

May 11, 1943

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Male Call

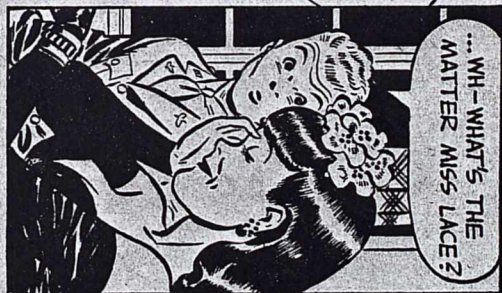
by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



LET'S, AVATE, GATE!
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS...
THE STICK AND RUDDER PEDALS IN THE DIRECTION YOU WISH TO GO!



YOU USE ONLY PRESSURE ON THE STICK - YOU'VE GOT TO FLY BY THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS!



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GI Slangage Meets Keen Rival In West Texas Oil Field Dialect

BY PFC. ROBERT NASH
Bauman Airdrome Squadron

The slangage of a GI is probably as colorful, expressive, and often as screwy as any in the world — particularly that of an Air Corps GI. But we've found our match, in these oil field peoples who live around the Rattlesnake Bomber Base.

It is confoozin' but not amoozin', to a perplexed private, to listen to the talk all evening of

weevils, wildcats, pay dirt, tool-dressers, shooting a well, grease patches, and so on—particularly when a lot of the talkers are wearing cowboy boots and you can't tie in the remarks with the cattle business, as might ordinarily be supposed.

So, for the convenience of any wondering soldiers who might become stranded in town (don't ask what town) or who may have a perverted yen for learning and want to understand this language, we've compiled a brief list of some of the terms most commonly used.

A "weevil" corresponds to the Army term "rookie"—meaning an inexperienced or green hand.

A "grease patch" is any oil field.

"Pay dirt" means a good oil sand, therefore is used to denote anything that pays off well. To sports writers the term refers to over-the-goal-line soil. "Gusher" is the superlative degree of the term, meaning an extra good oil well, and is used commonly in reference to new oil fields. This is comparable to the word "bonanza" in a mining area.

A "dry hole" is the direct opposite. To an oil man, this means a well has been drilled without getting any oil, a "duster," a project that failed.

To "skid a rig" is to outwit or "beat" a rival.

A "wildcat" is not the animal you might suppose, nor is it a particularly temperamental female. This is a well drilled in unproven territory—so, anything that is strictly a gambling proposition can be referred to as a wildcat.

In a stubborn and painful attempt at humor, some of the desidents around here insist on calling a common everyday sandstorm "West Texas rain." This fools nobody but the newcomer.

Innumerable and uncomplimentary are the titles of oil field employes. A "roughneck" is not what your mother used to call you, but is a general hand on a drilling rig. A "roustabout" is an employe on a lease, which, in turn, refers commonly to the developed property of an oil company, where families and workers are living and taking care of the production.

A "driller" supervises the crew of roughnecks in drilling a well, and a "tool pusher" oversees the drilling operations on several wells. A "tool dresser" is the machinist around a rig. The "pot man" is the fireman who looks after the boilers on a steam rig. A "scout" is, as you may guess, one who goes before and looks for signs of pay dirt.

"Shooting a well" is the practice of exploding nitroglycerin deep inside a well—at the "bottom of the hole"—to shake loose the pay sands and cause the oil to flow, after the hole has been sunk to the proper depth.

Incidentally, a mistake commonly made is to suppose that every civilian you see wearing cowboy boots is a cattleman. He is more likely to be an oil man of some kind. Due to geography and history, cattle and oil have been mixed out here.

Peculiarly enough, it is the keenest desire of many an affluent oil man to raise a herd of fine whiteface Herefords. Conversely, many a well-to-do rancher is usually looking around for a chance to go into the oil business.

There are plenty of other oil-soaked terms but these should be enough to give the average soldier at least a speaking acquaintance with the phraseology of the oil fields.

Federal Act Aids Soldiers' Wives Who Are Maternity Cases

A congressional act lately provided for medical and nursing care and hospitalization for maternity cases who are wives of enlisted men of the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh grades, including men killed or missing in action.

Such soldiers' wives should obtain application forms for that service from local health and welfare agencies, American Red Cross Chapters, or local physicians participating in the program. Also, any infant under one year of age, whose father is an enlisted man of those grades, will be eligible for medical, surgical and hospital care provided under the plan.

Man With Much To Do



NEW SERGEANT-MAJOR of Rattlesnake Bomber Base, M-Sgt. O'Connor W. Satterlee, right, talks over things with his assistant, Sgt. John E. Dullanty. His job is by no means a soft spot, but M-Sgt. Satterlee does not appear perturbed by his new responsibilities.

M-Sgt. Satterlee Named Base Sgt. - Maj., Dullanty Assistant

M-Sgt. O'Connor W. Satterlee, formerly Headquarters Squadron's popular acting first sergeant, last week took over myriad new duties as Rattlesnake Bomber Base Sergeant-Major.

Sgt. Satterlee replaces M-Sgt. John M. Barksdale, who had been Sergeant Major since the Base's inception, coming here from Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho. Sgt. Barksdale was transferred May 4 to 46th Wing Headquarters at Dalhart, Texas.

In his new position, Sgt. Satterlee serves as assistant to the Base Adjutant, Capt. Charles R. Herpich. New Assistant Base Sergeant-Major is Sgt. John E. Dullanty, formerly in charge of the telephone desk in that office.

Sgt. Satterlee, whose home is at 1601 Argonne Pl., NW, Washington, DC, graduated from Missouri Valley High School and Academy, Missouri Valley, Iowa, where he participated in athletics, and attended business college in Omaha, Neb.

Before entering the service in December, 1941, he was employed in the Parts Department, International Harvester, at Omaha. After attending Clerks School and serving in that capacity, he was made Acting First Sergeant in September, 1942. He was named Sergeant-Major May 3.

Sgt. Dullanty, whose home is at 408 W26th Ave., Spokane, Wash., attended Gonzaga University at Spokane, where he studied law. Before entering the service in September, 1942, Sgt. Dullanty was employed as bookkeeper with

the farm Credit Administration in Spokane. Two months ago, he married Miss Betty Bodwell of Spokane.

Four OCS Schools Need Applicants

Second Air Force Headquarters needs more applicants to fill quotas with well qualified men for Field Artillery, Anti-Aircraft Artillery, Armored Force, and Infantry Officer Candidate Schools, Lt. A. W. Seibit, Assistant Adjutant General, reports.

If an applicant has an application on file for some other officer candidate school than those listed above, and feels that he is qualified for the latter, he may submit a letter of withdrawal of his application through proper channels in order to resubmit his application for new choices.

**If Little Red Riding Hood lived today,
The modern girls would scorn'er.
She only had to meet one wolf,
Not one on every corner!**

Gas Warfare Threat Adds Urgency To Training

Base Personnel To Take Course, Weep Gas Tears

Lt. John A. Emmert and his chemical warfare personnel were in gas heaven this week.

They had good reason to be: Already, Lt. Emmert and crew had put the Base Hospital's nurses, Medical Detachment enlisted men, and all base officers through their gas chamber, and the immediate prospect was that they would have all base personnel smiling through tears.

But there was nothing factitious in the stepped up gas security program. From Europe last week came renewed indications of German preparations to use gas, drawing another warning from British Prime Minister Churchill:

"Any use of poison gas . . . by the Nazis . . . will be immediately followed by the fullest possible use of this process of war upon German munitions centers, sea-ports and other military objectives, throughout the whole extent of Germany."

Grimly commented Maj. Gen. Davenport Johnson, 2nd Air Force Commander: "If the Axis uses gas, the Air Forces will get it first and get it heaviest."

The day when chemical warfare would add its ugliness to an already ugly war apparently loomed nearer. And with the arrival of WAAC units at Pyote soon, more and more men will be released for ultimate foreign duty. Those men must know how to use their gas masks efficiently; must know everything that can be done to prevent casualties when the chemical attack comes.

Thus, all base personnel will be given the 5-day 10R Chemical Warfare Course, in sections staggered to prevent disrupting base activities, and will be carried through the gas chambers. Base Headquarters Squadron and detachments personnel were to receive the training next, with the Guard Squadron scheduled for the chambers today.

Tactical squadrons are conducting their own training programs, with the assistance of the Base Chemical Officer, who will supervise their gas chamber sessions.

