

Ring Sight Seat:

The Automatic Computing Sight Eliminates The Need of Tracers

They've taken the "fireworks" out of the flexible gunner; training schools. Every day used to be like the Fourth of July for the gunner student. The thunder and blast of the gun are still there. So is the smell of powder. But the real "fireworks"—the brilliant, come-like tracer bullets that used to fill the air on the ground and sky firing ranges with vivid, lacy patterns of fire—have faded from the scene.

This move, like most changes in training methods was dictated by two reasons. One is that more and more power tracers on U. S. bombers are equipped with the automatic computing sight eliminating the need for tracers. The other is that even when the optic sight is used tracers are not accurate beyond 500 yards. In fact experience proves that tracer aiming of any kind is apt to be inaccurate. Tracers burn out. Often they burn out before reaching the target. When this happens the gunner may think he's on the target when actually his projectiles are going wild or falling short. The emphasis is now placed on the use of sights. Gunner students must learn the "hard way" without tracers.

Long Or Short bursts

A pet subject for argument between gunner students and also between gunners in combat is there's a question of which are the most

deadly—long or short bursts? "Ring Sight Seat" has queried many a gunner returned from combat during the past few months.

The short burst enthusiasts—the gunners who believe in bursts of from 15 to 30 rounds and never longer than 75 rounds, claim great accuracy. They also think to the fact that short bursts conserve ammunition. They believe in holding your fire until you're dead when you're on the target, then blasting away. They believe in cutting the burst as soon as you lose the target and opening up again when you get back on.

The long burst supporters believe that a steadier, longer haul of lead will keep the enemy away and keep him off balance. They are opposed to the short burst technique on the grounds that just about the time you cut off the stream of projectiles the attacker may lunge right into the range.

The consensus seems to be, however, that both techniques are effective and it's pretty much up to the gunner himself. The veterans tell us that each gunner develops his own technique and has his own peculiarities. Whether you're shooting for snipes you forget the arguments and do what you think will save your ship and destroy the enemy. Reports from combat indicate that there's a place for both styles.

Change Faces In The 794th

By SGT. BILL SPENCER

The look of amazement on the faces of the men of the squadron has been caused by the arrival of so many new Permanent Party Non-Coms. The Orderly Room has many new faces working in it, so many that at first you thought you were going to work in the wrong office. We are sure that all the men of the squadron are happy to have the new men with us, and that you find your squadron right on the Seam.

The first cold morning morning found Sgt. John Waldron having the hardest time in his life to get out of his bunk. Sgt. Waldron awoke first but when his feet hit the floor that morning, he gave one yell and did a standing jump that carried him right up to his head again. He must have broke some record for his high jump from a standing position. We are willing to pay good money to see that done again.

The plans are being framed now for the Squadron Dance, which will be held at the Post Service Club on October the 15th. A Navy man wishing to be on the committee has started up by contacting Lt. Cox, or myself at the Squadron Headquarters.

Now it can be told, two new men found Goldbricking of the Obsolete Game used to be by Sgt. Stan Pesolati the Keeper of the Records. We don't want to give them away, but the first one was Sgt. Ben Fogdan and the second one was Sgt. E. P. You'll think of you, Sgt. Fogdan. The second is a Cpl. who spells his name Hyrynok. For punishment of the team has to make it out in the playoffs, and we know that the men will give a good account of themselves. You have done a fine job men, and you will find the flash from the Commanding Officer, Major Malone down to the last private are proud of you.

Flash Scoop Tab MD

Plastersnatch And Gladys:

Reggie's Miserable This Week and Because His Gal's Here to See Him

The clerk in the orderly room was very excited. He ran through the Permanent Party barracks like there was a chow line at the other end of it and stopped just short of the door. He shook the bunk vigorously for a few minutes and then prodded the inert figure lying on it into wakefulness.

"Plastersnatch," he yelled frantically. "Wake up! You got a telegram over to the orderly room!"

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"Where is everybody?" Reggie asked.

"It's Friday night, jolt, did I forget the dance at the Solvius Club, huh?" The doctag polisher was a bitter character who longed for the pure of Broadway.

"Friday night... dance... service club?" Reggie was agnost.

"Wh-what time is it, anyway?" he asked in a nervous whisper.

"11 hundred, jolt. Casan't you tell the time no more?"

Feverishly converting the time into English, Reggie raced for the latrine, numb in one hand, and scowled in the other. Gladys, he thought to himself, Gladys, will you ever forgive me. He was almost crying.

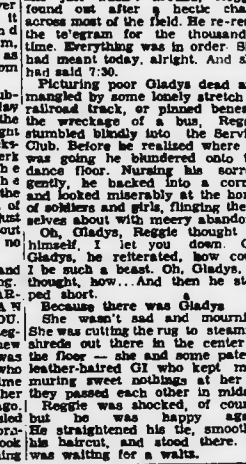
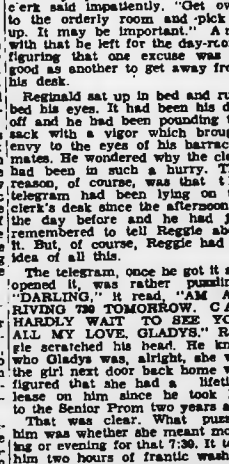
She wasn't at the depot. She was at the MP post at the gate. She just wasn't around, Reggie found out after he'd checked all the messes across most of the field. He re-read the telegram for the thousandth time. Everything was in order. She had meant today, alright. And she had said 7:30.

