

Ring Sight Seat: Tail Gunner's Position is Regular Observation Car



NO JAP OR NAZI will ever get this close-up view of the menacing tail turret of a B-24. If he did it would be the last thing he'd see in this life because a crack marksman graduated from an AAF Training Command flexible gunnery school would have long since blown his ship to kingdom come with the twin .50 caliber machine guns that make giant killers out of little men.

"The gunner has the best job of all in air combat, says Lt. Russell 'All Guns' Brown, decorated veteran of 22 combat missions with the famous 19th bombardment Group in the southwest Pacific.

"Of all the gun positions in a Flying Fortress, says Brown, 'I like the tail spot best. Give me the tail gunner's job every time. As his nickname 'All Guns' implies, Brown has fought from every position in the big dreadnaught of the skies. In fact he operated all the guns on a Fortress single-handed when all the gunners were wounded during a battle with Zeroes over Legaspi Bay a week following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. This feat earned him his nickname.

When asked to explain why he liked the tail gunner's position best, Brown answered, "Ask anybody what the tail is the best place to ride on a railroad train and they'll tell you that their choice is the observation car. That's why I like the tail berth. It's the observation platform of a Flying Fortress. Nobody gets a view of what happens like the tail gunner. He really sees the country he's flying over and there are no sea battles below. He has a real grandstand seat. Best of all is his view of the bombing results. When a string of bombs are laid the plane is way past the target before the bombs land. The tail gunner can watch them drop and hit, and, boy, that's a sight!

"All Guns" went on to relate an example.

"I was on a mission over the straits of Ball where we went in to bomb a convoy. We were up about 24,000 feet. As we came onto the target the captain Jack Adams saw two cruisers off to one side. We circled and dropped twelve 500 pounders. A minute passed. My eyes were glued on the cruisers. Suddenly a great flame shot up from them. They were enveloped from the bow of one ship to the stern of the other. It was a perfect hit and a gorgeous sight. I was the only one on the plane who saw it! Only the tail gunner gets a view like that!

Lt. Brown said that the reports circulating for a while about the tail gunner's job being suicide are strictly false rumors. In fact, it is his opinion, based on his experience in 28 of the toughest kind of missions against the Japs, that if anything, the "Joe in the tail of the ship has the safest spot of all. 'You're really a killer when you crouch behind those twin fifites in the stern of a Fortress, he said,

712th Rolls Out To Open Grove

By CPL. ARTHUR SILVERBERG
712 Rolls Out The Barrels To Open New Grove

Much thanks to Sgt. Howard Doehls and his detail who worked many after duty hours to complete the Grove, it was officially opened Friday Sept. 17th, with a huge squadron party. Under the capable supervision of Sgt. Manny Sachs and Kenneth Amos, the party went without a single hitch. Col. Rogers, O. R. T. C. commander spoke to the assembly and brought forth lusty cheers from the men with his wit. Major Schoenigen and Lt. Donlan also addressed the group and were of the unanimous opinion that the party was the best ever held by the 712, and bigger and better ones were on the way. Lt. Donlan explained the Grove was created as a place for the men to relax after duty hours and to hold social get-togethers as the one held last Friday. Entertainment was provided throughout the evenings festivities, which included some very fine entertainment. A trio of negro soldiers formerly of the 99th Central Postal Directory and the 90th Aviation Squadron kept the men in high spirits with their fine renditions of the blues. Sgt. Zedek Smithers and Pfc. Victor Ploka took top honors in an amateur show in which Cpl. Silverberg acted as M. C. Generous portions of fried chicken, a sandwich and coffee were served to all those present. After the evening's festivities were brought to a close the men were all in favor of the Grove and more of these parties, and were very grateful to the men who made the event possible.

A squadron dance was held at the Service Club Tuesday night Sept. 14. A heavy rainstorm and showers from surrounding towns kept the men of 712 on the beam all evening, the only G. I.'s who did not dance were those busy with duties or blisters.