Gas Alert Day, each Tuesday, will continue to find all officers and enlisted men—and, where feasible, civilian personnel—wearing masks and subject to simulated attacks. A tear gas working over may be the fate of violators spotted by Base Chemical Section personnel or the MP's. Location of nearby gas alarms also should be known by all base personnel.

Through The Mill



BASE NURSES already have taken their turn in Lt. Emmert's relatively mild torture chamber. Emerging from the gas test above are Lt. Mary Catherine Kennedy of Surgery, front, and Lt. Kathryn Robison, Ward No. 1. The masks lend nothing to beauty, but may be mighty welcome contraptions if current threats from the European theater materialize. Lack of adequate preparedness for gas defense could cause the enemy to decide to risk retaliation in use of that type of warfare in order to reap the advantage of surprise attack.

New ASTP Rules Allow Non-Coms To Keep Grade, Pay Through School

New Army Specialized Training Program will send thousands of enlisted men—non-coms qualifying for advanced courses keeping their stripes and pay—to college for training in engineering, medicine, psychology, and other specialized fields, Camp Newspaper Service reports.

All qualified men interested in basic or advanced ASTP school should report to their squadron commanders, who in turn will submit the names to the Base Classification Office. Lt. Leon G. Bogard, Schools and Classification Officer, advises however that key base personnel will not be withdrawn to go to ASTP schools.

Successful completion of the courses may lead either to OCS and commissions or to recommendations for technical ratings. Men selected by the field selection boards will be sent to STAR units at colleges throughout the country for processing and assignment to specific classes and terms in a Specialized Training Unit at the proper colleges.

The program is divided into two phases, basic and advanced. Men assigned to the basic phase are privates seventh grade, while those assigned to the advanced

phase are transferred in grade.

In addition to an AGCT score of 115, men under 22 must be high school graduates of the equivalent, but must not have had more than two years of college work unless their college work included one year of physics, one year of mathematics, or at least three years of psychology, or if they have a ready speaking knowledge of at least one modern foreign language.

Candidates who have passed their 22nd birthday must have had at least one year of college work, with one year of math—and must not have had more than three years of college work, or graduated, unless their college work included at least three courses in psychology or they have a ready speaking knowledge of at least one modern foreign language.

BASE HEADQUARTERS

Sq. Ramblings

BY PFC. EDDIE LOCKAMY

If you desire the performance of a real "jive cat," get hep to the swinging of Pvt. Darryl Larson. When he does his version of the jitterbug, the rest of the "happy fanatics" group around and watch him give out on the solid side.

Although Pvt. Irving Packer is a graduate of St. John's Law School, he should review the laws governing matrimony (better known as "the fatal move"). It is being rumored that his fiancée is coming down from New York, and it couldn't be to look at the scenery.

Base S-3 has finally obtained heart appeal, in the entity of Miss Sue Robinson, who is Lt. Young's new stenographer. Oh boy!

Lt. Leon Bogart and his friendly staff deserve the very highest encomium for the swell way in which they assist applicants for Officer Candidate and Cadet School. (Editor's Note: Plug.)

M-Sgt. O'Connor Satterlee has given up his duties as Acting First Sergeant of the Base HQ Squadron and has taken over the greater responsibilities as the Base Sergeant Major. We wish him the best of luck in his new undertaking.

Orchids to S-Sgt. Lee Bates and to Pvt. James who have just passed the O.C.S. Board. Congratulations to Julius Covington and to Alfred Janeski who received their promotion to Corporal last week.

S-Sgt. Ed (old reliable) Ryan has begun the duties of Acting First Sergeant of the Base Headquarters Squadron, and an excellent man for the job.

Say, when are we going to get a few teams organized so we can challenge the other squadrons to a couple games of baseball, volleyball, etc.?

Sgt. John Dullanty says his shoulder jumped out of joint when he was killing flies or turning off a ceiling light, or something like that. There are those who say it is a drastic measure for insurance against working too hard in his new post as Assistant Sergeant Major. No matter, our sympathies, Sergeant.



Weather Or Not?

BY CPL. DAVID REESE AND PFC ARTHUR SCHAFFER

This week several Weather personnel arrived at the Base. They are Lts. Sullivan, Gallman, and Waters, Squadron Weather Officers for the 19th Group, and Sgt. Hooser, Adm. Clerk of the 19th Group. They will provide Weather for the Group, utilizing the facilities of the Base Weather Station. Another new addition was one Pfc. Rhodes direct from the Weather School at Chanute Field, Illinois. We wish to report that this additional personnel will not allow the present staff more free time. Sorry Girls!

At the dance last week for enlisted men, the Weather personnel recorded their highest temperature of the year over the "Blonde Bombshell in Pink." After due consideration we wish to announce her election as "Miss Weather of 1943." Due to the untiring efforts of this staff, the "Lady in Pink" will be only too glad to attend all future social events.

Speaking of dancing, Pfc. Saul, the shuffling drummer from Brooklyn, is indirectly responsible for the Weather Station's new floor. It seems as if "the shuffling boy" shuffled too long in one spot and as a result a new floor is on the way. Saul is a close friend of drummer Buddy Rich, formerly with Tommy Dorsey. This fact probably explains where and how Saul picked up the "hide beating" habit.

The weather men will soon be wearing their new insignia, consisting of a gold wind-vane on a blue triangular background. It will be worn four inches above the cuff of the right sleeve.

All personnel of the Weather Dept. wish to express their deepest sympathy to S-Sgt. Campochairo upon the loss of his father.

Campochairo, the original Rattler, has just returned from a furlough and was amazed at the improvements on the Base, and also the Weather Station, during his absence. He found few faults, the outstanding one being the latest P-X hair cuts.

Tech Inspector's Office

BY PFC. ROSS K. LAWRENCE

Mounds of crushed limestone rock now surround the area of the base flight building. It won't be long until we are strictly on "the paved avenue of the base."

Pfc. George Dayton is spending his furlough visiting with his father who resides at Scalp Level, Penn.

Lt. O'Dillon C. Foulk, Base Engineering Officer, made a trial test of the new high-power emer-

CATHOLIC SERVICES

May devotions every night but Thursday, 2100.

Weekday Masses: every day but Thursday, 1730.

Hospital Mass: Thursday, 1500, in Hospital Mess Hall.

Confessions: Saturday, 1500, to 1730; 1900 to 2100; Sunday, 0700 to 0755; 1500 to 1600.

Sunday Masses: 0600, 0800, and 1615.

PROTESTANT SERVICES

Wednesday: Bible Study Class, 1930.

Thursday: Chapel Chorus Rehearsal, 1900. All women interested in singing invited.

Community Sing, 2000.

Motion Picture, 2030.

Sunday: Services at 1030 and 1930.

Life Savers



A truck should never be parked with the windshield uncovered. Any reflection is liable to attract the wrong kind of visitors.



Avoid gathering in groups. The dispersion of men insures longer life for all.

gency field light unit Thursday evening. The unit, consisting of several large lights and auxiliary equipment, is portable and is capable of throwing an intense beam of light far enough to wake up Hitler—if he's sleeping these days.

We were wondering why Sgt. Scholten and Cpl. Williamson have been whistling while they work. Sgt. Scholten not only whistles loudly but is wearing a smile from ear to ear. The Mrs. arrived in Monahans, and they are making their home at the Texas Hotel. Cpl. Williamson is gardening after work hours. (The growing sprouts look fine Corporal but how do you account for the zigzaggy pattern of the garden?)

Our Pyote Cutie says that when a fellow breaks a date, he usually has to—when a girl breaks a date, she usually has two.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS -



Why is a Chaplain? Most soldiers know what a Chaplain is, but there are many who do not seem to know why. We are called "Chaplain," or "Padre," or even "Holy Joe." The title doesn't make so much difference, so long as we can do the work we are in the Army to do.

The majority of men who come to see the Chaplain do so because they are in trouble. They find the Chaplain willing, even eager, to help, but sometimes the trouble has progressed to such an extent that the Chaplain can do but little about it. We would like to have the men come to see us before any trouble comes. In that way we could get acquainted, and be in much better shape to help out when we are needed. One of the main reasons for a Chaplain being in the Army is that he may be of help in any and all cases where he is called upon. We can be of more help with a little co-operation.

