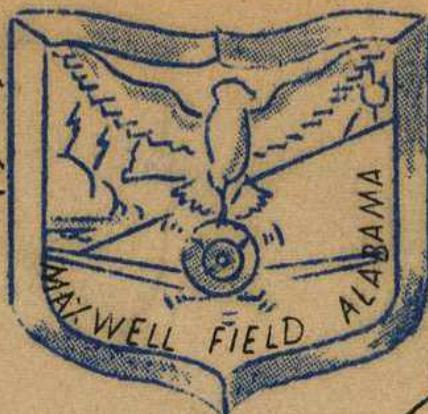


YAML
WHERE WE KEEP



WIND
EM FLYING





..... T A I L W O N D

OFFICIAL POST PUBLICATION

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Published weekly at Maxwell Field by soldiers, for soldiers

BY THE NUMBERS

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COVER DESIGN By Pvt. Harlyn Dickinson

EDITORIAL

TAILWIND, this issue, is dedicated to the British cadets, those stalwarts from across the sea for whom Maxwell Field will be a temporary home.

Maxwell Field has received many of them and is to receive many more in the near future.

For those who have been stationed here we have learned to have the highest regard. They have been the best of soldiers and gentlemen.

TAILWIND welcomes the arriving soldiers from England to America and to Maxwell Field.

-----O-----

This issue's three-color cover was made possible through the courtesy and cooperation of Mr. David L. Bridges of the Dixie Office Supply Co., in Montgomery.

Mr. Bridges devoted his time and labor to help bring forth TAILWIND's nattiest cloak to date.

-----O-----

Our Love Insurance Policy was given further prominence last Sunday when the certificate was printed in facsimile with an article in the MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER. Several policies were received on these blanks from the ADVERTISER.

The first dissenting note in the campaign was sounded last week in an anonymous letter from a young lady in Montgomery; she felt that the policy was too one-sided, did not afford protection for the weaker sex. "If soldiers are human," she reasons, cogently, "then girls are just as human." TAILWIND's Editors, as human as the next fellow,

agree with their fair correspondent, urge their readers to be just as scrupulous with the ladies as the insurance requires the ladies to be with them.

-----O-----

The Bridge Tournament to be held this week at the Soldiers Center (see P. 11,) is another example of the resourcefulness shown by the directors in keeping after their self-imposed task of amusing the soldiers. TAILWIND tries to speak for the Post in cases like this where gratitude is due, and we think the Soldiers Center does a swell job.

-----O-----

As everybody knows and tells everybody else, these are Uncertain Times. When our morning paper brings us headlines like: FASCINATION FOR CANDY BRINGS DEATH TO TOT, CLARKE RECEIVES QUAIL FROM STATE HATCHERY and NAVY URGES PURGE OF SHIP RADIO OPERATORS, (as the front page of this morning's paper did) we are glad that our lot is with the Army. Threatened by neither sweet tooth, quail, or purges, we go our way, free to pursue our war-like activities in peace.

-----O-----

TAILWIND is proud of the new names that deck its masthead this week: Pvt. Warren Greene, Pvt. Hal D. Bell and Pvt. Leonard Tobin. We welcome them and have already set them to work. We are sure our readers will profit, too.

-----O-----

HERE COMES THE SHOW BUS

Not so long ago, on the shores of the Mississippi, the shout, "Here comes the Show-boat" would rock the waterfront.

Now, from Maine to Florida and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, men in the Service have adopted a similiar cry .. "HERE COMES THE SHOW-BUS!" The time is now at hand men, when we must clear our throats and prepare to sing out this cry, 'cause the "SHOW-BUS" is just about here.

take a tip, soldier, and be at Hangar #6 on the night of Wednesday, September 24th at 8:00 o'clock. You new men are in for a very pleasant surprise, so get there early and help the "old men" cheer the performers and the Citizens Committee Mobile Entertainment Force for doing so much "TO KEEF 'EM HAFFY!"

For men with weak hearts, we suggest a ten minute rest period before reading the bill of fare. The Master of Ceremonies will be Steve Evans, Famous in every large theatre in the country for his satirical impersonations; Harriett Carr, New York night club singer; the Hylton Sisters, a trio of beautiful girls, straight from the musical comedy "Streets of Paris"; George Prentice, one of the most clever Marionette acts in the business; Linda Moody, tap-dancing marvel, who recently toured with Ben Bernie's band; and Frances McCoy, a tiny bundle of song and personality.

The last soldier to get backstage after the show is a sissy!

\$25,000 OFFER

The opportunity to acquire \$25,000 worth of the world's best flying instruction has recently been extended by the Air Corps to include enlisted men who are eager to fly but who do not have the educational requirements of Aviation Cadets.

Now the quota of men to be accepted for the Enlisted Men's Aviation Student Pilot Training Course has been raised from 200 every two months to a total of approximately 450 qualified men each month for this Corps Area, Sgt. James F. Cox of the Aviation Cadet Examination Board announced this week.

This indication that the new program undertaken last month has met with the Air Corps' approval is expected to increase the number of applicants for the course.

Requirements for admission to the "Flying Sergeants" program include: ability to pass the same physical examination that is given to Aviation Cadets; a certificate of graduation from high school with 1 1/2 or more units of mathematics, United States citizenship, and also that the applicant shall have passed his 18th but not reached his 23rd birthday.

At the conclusion of the course, which at present is essentially the same as the training given to Aviation Cadets, the student receives the rating of Staff Sergeant Pilot with opportunities for further promotion.

Any enlisted men interested in this program - the first the Air Corps has offered exclusively for their benefit - are invited to discuss it with Sgt. Cox in New Building 9, just North of the Hospital.

COUSINS FROM ACROSS THE SEA

By GEOFFREY A. H. BIRT

The author of the following article, Cadet Geoffrey A. H. Birt, has been in the RAF since last December. Previous to beginning his military service the 29-year old journalist was employed by the DAILY MAIL and Northcliffe Newspapers in London.

A native of Somerset, Cadet Birt is a member of the present staff of the RAF replacement center here. He is the author of articles appearing in the ATLANTA JOURNAL and TIMES RECORDER in Americus, Ga. since his arrival in this country in June.

