

Plastersnatch Rides Again! Gets On the Beam for GI Barracks Party

When last we left Reginald De Quincey Plastersnatch, Pvt. USA, he had just reported for duty, been told that he was Permanent Party with a job as runner, and then put on KP. In Reginald's heart all was turmoil and confusion. As he limped back from the mess hall that night, three apples in his left hand pocket and a roast pork sandwich under his arm, he sighed sadly and shrugged his shoulders.

"This isn't what the recruiting posters said," he mused aloud, and then remembered he had been drafted. "Snatched from the bosom of my family as friends," he wailed to himself. "Too hale and hearty to stay out. Reginald was working him into a snit of Orade A proportions.

"Flat feet, that's all," he muttered. "Flat feet and they make me a runner." And so saying, he ran smack into a sergeant.

If it had been any other sergeant on the field, Reggie might have gotten off with no more than a scolding look. But this was Sgt. Lethal Crunch, a carnivorous creature whose third stripe had glistened upon his garter for but a few days. "Halt! Out of your pocket, soldier. Flip that hat 'brim down. You've got a pocket unbuttoned. Get those shoes slicked up. Look proud, and watch where you're going." And with that, Sgt.

brooms and mops, the barracks-chief entered his castle and looked about him with a covetous eye. At his approach, the rest of the room warmed by a system which would make a plane spotter's heart glow with pride, tumbled out the back door and disappeared into the summer night. All that is, but Reginald. He was asleep, but not for long.

"Let's be gettin up there, soldier," the barracks-chief said as he shook Reggie into a conscious stupor. "We're having a GI party tonight and you're invited." Showing a mop, scrub-brush, broom, and full bucket of water into Reggie's numbed fingers, the barracks-chief set out to flush a few more victims from their lairs.

And so it came to pass that Reginald, a casual who had fallen asleep under the Lister bag, and two unlucky lads who had been caught in the bear trap outside the latrine bar themselves a small restrained party that night. A GI party.

It was seven hours and twenty-three dreams later when reveille blew. A new day was on hand and Reginald bestirred himself from his bed of pain. "This is the day you begin being a runner," he said to himself. "This is your lucky day."

"Here I am, sergeant," he said, reporting in the orderly room.

"Are you?" said the Sergeant Major.

"Reginald De Quincey Plastersnatch, sir," Reggie answered. Almost simultaneously, the Sergeant Major reached for his little list. "One man short this morning," he said softly. "Ever handle a knife and fork?"

"Sergeant," said Reggie. "I'm Permanent Party. I'm supposed to be a runner."

But that was as far as he got. (To be continued)

Debes is something that when a rookie is standing at attention his nose always.

Another Colorado incident, this time by a civilian, made the headlines last week. A resident was arrested for having marijuana plants growing in his field. He claimed that he fed them to his chickens to pep up their stings. We don't know—maybe it's the altitude out there.

News Briefs All Around The Country

At an undisclosed outfit in England, turnout for a lecture on the Articles of War and Sea Mortality was a new record. It seemed as though everybody in camp was there. The reason: some wise officer had ice cream and cake served to the audience.

WAC's with dependents back home may apply for and get allowances just like any other GI. The only catch is that their babies, whether they're dependent or not, are ineligible.

A radio operator-gunner with action to his credit in the Mediterranean area, said that he had the greatest scare of his life there—not from enemy gunfire or bombs, either. It was the time he stepped out of an open air shower into an entrenchment occupied by a berry of Army nurses. Only a hastily employed towel, and a quick retreat saved him from blushing to death, he said.

Civilian life is getting tougher and tougher, as witnesses this report from California. A young lady, walking along the street one night, was tripped by an unidentified person. While she was down, he stole her shoes.

Then there was the other California case, where a woman, who she claimed, he bit the tip of her nose right off after she refused to date him. GI technique is a little better.

At a Flying Fortress base deep in the heart of England, an ingenious Corporal from Missouri was faced with the job of fastening a hundred tin cans with a low weight his Mess Sergeant handed him. But, being from Missouri, he took exactly one minute to get the job done. He was not steamer-roller operator to run over them.

A lad stationed in Colorado went home on furlough to his home in Indiana, where he said that his family had packed up and left to visit him at camp. Discouraged, he returned and shortly thereafter fell on another furlough, headed and determined to see his folks come what may. He arrived by the banks of the Wabash in time to learn that his folks had left. He stood for good. They had moved to Colorado to be nearer their son. Somebody ought to suggest writing letters now and then.



Ring Sight Seat:

Camera Gun is Big Aid In Gunnery Training

A few weeks ago we explained how gunnery school graduates in Operational Training Units use aerial camera "guns" to "shoot" at attacking American pursuit ships instead of shooting live ammunition at sleeve targets as they do in basic gunnery school "air-to-air" firing missions. This type of gunnery practice has proved so effective, according to AAF Headquarters, that it is to be introduced in gunnery schools. The "new" practice will still be used but the more realistic camera "gun" method will be added as soon as equipment is available.

An internationally known optical company announced last week the manufacture of red plastic lenses for use in air crew members' goggles to aid gunners in following tracer bullets. This is typical of the attention given to detail in the development of technique and equipment to step up the effectiveness of AAF gunners.

AFF Training Command statisticians are on the trail of something which may have an important effect on flexible gunnery training. They believe that a remarkable synthetic training device called the Waller Trainer is so effective that it may prove to be the most reliable check on an aerial gunner's marksmanship.