What kind of problems are brought to a Chaplain? Just as many kinds as there are men on the Base. Can a Chaplain help you to get a furlough? Maybe not, because the business of granting furloughs is a responsibility of your Commanding Officer. However, the Chaplain is always willing to listen to your reason for thinking you should have a furlough, and his advice may be of some value. Are you blue and homesick? Just talking the matter over with the Chaplain may be of great help, merely by letting you get it off your chest. The two Chaplains on this Base are good listeners, and are never too busy to lend an attentive and sympathetic ear. First of all, we Chaplains want you to feel that we are your friends, interested in the things that matter to you.

There is another thing that should, perhaps, have been mentioned first. That is the function we have of supplying the Base with services for men of all different faiths. There is listed above, as well as in the Daffy Bulletin, a schedule of activities in the Chapel. Those men who do not neglect their spiritual lives are the ones who most easily make the adjustment to Army life, and who have the fewest heart-breaking problems. We are not sure whether the men without problems come to services, or whether it is that the ones who do attend find in Church something of an inner strength that helps them bear up under the strains of living. Whichever it is, we recommend that you try attending, and see how it works.

—Chaplain Edwin W. Norton

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

Former Philly Salesman Works Up Hard Way To Run Control Tower

BY PFC. SID KANE

The spotlight this week plays upon S-Sgt. Harry G. McDougal, Philadelphia's gift to Pyote. Little did he know, back in May, 1942, that in a few short months he would be directing the destinies (and the air traffic) of the Rattlesnake Bomber Base Radio Control Tower.

Leaving his salesman's job in Philly, he went through usual G.I. preliminaries and was sent to Keesler Field, Miss., for Air Force Basic Training. Like so many of us, he was a resident of popular (yeh) "Tent City." A desire to know more about the intricacies of radio, led him to Scott Field, Ill., from whence he graduated in October.

Following this, came a course in Control Tower Operation at the Roswell Army Flying School in New Mexico. After being assigned to tower work at Roswell, he earned by diligent effort, the enviable position of shift chief, in but three short weeks.

When the Rattlesnake Bomber Base came into existence, Harry was an important cog in the initial organization of our tower and was assigned as a shift chief here on January 9th of this year.

On April 10th, T-Sgt. Slape, who was Pyote's original tower chief, left to become NCO in charge of the Airways Communications Squadron Detachment at Muskogee, Oklahoma. Sgt. McDougal was immediately and unanimously selected to continue in the footsteps of Sgt. Slape, and he has conducted the affairs of the Airways Detachment here, with ability and wisdom.

Mack is responsible for the complete operation, administration and function of the Pyote tower. The fifteen men under him not only work as a smooth functioning team, but live together as well, in Barracks No. 7 at the Base Hqs. and Air Base Squadron. From his desk in the Base Operations Building, he is busily occupied teaching his men the new combined British-United States Radio-Telephone Procedure. He is shown, at the "mike," directing air traffic above the Base, in place of one of his men who is on an emergency furlough.

Well liked by his entire staff, single, 28 years old, slightly graying at the temples, S-Sgt. Harry G. McDougal stands as the answer to those of us who sometimes wonder whether conscientious effort and sincere initiative bring rewards in the Army. Mack will tell you that "there are such things."

To all whom it may concern, and if you have a good story, it concerns you: The Rattler's telephone number is 11.

Maj. Nelson New Base S-3 Officer

Major John B. Nelson, whose home is in Swampscott, Mass., arrived at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base Wednesday, May 5, to take over his duties as Base S-3, Plans and Training Officer.

Major Nelson was greeted by Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., Base Commander, and fellow officers, on his arrival.

An athlete at Pittsburgh College, he played baseball and was quarterback on the football team. In the first World War, he served with the Engineers and the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps.

Prior to his re-entrance into active service, Major Nelson was president and general manager of a Ford company at Lynn, Mass., of which Swampscott is a residential section.

In addition to his other duties, Major Nelson was appointed Base Transportation Officer.

Lt. Aitken F. Young, in addition to his other duties, was appointed Major Nelson's assistant in S-3, as well as Base Billeting Officer.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By S-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp

With aching muscles and creaking bones the Medics, officers and enlisted personnel as well, slowly ambled to their respective departments Wednesday morning after a rigorous body breaking and back bending series of contests the previous day. With morale excellent and spirits high the old as well as the young competed. Records were smashed! No inter-collegiate track meet could have been more colorful than the 300 yard dash. The same race could find youthful "Bobbie" Freas running with "Pop" Semler. What excitement, what a spectacle it proved to be!

Two former college "stars," Lieutenants Osler and Russ smash-

No Philly Salesman Now



S-SGT. HARRY G. McDOUGAL, Chief Operator of the Rattlesnake Bomber Base Radio Control Tower, is responsible for keeping Pyote air traffic operating smoothly.

ed all records for the officers. It is rumored that these two "athletes" did not want to "show up" their fellow officers, consequently they chose their own day for their special exhibition. Could they have checked each other's score? No, never! Incidentally, Lieutenants Igou and Tesitor have both been making frequent trips to surgery, this time compulsory. Proof: One bandaged finger and one thumb in cast. Could that have retarded their speed at the races?

Further proof of the fact that the Medics All Stars are really good is not to be doubted. Even the Medical Officers were forced to bow in defeat at a softball game the other night.

Further laurels fall to "Shorty" Mete, jitterbug artist, who came in for second place at the contest the other night—additional duties: ward boy! And he may be seen nightly 2200—floor show—Sunset Cafe!

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of any specie of horned toads notify S-Sgt. Schurr, famous leader of the "Campaign of Pyote Philosophy," who is rumored to be bringin' 'em' back alive. He definitely plans to rid West Texas of them—Pennsylvania, here they come!

What S-Sgt. in Barracks 6 tried in vain to inaugurate inspection in shirts and shorts? No, no, Ser-

geant—not that. Consequence: 45 minutes of snappy drill with full equipment on Saturday night, plus six consecutive nights of quiet evenings at home for all the occupants of Barracks Six. Yes, "footlocker champions" have learned 0830 does not mean 0835! Could Barracks Four be the next "lucky" winner?

Never a dull moment in Barracks 1—what's the matter, Busche, don't you ever win? Private McTigue, lanky Des Moines soldier, proved that he believes in the offensive when he jumped up from his typewriter, and beating his fists said, "Sgt. Schurr, just give me a few minutes, I'll get on the beam, I'll get on the beam." That's O.K. Mac, it worked!

Famous last words echo and re-echo in Barracks Five: "I have some intellect: I have a B.S. degree!" Guess who? Incidentally, we have heard everything now. Cpl. Hjermsstad, who has moved three times in two weeks has launched a new program, now he is going to raise chickens!

Thanks to Sergeants Liddle and Rayfield who so ably aided Corporal Blumenthal in getting his initial dip in the fish pond. If it's horseback riding in Old Mexico you're interested in, see Sgt. McDonnell. He has all the answers. It seems that his horse acted up worse than a Missouri mule.

EDITORIAL:**\$\$\$ \$ Barrage**

IT'S taking a whale of a lot of ammunition for this war.

Every shot can't score a direct hit, for no enemy consciously presents a perfect bullseye.

But constant barrages can mow down the most stubborn resistance.

It would be a hell of a war if each soldier were furnished only one round of ammunition, each plane only one bomb, each torpedo tube only one torpedo.

That's what a lot of us, soldiers and civilians, are trying to make of our War Bond buying.

"Buy a War Bond? Why I've already bought a War Bond." is an all-too complacent attitude.

That's fine you bought a war bond, but men, one war bond, even one war bond from every single individual in the United States, isn't going to win this war!

Sure, it's a fine thing to do an extra bit, to buy an extra bond, in a cash war bond drive.

But the war isn't over because you've bought a bond, or two—or three.

It's going to take constant plugging and constant buying of War Bonds. And the simplest, easiest way of bond buying, the approved Army way of buying, is by signing a Class B pay allotment for bonds, whereby the sum you specify will be deducted from your pay each month to apply on your special War Bond savings account.

That way Uncle Sam receives money regularly; that way you're assured of regular savings. It's a double shot for Victory!

—War Bond Section
Eighth Service Command

Get Going

WELCOME over-the-week-end news of the major Allied victory in Tunisia, another firm step toward Berlin, scored this reaction at Rattlesnake Bomber Base: "Now we're getting somewhere!" And we are. The days of defeat and delay are over. The United Nations are gathering forces rapidly for a great general offensive. That must mean harder work on the home front, intensification of military training. Whatever your task put the same combat spirit into it as did the Axis-breakers in North Africa, and the war's length will be shortened just that much.

