

THE MILLVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD

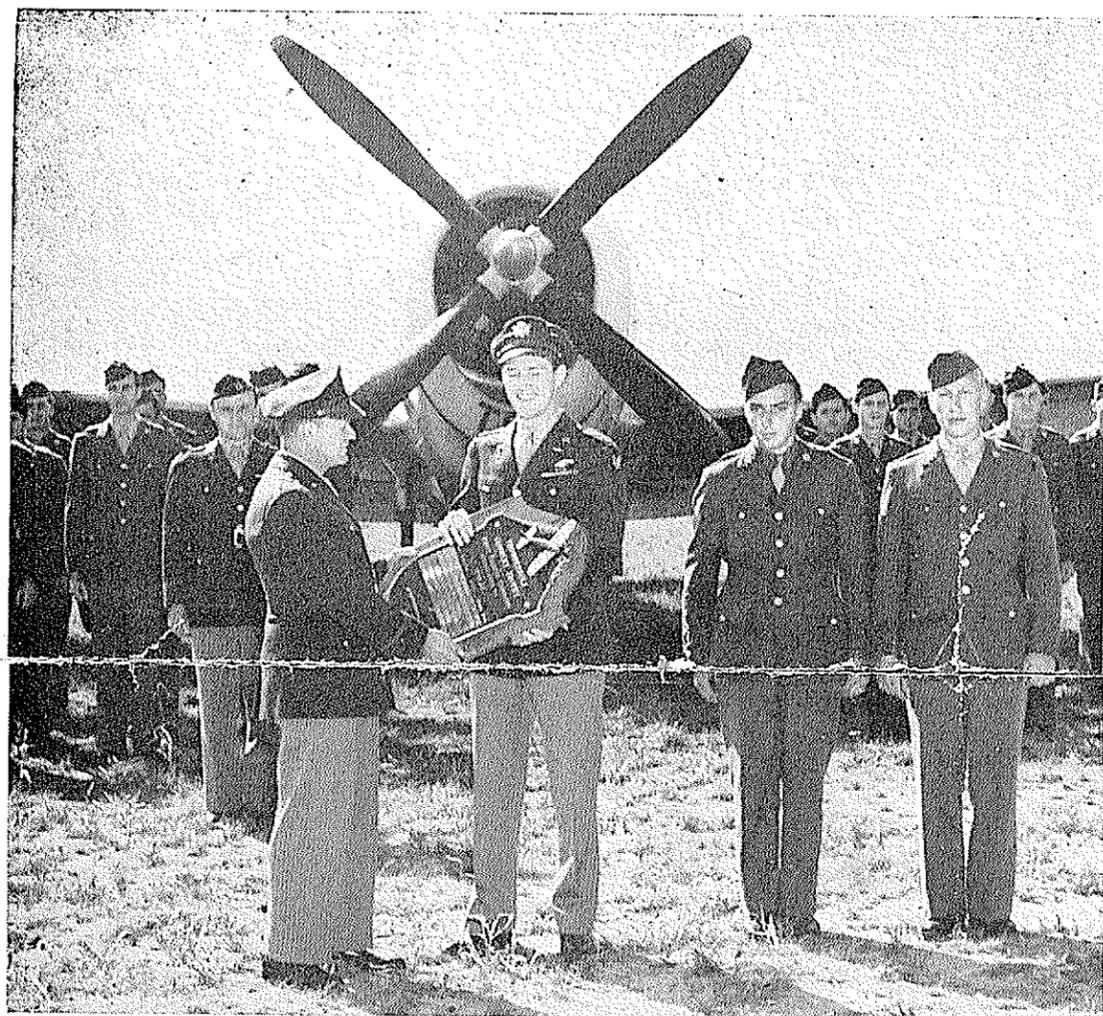
Thunderbolt

VOL. I

MILLVILLE, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1944

No. XIII

BASE WINS GUNNERY MEET



While two platoons of soldiers stood at attention and hundreds of linesmen paused from their labors, Brig. General J. R. Hawkins (left), Commanding General of the First Fighter Command, awards Capt. Carl L. Beggs with the 1st A. F. plaque as winner of the recent interbase Gunnery Meet. Cpl. F. M. Devins (left) and Sgt. Elven Gayton (right) members of the winning MAAF crew were simultaneously lauded by the General for their contributions.

