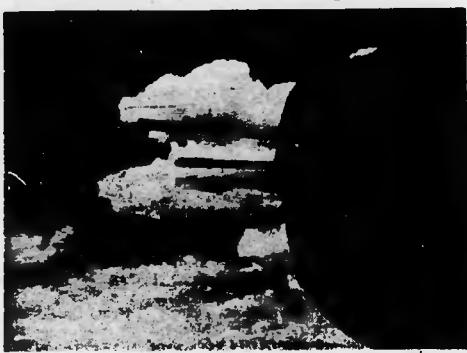


Ring Sight Seat:**Mal-Function Practice Range Proves Self in Real Thing**

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, bombardiers, and navigator will change his mind when he reads a story written by Staff Sgt. Robert Butler now serving with the 8th Bomber Group at Seymour Johnson theater. Incidentally, the story also proves how the training on the mal-function range is as "tough as hell." The tail gunner here of the "tail" cleared his jammed guns just in time to get his crew out of a real "jam."

"One Marauder tail gunner had a frightening experience with some ME-109's over an airfield in western Italy the other day. That is, funny after it was all over. For a while it was no laughing matter. His bomber was hit and hit hard by flak over the target. All the skin was gone off the top of the left wing and the right wing, and the white tank splashed gasoline all over the place. Losing speed and altitude, the plane headed for the deck and home. Down there just above the Mediterranean white caps, they joined a Marauder formation that was escorting a crippled ME-109's small a damaged bomber. Now a shark screeched, and they were being chased. The ME-109's were flying low over the water, the tail gunner squeezed the trigger on his twin fifties. Two bursts and they both jammed tighter than a Spectre turn. The buried gunner kept blasting away from his plane. But it wasn't enough. The ME's got down on the deck and made just one pass from dead astern. The pilot saw so many 20 mm cannon tracers go from the rear, he swore they would finally shoot a wing off. The German pilots got braver and braver until finally you could almost see a smear on their faces as they closed in to 50 yards. Then they would bank steeply and the black smoke billowed out like a chimney like a house. One Jerry made the mistake of swooping up before he turned and the turret gunner leveled only one burst. The ME-109 crashed into the sea. All this time the tail gunner was busier than the proverbial cat on the hot roof. Finally he got one of the tail struts ready.

A German pilot taking this mess and cat game started to make strafing runs from about 50 yards back on the deck. And the other foot. The gunner held his fire and let Sherman make his run. Apparently wanting a "sure shot," the fighter pilot held his fire also and kept closing the gap. A hundred yards out, the tail gunner opened up with the one machine gun. Without wasting a shot, one of the 1st Order. He's taking the bullet here and the motor and good care of a come little member cockpit. Fire belched out and Mr. of the WAC T-6 Thinks??

Congrats to Pappy Rardon

By SGT. JOE J. COLUCCIO

All the excitement and anxiety waiting is over our First Sgt. Wm. H. Rardon is now a proud papa of a little baby boy, 7 lbs. and 4 oz. The little first sgt. named Gary. They're Eddie, Michael, and John. Welcome back to T-Sgt. Lowell L. Stewart returning from a honeymoon at Carolina Beach. Glad to see you back Sgt. We have plenty of work for you. We can now boast and shout about our baseball team. We are now having a team that can't lose. The "Pioneers" is ours. Nice going boys. Thanks to Pfc. Dallas Palmer for helping us with the War Bonds Drive. Fellow he bought a \$2,000.00 in Bonds. Thanks Dallas.

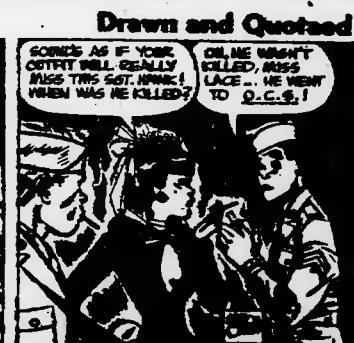
Bright Words Overheard in Laundry #47 quote: "Gone the bays up the Orderly Room haven't anything to write about themselves this week. What's happening we don't know a column." Listen folks this rag is for the took so come up and give us a hand and we'll run your stuff in this column minus it's yours.

Yellows did you ever see 2nd Lt. Walter F. Cowart, WAC, throw a bigball? We sure can give us some lessons. — She is Asst. Personnel Officer of 16th Bn. Op. and Admin. She is the one who will come the new P. Party from Little Gp. hope she has a long stay. The students on the "A" shift claim they are better singers than the "B" shift. What about follows?

We had our "B" Banner Dance for the Month of August as follows lets continue. This and next is a monthly affair. Every one is welcome to participate. There is no T-87 Stewart. Who he is not with him. The love song did give him the name right. Sgt. Joe had a pretty gal there. Ed. Sgt. Holt. Corrigan knows his general orders cause he is making good progress. He is taking good care of the 1st Order. He's taking the bullet here and the motor and good care of a come little member cockpit. Fire belched out and Mr. of the WAC T-6 Thinks??