THE RATTLER

Published each Tuesday at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base, Pyote, Texas

LT. COL. CLARENCE L. HEWITT, JR.
Commanding Officer

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CARTOONISTS: Pvt. Don Ripley, Pfc. Robert Forrest.

The Rattler receives Camp Newspaper Service material.

**The Diplomatic Front:**

Long endured to hardships matching the ruggedness of their countries, the peoples of the three European North Lands find themselves today in strangely diverse circumstances, despite their wealth of common interests. The troubles of each, however, are traced directly by most writers on the subject mainly to German aggression.

Norway has become a German bastion, guarding against one invasion route to Hitler-held Europe. Its people, though spiritually unconquered, are helpless under a brutal regime rendered even more terroristic by knowledge of Norway's strategic position.

Finland today fights on Germany's side for complex historical reasons—to maintain its independence from Russia, which its leaders considered threatened—and because German preparation for war forced Russia to take Finnish territory in a brief winter struggle. Most observers now conclude that the 1939-40 Russo-Finnish war mainly was fought to strengthen the defense of industrial Leningrad and the Soviet Union's northern route to the outside world.

The Finns could not be expected easily to forgive that otherwise expedient action, but the alternative has proved a bitter pill. Berlin now dominates the Finnish government, but so far has been unable to pressure the Finns into

extensive offensive action. Should the Axis win, the Finns would be enslaved; if Russia defeats Germany, Finland would be back where it started. Apparently, the Finns only hope lies in a joint United Nations' guarantee. Finnish-American relations have become more strained during the past few weeks, but the friendship of the two peoples appear likely to weather the war whatever the diplomatic game being played.

Sweden, though highly sympathetic to the Allied cause, remains staunchly neutral, though relations with Germany lately have worsened. Geographically and economically, Sweden is in a tough spot, but its modern 600,000-man army so far has been able to discourage a German blitz. Encircled by Axis power, the Swedes like the Finns, have a traditional fear of Russia as well. Nevertheless, as Columnist - Correspondent Raymond Clapper concludes, the Swedes hope for Allied victory. Its defense preparations are such, observers report, that Sweden is unlikely to suffer the fate of either Norway or Finland, and may in time prove of great assistance.

The democratic tradition has firm roots in those three northern lands. Their security restored by Allied victory, Finland, Sweden and Norway should become strong pillars for the democratic structure which the United Nations' leaders hope to build in Europe.

AT THE THEATER

Those who enjoyed Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down" this past Sunday may take advantage of a scheduled coincidence to compare notes on that Norway-under-the-Nazis film with another coming next Sunday, "Edge of Darkness." The latter, however, is reported to be more on the action side.

Time comments: "It provides two active hours of heroism and villainy with Guerrilla Errol Flynn as the lover of anti-Nazi Ann Sheridan." Claude Rains, one of the top character actors, strengthens the cast.

Despite pauses for ideology to soak in, "Edge of Darkness" is graded an exciting war picture. Liberty magazine thinks the theme "does not suffer by repetition," and calls the cast an "extraordinary collection of acting talent."

"Reap the Wild Wind" (Wednesday and Thursday) is a spectacular melodrama in the true

Cecil B. DeMille style, with a lavish cast including Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, John Wayne, Robert Preston, Susan Hayward, Raymond Massey, and Lynn Overman.

Paulette is the seagonnig daughter of a salvage skipper, and figures in some gripping scenes of ships and spray. Motion Picture magazine gave the show its second rating. The ocean story should afford relief from the local dust.

The week starts today with a couple of films ready made for GI wolves, who may go to stare at Misses Falkenberg and Simon. "Wake Island" (Saturday) is one of the more realistic war pictures, portraying grimly the Marines heroic stand at the Pacific conflict's beginning. "At Dawn We Die" (Friday) completes a rather above the average week at the Base Theater.

This Week's Schedule

Tuesday: Double Feature—"She Has What It Takes," with Jinx Falkenberg and Tom Neal, and "Tahiti Honey," with Dennis O'Keefe and Simone Simon.

Wednesday and Thursday: "Reap the Wild Wind," with Ray Milland, John Wayne, and Paulette Goddard. Short: Paramount

Some Edging



AN 8-BY-10 foot enlargement of this photo of Ann Sheridan is probably the largest "pin-up" of the war. It was presented to the boys of Little Norway, Canada. Reason: Ann plays the Norwegian girl in "Edge of Darkness," the month's second picture on Norway-under-the-Nazis, which comes to the base Sunday.

SPECIAL SERVICE ACTIVITIES

Dragnet Is Out For Base Artists To Paint Murals For New EM Club

Can you make with the paint brush? Have you the soul of a Rembrandt or a Peter Arno, or a reasonable facsimile? Artists and designers searching for an outlet for expression will want to take a try at the extra special project which Lt. George A. Hoffmann, Special Service Officer, has on the fire.

Bea Garner Nabs Hepcat Cup Again

Miss Bea Garner, Sub-Depot's answer to the floor polish shortage, again took top honors in the second jitterbug contest at the Enlisted Men's Dance at the Rec. Hall last Tuesday night.

Her partner, and the new male stomping champ, was the Genter Outfit's own Sgt. Arnold Manupelli, whose Pennsylvania Polka is definitely not according to script.

Their names will be engraved on the cup presented by Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., Base Commander.

The third Enlisted Men's Dance will be held tonight at the Rec. Hall, with girls coming from Monahans, Pecos, and Wink. All Enlisted men are invited to bring their wives or girl friends, and all girls of the Base are most cordially invited, the Special Service Office, which sponsors the entertainment, announced.

Drummond, Ida. (CNS)—A woman here inherited some property in Wisconsin. She can't bring it to Idaho, however, because it is two drums of whiskey which is rationed in the latter State.

News.
 Friday: "At Dawn We Die," with John Clements and Rita Gynt. Shorts: "Hollywood Daredevils," and "Swingtime Blues," with Bob Chester and orchestra.
 Saturday: "Wake Island," with Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, and William Bendix. Shorts: "At The Bird Farm," and "Flying Jalopy."
 Sunday and Monday: "Edge of Darkness," with Errol Flynn, Anne Sheridan, and Claude Rains. Short: Paramount News.

Show Time:

| | |
|---------------|-------------|
| STARTS | ENDS |
| 1:30 p. m. | 3:30 p. m. |
| 5:30 p. m. | 7:30 p. m. |
| 8:00 p. m. | 10:00 p. m. |
| 10:15 p. m. | 12:15 a. m. |

The new Servicemen's Club is to have its walls decorated with murals, preferably depicting soldier life but which may deal with any suitable subject.

Artists and designers should submit sketches and plans for such murals to the Special Service Office. They will be subject to the approval of Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., Base Commander.

As soon as a design has been approved, materials will be supplied for the completion of the work in the club. For information on wall plans and for suggestions, those desiring to undertake the work should consult Lt. Hoffmann, in the Recreation Hall.

400 BOOKS DISTRIBUTED TO SQUADRON DAY ROOMS

Some four hundred volumes of the pocket-book variety have been distributed to the ten day rooms on the base by the Special Service Office.

Those books will be available to all members of the individual squadrons. In the near future, small traveling libraries will be sent to the squadrons with day rooms farthest from the Base Library in the Recreation Hall.

ARMY INSTITUTE COURSE FORMS NOW AVAILABLE

Forms for registering for correspondence courses through the Army Institute are now available at the Special Service Office.

The courses provide a means of brushing up on subjects in which you may feel the need for review. Courses also are given by extension from universities, which offer opportunity to earn credit toward a degree.

The Special Service Officer will be glad to discuss and assist applicants in planning their courses.

BASE NCO CLUB SETS DANCE DATE

The Base NCO Club, at its regular meeting last Wednesday night, set the date for its first dance as Thursday, May 20, in the Rec. Hall.

Good Rod-Reel, Pole-Line Fishing Near Base

Lakes And Pecos River Available To Servicemen

Strange as it may seem—even with all of the dingy dust whirling around and the dry climate that we have here at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base—we still have lakes and a variety of game fish waiting to be hooked onto your line.

Three fishing grounds are within easy reach of here by soldiers on pass:

1. Red Bluff Lake — Hundreds of square miles of excellent fishing waters located 65 miles from Pyote on the highway between Pecos and Carlsbad, New Mexico.

2. Balmorhea Lake — A big, spring fed body of water a couple of miles out of Balmorhea, Texas which is 60 miles from Pyote on the highway which passes by the Pecos Flying School.