CAPT. CARL L. BEGGS SCORES HIGH AVERAGE; COPS TROPHY

An important niche was carved on Millville Army Air Field's escutcheon this week when Brigadier General J. R. Hawkins, Commanding General of the First Fighter Command, presented the coveted Thunderbolt Gunnery Trophy

'Prop Wash' Scores Sensational Hit

By Lt. S. R. Nemarow

As the curtain rang down on the premiere performance of PROP WASH Wednesday evening at the Post Theatre, an electrified audience remained glued to their seats waiting for more entertainment of the kind that had them running the gamut of emotions from estheticism to hysteria. It was left to Cpl. Grayson Enlow, the genial Master of Ceremonies, to disappoint the throng by announcing that the first Millville Army Air Field Musical Variety Show was, in fact, over.

It was more than the catchy songs, the colorful costumes and the spontaneous humor that caught the audience's imagination and had them begging for more. There was a quality of sincerity displayed by the cast, stripped of the usual theatrical and professional artifice, that gripped the hearts of the first nighters and cast a spell over them for more than an hour-and-a-half of split-timing continuity.

Seasoned Troopers

From the moment the hall lights dimmed to the concluding Hoagy Carmichael number, "The Show Is Through," the GI and civilian thespians went through their paces with the finesse of seasoned troopers. Even the few miscues and occasional off-beats seemed to have a spot in the script. The hilarious audience never paused for a moment to scoff, but as one observer put it, "remained at the finale to pay tribute to the overnight birth of 50 stars."

The acts kept moving with gay and explosive abandon. Miss Gloria Giordano's rendition of "Embraceable You" captivated her listeners. When she was coupled with Cpl. Milt Shapiro in a duet of "Sympathy" the house rang with applause.

Pfc. Jerry Danovitch will be long remembered for his role as the ingratiating butcher boy in a skit called Pork Chops. Cpls. Milt Friedman and Veto Perello took several bows for their take-off on the Arkansas Soldier. But it was left to Pvt. Joe Rendi and Pfc. Walt D'Aquino to topple the spectators with a Victorian number called "Men On Trapeze."

(Continued on Page 2)

to Captain Carl L. Beggs of Christopher, Illinois, as winner of the First Air Force Fighter Gunnery and Bombing Meet. The matches were held at Suffolk County Army Air Field, Westhampton Beach, New York, on September 26 and 27.

While two platoons of soldiers stood rigidly at attention and hundreds of linesmen paused momentarily to witness the ceremony, Gen. Hawkins presented the trophy to the Base and declared that "Captain Beggs' achievement in attaining the highest individual and total score in all phases of the competition not only testifies to his individual ability as a pilot and marksman, but speaks highly of the type of gunnery training carried on at this installation." The General simultaneously paid his compliments to Cpl. F. M. Devins and Cpl. J. A. Nelson for their skill in crewing and arming the winning fighter plane.

All Phases of Gunnery

The Gunnery Meet, which is periodically held at different First Air Force bases, includes competition in High and Low Altitude Gunnery, Dive and Skip Bombing and Ground Gunnery. Captain Beggs' attained a percentage of 32.84 to outdistance his nearest opponent Lt. Edward B. Locke of Hillsgrove Airbase by a margin of 11.87 points. The overall score made by Millville Air Field was 24.43 percent. Norfolk Air Base was the runner-up with 16.24 percent.

Rivalry Keen

Winning the Meet was no slight achievement for Capt. Beggs, a battle-tested airman, with over 71 combat missions under his belt. The contestants at the First Air Force aerial jousts represent the cream of Fighter pilots from every gunnery base. During the three day nerve-wracking events rivalry is keen and scores fluctuate with break neck speed.

Capt. Beggs' modestly attributes his momentous accomplishment to sheer luck. "It's like the time I went out on my first combat mission over Tunisia," he says. "I saw a JU 88 emerge from a group of clouds. I started to spit lead at him. Before I realized what happened I saw him burst into flames and drop to earth. Yup, it's all in the breaks, nothing more," the pilot philosophically mused.