It was a travel-worn and apprehensive group of young Englishmen who descended into your midst a few weeks ago. To reach this Southland of America we had left the island fortress of our homeland, sailed out into the Battle of the Atlantic, and had come safely to this great continent.

The night we arrived on the mainland we all climbed on deck to see the lights of the town, for we had not seen lighted streets, houses or electric signs since September 2nd., 1939. The blackout conditions had become such an integral part of our lives that on our first night ashore, while walking down a main street ablaze with lights, I crouched down in a corner, and under cover, to light my pipe, before realising that here there was no fear of air raids.

Long train journeys ensued, longer than we had ever before experienced. Southward we came through the legendary land of Dixie, singing the songs we had all so often sung at home: "Old Black Joe", "Way Down in Tennessee", and "Kentucky Races". Then came the end of the journey and with it the beginning of a new chapter in our lives. One Sunday morning I had

walked through the streets of London, and few weeks later I was standing on the platform of a small Georgia town.

When I first learned I was to be sent to Georgia, we were all still "somewhere in the North" and people exclaimed, "O boy! What a time you are going to have." I was gratified, intrigued, and sought further enlightenment. What kind of place was Georgia? How should we find the people? What were the industries? I was told that it would be hot, that we should all be overwhelmed by the warm-hearted hospitality of the South, and that we were going to the peach country. I was not misinformed. It is certainly hot down here, we have enjoyed the greatest hospitality we have ever known, and peaches grow in abundance---and not only on trees.

My primary flying school was at Americus, and the first evening I walked into town with some colleagues we were taken by a local resident into an ice-cream parlour which, to our surprise, proved to be a drug store. I suppose one gets dyspepsia on one side of the shop and a cure for it on the other. Our friend then introduced us

to Judge Williams. Our notions of a judge are of a man with a large wig and red robes who divorces actresses or sentences murderers to be hanged. Therefore we were at first a little overawed. The judge, however, proved to be a homely professional man who invited himself to our table, and who was so kind, agreeable and interesting, that we soon forgot our shyness.

Our first Sunday in America brought us the adventure of visiting an American home, since we were all invited in groups to many houses for dinner. Our homes are all built of brick or stone and we looked forward eagerly to investigating the interior of America's wooden houses and meeting their owners. This also gave us the experience of sitting on porches which are practically unknown in England.

We had to wrestle with the food problem, of course. In the cadets' mess we were just becoming adapted, but here we had to face the assortment and multiplicity of new foods and dishes in domestic surroundings, you aim at variety, and obviously continually experiment to attain it. We have much to learn from you in this as in many other things. In England the standard Sunday dinner is roast beef or mutton, or occasionally pork, with two vegetables, followed by a sweet such as apple tart and custard (a kind of creamy blancmange). Father carves the joint and mother serves the vegetables. The plates are then passed round and the family begins the attack. Consequently there was a great temptation for us immediately to heap all the delicacies set around us on to our plates before commencing the meal.

Many of us are sending recipes home to mother so that when this war is over and won we may be able to introduce some of them into our diet. Others, with even greater foresight, are giving minute details in their love letters.

We are great tea drinkers, as you know, but we have never before enjoyed iced tea. When we saw it poured out for us in the mess on the night we arrived, we wondered what it was. We took sly, side-long looks at the table where the American cadets were seated - what an excellent crowd of fellows they are, by the way -- to get a line on the method of tackling the drink. "You know, Geoff," said my neighbour, "I think it is tea -- it has that 'teash' twang about it." Subsequently we learned to add sugar and lemon with it. Now we drink gallons of it.

The hospitality we enjoyed in those initial days has never waned. Here in Montgomery, Alabama, it is the same as it was in Americus, Georgia. Everyone seems to have conspired to make us feel happy and at home, and to give us all a memorable time. We deeply appreciate your interest in us, and the cause for which we are fighting, and the profound sympathy you extend for the sufferings of our people. It is wonderful to hear so many of you claim your kinship with us. More than once I have had a car draw up at my side and a deep Southern drawl say: "You're British, I guess. Hop in and we'll go for a ride." Then with that freedom which at first disconcerted us, and left us doubting the correct mode of reply, one's host would volunteer his Christian name, occupation, place of birth and present

residence. We quickly learned to return the compliment and answer with a recital of our own personal details such as, "I'm Geoff: Birt, from London, etc. "after which one's benefactor, extending a welcoming hand, would say, "Glad to know you Geoff. My grandfather was a cockney. Yes, sir! Give those Jerries hell for me when you get back."

This much we all know from our own experience: That America will do everything in her power to let us have all the tools we need to finish the job, and that she will never allow our mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, or the little ladies who are eagerly awaiting our return, to hunger for the essentials of life. The Lion stands today on the white cliffs of Dover roaring defiance at the barbarian, but fortified by the knowledge that from across the great Atlantic, gazing benevolently at him, is the statue of Liberty, symbolic of an entity he is determined shall not perish from the world, and of a mighty nation sworn to aid him in this fight to safeguard the natural and most fundamental rights of Man.

Since I have been stationed at Maxwell Field it has been my joy to see great bombers peel out of the skies to land and roar across the landing ground. Already camouflaged they have been flown from your factories, and I know that some are en route for home. As I look at them I know that in a few days they will be winging over the green fields of England and the quiet country villages with their thatched roof cottages, where so many of your ancestors and mine were born. They will encourage our people by their demonstration of

your practical help, assuring them that Uncle Sam means business.

Sir Francis Drake singed the beard of the King of Spain, and it is now our duty to singe the absurd moustache of a small-town Austrian paper hanger. When that is done we want you all to come over and see us, and so give us the opportunity to repay some of the many kindnesses which you are showering on us all at the moment.

Thank you, and God bless you.

MAXWELL FIELD TO BE BRITISH CADET CENTER

The relative absence of British cadets from Maxwell Field this week is in reality only the lull before the storm. Because this post has been selected as the cadet replacement center for all British cadets in the Southeast Air Corps Area, and it is expected that the initial complement of 720 will soon begin pouring in to Maxwell Field.

The young Englishmen will be stationed here for purposes of acclimatization as well as to undergo the same sort of preliminary soldiering that our own cadets now receive in replacement centers. After their indoctrination has been completed they will be sent to schools for training.

While the English cadets are engaged in no flying here at Maxwell Field, across the city at Gunter Field there have been classes of RAF pilots undergoing basic flying instruction for some months now.

