

Ring Sight Seat:

Mal-Function Practice Range Proves Self in Real Thing



Anyone who has the idea that the gunners in a bomber aren't just as vital to the success of the mission as the pilots, bombardier, and navigator will change his mind when he reads a story written by Staff Sgt. Robert Butler now serving with a B-24 group in the Mediterranean theater. Incidentally, the story also proves how the training on the mal-function range at Seymour Johnson Field is paying off in the real thing.

Messerschmitt tipped off the left, leaving a wall of black smoke to mark his trail. The fighters waiting out behind for their turn to come in for the tracer stream from the tail. They headed home. That Marauder wasn't crippled enough to suit their tastes. And now safely home, the whole Marauder crew has a laugh whenever they imagine the look on the German's face when the tail gun opened fire on him.

Congrats to Pappy Rardon

All the excitement and anxious waiting is over our first Sgt. Wm. H. Rardon is now a proud papa of a little baby boy 7 lbs and 8 oz. The little first son is named Gary Wayne Rardon. Mother and baby doing fine. We won't tell about the father. — Welcome back to T-Sgt. Lowell Palmer returning home on a honeymoon at Carolina Beach. Glad to see you back Sgt. We have plenty of work for you. We can now count on you and about about our basketball team. We are now having the last laugh cases we are in and can't lose. The "Passant" is gone. Nice going boys. Thanks to Pfc. Dallas Palmer for helping us with the War Bonds Drive. Fellowship bought a \$2,000.00 in Bonds Thanks Dallas.

Bright Words Overheard in Lexington 17 quotes: "Guess the boys up the Orderly Room haven't anything to write about themselves this week so what happens, we don't get a column." "Lones follows this week for the most to come up and give us a hand and we'll run your staff in this column — mind it's yours." "Follows did you ever see 2nd Lt. Walter F. Cowart, WAC? We were some lessons. — He is Asst Personnel Officer of 18th Bn. Op. and a sharp looking officer. We welcome the new P. Party from 18th Bn. Op. hope you have a long stay. The students on the "A" staff claim they are better singers than the "B" staff. What about this fellows?"

We had our "E" Barner Dance for the Month of August as follows into conditions this and make it a memorable affair. Every one had a wonderful time. — Among our T-Sgt. Stewart who had his wife with him. The boys sure did give him the beans real. Sgt. you saw a looking gall for the field. Corrigus knows his general orders cause he is making good use of the 1st Order. He's taking good care of a cute little member of the WAC T-6 Thomas!

791st Men Attend Church, En Masse

More than five-sixths of the squadron's B-Shift turned out for church services last Sunday. Made the day seem brighter and finer to see them so marching off. The area seemed to late on that solemn, quiet atmosphere you always noticed on Sundays back home.

Biggest bargain of the week was the sale of T-Sgt. Al Connelly's brand new Emerson portable for \$10.00. We set around for awhile trying to figure out why a guy would want to sell it for that price and then suddenly we began to think of Max West. When you psychology boys are through with Brown will you give me an addition?

S-Sgt. Pete Berie has been transferred to the 8th School Group. Pete will be remembered for his self-commission, horrible intentions of Bing Crosby over the P. A. G.I.'s are wondering why S-Sgt. Harold Redding won't let them put a "dancer" cigarette in their pockets. Seems ironic, considering tobacco over the land of tobacco. Pfc. Ed. Rehill finally accomplished a life-long ambition. Ever since he was a little boy he's wanted to ride in a fire engine. His dream came true when a friendly driver noticed him limping along the road the other day. Says that he'll be in the room. —

The GIs closely study Pfc. Ernie Costantini's shadow these days as he leads their flight in school. The majority think it's vaguely



Dutymore. We think it is just a little more from a better shadow. For a while we thought that a crowd in the day room was watching Pfc. Murray Fink do a "handy" of a runway and he was doing it very expertly with gestures, one of his experiences as a "mess-hall attendant. Incidentally, he leaves for the cadets soon. The "G.I. mess-hall" power shine on Pfc. Johnny Pastano's shoes is the result of removing spots with cigarette lighter fluid. The "WAC" building basketball court is being constructed for the coming basketball season. We hope to produce a team to equal last winter's championship club.

He Should Worry now A new "Bargain York" was born out of our Sicilian invasion. He was Sgt. Floyd Cravath of Bayline, L. L. who happened on 14th Street. He was carrying a new rifle. He had a pointed and menacingly at them. It was after he searched the whole pack of them back to camp that he found his weapon had been hopelessly jammed by the bullet. Tough tough.

