

Flexible Gunnery Competition Is Pepped By Individual Awards



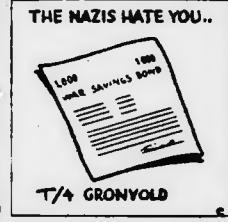
Top-notch student gunners who participate in the weekly and monthly inter-school competition now have more than just the personal satisfaction of registering high scores as an inspiration to push forth their best efforts. AAF Training Command Headquarters has announced adoption of the following trophies and awards:

(1) A \$3 ft-high silver loving cup to the team winning the monthly "six-team" meet. The name of the school represented by the winning team is inscribed on the cup. The trophy remains at the winning team's post until the next monthly meet. It is decorated with a pair of gunner's wings.

906th Goes Over Top on First Day

By PFC. PAT CAMPAGNA
"We've done it. We've done it," gleefully yelled an excited member of the Det. 906th QM Co.
"Did what?" a casual observer asked him.
"We've cleared our goal of \$1,000 allotted to us in Seymour Johnson Field's all out Drive for War Bonds, and we've even exceeded it by \$225 on the very first day," answered the breathless Quartermaster as he chuckled and displayed a remarkable example of military courtesy that is found and insisted on in the 906th QM Co.

The casual observer then looked to the ground and mumbled, "Boy, that's wonderful. If everyone did his part and felt the way that Quartermaster felt, there would be such a morale force concentrated on both the home and the war fronts, that it would sweep the Axis like a hurricane."
Behind this amazing showing in "Bond buying" lies the energetic and untiring efforts of 2nd Lt. William E. Zack. His talks, his campaigning, and his showmanship accounts, in no little way, for the



THE NAZIS HATE YOU...
T/4 GRONVOLD

school graduates who report to very training.
Until a few weeks ago, flexible gunnery students did their first week's firing with the .22 rifle and automatic BB gun. Experience has proved that, though interesting and fun, these weapons add little to the training program. Therefore, the first firing phase for all students is now regulation street. Technical school graduates who report to gunnery schools, now will start right in blasting the clay pigeons with shot guns.

Sport Night In The 333rd

By Sgt. FRANCIS T. FEENEY

Indoor sports were enjoyed by the members of the squadron right after pay-day and for some fellows the sports were very profitable.

Cpl. "Red-Back" Walden went to visit Go doboro last Friday evening and had a hectic evening on two bags of peanuts.

The picture "Ginger" Sawchuck keeps on his shelf, the one of his BEET girl, is very elusive for every time he turns around she is up on another fellows shelf for a short visit.

Cpl. "Doc-Tars" Burko was seen last week giving exercises to the men in the Squadron. Can it be that instead of being a P. O. clerk, he had decided to become a physical training instructor?

Cpl. "Baldy" Towers has given up the job of Squadron Mess-manager, he claims he was losing his remaining hair trying to get the boys lined up in time forchow. Richmond, Va. got a break this past week and when Cpl. "Curry" Free decided to take a three day pass. Maybe he is going there to have his hair waved.

Our "Denny" is on his krough these days and he hopes that the certain film in Ohio is having a grand time with him.

We wonder who the lad to 119 is who carries on a conversation with himself every night. Be careful fellows you'd be able to give away an important secret. Huh, Sgt?

Hey fellows, QM Fleth is sporting a picture of himself taking with Betty. He's in charge of the pick-up detail, you know pick-up this and pick-up that.

Cpl. "Problem Child" Tweedle isn't saying much these days, he has decided to study up on books on the proper method of approach to the opposite sex.

Wave of bond buyers at the Det. 906th QM Co.

The Drive was given a running start when T-4th Joel P. Gronvold purchased a \$1,000 War Bond. It was a magnificent gesture on his part.

One of the first bond sold in the Squadron was a \$1,000 War Bond. It was purchased by a bond of that size and they are Colonel Donald B. Smith, the purchaser of the first bond sold on the field and T-4th Joel P. Gronvold, the purchaser of the first bond sold in the Squadron.

Then followed a continuous stream of Bond-conscious soldiers whose limited means afforded them the purchase of Bonds of smaller denominations, and kept the two war weary typewriters going until the ungodly hour of 3:00. At one point during the "rush" the writer of this article was over-heard to remark, "I wish we could get another typewriter in the Orderly Room." (QM Property Section takes notice, and will give his forbidden car to buddy's, T-4th Louis A. Yales's, garrison hat, be continued on typing bond purchase applications.)

The final tally is certain to reveal a greater amount in excess of the goal allotted to the Det. 906th QM Co. an organization of the 333rd Air Base Group.

One German General said that Hitler's warfare is ideal for the strategist but it's hell for the Quartermaster. The U. S. Quartermaster is doing a superb job of supplying even the fastest moving unit of our fighting forces and in the War Bond Drive, it continues to live up to its function of supporting every "drive."

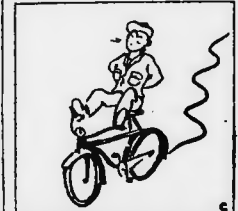
In civilian life a guy who picks up butts is considered a bum. In the Army he's bucking for PFC.