Picturing poor Gladys dead and mangled by some lonely stretch of railroad track, or pinned beneath the wreckage of a wrecked train, or scuffling into a corner of the Service Club. Before he realized where he was going he blundered onto the dance floor. Nursing his scowled, he stared at each other in midair and looked miserably at the horde of soldiers and girls, flinging themselves about with merry abandon.

Oh, Gladys, Reggie thought to himself, I let you down. Oh, Gladys, he reiterated, how could I be such a beast. Oh, Gladys, he thought, how... And then he stopped.

Because there was Gladys. She wasn't sad and mournful. She was cutting the rug to steaming joy. Reggie knew the center of the floor—she and some patent-leather-haired girl who kept nursing sweet nothings at her as they danced each other in midair.

Reggie was shocked, of course. He straightened his tie, smoothed his hair, and stood there. He had two hours of frantic washing was waiting for a walk.



Two Bundles?

Twins For The Topkick And One For The Private

By S-SGT. ADAM SENDEREK

Congratulations are in order for 1st Sgt. John T. Lynam who proudly announces (with only one stink stogie) the recent arrival of two babies to his family. Lynam and his wife are doing fine. As for the topkick he is doing as well as can be expected, and wants his girls to be WACS.

The reason for Pvt. Herman Nolan's excitement when departing on furlough is now explained by an announcement over radio station B-T-O-R-E that Peggy, the daughter, is to be born on Oct. 15. Nolan, a 1-3 has been assigned to the Nolan household as head of the morale section, everybody is happy.



The topic of this organization. M-Sgt. John T. Lynam has everything under his fingertips and has to clean them oftener than a Cpl.'s Board fortune teller. The way he shuffles the papers around into some twenty compartments around his desk wears him out to the point where he is thinking of retiring or priority on conveyor system.

T-Sgt. Arthur Klsh is the fellow who holds the purse strings of this outfit. When he's out on troop train assignment, the boys nipped a hole in his sock and held a Squadron party. Will banker Klsh be surprised?

S-Sgt. Jack Cross has been relieved of his Sick Book by Cpl. Danclain and devotes his time to his numerous other duties. See AR 1-10.

Squadron Supply is managed by S-Sgt. Robert Murphy with the capable assistance of Cpl's Albrecht, Black, Sawchuk and Taggart. "Merf's Place" is a palatial after Gasbush in Sicily. He runs on Lower East Side if you have ever been that low to notice the similarity. Manager Murphy's even disposition is always a source of relief to his buddies. He explains that Pvt. Dene's evening lullabies sooth his nerves.

Where's the C. Q? Pfc. Devils and Cpl. Sawyer at your service whenever it takes more than eight hours at a time.

The Carpenter Shop is under the supervision of Sgt. Clark, assisted by the following: Cpl. Free, Cpl. Waldon and Pfc. Munk. They do more of it with recently acquired additional tools and equipment.

That homelike atmosphere prevailing in the Detachment is the result of the motherly care administered by Pwia. Foglayan, Regan and Silano. The wonderful collection of books and periodicals in the Squadron Library is still in its infancy. Will it ever grow up? Who said that?

If you holler fire (especially if you can imitate the roar of the big crashing rail) with your rescue. Pfc. Malecki and Pfc. Tobin. If the fire gets out of control, look on your barracks' bulletin board to find out what part of the blaze you are to help extinguish. The fire guards' most brilliant idea to date is to install 'phone extensions by each sill sign, and the mess.

Sgt. Herman Richardson conducts the Non-Com School with Sgt. Pellegrino and Westfield calling the drill commands and S-Sgt. Rudolph the arm swinging exercises.

Wish you were in the summer and warm you up in the winter—you can't lose. For splendid organization of sports activities and Squadron party the boys give credit where it is due and is now overdue to the above-named Sgts.

Is your car on the blink? Pfc. Johnny Moore will fix the blinker for you in half the time for half the price with flint inspection by Pfc. Paul Murphy. (Paid Advertisement.)

793rd Are Post Champs And Are They Bragging

By S-SGT. BOB COREGAN

JOE, COLECCI

By the time the masses read this effort, the emblem of supremacy among the contestants of the Johnson Field baseball league will be the symbol of the 793rd Squadron. That and we mean all you fellows, is something to be proud about. In a league where stiff competition and high spirited play was encountered, the boys who carried the glory—in a small way it is glory—for the squadron had to produce to win. Win they did not because as today they CHAMPS belong to us! Of course, the largest slice of the credit goes, as it should, to the players but don't let's forget the backing of Captain Russell Baker who has seen the boys through every game and really booted them to home, so-to-speak. Proving that a heart and soul in their

attempts, the Captain talked Mrs. Baker into baking several of the nicest cakes that anyone could hope to get a taste of.

Can't seem to get away from this baseball chatter because here is an after thought that just occurred to us. Your right, it pertains to the National Pastime. Never in the history of any sport did the top aggregation rise to the top with men who failed to cooperate in their efforts. The fact that our ball club took the permanent only proves that point because rarely has there been a group of men who worked together as did they. Don't need to go any further—don't think we need to ask that you put a little more effort into this cooperating business.

Funny Signis that seem funny if they happen to you. The boys around here are getting a lot older and wiser. Say Pappy you forgot to pick him up on the Morning Report.

Male Call



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



Dim View