A Fool And His Money That rare climate of Colorado makes a screwball news a regular occurrence. When this tale from Rock Springs, it seems that some joker got dumped in the local clinic for catching too much with a hot. — While in his cell, he evidently mistook the door's lock for a slot-machine and tried to tap the top with his nails. He picked, but a 100 fee was collected.

Mistress: You know, I suspect you're bound to having a love affair with his stenographer. Maid: I don't believe a word of it. You are just saying that to make me jealous.

Here's Plaster-natch ...

Sleeping in Barracks is Mighty Tough These Days -- Says Reggie

Part IV— The evening sun, long set in the west, had left Seymour Johnson Field a place of shadows. Pools of light filtered down through the still, cold air from lonely street-lamps and through oratory room windows. Hurriedly, cars scooted



for the gates as the hour of 11 approached. The trees wrapped themselves in their "hazy checks" and prepared for sleep. One by one, lights winked out all over as the night held the field in its huge grasp. "About the two." "I got half."

"I got the rest. Roll 'em, you're faded." Reginald De Grimsby Plaster-natch rolled over on his stomach and peered out through the slats at the end of his bunk. The barracks crap game was keeping him awake and prepared for sleep. One by one, lights winked out all over as the night held the field in its huge grasp. "About the two." "I got half."

"Come on out with the tray, dice, make him screw." "Days of the week, dice, days of the week." Reggie turned over on his back and gazed at the ceiling. He was awake and prepared for sleep. One by one, lights winked out all over as the night held the field in its huge grasp. "About the two." "I got half."

"Little Joel! Come on, buddy, shake 'em Poppen!" "Come on out with the tray, dice, make him screw." "Days of the week, dice, days of the week." Reggie turned over on his back and gazed at the ceiling. He was awake and prepared for sleep. One by one, lights winked out all over as the night held the field in its huge grasp. "About the two." "I got half."

"He's right for tea." "Doubt in those hours, dice, make 'em add." Reggie slumped to his mattress. He was on the point of pulling the pillow over his head when he tried to catch some sleep when he remembered Sgt. Glenn. The barracks chief. Sgt. Glenn was a man to whom everybody's troubles came if you needed money, you and friends. It was sure the boys will like our outfit an get along someday. — Felias we realize its tough to be transferred to a new outfit, being separated from your old buddies, having to acquire yourself with new officers. We'll try our best to make you feel at home. Our outfit is top with Honor Student Graduates. We've set the pace follow. I'm sure you'll do your best to keep us up in front.

instead — some ten months in the future. If it was you who missed bedcheck the night before, it was he who was in it that your name crept into the KP list for the next few days. Sgt. Glenn was a man's man, and, as someone once said, Men Are Such Beasts.

"Berglund Glenn" air. Reggie's crached tenor echoed above the thunder and roar of the crap game. "I want some sleep." He was on the point of bedding some profane language which he had just learned, but thought better of it. He looked hopefully in the direction of his barracks — chief

"This babe was stretched, but stretched," he heard Sgt. Glenn say. "Get, enough, plenty of spare time. I'm telling you, it was a long pipe cinch." Reggie groaned and pulled the pillow over his head. Through the slatted layers of chicken feathers he heard the guy next to him snoring. He was so tired he was willing to let some damn young man and his mate in the night of bringing Reginald Johnson Plaster-natch into the barracks. "I got half."

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796th Asks Who-Who-Who

By GILBERTO C. FRANCIONE Hey Corporal, Who's the New G. O.? I mean we got a new one again. "Yes," I replied. "This thing is Captain by name." "What happened to Captain Perry? Who are the new officers, we just had assigned here? Who's the new Adjutant? Who is the new Plans Training Officer? Who is the new Supply Officer? Who's Who? Yes, the boys are having quite a time keeping up with the rapid change being made in our organization. In the past month we've had some eight officers come and go. At the present time we have the following officers assigned to our organization, 1st Lt. Alfred A. Lima, 1st Lt. R. C. Taylor, 2nd Lt. S. L. Tammey, and 2nd Lt. A. Shapiro. This is subject to change without notice. — We've also inducted a crop of new men, Permanent Party as well as students. New faces, bring new ideas. We're sure the boys will like our outfit an get along someday. — Felias we realize its tough to be transferred to a new outfit, being separated from your old buddies, having to acquire yourself with new officers. We'll try our best to make you feel at home. Our outfit is top with Honor Student Graduates. We've set the pace follow. I'm sure you'll do your best to keep us up in front.

Male Call



by Milton Caniff, creator of 'Terry and the Pirates'



Drawn and Quoted