3. The Pecos River — A snake-like stream which wends its way out of New Mexico to the Rio Grande. This fabled river of the Old West is most conveniently reached from here at the point where it crosses the Pecos highway, about 30 miles from the base.

Your best bet, Red Bluff Lake, has just what it takes for all of the thrills of game fishing. A heavy variety of fish stream through its waters—black bass ranging in weight up to 20 pounds, cat fish to 18 pounds, perch, crappies, bream, carp and many others.

E. L. McCorkle, manager of recreation at Red Bluff, has announced access to the lake from two highway entrances, "Spillway" and "Robertson's Landing."

A few cabins at reasonable rates are available at the Spillway (Red Bluff was created by a power and irrigation dam across the Pecos

River). These will accommodate rather large parties, if you don't mind bunking on the floor. Cookers are in the cabins to make chow an easier task. But you have to furnish your own bedding and food. In any event, reservations must be made well in advance with the Red Bluff Recreation Department, Pecos.

No cabins are to be had at Robertson's Landing. Camping on the rolling, unshaded ground is in vogue here, and if you know someone with a tent or a private cabin anywhere on the lake, you're well fixed. You may also camp at the Spillway. Fishing for a day in either place will cost you \$1 per person or ten lake permits for \$7.50.

Supplies, including tackle, may be purchased at Orla (a store just before reaching the Spillway entrance) or at State Line (a similar place just past the entrance to Robertson's Landing). Or you may arm yourself at one of several sporting goods counters in Monahans and Pecos.

Boats are few at Red Bluff's Spillway, but several more are at Robertson's Landing—and rents are reasonable. At Robertson's, a decent boat, motor, and fuel will cost about \$5 for eight hours. Capacity: three or four persons.

For the casual fisherman with no equipment, the best bet is an ordinary pole-and-line with minnows, obtainable at two places in Pecos, as bait. Cat, and even bass, can be managed with this simple rigging by fishing from a boat well out from land—and no state license is required for this.

The pole-and-line is also effective along the Pecos River, immediately below the Spillway or at the Pecos highway intersection. No boat is necessary for river-fishing. Caution: The river is treacherous for swimming, especially at the numerous small irrigation dams.

A A B SPORTS

Count Fleet Wins Preakness By 8 Lengths

PIMLICO, Md., May 8.—Count Fleet came galloping down the home stretch like a real champion to win the \$50,000 Preakness. Paying one of the shortest prices in the 70 year old classic the Hertz's colt payed its backers \$2.30 to win, being the shortest price since 1889.

Count Fleet ran the mile and three-sixteenths in 1:57 2-5, only two-fifths of a second short of Alsab's record made last year. Count Fleet should have no trouble at all when he goes to the post next month for the Belmont Stakes to win the triple crown to make him king of the turf.

Jockey Longden gave the Count his usual able ride, all that Longden was lacking was a newspaper when he came down the stretch.

Blue Swords who has run second in his last 6 starts is getting to look like the Count's shadow, after running second to Count Fleet in his last three races. Allen T. Simmons' colt was only threatened once in the back stretch for second place money by Vincentive, but Jockey Adams soon ended anything that might have been close after coming in five lengths in front of Vincentive at the wire. Blue Swords payed his backers \$2.40 for second, no show betting was taken in the small field of five starters.

Vincentive was third with Jockey Wolff in the saddle, and Wayne Wright on New Moon had a good rear view of what was happening.

The crowd of 30,000 fans at Pimlico were not disappointed in the least to see the Count come down the stretch all by his lonesome.

boat-tipping waves to Westex lakes. Know how to swim or carry life belt, and confine boat beverages to water and cokes. If the wind rises, follow the example of the natives: get off the lake.



No. 1 spot for the average soldier is probably Balmorhea Lake, where sleeping accommodations may be had at hotels and camps in the town. The same fish found at Red Bluff are plentiful at Balmorhea. Added Attraction: The town boasts one of the finest swimming resorts in Texas—a huge pool along natural lines fed by million-gallon-a-day springs.

Fishing laws apply equally to soldiers and civilians, with the exception that out-of-state servicemen do not have to pay out-of-state fees. The state fee of \$1.10 is required only when artificial lures are used—and game wardens are plentiful. State licenses may be bought at most sporting goods counters or from the county clerk in either Monahans or Pecos. If your wife plans to go along, she must have a license, too—or else stick to live or cut bait.

Bag limits: 10 bass, 15 crappie, 35 bream, or an aggregation of not more than 60 of these species for one day. No fisherman may possess at any time more than 30 bass, 30 crappie of 70 bream.

Food: Better take along cold cuts, plenty of bread, coffee, canned milk, sugar, relishes, and whatever else you want—including grease to fry your catch in. For men without food points, see the ration board in Monahans—or you may be able to manage rations-in-kind, particularly cold cuts, sugar and coffee, from your mess.

Baits: Get minnows in Pecos for pole-&-line fishing. Liver makes good river bait. Red-&-white dingbats have been found successful for bass among artificial lures, although other color combinations work; various kinds of river-runs also recommended.

Methods: The boys with the biggest catches at the lakes have trolled their lines behind a slow-moving motor boat near the water's edge. A rod-&-reel is essential for trolling. There are a few fly fishermen at both lakes; these usually wade out to the proper depth or else cast from a motionless boat far out from shore.

Caution: Sudden high winds which bring dust to Pyote bring

Standings

American League

| Team— | W | L | Pct. |
|--------------|----|----|------|
| New York | 13 | 5 | .722 |
| Cleveland | 10 | 6 | .625 |
| Detroit | 8 | 7 | .533 |
| Washington | 10 | 9 | .526 |
| St. Louis | 7 | 7 | .500 |
| Philadelphia | 8 | 11 | .421 |
| Boston | 6 | 12 | .333 |
| Chicago | 5 | 10 | .333 |

National League

| | | | |
|--------------|----|----|------|
| Brooklyn | 12 | 6 | .667 |
| St. Louis | 8 | 6 | .571 |
| Cincinnati | 9 | 8 | .529 |
| Pittsburgh | 7 | 7 | .500 |
| Boston | 7 | 7 | .500 |
| Philadelphia | 7 | 8 | .467 |
| Chicago | 7 | 10 | .412 |
| New York | 6 | 11 | .333 |

SUNDAY'S RESULTS

National League

Philadelphia 3-3, New York 2-1.
Boston 4-2, Brooklyn 5-1 (first game 10 innings).

Pittsburgh 1-3, St. Louis 8-3 (second game called by Sunday law).

Cincinnati 2-3, Chicago 13-4.

American League

New York 13-3, Philadelphia 1-4.
Washington 3-8, Boston 2-2 (1st game 10 innings).

Chicago 3-1, Detroit 1-4 (second game 11 innings).

St. Louis 5-7, Cleveland 6-5 (1st game 13 innings).

Medic All Stars Beat 30th, 10-1

BY LAWRENCE SHIPP

In the first official softball game Wednesday night the Medics All Stars struck in full fury and completely blotted out the 30th Squadron's valiant effort to get a single run, 10 to 0. The 30th played a good game and with bases loaded threatened to score on several occasions.

Corporal Garcia on the mound demonstrated fine qualities of his pitching ability and was ably backed by Kronenburg as catcher and a fast outfield. "Pop" Semler, manager of the Medics, calmly saw his team give the 30th Squadron the terrific trouncing. "Brute" Lonergan ably performed his duty as umpire.

Following is a line-up of the Medics team:

Pvt. Isaac Kronenburg, catcher; Cpl. Edgar Garcia, pitcher; Pfc. Leroy Echols, SS; Pvt. Irving Moskowitz, 1B; Sgt. Frank Kuna, 2B; Pvt. Kenneth Nichols, 3B; M-Sgt. George Villa, SC; Pvt. Robert Oakley, RF; Sgt. John Gilhooley, LF; Cpl. Sydney Blumenthal, CF; Pvt. Pop Semler, Mgr.; Pvt. "Brute" Lonergan, Umpire.



Genter's Outfit

BY S-SGT JOHN A. DEVINE

What is happening to these Casanovas in our Service Squadron? Since when do youse guys go in for "Billy Watson's Beef Trusts"—that's sporting a lot of weight and a heavy date, Bub.

Attention Special Service, for your information: we offer a salute to the town of Ranger, Texas, as a morale builder. It has proven to be "your best bet." For further information consult the Three Nasty Beers—oops, pardon, the "Three Musketeers."

