

Home, Home On The Range



Rifle Range! And Seymour Johnson Field personnel learns the intricacies of sight and fire, with expert instructors whose eagle eyes miss none of the mistakes of the embryo Sgt. Yorks. Natural

surroundings, like those Yanks might find in Australia, spot in Africa, or a dozen other places, add atmosphere to the Seymour Johnson Range. Note the business-like attitude of the soldiers in this shot.



Nothing is wasted on the range. Here are two GIs who have just finished firing, and are policing up "the brass," as they call it. The brass will be salvaged, made over into new cartridges—some of which will go back to ranges and some of which may go to Kiska or Sicily.



The pistol, too. And men on the range are not neglected when it comes to learning how it feels when that big pistol kicks up, and a .45 calibre slug zizzles into the

target with shock enough to knock the heaviest man down. This is a group of Officers, rehearsing in the art of wielding side-arms in a way that bodes ill effects for Nazi and Jap.



From atop the observation tower on the firing line, a tech sergeant shouts his orders to the men who are about to assume positions and begin shooting. On the line, his every command is closely obeyed, and for the safety of the men, it must be. A close watch is kept on the handling of every gun, and GIs soon learn that being on the range means being careful.



The targets tell the story, and on this row, officers look over the results of their firing. Each man inspects his own target, and with a little advice from his instructor,

next-time will put the slugs into or closer to the bull's eye. Enlisted men usually instruct officers on the range, as they instruct other EMs. And both are equal in their enthusiasm to learn.



Yup, and they have to eat. They do it outside, with the best of food and plenty of it. Eating in a mess kit is an interesting change for the men who have been using trays in dining halls. Increasing appetites, the aroma from the food drifts over the range, often intermingling with the acrid-smell of exploded powder.