to think of it, this particular MP has more stripes than any man on the post.

Against the background of lilting radio music, Gerski's 1045 snack bar is serving hot dogs camouflaged as Cheese Hounds. These succulent morsels—O. K., O. K., we can wax rhetoric, can't we—are created by slitting a frankfurter lengthwise, inserting cheese in the cut, and wrapping with a bacon strip, after

which the recumbent hot-dog is superimposed on a piece of bread and toasted in the oven. The result is a gastronomic galaxy, which proves that you can camouflage hot dogs, but they'll always come back to haunt you.

You've probably read this parody on the Army Air Corps song, being circulated among the carbon copy kids who keep the Army paper work shuffling along:

Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Diving deep into the drawer.
Here it is, buried away down under.
That //&*(%&%" legal stuff we've
been searching for.

Off we go, into the C. O.'s office
Where we get one helluva roar.
We live in miles, of paper files.
But nothing will stop the Army
Chair Corps.

Things We'll Never Know: Why in the interest of time and travel conservation, the crammed GI buses which pass along Rt. 18 couldn't traverse "A" Street which parallels it, and drop off GI's at convenient spots.

All seriousness aside, New Year's Eve, payday, and perfect weather coincided to make a rare combination for Reynolds men in celebrating mood. The Bacchan festival, marking the annual revolution of the earth about the sun in the epic cycle of the centuries, evoked this philosophic gem from the latrine orderly in the 19th Bn. area, who remarked: "I guess Monday will always be a bad day as long as it follows Sunday."

One of the Post Engineer lovelies, in a recapitulation of week-end operations, was heard to observe: "Only two things keep me awakes after a date: Why I let him kiss me, or why he didn't try!"

Overheard in the QM warehouse, shipping department: "For goodness sake, jerk, use some discretion when you abbreviate 'Classification and Assignment.'"

Wonder if the GI mackinaws currently blossoming on the post are due to the cut rate?

Pome of the Week: Girls who sleep in black lace scanties. Seldom live in third class shanties.

Heard in the hospital corridor: "This rigor mortis must be a dangerous ailment. It's nearly always fatal!"

Some philosopher in the payday line-up in the 17th Battalion was heard to remark: "You know, I'd gladly go without the necessities of life, if I could only have the luxuries."

We asked one of Camp Reynolds privates, just in jest, "How do you stand in the draft?" His answer was in a similar vein: "I guess they're holding me in reserve for the spring offensive, because I'm a pretty offensive guy!"

This Week's Short Story: A man flung himself into a taxi at Union Station and said to the cabbie: "Drive along the river front." At a point where an embankment dropped precipitously to the river below, the man cried out: "Drive over the cliff. I want to commit suicide." The driver turned and looked squarely at the occupant. "This cab has a new paint job and two new tires, buddy. It'll cost you double fare." "O. K.," said the occupant calmly. "It's a deal." So the driver turned the steering wheel abruptly and drove into the river. (A loud splash brings this story to a conclusion).

Glossary of GI Lingo Makes Baffling Reading

Listen, glamor boy, just because you ain't had no sugar report lately, don't come here carryin' a load with a mother machree. Climb into the blue room or the nearest slop-chute and start to spoil. Holy flaw, man, lookit us mustards! That ain't no prop wash, either.

In other words, if you're just been drafted and haven't heard from your sweeties for a few days, don't go feeling blue. Go to the PX or some bar for a little cheer. Be a smart pilot. All of which is no gossip, take it from us.

Anyway, take it from the boys down at the Miami Beach air base, who devised all this lingo, and the droop will lawn before the slush thins down the drainpipe—if you get what we mean!