Wing Commander H. A. V. Hogan is RAF Liason Officer with the Staff of the SEACTC and is also Senior RAF Administrative Officer for the schools where the British Students are under training.

SQUADRON NEWS

GRACIE ALLEN

Dear Tailwinders:

Thank you so much for your kind personal note and I ate up every word of it. In fact, mother took the envelope and fried it in bacon fat and we ate that too.

I am very much interested in your "Keep 'Em Happy Club" and will fill out the application as soon as Grandpa comes back. There's a new art show in town at the Museum and he took the pen and ink over to draw beards on the ladies.

Incidentally, that's how he met Grandma. He thought she was part of a girdle advertisement on a billboard and she turned out to be real.

I will bake you a cake when Cousin Wilbur is through with the oven. He's been hiding in there from his wife.

Please keep an eye on my brother Willie--for both our sakes.

Much love,

Your own,

Gracie

Gracie Allen

Sept. 20, 1941.

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SQUADRON NEWS

91ST SCHOOL SQUADRON

Pvt. Robert E. McGinnis

The 436th School Squadron has left the Barracks of the Ninety First School Squadron and is now quartered at the Old Mill.

Pfc. Robert Tanner has been granted a ten-day furlough to visit his family in Gainesville, Ga.

Cpl. Albert H. St Clair has been granted a fifteen-day furlough to visit his family in New Market, Ala.

Pvt. Walter Moulton has been granted a ten-day furlough to visit his family in Chateaugay, N. Y.

Pvt. Douglas F. Crisman has been granted a fifteen-day furlough to visit his family in Ilion, N. Y.

Pvt. Richard Jokel has been granted a ten-day furlough to visit his family in Cortland, N. Y.

The office boys and even the First Sergeant are happy to see a girl's face around the Orderly Room. This is a good example of how to keep the morale up of the Boys in the Service of GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM. You boys on the line will KEEP-EM-FLYING while us boys in the Orderly Room will try and keep up your morale with ours.

1st Lt. C. E. Flaherty was granted a ten-day leave of absence to visit his home in Massachusetts.

HQ. & HQ. SQUADRON, 13TH AB GROUP

Pvt. Joe Stuart

The Squadron feels for Pvt. Lawrence Rousseau who unfortunately lost his tonsils in the hospital recently. He has spent over a week

there already, probably looking for the lost glands. We are expecting him back for duty most anytime now, however.

Pfc. Doris Garner and Pvt. James T. Boucher returned last week from detached service at Elgin Field, Fla., where it is confidentially understood they had a few episodes with some bathing beauties.

Pfc. Thomas E. Hoover has received an appointment to Officer's Candidate School. He will leave for the Signal Corps School at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey as soon as his travel orders come through.

A few of the more lucky ones took off this week on furlough. Among these are: Pfc. Winfield Pearson, Pvt. Dominick Sebio, Pvt. Abraham Jacobson, Pvt. Robert Bailey and Pvt. Richard Conwell.

A former member of this organization, Russell C. Scott, now with the 446th School Squadron, has been made a first Sergeant. Congratulations, Sergeant. Corporal James Cook, on special duty with the Aviation Cadet Training Center, has also been promoted. It is now Sgt. Cook.

We lost Sgt. Kenneth Garrett last week, who was transferred in grade to the 16th Materiel, 13th AB Group. We also lost Pfc. Cutty Rhodes who left for the 66th Materiel Squadron, 80th AB Group.

After a couple of weeks of careful and conscientious tending, Cpl. Elmor W. Buckland has at long last begun to get his beautiful blond hair (you know, the natural kind that all the girls go crazy about)

SQUADRON NEWS

CONT.

to stay just where it should be.

83RD SCHOOL SQUADRON
Pfc. Thomas J. Atkinson

Pvts. Boyd J. Burris and Clarence A. Hyatt reported to this organization for duty after a tour of duty in the Hawaiian Islands.

2nd Lt. Walker L. Newton, Jr., has been relieved from assignment to the 83rd and assigned to a new unit for Greenville, Mississippi.

Pvt. Ernest L. Horning has been transferred to the 46th Bombardment Group (L) AFCC at Bowman Field, Louisville, Ky.

2nd Lt. Howard L. Carlisle has been assigned to the 83rd School Sq. and to squadron duties.

The 83rd School Sq. furnished a number of men for the new units going to Moultrie, Ga., and Greenville, Miss.

The following named men have been granted 10-day furloughs: Pvts. Nello V. Deppoliti, Manuel S. Leandres and Marvin D. McNay.

FOURTH WEATHER SQUADRON
Pvt. Harold H. Hollis

Offices of the Fourth Weather Squadron and Fourth Weather Region have been moved from the second floor of Operations Building to Rooms 5, 6 and 7 in Barracks No. 617.

A school for Weather Observers has been established in the 91st School Squadron barracks with an enrollment of five enlisted men of the squadron. They include Privates Maurice D. Manning, Frank V. Dowling, Charles F. Fletcher, Floyd

Sept. 20, 1941.

W. Hargrave and Warren O. Weilbaecher. The class is under the supervision of Sergeant Willard O. Broussard of the Base Weather station's observer staff. This is the third class of its kind to be established here since the activation of the squadron in December, 1940.

Staff Sergeant James W. Waggoner has been named First Sergeant of the Squadron succeeding Technical Sergeant W. A. Berger who assumes the duties of Chief Clerk of the organization.

Other promotions effective September 10th are as follows: To the rank of Sergeant, Cpl. Charles E. Hardy; to the rank of Corporal, Pfc. Howard P. Roudebush and Pvts. Joseph J. Ginzl, Jr., Ervin J. Gorski and Reginald, J. Ray; to the rank of First Class Private, Pvts. George W. Clifford, Lester V. Kelley and Wallace G. Moser.

Cpl. Howard P. Roudebush is on 18-day furlough which he is spending in Dansville, Iowa. Pfc. Thomas Harrigan is on 15-day furlough which he is spending at his home near Boston, Mass.

FIFTH SIGNAL SERVICE DET.

Pfc. John M. Fountain

Sgt. Carl Blackmon departed this station the 15th to attend a six-week course given by the Automatic Electric Company in Chicago, Illinois.