Plastersnatch Again:

Shots Sabotage Stalwart Soldier; Rambunctious Runner Ruins Record

It was Reggie's first day as a runner. The sun, shining in all its North Carolinian splendor, beat down upon his lumpy head and started a rising line of sweat up the front of his field hat. He had just come from Hanger Number One to the Post Hospital and was pursuing a fairly regular course back to his squadron. Everything was going about normal. The chain of his bike was slipping, the fenders were keeping up a steady chattering, and he was riding on the wrong side of the street.

Reggie was now a runner — full fledged runner with a full-dressed runner's duties. That morning, after getting fourteen dozen doughnuts from the cafeteria and being sent out for a few things in .30 calibre hand grenades and sky hooks, he had settled into a steady rut of running. Or biking, whichever you prefer.



He reported back to his squadron. Looking up at him with suppressed smiles, people had when they looked at him, the Sergeant-Major pointed his finger at him and said, "Plastersnatch, where were you at 1000? You had shots to talk his ass!"
"I was out running, Sarge," Reggie answered, vaguely wondering what "shots" were.
"Get down to the hospital again. Maybe they'll let you have them," the Sgt. Major said, as Reggie limped out the door. "You got 15 minutes to do it, or be back here to check in with supply or here for me of the day!" The C was furious.

Hq & Hq Menaced By Strict First Sergeant

There has arrived a new era for Headquarters Squadron. Strictly on the ball is the new motto and key for the guy who breaks a rule. Yes Sir, and with 8-Sgt. Kelly working as the OR of the day one must keep strictly aware of the gossamer like lurks behind every window. Instantly OCS, Mess, Orderly Roomer, Ahem! There comes to our attention the story of one private who hasn't been home for almost a year. His chance for a furlough had come. Because the private had been busy as a runner he had forgotten his General Orders. With about 100 runs in the Orderly Room the C's barraged private had to muffle the orders. Our dear First Sergeant has a golden rule laid down, that every man excited in the anticipation of his furlough must calm down and recite the Orders.
O.K. Note: I'll probably get mess attendance for this. And Elias move over, I'll help you clean the latrine!

The squadron welcomed a new member a few weeks ago. Somehow, I think they are sorry they did, because this individual stays up all the first hour of morning pounding out Boogie Woogie on the piano. The significance of all this is that his name is Pfc. Leslie Waller. He resembles the renowned "Fats Waller," in weight and name. . . but spoiled the real thing by being a shade lighter.

A goldbrick is a guy who goes through a revolving door on someone else's push.

you won't get a foot-locker and a little knowing what he was doing. He added those well-worn words, "Watch out for the hook!" And collapsed in gargantuan mirth.

The Hook! Now Reggie knee a what he was doing. He added those well-worn words, "Watch out for the hook!" And collapsed in gargantuan mirth.

Returning seven hours later, he found that he had missed a two chow, signing with supply, and been carried AWOL for an hour or so.

"The CO wants to see you, Plastersnatch," the CQ said as Reggie came in. He made a stinging motion with his fingers across his neck and uttered a blood-curdling sound as of blades slicing flesh. "Nice to be known as you."

"Plastersnatch, Reginald De Quincy, Private, sir, reporting as directed, sir, to the Commanding Officer, sir." Reggie mumbled, his right hand warring in the vicinity of his forehead and his toes pointed apart at a 90 degree angle. The CO returned the salute and told Reggie to stand at ease.

"What do you want to see about, son," he said. "Sir, I was ordered to report to you, sir, Reggie answered, and as an afterthought finished, "I'm the runner, sir."

"Are you the runner that was AWOL this morning?" the C asked.

"No, sir," Reggie said with much feeling. "I'm a runner who went for shots, sir, and didn't get back till just now."

"When was the last time you had your immunization injections?" the CO asked Reggie.

"Just before I came to this field, sir," was the answer. "The seventh set, too, sir."

"What made you want to talk them all over?" the C asked as he became irritated.

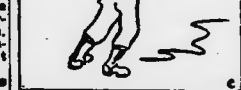
"Want them! Reggie stood aghast at those words.

"Do you realize that you missed an appointment at the Dental Clinic, a fitting at the eye clinic, missed signing the payroll, and that the office was without a runner for most of the day?" The C was furious.

Something within Reggie snapped. He had been mad at the whole world, but he had failed in his duty to the squadron reduce him to a whimpering, oh-so-sorry soldier. He dropped his eyes and scraped the floor with his shoe.

"Sir," he said with a sob, "I guess shooting is all I deserve."

The CO was an officer with a long military career. He knew true



loyalty and devotion when he saw "Plastersnatch," he said, "I'm going to give you another chance. I'm going to make it possible for you to repair the damage you've done. If it can ever really be repaired, I'm going to put you on guard duty as of now. I'm going to see whether you can take it, Plastersnatch, and I think you will."

"In addition to my regular duties, sir?" Reggie asked, hanging eagerly to each word.

"Yes," said the CO, simply. "Thank you, sir," said Reggie and his heart was free again. (To be Continued)

Male Call



Male Call



Go West, Young Man

