

Lieutenant Mezza Is Detailed As New CO

The Special Order read: "Lt. Mezza is detailed as CO of Hq. & Hq. Det." The order has very little significance to the Det. however, "cause it's hard to distinguish between "poppa," "mommies," "big brother," and actual CO.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot in days of Auld Lang Syne... The "fam" took its biggest shaking up in the transfer of eight of our best loved sons: Blanchard, Henry, Gabert, Mannos, Johnson, Lyness, Piotrowski, and Pugh. We hated to lose you guys, but remember that the 76th Wing is fighting the same war we are, so continue to give your best efforts... Sgt. Rick and Klunk, Cpl. Tilly, and Pfc's, Williamson and Willis became eligible to wear the Good Conduct Ribbon and their walls suddenly became a unit. Lt. Mezza sent personal letters of congratulations to their folks.

Three To A Jeep
If things continue as they are, we'll have three permanent party men assigned to each jeep. Pay attention! We'll kill them with it.

Trying to analyze why Hqs. works with a "smile" and such zeal. Raised my eyes and well, you raise your eyebrows and call "gang" of enlisted men with you others. Then compare our officers—Major Mitchell, Captain Carter, Lt. Mezza, and Downey and Pfc. Gorme—and I think the answer is self-evident.

Ten of the boys finally got out to the Rifle Range, Miss Kitz, formerly purely decorative, became a thing you sit at. Now we're waiting for the scores to come in to see who our marksmen and sharpshooters are.

Sgt. Ditt is on furlough. As the voice of UO on day before he left, he said, "So long," via Orie's Concaro. Ditt is combining pleasure and pleasure on his furlough. He's attending a picnic, the convention being held in the Smokies. Don't cut your furlough short, bub, but hurry back.

Careful Callahan. You're becoming intelligent when you talk in your sleep. Next time you may mention names.
Bill the most popular song in the Detachment. Where do we go from here? boys—Where do we go from here?"

705th Gets New CO In Officer Change

Capt. John R. Mitchell, the commanding officer of 705th Training Group for almost a year, was promoted to the rank of Major on July 27th. Upon receiving his promotion, he was transferred to the 76th Training Wing as Commanding Officer. John D. Tedford the executive officer of the 705th Training Group was promoted to the rank of Captain and Sgt. H. Johnson assumed command of the 705th upon the transfer of Maj. Mitchell.

Everybody's Doing It
Marriage seem to be The Thing these days, and three more men returned from furlough with a bride. S-Gt. Douglas Martin returned from Wisconsin and Sgt. James Edwards, Pfc. Lawrence Williams of New York State returned all hooked up. From 't he looks of things, it's the perfect morale builder.

Squadron Dance
At the Service Club last Tuesday evening the dance that included a little Polka, Big was quite the thing even though we had to call for outside help so the hundreds of girls would have a dancing partner. A dance with a beautiful girl was just the thing needed to build up spirits of the single boys. (Married ones too) Squadron hospitality sure is wonderful.

For Guess Is The Love
There seems to be a very strange gleam in the eyes of Pfc. William Burns ever since he returned from furlough. Could it be that he's returned with a very beautiful girl back home.

702nd 'Yorks' Do Their Stuff

SGT. EDWIN ROSENFELD

The first contingent of permanent party men of the 702nd Trg. Co. made the acquaintance of the rifle range last Thursday. Results indicate that time spent at Atlantic City shooting galleries was not entirely wasted. All but one qualified as marksmen. Here's hoping the next group produces a sharpshooter or, perhaps, an expert. Sgt. Robert Martin, who spent most of his pre-war years roaming the hills of his native Southland stalking the dangerous pinkieed deer and sabre-toothed squirrel, is our best bet for sharpshooter. Ralph swears that many a culprit has had his gluteal muscles stung for trying to raid the Martin watermelon patch.