Table Waiter: "May I help you with that soup, soldier?"
Soldier: "What do you mean, help me? I don't need any help!"
Table Waiter: "From the sound, I thought you might want to be dragged ashore."

Hey!! Adolph! Don't those Russians kill ya, though?

His Final Gig:

Hq. Hq. Scribe Departs In Blaze of Glory

Sgt. Eubank THAT sturdy-eyed recipient of all the backslapping and congrats in 205 (once more) is Pvt. Johnny Bronco, Asst. Chief Clerk of the Special Service Office. He just came back from furlough and while at home in Rochester, N. Y., was presented with a seven and a half pound bundle from Heaven by his wife Louise. The second arrival in



the Bronco household will be tagged Johnny Jr. A nicer thing couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Last week we wrote about the barracks chief of 207. This week we tell of the new BC of the 205 "Stop House." It seems that this wooden building is condemned to an ill fate. As long as this writer has been with the squadron (almost a year) it never had a real all around guy as Land Lord. But the guys in for the "good old days" now. Since Sgt. MacDonald has left, Sgt. Tim Lehane has been made guardian of the "joint." Many of the boys are already putting their personal belongings together to move to better living conditions. From the same den comes the

squadron's famous sign painter, Cpl. "Benny Tatt. This gentleman, fellow, is the painter of the mural as you enter the door of theatre 1. You know, the one with the dancing girls. There have been a hundred and one arguments about this mural. For the details of this story see M-Sgt. Karis who doesn't like it a bit. We are not siding for either one of these guys, but unless it is settled soon there is fear that Hq-Hq will be the scene of bloodshed.

Since 205 is already in the spotlight this week, there is one more character that we just can't pass up. He is Cpl. Red Bennett. Almost every night, he sits at the piano and belches out his hits from the works of such Boogie masters as Bach, Liszt, Beethoven.

Now that Sgt. Miller has returned from South Dakota where he has been on DE, Sgt. Tommy Hawks is once again happy. These boys are bosom pals (whose bosom?) and they often travel to neighboring towns together where they do away with their emotions.

The further a guy gets from the water well, the thirstier he gets. And that is the feeling of yours truly as he writes his last column for this respective squadron. Way back in the good old days when the squadron stood immaculate and unblemished from "General Order Kite" things went merrily along, and with it rolled the old men of this squadron. Now after almost a year with the outfit and with a tub full of mixed feelings, I'll bother no one after this column with the "biting" words that make a squadron column... It's off to Aviation Cadet Training I go, boys. And I know you'll weep your eyes out. But that's life. And there'll be another hatchman in this space next week.

Plastersnatch On The Loose: Reggie Learns About Life, Liberty The Pursuit of Happiness in Town

Part V Chitching his overnight pass to one hand and a thin dime in the other, Reginald De Quincey Plastersnatch, Pvt., USAAF, stood on a corner and watched the bus pull away. He had run two blocks for it and the driver had held the door open for him. About ten feet away, however, Reggie had slipped in a puddle and landed on his face. The driver, being a neat soul, had thereupon shut the door and driven away.

"Honestly," he was heard to say as he shifted gears. "These soldiers are just too sloppy." But



Reggie, standing back on the corner and feebly scraping the mud from his face, didn't hear him. It was just as well.

The last bus being empty, the one which was crowded to the windows. Bars mingled with straps, cadets with yardbirds, and WACs with PX girls one unsightly melee of tangled humanity. Into this mad stampede mess strode Reginald. He handed the dime to the driver, dropped it, and crawled ten feet over as various assortment of shoes and pantlegs as you could hope to find, to retrieve the coin. Then, his fare paid, he settled back to relax on the outer step of the bus.