For weeks the figure experts have kept careful and voluminous records on the performance of gunnery students in their air-to-air firing missions with live ammunition and tow targets, and in their Waller Trainer sessions with movie screen targets and electric guns. The results seem to correlate. If a man is a good shot on the Waller Trainer he's usually good in the air, and vice versa. Thus, the day may come soon when the Waller Trainer will be used to get a final accurate check on the student's marksmanship before he graduates.

Although you can be six feet tall and still qualify for flexible gunnery training there is no question but that the career of an aerial gunner offers an exceptional opportunity to the "good little man."

In war, like in most activities, where the payoff is on physical prowess, there are few places where a good little man won't be better off than a good little man. Aerial gunnery is an exception.

The little man is more comfortable in a ball turret, a top turret or a tail gunner's position. He can handle himself with greater ease and speed. Combat experience proves that the aerial gunner at his best is a slender, short, wiry young man with "quick action" muscles, a deadly eye and steady nerves.

There are advantages which accrue to the little man beyond his ability to slip into a turret more

easily than a small man is usually quicker than a big one. In the prime ring, a heaviest weight fighter moves faster than a heavyweight, but rarely packs the punch of a big man. In a bomber with 50 cal. machine guns at his disposal, the little man suffers no such deficiency. He can knock out of the air anything that flies, big or little.



12th Mess And Draws To Close 793rd Lead As Diamond Season

Announcement from the P. T. offices that the Post Baseball Champ will be crowned during the week of September 12 with the final round-robin playoff for field supremacy coming a week following this, came simultaneously with a small shuffling in the standings. The 12th Mess leads the top now.

Sunday and Monday saw three strong contenders for league honors in action. On the Sabbath the regenerated 79th held a 4-to-2 margin over the 74th as the last out was called. Luther Jordan took credit for the victory.

Medley Ballhawk A doubleheader next day found the Madster trouncing the 74th and the 79th besting the now broken up 86th. Lefty Hurlin allowed only six hits while striking out seven 79ers. A beautiful catch by outfielder Charley Reideberg featured the contest. He ran back almost to the foul line to score a hard hit drive over his head and falling down with the ball held out in front of a sure triple for the 74th was thus averted and the Madies kept their margin of victory safe.

The 79th had just a little more power than the 86th and in a free hitting contest involving several pitchers they came home in front 10 to 7. The 79th is in second spot of the standings. The closeness of the race is apparent from the standings which follow.

a GI Party



Crunch moved off, little realizing the human wreckage which he left behind.

"This," murmured Reginald feebly as he sought refuge in a drainage ditch. "This is the end." His bones refused to support him, his muscles laughed aloud, and there was a curious trembling in his ears. Dragging himself along in a creditable imitation of a salmon storming a pill-box, he reached his barracks and rolled over the side into his bunk. "Oof," he was heard to say, and then things went black for him.

Five minutes later, laden with

Drill Quiz

So, you think you're a drill instructor? Well, Sgt. Baros says to try his little drill quiz below and prove it.

Answer each question either true or false. If you get 100 you are most definitely a drill instructor, 90 just about, 80 you are being, 70 you might be and anything below 70 means, back to the brooms and mops Bub!

- 1. Alignment — A straight line formed with a number of men one behind the other.
- 2. Base — The element on which movement is regulated.
- 3. The middle point of a column is the center.
- 4. Column — A formation in which the elements are placed one behind the other.
- 5. Depth — The space from right to left of any formation.
- 6. Distance — Space between elements in the direction of depth.
- 7. Double time — One pace at the rate of 120 steps per minute.
- 8. Element — A squad, section, platoon company, or larger unit, forming a part of a larger unit.
- 9. File — A column of three or more behind the other.
- 10. Flank — The right or left of a command in line or column.

Sgt. Evans Tops Hq-Hq Bond Drive; Ex-Honor Bks., 219, Get Lyrical

Sparkling Headquarters Headquarters' part in the newly started Bond Drive 8 y m out Johnson Field was Steg. Sgt. John J. Evans who topped up to the bond table immediately after receiving his monthly stipend and dug down for enough moolah to pay for \$125 worth of them.

Sgt. Evans has the honor of already having purchased the largest single amount of War Bonds by any GI on the field. He bought a thousand dollars worth at one shot during the last week of April of this year. It was then that the first giant drive went into effect on the field. The Sergeant from the Stateside said that he hasn't stopped buying by a long shot and that he would be back for more before long.

Legends-of-Great FLAHE: This week Barracks 208 became the Honor Barracks. The score—260 points, 209 and 198 points, 218. Barracks 219 gave the Honor Star to their rival with the following presentation speech, by Sgt. Harry Orout.

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one barrack to relinquish the honor of being the outstanding barrack of the squadron, it is no more than right that the occasion be justly and dutifully celebrated. It

is no more than right that those brave victors be complimented on the success of their participants, and that each man understand his great part in such a victory, which might have been a little overshadowed this week by the Russian GI's at Khar'kov.

These are great men, these soldiers of 208. They well deserve the honor they have gained at so great a sacrifice. We had originally planned this celebration for their day off, Sunday morning at 8, but we are presenting it this Saturday evening so that they will not miss a minute of having this star shining over their rear havers.

Patrick Henry might have smelt a rat in the wood box if he had been here, but we suspect nothing more than some field mice in the coal box, which lost us this honor barrack. We also owe a great deal to our friends the Casuals who think that stores were made for heat in the winter, and for cigarette trays in the summer. But we do not apologize or ask you to sympathize. The men of 219, winning or losing, are still the staff of Super Texans and future Aerial Gunners.

So with light hearts we present to you, Barrack 208, this symbol of achievement. May this star brighten all your dear little hearts this coming week."

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates



Slight Snaf In Cupid's Path