S-2 OFFICER CAUTIONS BASE

With a grim reminder that Germany is not yet beaten, and the defeat of Japan a distant goal, Captain Russel H. Classon, Base Intelligence Officer, warned military and civilian personnel today, to be on the alert for any sign of suspected sabotage, un-American acts or statements, or any let down in the rigid rules enacted to safeguard military security.

The Base Intelligence Officer urged soldiers and civilians to report to his office any violation of the security code. "It is still worthy of repetition," the S-2 officer declared, "that if you must talk, tell it to the Marines!"

Armorer Invents Rocket Launcher

M/Sgt. John J. Gardner, Chief Line Armorer, and a recent returnee from the Southwest theatre of operations, has invented an ingenious Rocket Machine Gun which is presently being discussed and inspected at the First Air Force, Lt. William Ullrich, Base Armament Officer announced this week.

In addition to his latest invention Sgt. Gardner has recently received word that his Adapter Bomb Rack has been blue printed and released to various First Fighter gunnery installation for use.

OFFICERS OPEN CLUB WITH FORMAL 'PROM'

A formal "prom" will mark the gala opening of the new OFFICERS' CLUB, Saturday, October 28, according to an announcement by Major L. P. Carlos, president of the organization.

The recently completed edifice, which will house the members is being furnished with trappings and decorations intent upon creating an atmosphere of warmth and cordiality.

BASE OFFICERS RISE IN RANK

Even as Autumn leaves were changing color so were three base officers changing insignia.

According to a War Department announcement Lt. David I. Walsh, Base Adjutant, Lt. Harold A. Albee, Administrative Inspector, and Lt. Alton R. Bryan, Medical Administrative Officer, received boosts in rank.

Capt. Walsh, a Boston-born, Hawaii-bred soldier entered the Army in 1937. After seeing service in the islands as an enlisted man he matriculated at Officers' Candidate School and received his commission as a second lieutenant. He was assigned to Millville September, 1943.

Capt. Albee, Cape Cod, Mass., arrived here early in 1944. He held various posts before assuming his present position.

Lt. Bryan, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been attached to the Medical Department since April.



Capt. Walsh

Arriving at the First Methodist Church in an Army jeep as their wedding chariot, S/Sgt. Edward E. Dudley, of Oakland, Me., a member of the Communication Section, and Miss Helyn Rose Walton, of Auburn, Maine, were married last week in the chapel of the Vineland church by Chaplain Horace King.



MILLVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD
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PERSONAL AFFAIRS

Early in this war it was realized that the morale of a soldier was vitally affected by conditions at home. It was recognized that the efficiency of the soldier in active service generally varied in direct ratio to his peace of mind, and that he could not be expected to be at his best if worried about personal problems. In emphasizing the need for a deep interest in these matters by the Army, General Somervell stated, "A soldier can't do a proper job if he is distracted by thoughts of things going wrong at home, if he feels that his wife, mother or father is in difficulties. We must give him a feeling of confidence and surety that all these things are being taken care of in the best possible way."

It is with this purpose in view that the Personal Affairs Division was established in the Army Service Forces, with offices at each post, camp and station.

Personal Affairs Officers at this post will give information, counsel and advice on allotments of pay, allowances, six months' gratuity, arrears in pay, war bonds, government and commercial insurance, pensions, vocational rehabilitation, hospitalization, and a host of other problems affecting the individual.

an interest in no need today for any soldier at this inst...
tion to be beset with private difficulties that may hinder him in the harmonious execution of his duties. The feeling of "I am alone" has been obviated by an enlightened Army, dedicated to the philosophic belief that no organization can be stronger than its unhappiest soldier. A visit to Base Headquarters and a chat with the Personal Affairs Officer will testify to this truth.

ON PROP WASH

Whatever opinion the individual soldier may have had of the Special Service all-base musical variety show, one thought should not go unnoticed. The presentation was the crystallization of the ideal that only with zeal and enthusiasm can anything be achieved.