Attention S-Sgt. Hudson of Barracks No. 1:

Where's the swimming hole—why do we ask? You had your head shaved, didn't you? Oh, these poor, poor wimmin; there's your chance, Lynohie, boy.

It seems I've heard that name before, namely Sgt. Manupelli. To all youse guys and goils who think that you are the tops in the terpsichorean art, I suggest you contact the sergeant for opening dancing classes. He has finally added an additional banner to our collection of who's who by winning the jitterbug contest at the Rec. Hall Tuesday night. Nice going, boy, nice going.

Lately we have noticed Cox and Darby walking around in a daze—can it be infatuation, a platonic friendship, or should I have said love. Woo, woo—the boys find it so hard at revielle time. Please, you young femmes, take good care of them; they're our boys you know, and we do love them so.

There has been a new addition to our kingdom of animals—Oswald—the wucky wabbit. He is at present stationed in our Orderly Room, and soon, very very soon, there will be many ittie bittie ittie wabbits. Boy, Jug Head envies him. Well, why shouldn't he?

Diedrichs' Outfit

BY PFC. MYRON ROBERTS

Pfc. Myron Roberts, this Service Squadron's reporter, was incapacitated—okay, sick—last week, and hence this space wants for news. However, the news did come through that six men of the Diedrichs Outfit were sent to Chanute Field, Ill., for training in vehicle operation and maintenance.

The trainees are Col. Clifton Hopkins, Pfc. Thomas Griffith, Pfc. Thomas Linsey, Pfc. Anthony J. Costantino, Pfc. Robert McHale, and Pfc. Anthony J. Faliero. They will be coming back to sunny Pyote on completion of the course.

Col. Hewitt Has Mild 'Flu Case, Reported Better

Suffering from a mild case of influenza, Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., Base Commander went to the Base Hospital Friday night for treatment. Saturday was the first day the Colonel did not appear at his office, except when away from the base on official business, since he assumed command in October.

Attendants considered his condition "not serious" and greatly improved at press time last night. But he would be abed a couple more days.

Clerk To Chorine



IT'S A TOUGH war, Hollywood, tongue in cheek, complains. With chorus girls going into war jobs, office girls, like Rosemary Blane, above, are switching from the boss' lap to the routine of the tap—and she seems to fill the new role in good shape.

From Germany Comes Story Of Quick Death For Absenteeism

It was cold in the ancient oak-paneled courtroom. The breath of the guards standing at the windows overlooking the Neubrandenburg town square formed little clouds of frosty vapor in the air. The Herr Justinzbeamter, seated on the high bench behind which the swastika-draped portrait of the fuehrer was hanging, wrapped his judge's robes around himself more closely as he looked sternly down at the prisoner who stood before him, manacled to a burly SS corporal.

"The evidence in this case is beyond question," the judge proclaimed. "The Herr Director of the Henkenel Aktiegesellschaft has clearly proven, from the records of his factory, that the prisoner deliberately absented himself from his work as an aircraft mechanic on three separate occasions. The prisoner's claim that he was obliged to seek medical attention for his wife and family, whom he says were suffering from shock after the bombings of Rostock is childish. The citizens of the Third Reich must learn that their first duty is to their fuehrer." The judge's words fell like icicles into the chill air of the courtroom.

"Heinrich Schmidt, this court finds you guilty of treason to the Third German Reich. You are sentenced to death before a firing squad at sunrise on the morn-

ing of March thirteenth. The court stands adjourned. Heil Hitler!"—

In the rear of the courtroom, a woman screamed once, and fainted. The prisoner, dazed, was led from the dock by the burly guard. The Herr Justinzbeamter, rubbing his hands together briskly in self-satisfaction, stepped down from the bench. A few more examples like this, he thought, and the problem of absenteeism in the fuehrer's war industries would be a problem no longer. His gaze rested for only a second on the scene at the rear of the room as he left the courtroom for the cozy warmth of the judge's chambers.

—Beech Log (WPD Feature)

Civilian Employees: The time clock is your ballott box—think it over?

Sign on the locked door of an Ohio coffee shop: "No coffee, no sugar, no meat, no help, no heat, and no profit. If you want a square meal, join the army."—Liberty.



435th Bomb Squadron

BY SGT. RONALD BYRON

The squadron physical training officer, Lt. Watts, gave a few demonstrations of the calisthenics prescribed by the 2nd Air Force. Next day, Lt. Watts was absent from his duties and the rumor had it that he went to the hospital. So don't strain yourselves, boys.

Sgt. George (Zeke) Zenz has volunteered to take on Sgt. Uckerman of Engineering for the title of bantam-weight champ of the 435th.

Sgt. Sammy (Runt) Mandell of the Orderly Room was heard saying in that he run the 300-yd dash in 37 seconds and that he did 74 pull ups. Seeing is believing and we're waiting.

We now have a new hero in Operations T-Sgt. Conner has the tailor making another pocket in his zoot suit so that he'll have room for all his medals.

Sgt. Smith of Operations has been seen doing ample courting in Monahans, Odessa and other points thereabout. But what if the secret leaks out about Townsville? Pvt. Reginald (Veronica Lake) Beebe seems to be keeping up with that Hollywood fashion but there is some opinion that he has been pulling his hair over his reports.

The men over in Armament have their hands full with the present training program but the course they've cooked up is rough. T-Sgt. Ayles, S-Sgt. Mott, and Sgt. Seebach have devised a couple of examinations for the men they're training but there's some question whether they can give all the correct answers themselves. S-Sgt. Mott has been seen several times brandishing a .50 caliber and yelling "Who did this?" with blood in his eye.

The 435th Softball Team, under the able leadership of S-Sgt. Clifford J. Weiss, has been doing all right by itself. Last week, the 93rd Squadron was roundly defeated with the final score standing at 20-5.

On May 5th, we played the 30th Squadron and chalked up 22 runs to their 2 runs.

Pvt. Brown is still looking for that piece of paper that says "FURLOUGH." Aren't we all?

Colorado Springs, Col. (CNS)—

A few veal cutlets (still on the hoof) escaped from a stockyard. An auto gave chase with a cowboy perched on the fender. The calf was lassoed quickly.

Your OFFICERS

BY B. M. R.

Capt. Ernest R. Genter, Thomas D. Haigh and Charles R. Herpich directed the planting of onion seed in Rabbit Hutch No. 2's version of a Victory Garden . . . Onions grown from seed require two years to mature in lush climates, three years in West Texas . . . Conclusion: The Captains must have inside info that the war will last at least three more years.

Officer, to a lady he'd just met at the Officers Club: "Why, you are tan, aren't you . . . You'll forgive me for being so bold about finding out just how tan . . . You see, I practically raised my sister."

Lt. Col. Elbert Helton, the 19th's C.O., has a boat resting comfortably in his Monahans' back yard . . . Someone suggested that he probably sits in the thing and has his wife spray water from bow to stern to simulate a storm on a lake . . . "Oh yes," Mrs. H. said, "and he has me fan him to produce the wind . . ."

Capt. Wade Loofbourrow, base Dick Tracy, actually did go fishing—at Red Bluff dam, a spot you may read about on the Sports Page today . . . Returning to the base, he met a lieutenant who fished the same lake the same day. "How many did you catch?" Capt. L. asked in his most secretive voice. "Eight," the lieutenant replied "and you?" . . . "Oh I caught nine," the captain said, looking wise. (Mrs. L. was along and caught several).

Maj. John H. M. Smith, 19th Group executive, spent a day in Wink recently . . . Among other things, [he learned that Wink's school system has not been overrated . . . Maj. Charles E. Lancaster, Jr., of the provisional group bearing his name is a desert plant enthusiast . . . Mrs. Valmer L. McCrosky, wife of the base executive, went with Mrs. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., wife of the base commander, to visit the John Edwards at their ranch near Monahans . . . Mrs. McC., fresh from Portland, Ore., took a fancy to Mr. E.'s fancy cowboy boots . . . They fit her very nicely the few minutes she wore them . . . Last word: Apologies to Capt. Herpich for mention of him in The Rattler as being a married man . . . He's a letter-writing bachelor.

Romantic 19th Leads The Field In Wedding March

One officer, seven enlisted men, and a civilian worker here last week succumbed to the impulse of spring and took out marriage licenses. The 19th Group contributed all the military applicants for happy married life.

The couples include:

Lt. Lamar C. Peterson, 28th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Marlene Estell Henry.