The first couple of mornings of drill this week came pretty hard for members of this Detachment, but now it is just a regular routine matter with us. (Sorta)

Master Sergeant Paul H. Bright,
Continued on Page 19

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SERGEANT MAJOR

Taken from TOWN TOPICS, WSFA Radio Program, sponsored by Mr. FRED A. DURAN, of Montgomery, Alabama.

Those United Kingdom students... or flying cadets from Great Britain ... who are now in training at Maxwell Field...get a touch of the "old country" when they pay a visit to the headquarters of the flying school ... for the reason that the major-domo behind that particular scene is one of the home folks. A next-door neighbor, to be exact... in the person of Master Sergeant John P. Mulligan, a native of Dublin, Ireland ... who is the Sergeant Major of Maxwell Field's Air Corps Advanced Flying School.

Now, to those of you whose only acquaintance with a Sergeant Major has been in the once-popular ditty declaring that "There's Something About A Soldier," a bit of explanation might be in order. The job could be described as office manager, or chief clerk ... but that would be understating it. A Sergeant Major has to be a business man with a great deal of executive ability ... but, more than that, he must be a diplomat. He is largely responsible for making the wheels go round in the administrative department of the vast organization that composes a major unit of the Army. It's a big order and a tough job for anybody ... but Sergeant Mulligan takes it in his stride, and directs the activities of the hundred-odd enlisted men and civilians in his department without batting one of his typically Irish eyes.

Sergeant Mulligan has been in

this country fifteen years, and in the Army thirteen years. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1905, and had hardly been a stone's throw away from his home until December, 1926, when he boarded the steamer Leviathan to see what America had to offer.

His brogue is as pure Irish as his name, in 15 years he hasn't lost one shade of the characteristic inflection with which he greeted New York back in 1926.

Back in Ireland, John P. Mulligan was a machinist by trade ... and he pursued that vocation for a short while after coming to this country. Besides that, he was even the manager of a chain store up in Massachusetts for a time ... but stenography was a sort of hobby with him, and after he joined the Army, his way with Mr. Gregg was discovered. Stenographers at that time being rather scarce in Uncle Sam's fighting forces, Mulligan's avocation became his vocation, and he thus was inducted into the intricacies of the administrative side of the Army ... where he has remained ever since and where he is just about as close to the top as it's possible to get. Needless to say, I'm afraid he is getting rusty on his pothooks and curlicues, because it has been sometime since he was called upon to demonstrate his stenographic ability.

Sergeant Mulligan does not have much time to devote to his hobby... swimming ... but in his spare hours

he has managed to keep pretty well acquainted with the Maxwell Field pool, and to teach his pair of sons to hold their own in the water. He still wields a mean rod and reel, and an occasional well-deserved holiday will find him down Florida way, in search of the elusive king mackerel. Once he and his family had quite an adventure when Choctawhatchee Bay got rough with them, but that's another story that we haven't time for here.

The apples of his eye are two young sons, John, Jr., age 6, and Marvin Edward, five years old. Both the boys are likely material for the Army in another fifteen or so years ... although, in the meantime their father states that on occasion they already are pretty handy with their fists.

Thus we have met Sergeant John F. Mulligan, United States Army, whom chance and the War Department sent to Maxwell Field, Alabama, several years ago ... but who is the prototype of many others throughout this nation and its possessions ... who, in truth, are the "backbone of the Army" ... and contribute mightily to our conviction that, whatever may come, we not only can take it ... but can give it right back.

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Our budly says there is talk that the next war will be fought with radio.

Well I'm in training. I've faced some terrible programs.

It's a good thing the army can't draft women. All the women would have to go, because none of them admit being over twenty-one.

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Sept. 20, 1941.

BRIDGE TOURNEY

Bridge Players ... take heed! Final date for entries in the Soldiers Center Bridge Tournament is Wednesday night, September 24th.

There are prizes to be won, and fame to be achieved, so HURRY, HURRY!

The winners of the last tournament were awarded electric fans and the runners-up were given bed-lamps. All prizes were donated by local merchants, for which we say, "Thanks, Storekeepers, from the bottom of our collective hearts."

Mr. Allan Nelms, head man of the Center, says, "The rules are simple: Entries must be made in pairs, highest score will determine the winners instead of number of rubbers won, if play is not completed on Thursday night - the night most convenient for the remaining players will then be decided."

"Our last tournament," continued Mr. Nelms, "was very successful. We haven't as yet decided what the prizes will be, but they'll be worth winning."