The participants in PROP WASH gave of their time, strength and ability so that we may be entertained. Their problems in producing the show were legion. What they accomplished is living proof that Millville Army Air Field has spirit, color and a purpose.

Off the Book Shelf

By KATHERINE M. O'CONNOR
Base Librarian

"Cluny had drawn her curtains, but she couldn't stop people ringing up a plumber, and when shortly before three the bell began to go, she reluctantly swung her long legs out of bed and ran barefoot downstairs.

"Hello?" said Cluny, in her deep tones.

A man's voice answered her—urgent, curt, harsh with that sense of injury common to all in trouble with their water-supply.

"Is that the plumber's? I want someone to come round at once—"

"He's out," said Cluny.

"Can't you get hold of him?" Cluny reflected. It wasn't the weather for burst pipes, and for no lesser calamity did she intend to disturb her uncle's Sabbath.

"No, I can't," she said. "Good God—" cried the voice

passionately. "This is intolerable! This is unheard of! Isn't there anyone else? Who are you?"

"Cluny Brown," said Cluny.

There was a short pause; when the voice spoke again it was in quite a different key.

"She was only a plumber's daughter—"

Cluny who had heard that one before, rang off and went back upstairs. She got into bed and lay down again and relaxed according to the directions, joint by joint all the way from her toes up to her neck. Hardly had she achieved this desirable state when the phone rang again. It went on and on, until at last there was nothing for it but to get up and answer it again."

FROM CLUNY BROWN by Margery Sharp.



Dear Editor:

For months now dollar bills, vouchers, etc., have been floating around the base and landing in someone's office. Now, along comes a nice little card that says, "you are now a member of the Army Air Forces Aid Society."

I think that many fellows would like to know what in the heck it is all about. How about a little first hand information via the THUNDERBOLT?

Signed,
Just Wondering.

(Ed. Note) The AAF Aid Society was founded last year by General and Mrs. Henry H. Arnold to provide an economic cushion for members of the Air Forces who may be in dire financial straits after the war is over. It is a voluntary organization composed of GIs and officers whose membership fees range from \$1.00 to whatever the individual cares to pay. A later edition of this newspaper will carry a complete story.

Dear Editor:

Every man to his own tastes I say. That guy who signed himself "a disciple of Freud" after asking questions about those lusty dames you carry in your rag, is probably an escapee from a nut house. Who cares who they are? I hate women, but I think you could use that space with discussions on the election, PX prices, or a review of a week of news. Phooey to girls!

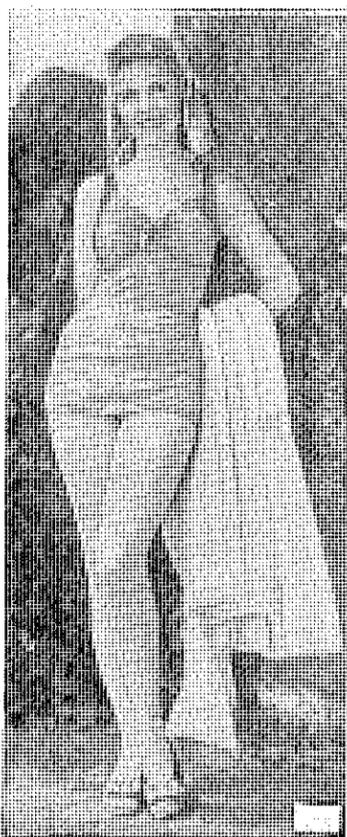
Signed,
Bluebeard.

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your editorial about GI transportation. The boys in my department appreciate your efforts and the kindly interest evinced by Col. Watkins. That's the kind of stuff that makes a better soldier of a fellow.

Signed,
T/Sgt. G. B.

No Comment Necessary



By Chaplain Horace M. King

Is God unjust? Has that problem ever troubled you? Do you seem to see evidences of His injustice? "Who are thou, O man, that repliest against God?" To proclaim injustice and not know God intimately would be unfair to Him and to ourselves. To know God intimately will make it easy to see that what we call injustice is really God's abounding grace which does more for us than we deserve. It is our chief failure that we do not genuinely accept the fullness of God's promises and the richness of His help. If today, O God, we feel that Thou has slighted, forgotten, or misunderstood us, we plead a renewed insight which will show us how little we merit and how much Thou has bestowed; how often we forget Thee and how constantly Thou are remembering us, and how often we have refused to learn of Thee, and yet Thou hast known every step which we have chosen.

