

Want To Live - Here's How

Discipline And Technique Two Main Divisions Of Concealment

CONCEALMENT - "Camouflage" is defined as "workdone and maintained to provide concealment for men, materials, and military installations from enemy observation." Let's use the word "concealment" for "camouflage" because to the military neophyte the meaning of "concealment" is obvious, whereas "camouflage" is not yet a common word in our language.

CONCEALMENT can be divided into two parts: Concealment Discipline and Concealment Technique. Training in Concealment Discipline is hard to "put over" because it involves the development of will power and good habits. To most men these are vague terms. Lack of concealment discipline among troops in the zone of the interior is due to the fact that this type of discipline is never punished.

is torn, he suffers when he is led through the gas chamber. In other words, through bitter experience he learns to take care of his equipment but he never learns "concealment" because there is no factor of "bitter experience" until he is actually under fire - then it may be too late to learn.

You men are stationed at an Air Base, the sight of men looking up at planes is common one to you. As a nation, we are very proud of our advance in aviation in the last few years and by instinct we look up in the air when we hear the sound of a motor. We are far from the battlefield and it would never occur to any of us to think that the plane might be an enemy machine. So we crane our necks to spot the plane and try to identify or admire it.

Now pride in our own air force is fine thing, but if it means that we acquire the habit of looking up whenever we hear the sound of a motor, that pride may cause our evering moving target. The pilot of the plane may not see the little white spot made by the soldier's face. But if twenty men in a group look up, the twenty white spots will be seen by the pilot and at once they become targets. You must start now to train yourselves to observe planes from concealed positions rather than in open areas. When marching out in the open, appoint an air-

craft spotter. Let him look up whenever every man's face should be kept down unless it is desired that they move into positions to fire on approaching planes. Looking up at planes is a breach of concealment discipline. Making new tracks and taking short cuts across open fields is another. Hanging wash out to dry in the open is a third. All important acts in themselves but fatal to the enemy is near.

That is a most important phrase. In the last war the area of danger consisted of a few miles behind the actual line of combat. Aviation was not an important factor in the last war, but today aviation is the most important element in our offensive strategy. It plays an equally important part in our defensive measure twenty-four hours a day the en-

any is watching you. In the last war, most of the time he was looking from the ground, and the danger of observation that threatened was all around but above. In this war, it is around and above, and behind the line (although he cannot see you from the ground) he still is watching you from the air. Therefore, all troops must know concealment discipline, even those who in a never see combat service.

So too for concealment discipline. Just as this is hard to learn, concealment technique is easy because we deal with concrete processes and not with the training of will power. The soldier can be given specific examples of each technique and to a great degree it can be shown how well each of these techniques conceal his person, his equipment and his position from enemy aerial observation. Therefore every effort must be concentrated on camouflage discipline for it will take a longer time for the soldier to acquire good habits than it will to learn specific techniques of construction.

The simplest method of presenting the theories of concealment is to divide them into three parts or phases. First, how we are observed by the enemy from the air. Second, how he identifies us after he sees us. Third how we should conceal ourselves from his observation.



Gunnery Is A Career Rather Than A Job!!

By Capt. E. E. SEILER, FBO, Sioux Falls, S. D. "Home on the Range" is more than a song at the Harlingen, Tex., gunnery school of the AAF Training Command.

It means that for the last several weeks of his aerial gunnery course at the famous school the soon-to-be Jap and Nazi killer will live on the Harlingen machine gun range near the Mexican border. It means the final polishing process that turns out the finest combat gunners in the world. It means timony and moving bases, the firing of the .50 caliber machine gun from power operated turrets at moving targets and greatest thrill of all, the first plane and air firing. It means the Air Forces technician, already skilled as a radio operator, radio mechanic or armament man, stands on the threshold of a new career, during which he will do as much for American survival as any man who wears a uniform.

Shortly after his arrival at the range, the embryo gunner is taken to the Sperry ball turret range, where he climbs into the turret, raises the two .50 caliber, swings them a little to the right or perhaps a little to the left and into his sights come the flying tail, which looks like a white flag mounted on a pole. He is steady, follows the target for a few feet, swings the guns ahead to be sure he has enough lead, then down goes the trigger. The noise is terrific as the student lies on his back and watches tracer after tracer tear the target to bits.

The "bally turret is a real thrill, you'll agree. I think it was one of the most interesting phases we encountered at Harlingen, and judging from the comments of the many Sioux Falls and Jefferson Barracks men we found there, it was to them, too.

Then comes the moving base range. Here you are given a shotgun and climb aboard a specially built truck. This truck travels at 20 miles per hour and every 30 yards you pass one of those little white houses from which emerge relay airplanes flying in every direction. You are moving, the target is moving and still you must register hits.

"It's just like firing from a plane," the instructor says. "When you are up in the blue you are moving and so is your target, so this range gives you a little feel for what it's like to live 12 to 15 hours, not all at once, of course, are spent on this range.

Later in the week the student turret has a shotgun mounted on the turret abogun range, of the regular .50 caliber. In front of the turret about 50 yards away is a big trap lower, which is also releasing clay pigeons. The student, rather than the turret, watches for the pigeon and operates the turret so as to get the pigeon in his sight. The six hours he spends on this range gives him the necessary training needed to learn the smooth operation of a power turret.