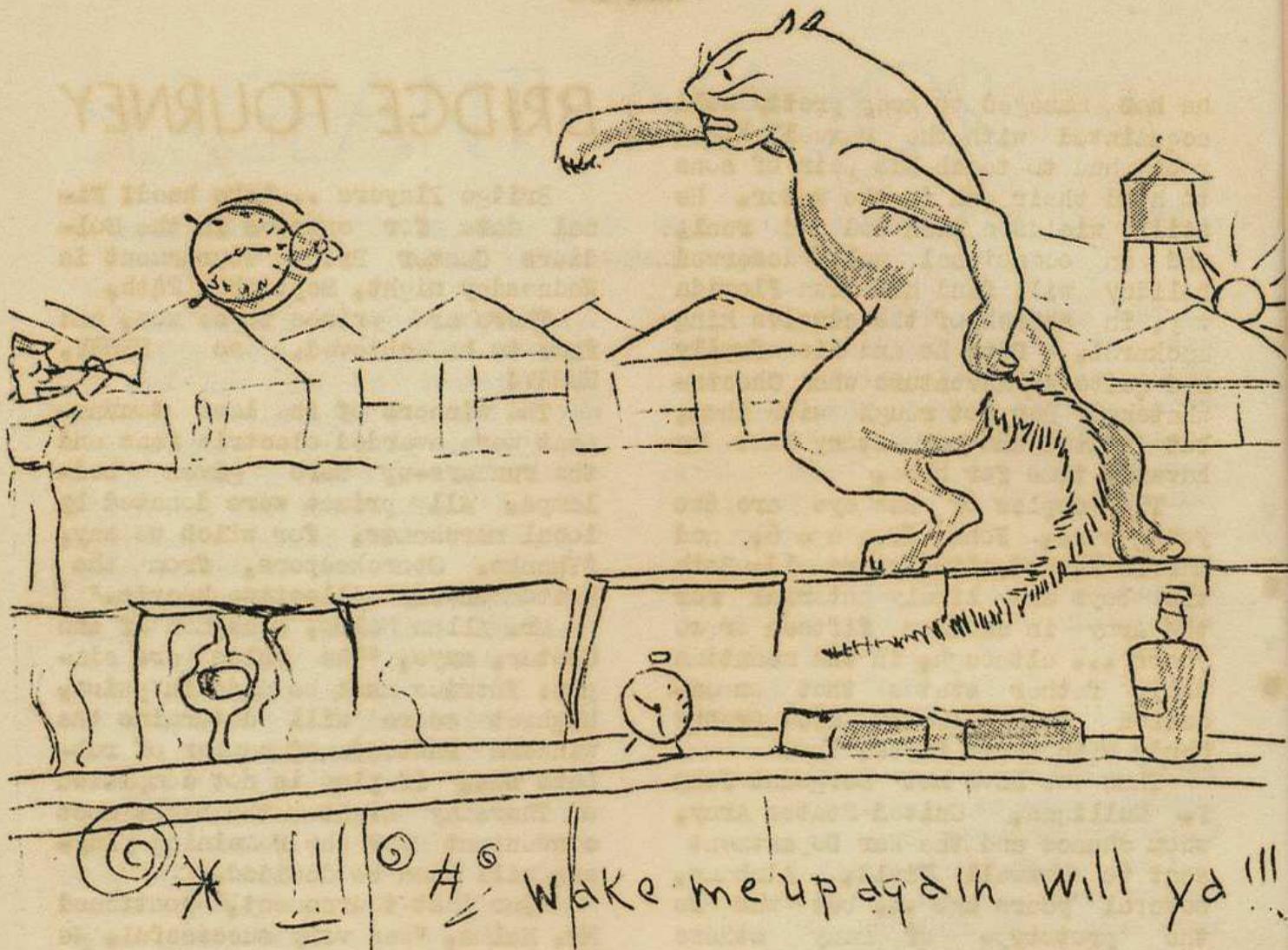
Fvt. Bernard G. Sheesley, winner of last week's ping-pong tournament, is probably wondering about his prize. The committee in charge has been combing the jewelry stores, but as yet have found nothing they consider suitable. Runner-up was Fvt. Roy Furtow. Both men are from Maxwell Field.

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HOSTESS: "This is Captain Banks who has just returned from a trip to the Arctic regions!"

FRETTY YOUNG THING: "Oh, do come nearer the fire. You must be cold."

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"I hate to do this," declared little Marjorie as she smeared jam all over her baby brother's face, "but I can't have the finger of suspicion pointing at me."

Ruth rode in the corporal's sidecar
Out for a Sunday spree,
They hit a bump at fifty,
The soldier rode on Ruthlessly.

Maybe if I were Mahatma Ghandi
I wouldn't mind the G. I. laundry.

Camp Matron: Private Bjorn was injured in maneuvers and only relatives are allowed to see him today. Are you a member of his family?

Girl Friend: Why -er, his sister.
Camp Matron: Oh, really? I'm glad to meet you. I'm his mother.

Sergeant Angus MacTavish gave three blood transfusions to a lady. the first time, she paid him thirty dollars for the transfusion. The second time, she gave him fifteen dollars. The third time, having so much Scotch blood in her, she gave three rousing cheers.

"So you're not going to reenlist in the Engineers, eh? What's the matter with this outfit?"

"Oh, the outfit's all right, Sarge. Only I'm afraid I'm doing some horse out of a job."

Rear Rank Rudy: Gimme some ginger-ale.

Post Ex Sodajerk: Fale?

R. R. R.: Heck no! Just a glass.

MEET THE TOP KICK OF THE 91ST

By Pvt. Leonard Tobin.

More has been said, and written about that colorful character the "the top-kick" than any other member of the Service. Our nomination for the Sergeant that comes closest to personifying the almost legendary "top-kick" is First Sgt. James D. McCall of the 91st School Sq. ...

It would be impractical to ask all our readers to go over to the 91st and take a look for themselves, so we've made arrangements to bring the Sergeant to you.

"Are you ready, Sergeant McCall? Ready to lay bare the secrets of your past, present, and future?"

"If it comes in the line of duty, then I am ready!"

"Bravely spoken, Sergeant".

With these thoughts not said, but fleet, the business of interviewing Sergeant McCall began.

Twenty-nine years ago, unto the family of a cotton mill superintendent, in the "little country town" of Cooleemee, North Carolina, there was born a teeny-weensy baby boy. But Time marched on and our hero blossomed onto a granite-jawed, broad-shouldered, brown-eyed giant of 6 feet, and 1 inch, weighing 215.

At the age of 14 years the ambition to become a soldier took root and at 18 his wish was fulfilled.

During Sergeant McCall's 12 years of service, his favorite job has been that of First Sgt. of the 91st. "There's no doubt about the 91st being the best outfit. We've got the best bunch of men and I'm really proud of it. Anyhow, any man who is not proud of his outfit

shouldn't be in it."

"My hobby? Well, I like to cook! I can cook anything! Have you ever had steak - fried on a griddle, flavored with lime juice to make it tender?" earnestly asked the Sergeant. "I've got another hobby, too," he rambled on, now a veritable gusher of info' and comment, "Sports! And I like 'em all. Played baseball and 4 years of guard and tackle on the Fort Bragg team.