If you're feeling down and out, Struggling with many a doubt, Fighting within and fears without—
See the chaplain.

He will give your heart a lift, For cheering folks he has a gift—
See the chaplain.

If you have a problem tough, And the going seems a bit too rough—
So you feel you've had enough—
See the chaplain.

He'll know how to clear the way And point you to a better day—
See the chaplain.

If you've some worry on your mind About the folks you've left behind, And need advice, both wise and kind—
See the chaplain.

Talking it over will make you feel better, Perhaps he can help by writing a letter—
See the chaplain.

Don't wait till you have troubles, boys, He wants to hear about your joys, Sweethearts, wives, and girls or boys—
See the chaplain.

He wants to share your joy and sorrow, Go and talk to him tomorrow—
SEE YOUR CHAPLAIN.
—P. E. Parker.

SONNET TO THE PAST

We talked as we walked thru the park those days, While round us hung the mid-summer haze, Arm in arm when the day was done We dreamed of the future when we'd be one.

Our dream came to be one spring afternoon, Then as man and wife we strolled 'neath the moon.

Because we're apart now I've cause to lament, But knowing you love me, I'm always content.

When the cares and worries of this war will cease,

We'll build up our lives surrounded by peace;

We'll pray God that soon, dear, you'll rest

A sweet little babe against your breast,

And steadily we three (or more) will stroll

Toward the happiness which is our only goal.

—Sgt. T. Hirschberg.

'Prop Wash' Scores Big Hit

(Continued from Page 1)

Local Flavoring

Several of the acts were slanted to include local characters and post folklore. Each mention of a familiar name or remark about life at the base brought long guffaws from the soldiers. The GIs seemed to take special delight in the realistic embraces some of their barrack-mates enacted.

There were no stars in the show. Everyone and no one had top billing. Even S/Sgt. Wally Snellenberg, the producer and director of PROP WASH, was obscured by his own mammoth achievement. Lt. Neary's Special Service staff remained behind the scenes as stage managers, prop hands and electricians. The production will be inscribed in local history as an unforgettable evening for Millville Army Air Field.



Battlefronts are changing. New fronts are being opened. The American Red Cross is constantly adapting its military services to meet new situations.

Early emphasis on off-post clubs has shifted to on-post, due to offensives that have moved men from towns to combat zones with no off-post operations. Red Cross rest homes are now in every theatre, their value fully demonstrated. Club programs have broadened all over the world. Clubmobiles and portable equipment are in growing demand for forward areas, much of it being moved by plane. Front-line services by Red Cross Field Directors have been accepted as essential.

Military hospitals have, of course, increased in number, and Red Cross is fully meeting the greater need for recreation, welfare and personal services for patients. Every hospital ship with sufficient patient load now has a Red Cross staff aboard.

Welfare work carried on by Field Directors, largely in conjunction with home-town Chapters, is in demand everywhere, as much where troops find time standing still as where they are under stress of action. Red Cross overseas communications have accordingly been speeded up, with the aid of Army and Navy radio facilities.

No American serviceman any place in the world today is far from the traditional services of the American Red Cross!





WITH MIRTH AND GAYETY "Prop Wash" opened Wednesday evening at the Post Theatre to a capacity crowd... For three nights thereafter, G.O. critics panned and noted "angels," roared and roared while 50 stars belted with gusto, songs and spicy dialogues. The Special Service extravaganza was by its own admission born out of "sweat, blood and tears," and increased the articles on the hardened brow of its maestro, S/Sgt. Wally Rudenberg. Original music was furnished by Pvt. Norman Townsend, S/Sgt. M. Goldstein acted as Stage Manager. Costumes were supplied by S/Sgt. M. H. Goldstein and Cpl. Mark Rowley furnished the artistic touch. The cast included, among others, T/Sgt. L. Gichay, Cpl. B. Rosen, Sgt. H. Rothbard, Pfc. H. Kerven, Sgt. E. Biddle, Sgt. W. Rosen, S/Sgt. N. Smith, Pfc. H.

