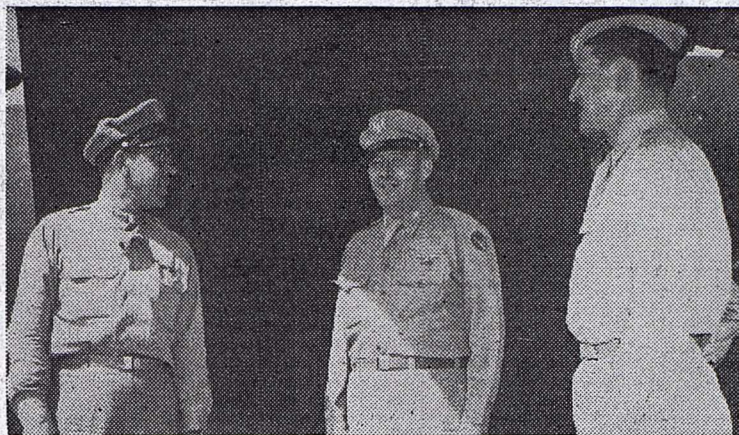


THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Bomber Base

VOLUME 1, NO. 5 PYOTE, TEXAS JUNE 2, 1943

When General Visits



Brig. Gen. Robert Williams, left, commander of newly organized 1st Bomber Command, visited Pyote Thursday. He was greeted by Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., base commander (center), and Lt. Col. Elbert Helton, former 19th Group C. O. now at Command Headquarters. The General brought members of his staff here. (Story on Page 3.)

Pyote's First Fatal Crash: 11 Die

Page 3

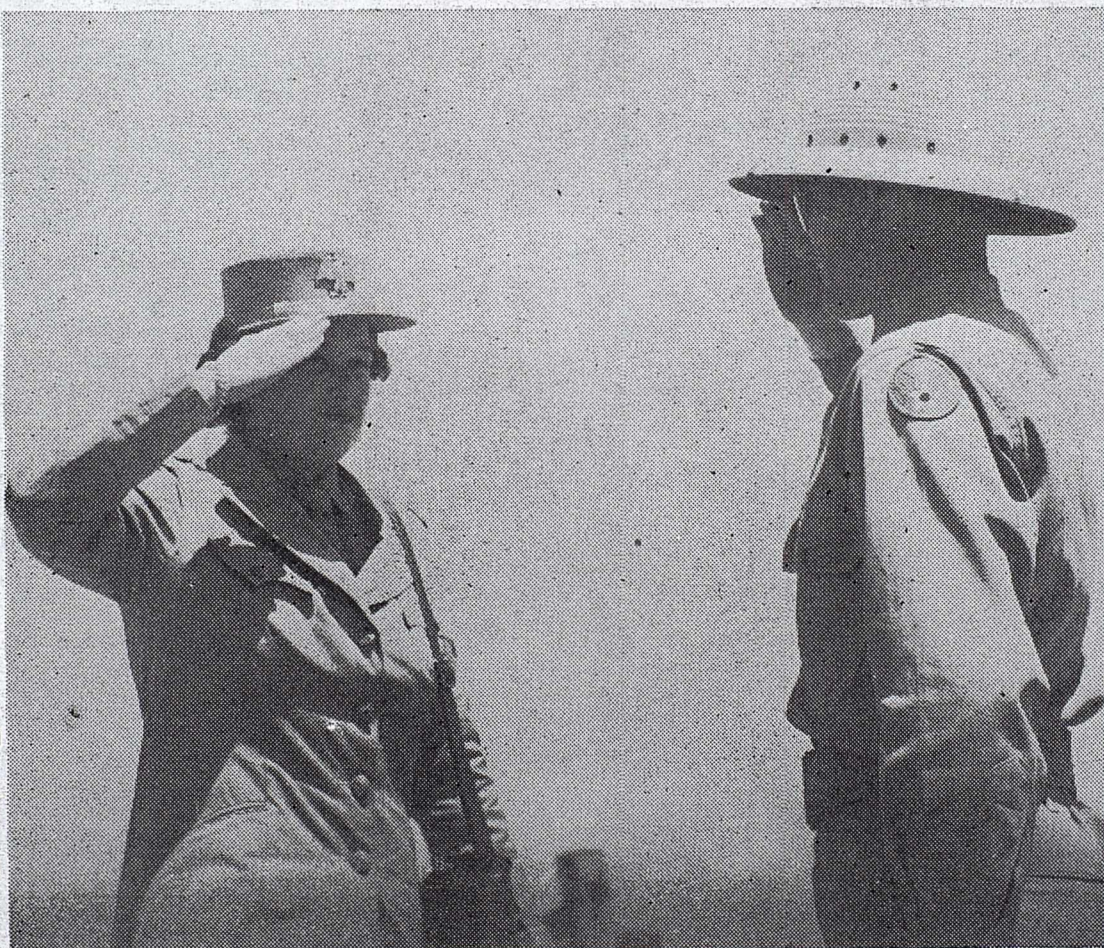
First WAAC Cadre Arrives

A snappy salute to the WAAC from the whole base is given 3rd Officer Marjorie A. Stewart, first of Pyote's WAAC squadron to arrive. Pvt. Stanley J. Crzybowski, M. P. at the north gate, gave WAAC Stewart this salute, demonstrating proper greeting for all WAAC officers.