S-Sgt. Harry D. Conley, 30th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Margie Allard.

S-Sgt. Louis W. Bacenich, 28th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Sophia Kripiak.

S-Sgt. Harold W. Thomson, Headquarters Detachment, 19th Group, and Miss Ireta Beth Miller.

Sgt. Herman E. Gillette, 30th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Agnes B. Robertson.

Cpl. Wilson Sanders, 30th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Velma Waits.

S-Sgt. Clifton W. Groelz, 30th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Mamie Rutledge.

Sgt. William E. Hall, 435th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Patricia Bennett.

James Hendrix, employed by the Post Engineer, and Miss Marie Emiline McGee.

Bomb Beaut



THIS IRISH lassie—Glee Marie O'Neill of Wyandotte, Mich.—works at the Ford Willow Run bomber plant. She turned down a career as a New York model to help get out the planes that will avenge a close friend killed in the Solomons.

James E. Harris and Pfc. Ralph McIntyre, from the 30th; and Sgt. John Conyers, Pvt. Jay C. Bailey, Sgt. Harold Feldt, Cpl. William Presser, and Sgt. Alexander Shermers, from the 93rd.

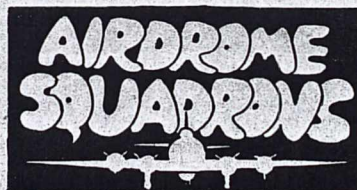
Administrative changes marked activities during the past week. Pfc. Don Ripley, who has been acting First Sergeant, was transferred out and Pvt. Edward Hogan who came here from Dalhart, has taken over duties in his place.

Lt. Julian Feinberg became adjutant, replacing Lt. Willard E. Bauman, who in turn took the place of Lt. Donald C. Schoeff, commanding officer, who moved into Communications. Is every thing clear? Lt. John J. Healey took over Supply, replacing Engineering Officer Allan Hokanson. "Canned" code is going out, since the Communications Section received some signal equipment. The boys who've been working down at radio school appreciate the change.

FAMILY PARTY HELD

Family Week, May 2 to 9, was observed locally with a supper for soldiers' families and a community sing at the Presbyterian Church, Monahans, Monday, May 3. The women of the church provided the program, and Chaplain Edwin W. Norton led the singing.

Are WAACs GI-rls? Don't blame the editor. Chaplain Norton wants to know.



Bauman's Outfit

BY PFC. ROBERT NASH

After-payday excursions were taken by several of the boys . . . Pfc. Jimmy Duke looked over Carlsbad Caverns . . . Pfc. Frank Carter took in, or was taken in—it's a question—at Big Spring . . . Supply Man Michael Waxenberg and Pfc. Don Ripley were in Juarez.

Down in a part of Texas where something besides mesquite grows around Bryan, to be exact, is Pfc. Al Opersteny, squandering a seven-day furlough with his folks and friends there . . . Cpl. Latta A. Williamson is furloughing in Virginia.

Several men have been transferred to this outfit from various squadrons in the 19th Group . . . They include: Cpl. Carey Foster, Pvt. Earl Proper, Sgt. Charles E. Dougherty, Pvt. Joseph E. Morris, Pfc. Thomas Rollins, Cpl. Fred J. Lawyer, and Pvt. Edgar Playford, from the 28th Squadron; Pvt.



Headquarters

BY JOHN BOGARD

Nominee for champion user of sesquipedalian words: Robert Leo Campbell, Headquarters administrative assistant

Syble M. "Mother" Jiles, who strongly renounces her maternal role in connection with the large family of mechanic learners, has been making blood and thunder threats to the male proponents of the title. The S-2 would have been called in on the case long ago if everyone had not been aware that her nature truly is sweet and motherly.

People may think Headquarters is a very dull place—but if they only knew! It is kept up to par by two very attractive de-icers, Floryne Prelar and Jean Williams. They may come to work just a wee bit sleepy; but that is all right; after all, there is the morale of the Army to keep up.

Pat Hawks may be new to this field, but does she get around! Just watch her at the Officers' Club Saturday night. There's something about a red-head.

There is such a quiet and dignified atmosphere around this office, hadn't you noticed? To emphasize the point by comparison, who ever heard of the girls here going into someone's back yard and jumping over fences? High stone fences, too. But there are two girls in Supply who get their exercise doing just that. Some fun if you like—exercise. If you want to know more about it, see two girls named Dorothy and Dorothy. They know.

There is the cutest little Brown Head around this office. Always very quiet, but she doesn't need to say a word. Some girls you look at, then look away. Some you look at, then take another glance—but when you look at Maxine, you just keep on looking. Can't blame Conlye for sticking close by, because there are a few soldiers on the base.

Mrs. Jiles, or maybe you know her better as "Mother" Jiles, is kinda like the old woman in the shoe. Syble, you'd better watch those mechanics of yours. You've heard the saying, "While the cat is away, the mice will play."

Major Saenger has been away on a visit. Here's a sincere wish from all departments of the Sub Depot that he enjoyed it very, very much.

Jean Williams received that long-awaited letter from overseas last week.

Supply

BY LOW-SCORE FOUR

Colonel Hicks, on his recent inspection of Sub-Depots picked one of our grand "sandstormy" days, in which rocks blow around instead of sand, the kind of a day that makes everyone wish Pyote were somewhere else! Nevertheless, Colonel Hicks remarked that Sub-Depot Warehouse Two was one of the finest he had ever seen. Congratulations to the Warehouse Two Gang!

Supply was indeed surprised to learn of the discharge of one of its hardest workers, Pvt. Lee S. Ton. In fact, Ton turned out to be more or less a bundle of surprises, as he appeared to be no more than 18 or 19 years' old, but is actually 39. He was born in Toisun, Canton, China, where it is reported that some of his four sons are in the service. Ton's father was also an American citizen. Pvt. Ton left the Army to work for a cannery in California, where he will do truck gardening. He was discharged on April 20, 1943, and was one of the few men who had the rating of Superior Conduct in his organization. As long as he worked for Supply he was never heard to complain, was always busy, and was exceedingly strong for his size.

Would Pvt. Ton please come back and give the girls in Supply his secret for looking so young?

And then there is a true story told us: A Pyote soldier was asking some questions about the oil storage tanks around a neighboring town, and was told by a native (?) that they had had two "Oil Booms" in that town... And the soldier asked, "In one day?" That's alright soldier, your Army slang is just as foreign to us! (Editor's Note: See Rattler story, this issue, on oil field slang.)

Latest information from our "Spies" stationed along the route from Supply to Engineering is that the frequent trips of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Duncan are going to result in an additional Local Issue Stockroom located in the Engineering Hangar.

That gang marching into Warehouse Three each morning, armed with paint brushes, carpenters' tools and ladders, seems to be determined to overhaul the warehouse. New bins are being built, a mezzanine for storage, and the building will be painted inside, from the office throughout the warehouse. Fluorescent lighting will also be installed. (Could be a set of Major Saenger's "running hot and cold sliding doors," too?)

Brooks Franklin is nursing his aching muscles in not such a beligerent mood after moving those thousands of barrels from back of Warehouse Two, resulting in the temporary dust settling due to the paving of the location. Supply will soon be completely sur-

No 'Not In Stock' Here



IF YOU'RE ONE of those whom the Sub-Depot doesn't regail with laughter you're in the minority. But you're welcome to bring your troubles to Maj. Alfred O. Saenger, right, the Sub-Depot Commander. He's prepared for anybody's crying jag. Berieved gentleman, left, is Lt. J. G. Jordan, Sub-Depot's Engineering Officer.

rounded by paving, and by letting our minds wander we may think we're back in civilization again.

There is nothing official on the Sub-Depot Picnic, planned for May 19th. Everyone here is holding his breath and hoping at this early stage. All Supply employees be sure to contact Miss Flossie Means concerning attendance and transportation by May 12th. Note to Miss Means: Though he does not belong to Supply, an extra truck should be arranged for the transportation of Lt. Jordan, his trapeeze, and his two buckets of gravel.

Supply is sporting the following new employees since the last issue of The Rattler: Nina L. Gramling, Mary E. Jolley, Dorothy C. Whitmire, Wilda R. Stoneking, Lillian L. Sample, Rose M. White, Dorothy T. Sawyer, Olenza M. Agnew, Opal P. Dendy, Nova E. Criswell and Lavoise C. Jones. So, guess Mrs. Jiles' Supply family is growing, as well as her Engineering family.