After picking up 23 other passengers, the bus reached the gate, was duly passed through by the MP's, and lumbered into Goldensboro. It was 7:30 in the evening. (It was really 1930, but nobody had the strength to figure it out!) Reggie got off and stood motionless for a few minutes as the ribbons of the guy next to him slowly vanished from his own anatomy. Then, taking a deep breath, he walked down Center Street while watching a ray sun and watching his reflection in the store windows as he passed. The world, what small part of it he knew, was his oyster. And did he love oysters.

Left to himself, Reggie would probably have gravitated to the USO or a movie show. But Reggie was not to operate long upon his own initiative. For down the street, approaching him face-to-face, was Cpl. Florian Lark. The Man Who Always Scored.

"Watcha know, Statchie, kid?" Lark was what is commonly known

as a sharp article and be affected a rather mazy line of chatter. "How's Tricks, or haven't you seen her this week?"

"Oh, hello, Cpl. Lark," Reggie said faintly. He was about to pass when Lark shot out a hand of steel and buttonholed him. "Take it easy, breezy," he said. "You and I got things to do this eve, but things..."

"I was just going down to the Bijou," Reggie demurred plaintively. "They've got a swell new show in Technicolor and there's a short subject on how to play golf." He paused. "I just was sort of kind of..."

"Ah, about the con, kid," Lark boomed. "I got just the thing for a swift lad like you. I mean the old stufferoo." Lark winked broadly and nudged Reggie in the ribs. Reggie's eyes opened wide. That indescribable look on Lark's face Little realising, he nodded eagerly and fell in step with the Corporal. "Dig this, Lark," Reggie said. He leaned back against the corner drugstore and watched two young girls approach. As they drew closer, he leaned forward and nuzzled through his teeth.

"12-year-olds!" Lark said disgustedly. "Throw 'em back." Fifteen minutes later, two fairly young girls walked by. Lark whistled. They walked by him. "Old enough to be my mother."



Lark marled. He turned to where Reggie had been standing. Reggie was gone. A trail of mud led from where he once was to the Bijou Theatre. They were showing how to play golf that night.

This return bus to camp was crowded. This unusual condition was due to the fact that people, once having gotten to town, often came back to the field to make such things as bedcheck or to garner a few feelings about sleep. Pleading tightly against the driver's back was Reggie. There was a faraway gleam in his eyes and his hands, locked together in the approved grip worn through the motions of the drive and put.

As it pulled away from the curb, who should run up but Cpl. Florian Lark. He was late, was Florian, and his pace was mused. He was panting but happy. He the Technicolor was glorious. hadn't liked the golf feature, but (To be continued)

Cavanaugh, Trent Face Tough Foes

Wednesday's array of GI militars at the regular twice-a-month boxing show held at the S & P's Arena promises to be one of the best of all. With some of the crowd's favorites of the crowd slated to do battle against stiff opposition and with a solid backing of prelims, the card has milled comment.

CAVANAUGH vs. MILLER Busy puncher Al Cavanaugh, conqueror of Jimmy Jackson, is down for the main event against middleweight champ, Henry Miller, now, with the 712th Tug. Gp. Cavanaugh, pride of the 768th, established himself as a knowing mauler and will put the Tug. Gp. lad to the acid test.

MIDDLEWEIGHT MELEE Popular Johnny Trent, of the 793rd, figures to meet the same old 153 as his opponent Irvin White,

80th Av. in their tri-actored joust. Trent put himself in solid with the fans by way of his fights with rugged MP Harry Weinstein recently. While scoring a TKO on his debut on the last show.

Heading the supporting cast is Eutimo Solano of the 10th Acad., against Joe Fachumba, 768rd. The chunky Solano has been a crut in g along very we'd in his last couple of scraps.

The opening bout will go on at 2000 sharp. Plenty seats for early birds.

She: "If wishes came true, what would you wish for?"
He: "Goah. I'm afraid to tell you."

She: "Go ahead, you sap; what do you think I brought up this whistling business for?"

Male Call



by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates



Magnetic Azimuth