Harold, Sgt. H. Weinberg, Pvt. Copping, S/Sgt. P. Hines, Pfc. E. Roberts, T/Sgt. J. VanderKam, S/Sgt. A. Demma, Pfc. H. Furdin, Pvt. H. Lofard, Pfc. C. Knecht, Sgt. H. Reynolds, Sgt. V. Lucella, and "WHIPPY DEBART," Clinton possessed consisted of Dora Marchino, Sam Gray, Bob Bachmann, Betty Larson, Gloria Maude, Bob Williams, Helen Phillips, Mary Marie, Marcella Schlegel, Det. Rita and Elva Mattiola. The orchestra was under the direction of S/Sgt. E. Schacht. Many of the props were donated by the Levy Theatre and the Middle Chapter of the Red Cross. General aid to the production was extended by Mr. Ross, Mr. J. Catechin, Mr. O'Quinn, Mr. M. Malachuk, Mr. Simpson, Big Dave and the Post Engineers, supervised by Capt. J. E. Ashbacher.

Male Call

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

Plain Identification



MAAF-SPORTS LOG

By Cpl. Willis B. Urquhart

TIME AND SPORTS MARCH ON

I was confronted with a sense of impending doom this week when I returned from a heavenly furlough at "honey-moon lane," known to the National Geographic Magazine as Niagra Falls. My boss, Lt. Nemarow, threw a new assignment at me. "You're sports editor," he growled. Timidly I asked him about the old scribe, T/Sgt. Dickey. He muttered something that sounded like "drill sessions at 4 A. M., eight mile hikes, and a slew of miscellaneous duties which prevented "blood and guts" Dickey from pounding out a bi-weekly column on muscle bending activities. I covered my head with a shroud, prayed silently, and made a vow. From here on I pledged never to ask for another furlough. (Forgive me Allah). The dynamics of Army life are too much for one with sensitive a peripheral system as mine.

I scoured about the base looking for Sports news. All I could find that was definite was the blast of the radio giving a blow by blow description of the epochal events taking place at Sportsmen's Park, St. Louis. Frankly, I was relieved to hear the final score of the last game. Perhaps, I thought, local dogfaces would now begin to evince an interest in matters pertaining to Millville Army Air Field.

My presumption had foundation. In checking statistics at the PT Office I learned that a number of GIs and officers have been going through basketball paces at the Vineland "Y." Lt. Pishioneri, the hoopster's coach, reveals that many of the men show remarkable promise and is certain that we're due for a terrific season. The coach also announced that due to the impending tough schedule basketball practice will be held this coming week at the Bacon High School in Millville on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday nights. And that as soon as our Gym is equipped the boys will be "hooping" it five nights a week.

The verbal feud between Cpl. "Tex Perello of the Communications Section and S/Sgt. Pots and Pans Smith of the Mess Department has reached the boiling stage. Both "big wheels" contend that their respective section can take the other over the coals in "Touch Football." We intervened to remind them that talk is cheap, but whisky costs money. Evidently that profound remark has forced their hand, and the game is about to be played off. We'll give you the results in another edition.

The Wolf

by Sansone



Quintets Begin Practice For Post League

With several teams having been organized by various sections, the Base Physical Training Department is now making plans for an Intra-Post Basketball League. The Communications, Base Headquarters, CCTS pilots of both the 536th and 537th and Sub-Depot have submitted rosters and are all set to take to the hoops for their pre-season workouts.

It is hoped that the "league" can begin functioning during the last week in November, giving the clubs sufficient time to get into shape. Lt. Pishioneri, Base Physical Training Officer, urges all sections to organize a team and to submit the names as soon as possible, in order that a schedule may be prepared. The PT Department is planning to run off at least ten teams. This league is open to both Officers and Enlisted men which should create keen competition.

Team managers will contact the PT office for use of the gym, thus eliminating any confusion from an over crowded floor. Lt. Pishioneri intends to have some of the games played as preliminary contests before the Post team takes to the floor.