The 702nd Bridge Club under the able leadership of Sgt. Charles "Mickey" Nash, financial expert is enjoying a banner year. Senior Rubo Potoff, the Waterbury Whiz, has become one of its most affluent members. Mickey, though, has quite some difficulty in balancing his budget at the end of a each month, in spite of his vast store of experience in monetary matters. However, he will always be ready when he hears the club's battle cry—"How about a couple of hands" and "Ain'tcha gonna raise me!"

August has become the marriage month as far as this outfit is concerned. Three of our noblest bachelors have decided to take the plunge. S-Gt. George Seville and Pfc. Frank Bogler are the guilty ones. George isn't nervous at all, except that he hasn't been able to keep slightly for the past two weeks. His honeymoon will be spent at the scene of the 702nd's greatest success—Atlantic City, N. J. Of course, George, you will stop in at our office, and bring out our condolences to the poor boys remaining there for the summer season.

PFC. Orville Grochow is going to spend his time at the dispensary, so ahead and have a good time, Groch. Don't mind the sun. We know you won't fall into any traps out there since your heart is in Mt. Olive.

Any stray pocket looking for a home on the post is sure to find a ready-made place to our permanent party barracks. In the last week we've had four dogs nosing around the place, all ranks, from master sergeant down to Pfc!

No Letter Today? No, And Boys Glad Of It

By PFC. FAT CAPAGNA

In the recreation barracks of the 705th Trg. Co. the cure is in the right hand corner sits our combination radio and victrola set. Surrounding this receiver are chairs, sofas and a stack of best records. My latest concern is one of these records, namely, a lally-billy record called "No Letter Today."

One soldier boy from Arkansas just simply fell in love with his heart—reading disk. He played it the first thing in the morning, some times even before reveille. (Glad did the boys enjoy it.) In our letters, we would rush to the "Day Room" to get some real "Swing" music and to our chagrin and disappointment there he was staring with unseeing eyes at something on the floor and his ear glued to the victrola speaker. Even at night in the last few moments before bed check, one could normally hear the stirring music of "No Letter Today."

But!!! There comes a time when patience, loses its virtue; the will grows weak and the eyes see a red. The time of desperation and action must surely follow as the day the night. Such was the situation after two grueling weeks of "No Letter Today." One morning an awkward silence was noticed in the "Day Room."

799th's 'Bomber' Claims Fight Rank

By SGT. DON SUTHERLAND

Johnny Hart, the 799th T. S. squadron's Blond Bomber, proved his claim to ranking just behind Jimmy Jackson among the post's middleweight when he pounded out a win over Harry Weinstein of the 918th, in the latest boxing bout. After weathering some of Weinstein's best downward shots in the first stanza, Johnny came back to rock Harry solidly and won a bout which was about the most rugged affair seen at the Sports Arena in a long while.

In a battle for the squadron light weight crown, cool and collected Billy Loh was defeated over Frank Sanford. Sanford put up a game scrap, but the lanky Loh used a good left hand and a boxing jab which is a study in non-chalance to win going away.

Artid Addis Teach
The organization is indebted to Ronald Steinhauser for the large painting to front of the Order Room. Since his arrival here to take the AM course, Ronnie has been a willing worker around the area in the work shop. He has proven ability as an artist and painter, and the squadron sign is the latest and finest product of that ability.

Our compliments to Sgt. Bob Mannerow and the rest of the carpenters who have completed the improvements on the Day Room. Incidentally, two cabinet makers who have finished the AM course proved their versatility by helping with these hammer-and-nail chores. Al Travis and Bill Williams are the men who have contributed so much to the area's fine appearance during their month of waiting for shipping orders.

Moving Day At Hqs. and Hqs.

By PVT. JIMMY HEARNS

It was moving day at deah old Hq. and Hq. this week. The edict came through that our men of the 705th Trg. Co. would have to move from their present barracks into a separate one and stay there and not annoy the junior ranking members. Bill Williams and I have moved from their present barracks into a separate one and stay there and not annoy the junior ranking members. Bill Williams and I have moved from their present barracks into a separate one and stay there and not annoy the junior ranking members.