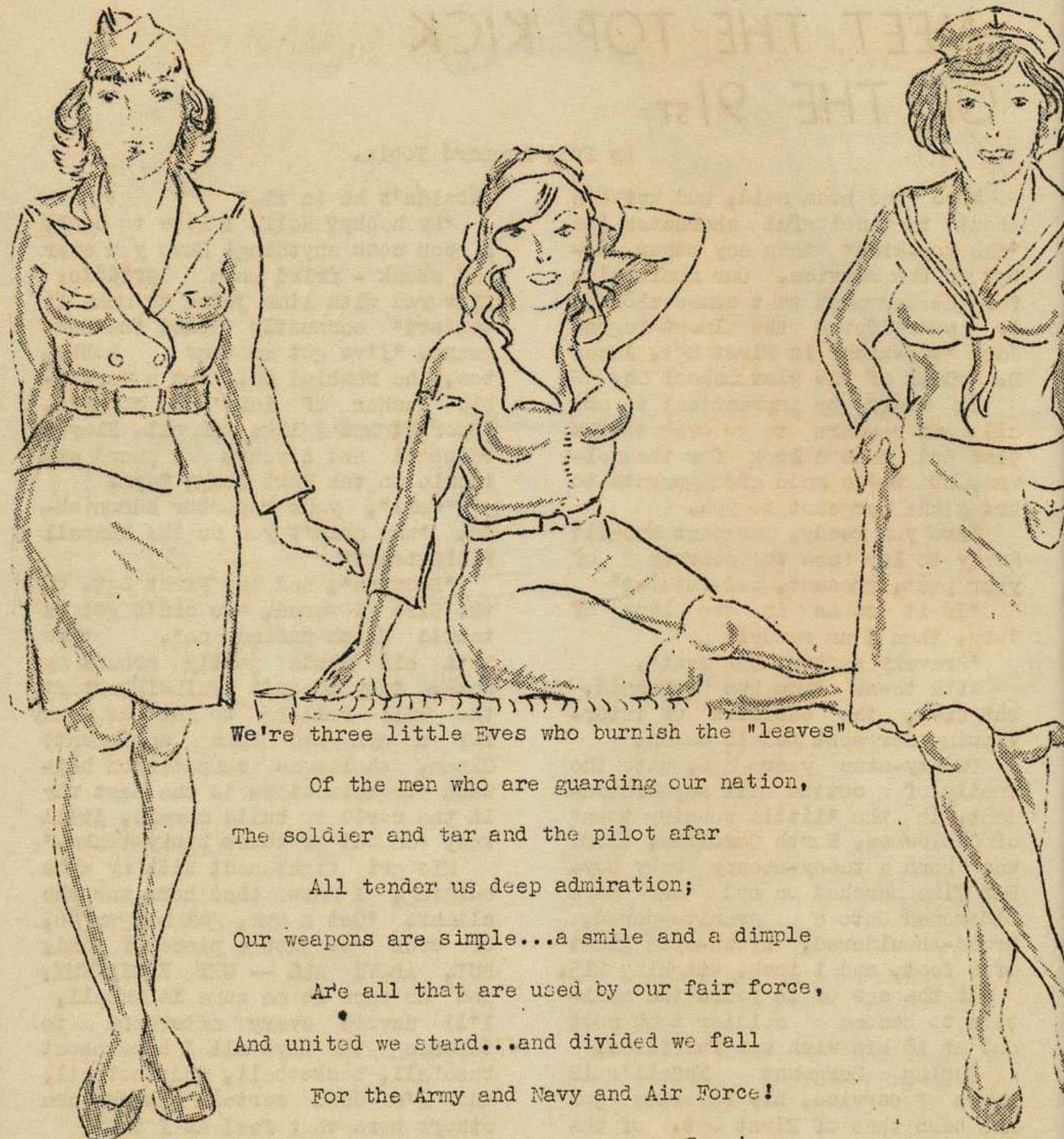
"Well", your reporter admonished, "why aren't you on the Maxwell Field team?"

"Because", and the First Sgt. of the 91st glowered, "we ain't got a team!! Which reminds me", this with his hands gently around my neck, "why doesn't TAILWIND start the ball rolling to get us money for a gym and some equipment? Clean, wholesome competition between organizations is the best way in the world to build morale. It'll keep 'em out of those honky-tonks."

His grip tightened! With my eyes bulging, I knew that here was the climax. "Get a gym, get hangar #6, or even get just a piece of land, BUT, ABOVE ALL -- GET EQUIPMENT, and as sure as me name is McCall, I'll devote every afternoon to teaching the boys all I know about baseball, basketball, and football, and I'm dead certain there are others here that feel as I do."

With the promise that TAILWIND would cooperate 100%, we were released, and hurried home on the double, to tell Editor Tolanski what First Sgt. McCall had said.

TAILWIND



We're three little Eves who burnish the "leaves"

Of the men who are guarding our nation,

The soldier and tar and the pilot afar

All tender us deep admiration;

Our weapons are simple...a smile and a dimple

Are all that are used by our fair force,

And united we stand...and divided we fall

For the Army and Navy and Air Force!

-Esquire

NEW MANAGEMENT

The concession for the restaurant in the Post Exchange, held in the past by a private concessionaire, was abolished last week, and management was taken over by the Post Exchange. Late risers on Sunday, Sept. 14th were obliged to go elsewhere for their cup of coffee as the change of operation kept the restaurant closed.

Capt. A. C. Oakley, Post Exchange Officer, has announced the appointment of Lt. W. W. Bryant as manager of the restaurant.

TUSKEGEE CADETS

The 99th Pursuit Squadron of the U. S. Army Air Corps was instituted at Tuskegee Institute last week, as twelve colored cadets and one colored officer student began their flight instruction. The officer, 28-year old Capt. Benjamin O. Davis, is the son of the only Negro general officer in the Army, and the fourth of his race to graduate from West Point in its 139 years.

The twelve cadets had been drilled by Capt. Davis for 7 weeks before the flying course began. A new class of 11 cadets is already doing its preliminary soldiering and others will follow at five week intervals. At Chanute Field 278 Negro mechanics for the 99th are now in training.

BAN LIFTED

Last week's off limits notice, in TAILWIND, placing the Ideal Cafe, 209 Dexter Avenue, Montgomery, Alabama, off limits to all military personnel of this command, has been revoked.

E. & R. ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY

Free movie at the Open Air Theatre at 7:30 P.M. "Forbidden Music" with Jimmie Durante, Diana Napier, and Richard Tauber.

MONDAY

Radio program broadcast from Soldiers Center at 7:30 P.M. If unable to attend, tune in WFSAA.

WEDNESDAY

The Unit "F" Show sponsored by the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy will appear at Hangar #6 at 8:00 P.M.

Those interested in Dramatics, contact F. W. Miles Burlingame at Open Air Theatre.

Boxing gloves and basketballs are available at the E & R Department for issue to organizations.

SIDEWALK TALK

When Army airmen from Chanute Field say "Airplane" on the streets of neighboring Champaign, Rantoul or Urbana, Ill., they mean a girl is in sight.

