

# COLUMN Write



## Rifle Range Is New 798th TSS

By SGT. RALPH A. ALLEN

How much or how little the average G. I., sheltered in the comparative security of Seymour Johnson Field proper, knows about the functioning of the Rifle Range, depends on whether or not he has experienced the workings of same. Hearsay won't do, it's proper to be advised, first hand.

To refresh the memories of those who have been out here "in the woods," at one time or another, and to those who have yet to make our acquaintance, we introduce our Officers and enlisted men, all of the 798th Technical School Squadron, effective this date.

"Ready on the right—Ready on the left—Ready on the firing line!"

Major Milo D. Snyder and Captain Lynn W. Marsh, Range Commander and C. O. respectively are in charge of the whole function of the Post Camp Range. Captains Hillyer H. Johnson is also with the organization.

You all must know 1st Lt. Thomas A. Rindford, our energetic and "get it done" Range Officer and his capable and genial assistant, 1st Lt. Frederick W. Blackwell. Under their personal touch, we claim that our "Firing Line," is of the finest.

Now to a soldier whom we all

dian arrow head and most thoughtfully gave it to your reporter when he was given the gentle hint that it would be a swell present to send to this writer's four year old son.

You'll see our coaches out there every day, in rain or cold, in heat or storm, lending their expert advice to all who storm their park and demand to fire their "Shootin' Irons." These boys are doing a grand job out here on the Firing Line and deserve a lot of credit.

When night falls and the G. I.'s have returned from the Range you'll often find them along our "Community Street," as we call the space between the rows of tents, engaging in friendly wrestling bouts or playing pranks with the utmost of vigor. This is great fun, before the lanterns arc lit and the bright glow of the Carolina moon beams down on a great bunch of soldiers who have done a good day's work.

We of the Range have an idiom of our own out here, which goes something like this. When we start for the Field of an evening, we say, "Let's go to town." When we are in the mood and feel a little more adventurous, all we do is to ask 1st Sgt. Kelly for an overnite pass to the outside world—Goldsboro!



Seriously though, when the gang goes to town at night and returns to the Rifle Range we do have a great time singing. The gauntlet of songs is almost exhausted by the time our truck pulls into the camp. An old favorite is "I've got six-pence," which is sung quite often, especially around the latter part of the month—before payday.

So we sound off until next week rolls around.

"Cease Firing," and many pleasant breezes under your tent flap!

know and if you don't, it ain't our fault! He is none other than Peter Kelly who has given twenty four years of faithful service to his Flag. He is the 1st Sergeant of our outfit, the 798th Tech Sch. Sq. Next time you see him on the Post and get to talk with him for a few minutes, ask a few things about the Army. Chances are, he'll give you some inside dope that will make it a very interesting conversation.

Our Sgt. Major is Sgt. Gray. Under his supervision many a complex detail seems to melt into an easy rhythm of well done work. Incidentally, some say he was out here on the Range when the Indians roamed these parts.

Speaking of Indians, one of our coaches, Sgt. Ray, found an In-

It's an ill wind... Pvt. Audrey Stamey of Rome, Ga. had the creepy experience of being nipped by his own artillery fire and then freed by that of the enemy.

It happened when Stamey was trapped between his unit and the German's near Altavilla, Italy. A big American gun let go with a blast and Stamey dived into a slit trench already occupied by six Germans.

As soon as the firing stopped the Germans left the trench and took Stamey with them. Ten the Nazi guns opened up. The Germans scattered and Stamey found himself alone again. He hid in a ditch and then worked his way back to his own lines.

## The Wolf by Sansone



"He has a wonderful touch, hasn't he?"

## SQUADRON SWEETHEARTS... BUT SWEET!



Shirley Hoffman's the name. Picture donated by Pic. Eugene Potts of 794th T.S.S., who claims possession.

Miss Val Voldness is the little lady. She's the pride and joy of Pic. Rob Towns of the 797th T.S.S.

Evelyn Meese, native of Brooklyn, USA, is the girlfriend of Pic. Morris Greenstein of the 10th Academic.

## 11th Academic Earns Banner For Excellence

By SGTs. JACK LEFSCHITZ AND ROGER TURCOTTE

The boys are proud as mother hens a week after they copped the Excellence Banner for September. Congrats all around.

Random Thought—We wonder if Taylor is still requesting song hits over the Goldboro radio station? Everybody and their cousins were mentioned as those requesting those songs. Bill sure was modest.

The squadron will miss Sgt. "The L" who is back in civies through an MD. We thought they were have to burn the hospital down to get him out. He was one cheerful gent who helped brighten things up for everybody he came in contact with. Wonder if good old beanthrower (Boston, Mass.) did right by Sgt. Wish, who most certainly did right to the recent Field Bond Drive.

Contrasts—Cpl. John Tully, who is some pepper-upper, we refer you to any occupant of Barrack 224, for confirmation of the above and quite a likable Pic. Durban. A speedy recovery and return to our midst of Sgt. Solomon the popular T-2 instructor. What well known Sgt spends most of his time bounding the mall room staff for all

those letters written in purple ink? It couldn't be Siegel! by any chance! Ditto Cpls. Cutler and Cohen use inseparables who might give the mail clerks more of a chance to tend to their duties if the above mentioned two-some didn't spend so much time there.