Male Call

By Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

**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. The men seemed to take on that solemn, quiet atmosphere you always noticed on Sundays back home.

Biggest highlight of the week was the sale of T-87 Al Connally's brand new Emerson portable for \$10.00. We sat around for awhile trying to figure out why a guy would want to sell it. Then we began to think of Mae West. When you psychology boys are through with Brown will you give me an audition?

S-Sgt. Pete Berlin has been transferred to the 8th Subsidiary Group. Pete will be remembered for his selfless attitude and leadership qualities of King Croaker over the P.A.

G.I.'s are wondering why S-Sgt. Harold Bedding won't let them put a "dinked" cigarette in their pockets. Seems frantic, scattering tobacco over the hand of tobacco.

Pfc. Ed. Neffel finally accepted a life insurance policy. He's been offered to ride in a fire engine. His dream came true when a friend's driver noticed him keeping along the road the other day. Hope that smile never goes.

The GIs closely study Pfc. Eddie Costantini's shadow these days. He has been seen in shadow to shadow.

The majority know it's vaguely

EDDIE'S SHADOW



Barrimore. We think it is just Eddie's shadow, a better shadow.

For a while we thought it was a crowd in the day room was watching Pfc. Murray Flink do a "handy-dandy" windmill - mif. but, he was only demonstrating with gestures, one of his experiences as a "mess hall attendant. Incidentally, he leaves for the cadre soon. That doesn't mean, however, that he is not a good cook. Power driving on Pfc. John Parkinson's shoes is the result of removing spots with cigarette lighter fluid. The 791st T.S.E. outdoor basketball court is being constructed for the coming basketball season. We hope to produce a team to equal last winter's championship crew.

We Should Worry now

A new "Sergeant York" was born out of our Sicilian invasion. He was Pvt. Floyd Creath of Barrimore, L. L., who happened on an American soldier who had been captured by the Germans. Hastily placing a cartridge in his rifle, he pointed it menacingly at them. It was after he marched the whole pack of them back to camp that he found his weapon had been hopelessly jarred by the bullet. Tough

A Feed And His Money

That rare citizen of Colorado has a screwball news a regular occurrence. Witness this tale from Fort Carson. It seems that some joker got dumped in the local clinic for causing the messes with a test tube. While he was still in the hospital, the doctor took for a ride machine gun. Gated it in the top with nicks. He jogged, but a \$200 was collected.

Mistress: You know, I suspect my husband is having a love affair with his stewardess.

Husband: I don't believe a word of it. You are just saying that to make me jealous.

You and Your "A" Card

Units of an average American mechanized division are more garrisoned in each one hundred miles of travel than is carried by an average railway tank car.

Here's Plasteratch ...**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 orderly rows of windows. Hurriedly, cars scooted

past the barracks, leaving the men inside to sleep.

"Sergeant Glom, sir," Reggie's cracked tenor echoed above the thunder and roar of the crap game. "I want some sleep." He was on the point of adding some profane language which he had just learned, but thought better of it. He looked hopefully in the direction of his barracks chief and was surprised to see him with a group clustered about him.

"This place was stashed, but stacked," he heard Sgt. Glom say. "Car, doghouse, plenty of spare time. I'm talking you, it was a lead pipe cinch."

"Bogus grousers and pulled the pliers over his head. Through the twisted layers of chicken feathers he heard the guy yell to him taking up his ground. He rolled three bombs down with rattling, low-well-chosen words and blared in the midst of bringing Seymour Johnson Field the music of Freddie Fay and his Blue Flashes from Spokane, Washington. Across the aisle, he heard somebody snarl out "Shut up, you stinkin' stinkin' boys!" The critics outside his window stepped up their tempo and began making the side of the building sing fire with their furious friction.

"Three for two, " "Brown 'em off that wall, wise guy."

"And before I left, she said can come back next weekend, her old man's leaving for Greenbrier."

To be continued)

**796th Asks Who-Who-Who**

By ORLANDO C. FRANCONE
Sergeant, Who's the New Guy?

I heard we got a new one again. "Who?" I replied. "This time it's Captain P. F. Byrne."

What happened to Captain P. F. Who are the new officers, we had a few changes? Who's the new Adjutant? Who's the new Plane Training Officer? Who's the new Supply Officer? Who? Who?

You, the boys are having quite a time keeping up with the rapid changes 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: Capt. L. A. Alford, 1st Lt. E. G. Taylor, 2nd Lt. S. L. Tammey, and 2nd Lt. A. Shapiro. (This is subject to change without notice.)

We've also inherited a crop of new men, Personnel Party as well as students. New faces, bring new friends. I'll sure the boys will like our outfit. Get a girl for me.

Please we're the tour to be transferred to a new outfit, being separated from your old buddies, having to acquaint yourself with new officers. We'll try our best to make you feel at home. Our outfit is tops with Major Student Graduates. We've set the pace folks. I'm sure you'll do your best to keep us up in front.

Drawn and Quoted