Further specifications, plain to airmen, Greek to civilians: P-40 (Curtiss pursuit), a girl who is neat, streamlined, trim; F-38 (Lockheed's swift, high-flying, two-engined interceptor that climbs so fast pilots are apt to get the bends), similar but dangerous for the inexperienced; P-39 (Bell's Airacobra pursuit which has several rare features, engine behind pilot) strange, swift, mysterious; the prefix Z (for obsolete), over age 28; O-47 (North American observation plane), a girl from Dorothy Parker's couplet - wears glasses; B-19 (Douglas' huge bomber), stylish stout.

POST THEATER

The Post Theater is open to all members of the Post, and to civilians living inside the reservation. Soldiers must wear uniform.

Daily shows are at 6:30 and approximately 8:30 every evening, matinees on Sundays and legal holidays at 3:00 P. M. Admission twenty cents. Canteen checks will not be honored.

Theater coupon books can be obtained at the Assistant Manager's office in Austin Hall. \$2.00 books for \$1.40; \$3.00 books for \$2.10. Procurable for cash or on credit if name is on credit roster.

SAT., Sept. 20 Ellen Drew and Joel McCrea in REACHING FOR THE SUN; also Ed Thorgerson on BOWLING FOR STRIKES. 2 Gun Salute.

SUN. Sept. 21-2 Betty Davis and & James Cagney in THE BRIDE CAME MON. C.O.D. 4 Gun Salute.

TUES., Sept. 23 Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas and Burgess Meredith in THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING. 3 Gun Salute.

WED., Sept. 24-5 Priscilla Lane, & Jeffrey Lynn, Ronald Regan and THURS May Robeson in MILLION DOLLAR BABY. 2 Gun Salute.

FRI., Sept. 26 Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST. 3 Gun Salute.

THE GENERAL IS DEAD, AS IT WERE

The war maneuvers in La. have produced something new in the line of communiques; with a fine military ambiguity worthy of certain foreign "informed quarters" it was announced that Brig. Gen. Robinson, Chief of Staff of the Red Army, was "theoretically shot."

Sept. 20, 1941.

FOR SOLDIERS

SOLDIERS CENTER

MON., Sept. 22 7:30 to 8:00 P. M. Broadcast of the Southeast Air Corps Revue.

TUES., Sept. 24 7:30 to 10:30 P.M. Dancing and games with a group of Montgomery girls acting as hostesses.

WED., Sept. 24. 3:00 to 6:00 P. M. A group of girls will act as hostesses.

7:30 P. M. Meeting of the Hobby Club in the Music Room.

THURS., Sept. 25 8:00 P. M.: Bridge Tournament.

FRI., Sept. 26 7:30 to 10:30 P. M. Montgomery girls will act as hostesses.

7:30 P. M. Meeting of the Flying Club in the Music Room.

8:00 P. M. Motion Picture : STAR REPORTER with Warren Hull.

SAT., Sept. 27 7:00 to 10:30 P. M. Dancing and games with Montgomery girls acting as hostesses.

7:30 P. M. Community Sing led by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gerrish.

NOTES: Be sure to attend the meeting of the Hobby Club at 7:30 Wednesday night at which time many of your hobbies will be parceled out to various clubs and plans made for the future.

SCOTT FIELD CLAIMS ILLUSTRIOS FVTS

The outlook for the U. S. Army is brighter than ever according to reports from Scott Field, Ill., where two super-warriors have been added to the armed forces - Pvt. Julius Ceasar and Pvt. Napoleon N. Bonaparte. Field authorities say defense worries are practically over.



They make good shower baths too.

HOW TO REMAIN A BUCK PRIVATE

1. Never say "sir" to an officer.
2. Don't ever salute an officer.
3. Look your worst at all times.
 - a. Don't bother about shaving.
 - b. Never shine your shoes.
 - c. Don't have your uniform neat.
 - d. Don't have a neat haircut.
4. Don't pay any attention to orders issued to you by your officers. You know what's best, and besides, who are they?
5. Always talk about your organization in a degrading manner.
6. Write letters to Congressmen out of channels.
7. Form the habit of gold-bricking and stick to it.
8. Be one of the many who continually congest the orderly room.
9. Mistreat all government property.
10. Always be the last men to fall out for any formation.

FROM THE LIBRARY

By William Meredith

Appropriation of funds by the E&R Dept. for the purchase of new books by the Library was announced last week. From now on the Librarian will be able to place orders for current books likely to find a wide circle of soldier readers.

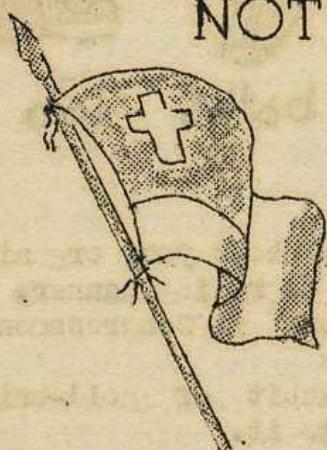
At the same time, the Officers Club has notified the Library of its intention to donate all back numbers of its magazine subscriptions as soon as newer issues are received. This will result in a file of THE NEW YORKER, FORTUNE, and many other magazines being available to all members of the Post.

For some reason it is always easier to get around to reading a modern book than it is to start on one of the old-timers - "classics," as they are formidably called. And yet there are many of these easy-to-read 20th Century books which are sure to be classics in the future, and can be recognized for such now. In a hasty survey of the stacks in the new Library we discovered the following books, all more or less contemporary, all first-rate literature. We thought you might be interested:

POOR WHITE - Sherwood Anderson
 NORTH OF BOSTON - Robert Frost
 THE FORSYTE SAGA - John Galsworthy
 THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE - Glasgow
 MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS - Dubose Heyward
 THE 7 PILLARS OF WISDOM - Lawrence
 DODSWORTH - Sinclair Lewis
 WICKFORD POINT - J. P. Marquand

THE BIRD OF DAWNING - Masefield
 THE NARROW CORNER - S. Maugham
 SWANN'S WAY - Marcel Proust
 ARUNDEL - Kenneth Roberts
 TRISTRAM - E.A. Robinson
 THE LAST PURITAN - Santayana
 OF MICE AND MEN - Steinbeck
 THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY - Wilder

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CHAPLAIN'S
NOTES

PROTESTANT SUNDAY SERVICES

7:30 A. M. Holy Communion in the Post Theater.
 8:30 A. M. Service for the Quarantine Area.
 8:30 M. M. Church Parade, Outdoor Theater, F. C.
 10:00 A. M. General Service in the Post Theater.