PT Office Spurs Touch Football



In an improvised Touch Football game between a half dozen GIs and CCTS pilots on the Millville Army Air Field's pasture, passing for a gridiron, the dogfaces sparked by T/Sgt. Lamont Dickey, outfought, outpassed and outmaneuvered the Eagle sextette by the score of 24-0.

The game, in and of itself, had no significance other than to stimulate interest in a sport which has captured the imagination of many base athletes, but has not stirred them to organize into sectional teams.

In a recent announcement by the Physical Training section for department teams, four rosters were submitted to Lt. Pishioneri's office. The Base Athletic director has reissued his declaration that as soon as a sufficient number of clubs are presented to him, the Base Touch Football League will go into action. Plans call for the presentation of trophies and other awards to the winning organizations.

The Peripheral Road

By PFC. JOE MAAF

WATCH ON THE LINE

The soldier needed a car badly. His wife was in a family way and he did not want to be caught in the dead of night without transportation to a hospital. So he borrowed money and purchased a jalopy from a used car dealer. The merchant saw an opportunity of gouging an innocent GI and jacked the price of the "load" way above the OPA ceiling. Friends advised the victim to consult the Base Legal Assistance Office. He did. In a few days the Post attorneys wangled a refund from the pirate and exposed him to the authorities as being a vulture. The chiseler turned "legit" thereafter, but that's not where our story ends. We cite the above incident as proof to lawyer-shy servicemen of the type of consideration they receive when they visit the GI law firm of Eisenberg, Stamler and Dreezy. . . A corporal who spends most his working day tinkering around P-47s was promoted to the grade of sergeant recently. He sent the following announcement to friends and well-wishers: Notification of a GI blessed event. I gave birth to a new stripe on September 18th—weight \$12.00. Father and three stripes doing well . . . This, of course, brings to mind that the Base Personnel Office may now increase Sgt. Johnny Lupt's family allotment. His wife presented him with a delectable baby girl last week . . . Incidentally, the shouts of joy emanating from 1st Sgt. Milton Epstein has no association with the fact that KPs have been reporting to duty on time lately. He was around when his wife gave birth to a howling baby boy. The top kick immediately asserted his authority by bellowing, "at ease" to his non-military kid. It is reported that the undisciplined infant replied in a torrent of tears, "blow it out your flutter valve, Pop!" . . . Here is something for the Special Service Office to look into. There is a "sarge" working at HQ—Jan Pinkoski by name—who entertains his fellow "woikers" during lunch hour by playing the snazziest music with his accordion . . . Permit us to repeat a yarn here which you might send home to the folks. Nine sick, starved and exhausted American soldiers played a game of baseball recently, unparalleled in sports history—for though they lost a shut-out game to their Japanese captors, they won the real victory. The story was related by Marvin Mueller, Coronet tale fancier. "When two medal-becked Jap officers entered the prison and ordered the Americans to line up, the prisoners wondered 'What next?' They soon found out—for the smallest, weakest men in the line-up were picked—and organized into a baseball team to represent the Americans in a game that afternoon—a game to be played against a strong, well-fed Jap team. The Americans didn't stand a chance. And, just as they expected, the U. S. soldiers didn't score a hit or a run. Hour after hour, the haggard prisoners took their turn at bat, but they didn't have the strength to swat the ball. Those who did, weren't able to run fast enough to reach first base before they were tagged out. When the Japs came up to bat, the outfielders couldn't get the ball in time for a put out at first. The spectators went wild in the stands—here was real proof of Nip superiority. The Americans, however, were far from depressed over their defeat. For thanks to their pitcher, they won a tremendous victory that couldn't be measured on a scoreboard. As the Jap scores went up, their spirits went down. Each Asiatic "superman" who came to the plate held his bat as a weapon of self defense. The pitcher, having realized the weakness of his fellow prisoners, was sending a solid stream of fast balls whizzing over the plate—aimed directly at the batters' heads. And, concludes the story teller, by the time the game was over, he had whacked 30 Japs on the head and knocked them cold—all according to the strict rules of the game."