Mrs. James R. Farmer, above, was Miss Marguerit Jewel Bridges, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bridges, before her marriage on Jan. 28. Lawless — Picture caption in the Goose Creek (Texas) Daily Sun.

She may quiet down now.

—The New Yorker.

(Then Maj. Saenger, the Sub-Depot commander, wasn't fooling when he claimed to be from a town named Goose Creek?)

Engineering

BY MARGARET MYERS AND FERN HUNT

The morale in Sub-Depot Engineering has dropped very low this week. Since Lt. Jordan has been ill some of the girls powdered their nose only once all day!

Sunday seems to have been Sub-Depot Engineering day at the Carlsbad Caverns. Seen at this great rendezvous were: Frances Connally, T-Sgt. Sullivan, Lou "Abner" Babka, Bill Beckerle, Fern Hunt, Patty Myers, and Carole Kern, with her husband and mother-in-law. Mess Sgts. Howard's and Goodwin's greatest ambitions are to be able to both walk down the stairs side by side at the same time.

Lt. Jimmy Wyper doesn't believe any more in the adage of "Finders Keepers." Jean Williams, new assistant to John Bogard, mail-file and record clerk of Headquarters being the answer—anyway John is pinching himself to see if its true—saying "first time he ever had something for nothing."

Mr. Robert L. Campbell, administrative ass't, is looking everywhere for the party who swiped the "T" off his "name-plate" last week.

Miss Ruby Dendy of Wink, started to work Tuesday May 4th in Engineering in the Aero Repair Dept.

May 11, 1943

Allied Victory Climaxes Tough African Campaign

Tunis, Bizerte Afford Bases For Invasion

BY PVT. TOMME CALL
Rattler Editor

Six months to a day after the surprise landing in North Africa, November 8, 1942—which partially answered the popular demand for a "second front"—Americans and British, with their French allies, cracked the remaining major Axis strongholds in Africa: Tunis and Bizerte.

The Tunisian campaign's final phase was only a week old when the victory was flashed to a delighted Washington, where some informed circles were expecting that news to come as late as June. The United Nations' North African Supreme Commander, U. S. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, gave one reason for the speed: "The perfection of co-ordination developed among the Allies." Another: supremacy in the air.

Although the fall of Tunis and Bizerte marked the campaign's close, considerable fighting remains. Strong enemy pockets must be cracked and mopped up. The German Africa Corps' remnants may fight it out on Bataan-like Cape Bon, or attempt evacuation from that peninsula to Sicily. Gen. Eisenhower thus stated: "As long as a single armed German is on African soil there is still a battle." But clearing Africa completely now appeared to be a matter of days rather than weeks.

The successful Africa campaign checks off the first "must" in any Allied general offensive plan, and gained these advantages:

1. Excellent bases from which to bomb Italy, perhaps out of the war.

2. A springboard from which—along with British bases—to threaten Nazi-held Europe with invasion simultaneously from the west and the south.

3. The opportunity to clear the Mediterranean supply line and shorten the routes from the United States and Great Britain to the Middle East, the Russian Front, the India-Burma theater, and eventually to China.

4. A situation that should compel Hitler to borrow from any plans for a general summer offensive on the Eastern Front to bolster his defenses against invasion.

5. Not the least, a lift for the military and home morale in the United Nations, where the peoples were growing restless for another significant victory after a trying winter.

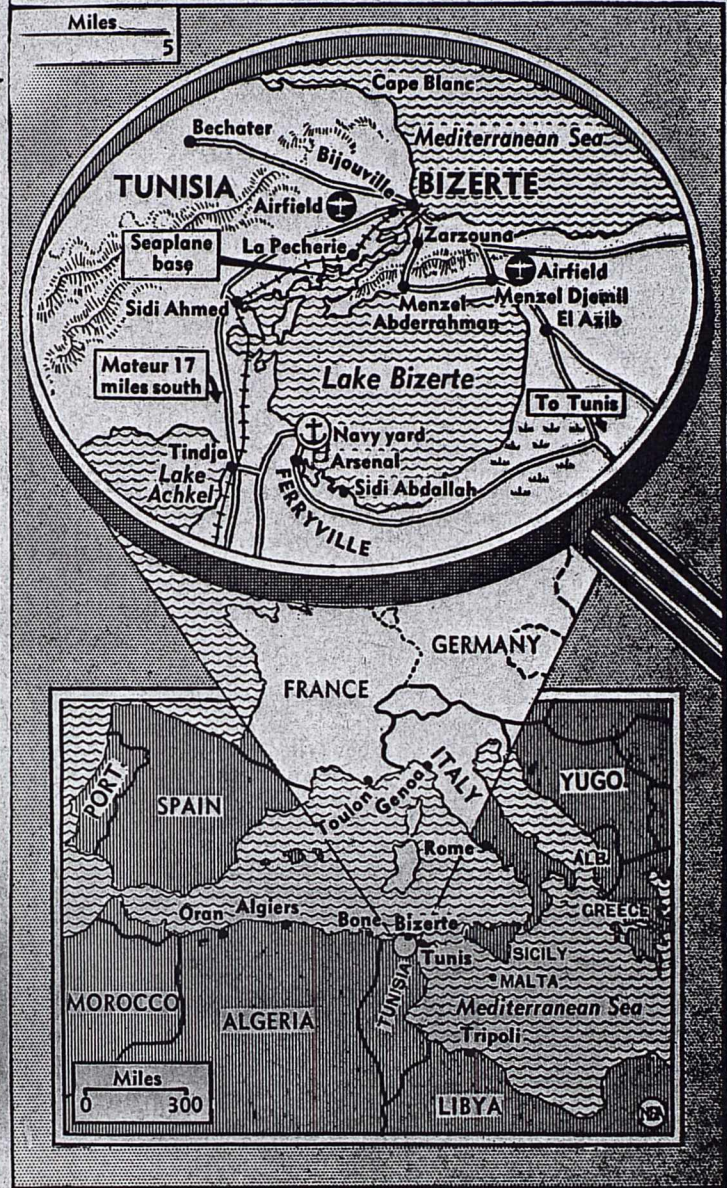
The swift, precise invasion last November quickly, and at small cost, overran Morocco and Algeria and thrust into Tunisia, to within artillery range of Tunis and Bizerte. But the Axis rushed in reinforcements by sea and air and turned back the light Allied spearheads, later reported to have outrun air support and supplies. The opposing forces in Northern Tunisia then settled down to a muddy winter of sniping and slugging without much movement.

Rommel's Africa Corps—swept all the way from Egypt by Gen. Montgomery's hard-hitting, smart Eighth Army—took a stand behind the Mareth Line, and, re-equipped, struck at the Americans and French in Central Tunisia, scoring a local victory. The British Eighth's pressure on the Mareth Line soon forced the Germans to withdraw, however, to defend unsuccessfully that "little Maginot."

In March and April, smashing the Mareth, Gen. Montgomery's veterans with flank pressure from the Americans under Lt. Gen. Patton, armored force expert, and the French began herding the Germans and Italians toward "coffin corner."

With the Germans pushed back to Enfidaville, the United States Second Army Corps was secretly shifted to the north, to form—with the British First and Eighth, and the French under Gen. Giraud—a powerful line preparing for last week's offensive. Maj. Gen. Bradley, infantry expert, took over the 2nd for the push. As May opened, the Allies turned loose a devastating aerial offensive that swept the enemy planes from the skies, pounded his ground forces, and disrupted his supply route via Sicily to Italy.

Last week, the strategy—doubtless as planned by Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt at Casablanca in January—was fulfilled.



Where Americans Mopped Up

Through the winter, the campaign had developed into a grind, though with dramatic highlights—the French political discussions, scuttling of the French fleet, Allied acquisition of strategic Dakar, the Casablanca conference, the return of the French Army to freedom's fight.

Elsewhere, in addition to London, Washington, and darkened Paris, the Tunisian victory stimulated peoples and their leaders. For Turkey, the threat of Axis aggression was greatly diminished. In Russia—where last week the Red Army fought to knock the German bridgehead out of the

Caucasus—hopes for earlier invasion support and for more supplies by shorter route doubtless were fired. Far away China was glad, for now the desired Burma campaign to relieve that blockaded ally would be nearer, in travel time for supplies, to British and American home arsenals. Men fighting in the temporarily stalemated Pacific theater felt their day for great offensive action not quite so far away as a week ago.

Of course, press comment quickly pointed out that the African campaign was only the first step, though a big one, along the road to Berlin.