Next comes the .50 caliber "hand held" range. This range has a .50 caliber radio mounted on a stand and the shooting is in short bursts at a bullseye 300 and 500 yards away. This method of instruction, which covers four hours, teaches manual firing through front and rear sights.

After you have completed this training you are ready to go to the estimation range. Here you don't actually fire, you just watch the plane as it dives into your level him in your sights and he calls his distance to you. He's a mile and three quarters, a mile and a half, a mile, a thousand yards, 800 yards, 600 yards, 400 yards, 200 yards, and he peels off, turns and goes back to dive in again. Perhaps this time the plane is flying backwards so you can shoot out either side of the plane. You must your gun and off you go.

Finally the day arrives when you take your first flight. You slip into your "Mac West," your parachute, draw your machine gun and ammunition and walk out on the runway and into an AT-6. You sit in the plane and you probably will fire during your entire Army career. You are ready, because you have earned your silver wings - the wings of an aerial gunner.

So on you are over the lovely blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Youk Will Answer All Problems

NEW YORK - In current issues of YANK, The Army Weekly, considerable space has been devoted to the special feature, "What's Your Problem?" The column receives letters from servicemen all parts of the world and answers their questions on personal problems involving taxes, dependency allowances, OCS, various military regulations, and other matters of vital concern to men in the armed forces.

The Tank staff has attached increased importance to this feature because of a large volume of mail on the subject received at publications headquarters.

Servicemen with unusual problems are urged to write YANK, 206 E. 43d Street, New York 17, N. Y., since members of the staff have been assigned to do a thorough job of research on questions raised, and satisfactory answers are invariably given.

"What's Your Problem?" is of interest to others who may have similar difficulties or questions. Complete answers, containing valuable information for all members of the armed forces, are printed beneath each letter.

Before 9 in the morning - and from 8 to 6, in evening-Long Distance Lines are generally less crowded. By placing your Long Distance call at one of these times you'll find it usually goes through faster, even though rates are

About 800 yards away is another AT-6 towing a 14-foot sleeve target. The pilot gives you the go-ahead sign. You may be nervous but your training stands you in good stead here. At one level the target in your sights, pull the trigger and you're now in air-to-air firing. Approximately 34 thrills-packed hours are spent in this phase. Firing is done from the rear end of an AT-6, the turrets on a bomber and from the waist gun on the bomber.

These are the big moments. You know you are ready for combat. You have learned practically everything there is to know about a machine gun. You have fired more ammunition than you probably will fire during your entire Army career. You are ready, because you have earned your silver wings - the wings of an aerial gunner.

"E" Banner Feels At Home In 791st

By PFC. JOE MARTIN The fog had come in during the night riding on a light, cold wind. It stopped sound at its source, hid the pines behind a gray wall and choiced the light in street lamps. The G. I. balanced themselves on



the thin line between wakefulness and sleep and finally pulled themselves out of their beds. They chattered around the barracks, fumbling for cigarettes and began cursing - the old, routine "beeping." They cursed the fog. They damned the morning chill. They bespoiled their fury on the calendar because it was Saturday and Saturday was Review day.

At the drill field they fought the war of a smoke, the aerial temptation to put blue hands in their pockets. The beat of the drums came through the fog and it was different now. The signal to move off and go by the review body. The curbing began anew. Now it was curses muttered softly out of the corners of mouths. This time they were directed at the blonde kid who had trouble getting in line, the end man of the rank who forgot to half-step after pivoting, the music lover who turned his head slightly to the right to get a view of the band. They strained to match the thud of their left heel with beat of the music, shoulders went back a little farther and put a ridge of wrinkles in blouse bands went a little higher, they passed in review and you could feel the pride of men knowing they were doing a good job.

The sun came out drying the fog and the men moved off the field and far ahead at the head of the column the blue and gold of the

Excelsior Banner danced. Will anybody ever be able to understand them. In their hearts they know the secrets of their "beeping" fascinates them. Give them a job to do and you find out how much they want to be good soldiers. Talking the Excelsior banner "game" twice in two months proves a lot of things.

The officer who remained at his desk in the Orderly Room, long after show-time, one night last week to sign passes for Larry G. I. is our new Adjutant, Capt. Robert J. Walker.

After more than a year's service with the 791st, Lt. John Key is leaving for a new assignment in the North. He'll be missed. His manner appears to be the common-sense of a G. I. He summed up Army life neatly with one line, particularly the rough, student grind: "... when the going gets tough, it weeds the boys from the man."

Lt. George Kovacs is on the move again. Left last week for the 12 Mine Squadron.

We're beginning to understand why the G. I. is called Sgt. Curley Morgan the "Louisiana Loner." Got a detailed account of his going-to-bed routine: (1) Takes shoes out of pockets, (2) Opens locker and stares for 10-20 sec. official time) at pit of girl-friend, (3) Pats



fix on shelf-double time of starting slings-upstairs for bed. (4) Puts pit on floor pillow. Stares and stares at slings until they get out. (5) When he feels strong enough to risk snoring, he gets out of bed and turns on the and starts snoring more. Ah, young love!

Male Call



Some Stuffing!