Sgt. Don Griffin took care of the loose change situation last pay day, in his usual masterly manner. With most of the noise-makers shipped, it would seem that the members of Bar. 210 would be able to relax, now and then, however with all his competitors removed to the class. Evlio has attained new heights. There is no need of a mike system with Pete around for everybody he came in contact with. Joe Schreibe has more moods than Clark Gable. He sure gets temperamental every once in a while to the O. I. who deals with him while those black moods grip him.

That row of barracks lining the road, (200, 201, 202, and 210) are very enthusiastic! About the way singers, marching by, around 4:30 a.m. give forth. A delegation would gladly meet up with whoever is in charge of those students and try to make them see the light.

Basketball and bowling teams have now settled down to keeping their noses to the grindstone. Members of both squad teams are practicing hard to get into A1 condition in order to be able to more than hold their own with the classy teams they'll meet in the near future. There's a very good and enthusiastic turnout for the first practice of the season. Prospects look good for a highly successful season.

## Medic Claims To Salvage His GI Toothbrush

By PVT. E. B. VAN HOOK, JR.

Among other claims to fame, the Medical Detachment can now add: The only man on the Field, pro- vided in the whole Army, who ever tried to salvage a toothbrush. We won't have to mention any names, but he sleeps on the last bed of Barracks no. 30.

In the Field we find that we have had in our midst for the past eleven months a lad who has been hiding his light under a bushel basket. He is a child prodigy. I refer to the dear old man, Bill Sereasy, Medical Supply, On Sunday when Lt. Horton Smith was to be the feature attraction at the Goldboro Country Club, Bill sark "birdies" which, for the benefit of the non-golfers among our readers (we hope that we have some), is one under par.

In this case we don't have to take Bill's word for this act, for we have two witnesses: Cpl. Mayer Simon, Orthopedic Dept. and Pic. Robert Kahrs, Medical Supply Dept. Nice work, Bill! Too bad you have to leave us just when we have the making of a golf team.

The basketball season is on us once again and the Detachment team is in the formative stages. Anyone who is interested in playing with the team is urged to contact Lt. Ricci at the Mess Fund Office as soon as possible. Let's have a good turnout and see if we can't steal the Post Championship in Basketball again this year. That would be quite a feather in our cap, no?

The Detachment was complemented by the Commanding Officer, Lt. Micacchion, on the fine showing that they made at the Retreat Parade, Tuesday night. Let's keep up the good work, Medics.

YEAST, MAYBE? The Yuletide tastes of WACS in North Carolina are slightly off the usual track of things. They would rather have vitamin pills and calcium tablets than anything else. The WACS like vitamin pills to offset the depressive climate and the calcium to make up for the lack of milk there.

## Can You Sing And Dance? Take a Chance!

Get hep to the beat, but rest. The Radio Section of Special Services wants YOU, Jackson, if you can act, write akitis or scripts, do vocals, tell jokes (turnup), or make with the music.

Plans are now cookin' for winter shows and radio shows, so latch on, gate, the buggy's movin'! Ankle on down to the Service Club and leave your moniker and squadron number with the cat at the Info desk.

Or, if you want to really dent the jokers who throw this beach, drop in at the Club on Thursday or Sunday after around 15:00, as the gators say it, for a private suds. Staks, kicks, and solid jabs are on deck. Mac, so let's start cookin'.

## It's 'Major Cheever' Now In 39th Mess; C. O. Gets Leaf

By PVT. MEYER W. FOSS

Congratulations of the 12th Mess Group were tendered to Major Cheever who was promoted to this new post. Thank You Sir, those cigars were swell!

Cpl. George Steigerwald's car is known as the "wonder car." "Wonder" whether he will make it home, and from ship to the field! Pic. "Battiship" Battisella, who is always jolly and in good humor, is Mess Hall No. 1's singing cook. His favorite is "Gee Mop, I Want to Go Home."

Pvt. Ralph Gonsuron's new girlfriend's named Mary Anne and he has to go all the way to Raleigh to see her... It must be love!

Sgt. Sol Moskowitz, that sergeant from Brooklyn, is all smiles now that his wife, Marlene, has returned to see her... It must be love!

Sgt. Bill Walker vows that a girlfriend has been writing him for 6 years, but that he has never seen her! Now Bill, who are you a dog?

ridding?

Pvt. Nat Feinstein receives a cigar phone calls from a "dell" in Smithfield named Rose, Pfc. Wayne Martin recently returned from Tur-rough to New York visiting girl- friend Mildred. . . . Martin reports he had a grand time taking in ball games, shows, and the sights.

The 12th Mess Group Basketball practice session are under way, and from the looks of things the Messmen are going to have a whole lot of team with some outstanding stars as Anderson, Van Hoese, and Robertson. Manager Martin wants all men interested in making the team to turn out im- mediately. He's got a whole lot of thrilling basketball season!

Pfc. Jacob Nathan should be grabbed up for 'cigar slogan' by some tobacco concern. . . . He smokes 'em all day long and do throat irritation. . . . and we swear his true, even smokes 'em while taking a shower. . . . Now who o sated that a man's best friend was a dog?