The boys at the "Flopouse" have missed the hilarious arguments which they are used to being in. The boys at the "Flopouse" have missed the hilarious arguments which they are used to being in. The boys at the "Flopouse" have missed the hilarious arguments which they are used to being in.

How did that ping pong table in the Day Room get doused last week? ... Who is the "bat" hav. been hit? Corporal in 86 who has Engineering G. C. S. on the noodie? He spends all his time on his WAC honey and yet can't even spare four bits when a buddy asks for a loan of "baasmanes"?

S-Gt. Whitmore and Pvt. Johnny Bronze should lay off that poor little boy who bumps next to poor Tom if he does go to town tonight? Mosow, meow. Is Cpl. Babin our sea cartoonist. Is Ld. Babin our sea cartoonist. Is Ld. Babin our sea cartoonist. Here's wishing you a fast return to the squadron, Corporal.



DOUBLE "SURPRISE" FOR THE AXIS in this pair of "battle weary" aerial gunners. Walter Surridge, (right), ex-Oswatimole Kansas bronco buster had to wait until his brother, Daniel, reached 18 so they could volunteer for flexible gunnery training together. They were graduated recently from the school at Harlingen, Texas, and have since gone on to combat crews.

Ring Sight Seat: Camera Guns Finish Up Aerial Gunner's School

On air-to-air firing missions at flexible gunnery school you'll shoot live ammunition at a target towed by another airplane. It's good training. It teaches you to "lead" and estimate range. It gets you used to firing from a bumping, swaying, fast-moving airplane. It accustoms you to the vibration of the guns, and the sight of a tracer streaking toward the target. It's good training, but it's a far cry from the "real McCoy" in your gunnery career between the air-to-air firing missions of your last few weeks in gunnery school and your first combat mission over enemy skies and against attacking enemy pursuit ships. As a general rule, you can count on being assigned to an OTU when you finish gunnery school.

Here you'll join and train with a combat crew. This will be your "team"—the "team" you're going to live with and fight with for a long time.

Although the OTU will come as close as possible to making a top-notch gunner out of you, it does it without the use of ammunition or live birds.

These soldiers of ours who sleep with these white mosquito nettings draped over them look so sweet, and add such an intimate touch to the barracks. Just like dosing little birds.

Despite that fact you'll find the OTU the most interesting and exciting phase of your gunnery training. There won't be any hot, smoking cal. 50 machine guns, but the AAF has provided an ingenious system of target practice which will be of far greater practical value than your gunnery school shooting. At the OTU you'll ride in the same type of combat aircraft you'll fight from eventually. You'll take the free firing or turret position to which you probably will be assigned permanently. But—most interesting of all—you'll "blaze" away every day from high altitudes at honest-to-godness diving, twisting, zooming, American pursuit ships! These ships will be diving, twisting, and zooming at you!

But you can't get hurt and you can't hurt the attacker. This type of practice shooting was designed to keep you from getting hurt when you're really shooting at Zeros and Messerschmidts. You'll be "shootin'" with an aerial camera on the OTU missions. When the films are developed in black and white, you'll have a foolproof record of who got shot down and who lived to shoot another day. Thus, the AAF "kills" two birds with one stone" without really killing anybody. Permit pious get splendid combat training. (Gunnery get the real "feel" of an enemy attack.

The only "ones" who are liable to the fangs of the boys from get hurt are the Axis pilots and gunners some weeks hence. If they're careless enough to get in the OTU.

The wife and daughter of a Lt. Berry were bailed by the security on duty who has orders to allow no one to enter by that gate.

"Sorry, but you'll have to go around to the main gate," said the guard.

"Oh," replied the Lieutenant's wife, "but we are the berry." "Lady," the sentry snapped, "it don't matter if you're the cat's meow, you can't go through here."

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, Creator of Terry and the Pirates

Stand By To Repel Side Boys