The Protestant chaplains are available for consultation or conference from 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P. M. at Room 10, Bldg. 621, daily. Other hours will be arranged to meet any unusual need.

ROMAN CATHOLIC SERVICES

Confessions are heard on Saturday afternoon from 4:00 to 5:00; and on Saturday night from 7:00 to 8:00, in the Post Library.

Regular Mass is held Sunday morning in the Post Theater at 8:30.

Service for the Quarantine Area at 7:00 A. M.

SQUADRON NEWS

cont.

NCO in charge of the Automatic Telephone Exchange, is due for discharge Saturday, September 20th. Everyone is glad to hear that he will re-enlist to fill his own vacancy.

Tech. Sgt. Wilson Hunter has been assigned Quarters number 142-B, having formerly resided at Riverside Heights.

A new step forward was taken by Pvts. D.S. Webb and Foyle Guy. Pvt. Webb is now seated in the 4th Class Specialist spot, having moved forward to make place for Pvt. Guy, who is now at the 5th Specialist position.

HQ. & HQ., SACTC
Cp. Carroll Teeter

Five of Headquarters Squadron's Staff Sergeants and First Sergeant Ray M. Hawley are due to get their Tech. Sgts. Chevrons October 1st following their promotion by Chief of the Air Corps, according to Sgt. Dever of the enlisted personnel division at Austin Hall. The six were in a list of 12 promotions, which included men in four other Maxwell Field organizations.

Sgt. Hawley is expected to go on duty in Austin Hall, according to Sgt. Dever. Staff Sgt. William Pittman is now Acting First Sgt. of Headquarters Squadron.

The five Staff Sgts. Who got that extra under-stripe are Murray Cunningham, Chief Clerk in S-4; James Stringfellow, Sq. Supply Sgt.; Sylvester Cooper, reproduction department; Joe C. Harrod, Chief Clerk in the Inspector General's office; and George I. Keenan,

who has been transferred to the Columbus, Miss. units being organized at Barksdale Field, La.

16TH MAT. SQUADRON
Pfc. M. V. Hale

The 16th is sorry to be losing its commanding officer, for a better one will be hard to get. Major Meredith M. Watson is shortly being transferred, and everyone under his command will miss him.

Promotions for the past week include: To Pfc., David J. Shapiro, Cecil H. Dawkins, Alvin R. Farthing, Edward L. Flynn, Chester O. Glenn, Warren Herlong, William D. Feighner, Robert Barnett, Jr., Percy W. Thompson, Jack D. Yates, and Harvey E. Zens.

Pvt. Gilligan, that dashing young Lochinvar, has at last had his dreams realized! He received his Aviation Cadet appointment on the 10th. That is one happy lad!.. Another smiling face is seen on Allen Goff ("The Goof" to his intimates) since he sewed on his Corporal stripes. Pretty good for only four months service.

Pvt. Shea is disgusted with his embryo mustache...says he grew and grew it, and then had some pictures taken to show his girl, but no mustache was forthcoming. He swears that it is the fault of the photographer...that he erased the "Smudge" from his lip...but we know better.

Add loud voices....Pfc. (Act'g Corp.) William F. Reid. All over the drill field he can be heard---"Foocooorrrrwud Mmmmmhotch!"..... The wails are rising mightily from

SQUADRON NEWS

cont.

the downtrodden ranks of the 16th.. The rumor has gone the rounds that K.I. will henceforth be done by all Privates and Ffc. 's. The heck of it is .. IT AIN'T NO RUMOR!!!! It's the truth! ...Oh! woe are we!

Sergeant Pope is mighty interested in a certain little school marm out at Lanier. Pope is a teacher too, and they oughta get along swell together.

Ivt. Catherine Sweeney: "What did Paul Revere say after his famous ride?"

Corp. Goff: "Whoa!"

ODE TO A BUNKIE:
WE'RE BROOM-MATES.
WE SWEEP TO-GETHER,
DUST WE TWO!

FOURTH AVIATION SQUADRON
(COL)

Tech. Sgt. George Lawson

Ladies and Gentlemen - you-all are listening to Station XEL of the 4th Aviation Squadron, located on Maxwell Field, bringing you the news of Montgomery, Alabama. It gives me great pleasure to notify you that Sgt. I.C.R. is the sheik of Montgomery, Alabama. He fell in love with a lady on the West side of Montgomery, got engaged to Marry her on November 15th, but she got married to another male before November 15th'. Believe it or not, Ladies and Gentlemen, Sgt. I.C.R. dropped dead immediately after hearing the news. Well, boys, be careful before you fall in love in Montgomery, Alabama.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the gigolo of the 4th Aviation Sq. found a

Georgia peach in Montgomery, Alabama, fell in love with her and got married on sight. "What A Surprise?" Mess Sgt. Reed never fools with women - he hates women! "What? A Surprise?"

Ladies and Gentlemen, our supply Sgt. Reynolds got a telegram from Fry, Arizona. We couldn't see nothing on his face but smiles. We wonder what she told Sgt. Reynolds. Well, self-satisfaction means a lot to an individual, so look out Fry, Arizona. Montgomery, Alabama will get you pretty soon if you don't send another telegram to Sgt. Reynolds.

Confession will be heard by Sgt. McCown who will preach the Gospel according to Saint Luke, Sunday, in B.T.'s Cafe with Old Grand-Dad. We hope everyone will be there to hear Sgt. McCowan preach.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we appreciate this chance to talk to you. You have heard the news from Station XEL, voice of the 4th Aviation Squadron on Maxwell Field. You will hear from us every week. "Adios, friends".

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GUSHING YOUNG THING: "It was wonderful of you to drop ten thousand feet in a parachute. Do tell me your sensation."

BORED AVIATOR: "Oh---er---it was just a kinda of sinking feeling."

FIRST DRAFTEE: "That means fight where I come from."

SECOND DRAFTEE: "Well, why don't you fight then?"

FIRST DRAFTEE: "Cause I ain't where I come from."