The C. O., 1st Officer Marie Moran, her executive, 3rd Officer Edith Haslam, WAAC Sgt. Vincent, and 11 auxiliaries—the remainder of the original cadre—reported Tuesday. More and more WAACs will come to Pyote.

Their ultimate purpose: to replace men who may then be placed in tactical units for possible overseas duty.

1st officers are addressed as captain; 2nd and 3rd officers as lieutenant.



2ND AIR FORCE
REORGANIZED

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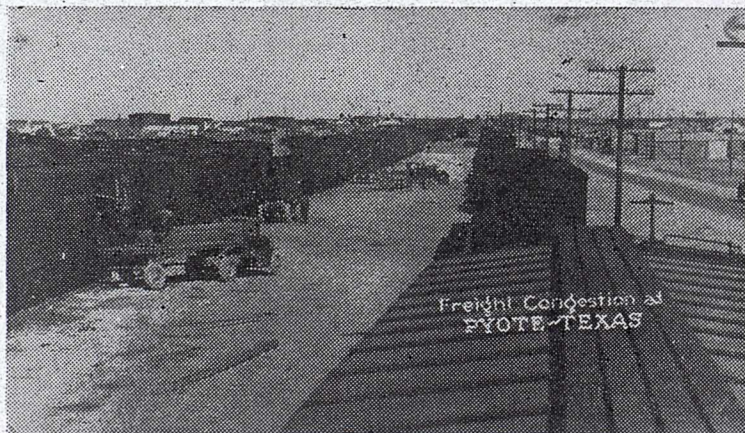
Pyote Looked



. . . . Like This



. . . . In 1927-28



The trucks in the top picture were part of a continuous stream rolling oil field equipment from Pyote's station to Wink back in 1927-28. The Wink Highway is now paved and the buildings in the picture are gone. So are 5,000 people who were the reason for the buildings.

Center and lower picture show an office building, gone with the people, and Pyote's freight yard at the height of the oil boom.

Jimmie's Cafe, in the remaining picture, is a classic example of what happened to Pyote.

Once Oil, Then Air Base Made Pyote Boom Town: In Between, A Mere Pause

It was the Fort Worth Star-Telegram's Bess Stephenson, now a WAAC officer, who described the town of Pyote as less than a stop on the T. & P. Railroad.

"Actually," she said, "it's a mere pause. If you're getting off there, the conductor has your suitcase on the ground and you by the hand before the train really comes to a full slow-down. He has the urgent look of a man in some awfully big hurry."

Like many another person who has arrived at Pyote of late, she was impressed by the fact that all she saw was a yellow depot and what is hardly more than a ghost town.

Accurately speaking, until the Rattlesnake Bomber Base opened for business next door to the town Pyote's active enterprises consisted of three cafes, two grocery stores, the railroad station, the J.P. office, and the post office. Due to wartime restrictions on building, there's little more to the town now: a theater which was moved in on wheels, two barber shops, two pool halls, and a drug store.

But Pyote was not always like this.

Oil in Winkler County brought Pyote its big boom in 1927-28. It was the railhead for the busy oil fields. In 1928, for example, the depot handled more freight than Fort Worth or Dallas or El Paso. And during March and July of that year its freight business outdid that of New Orleans.

You would never guess by looking at Pyote now, but its population during the big boom was 5,000. With further oil development at a standstill, the people got into their cars as oilboom folk are given to doing, and hit out for another boom. Part of them came

back in 1938, but after that minor spurt, the town dwindled away.

Probably Pyote's oldest settler is A. J. Sitton, who came there in 1907 and built the first store. The town, he relates, started with a 200-acre townsite, fostered by the railroad in the year he arrived so the T. & P. could put up a depot and unload freight bound for Hobbs, New Mexico, and other upland ranch country. A water well was drilled. Sitton bought the first lot and built his store. He's been at Pyote ever since.

During the pre-boom days, the town was kept alive by wagon trains which came down from Hobbs and from other points to pick up and set off freight. At one time there was even an irrigation project, which failed for the rather excellent reason that no surface water source was available to keep sun-parched plants alive.

Pyote's name comes from the cactus bean which was used by the Indians in the West instead of champagne for big occasions. The bean doesn't grow at Pyote, and is, in fact spelled with a "u" instead of an "o."

"But anyhow," Bess Stephenson said, "this is Pyote and it's named for a bean that is said to make you dizzy for a day, drunk for a week and crazy for a month. For a town with that nominal heritage, it isn't half bad."

But Now



General Lauds Ship-Shape Base, But-

Military Courtesy Here Just Isn't, Commander Finds

Brig. Gen. Robert B. Williams, commander of the newly organized 1st Bomber Command, and his staff made their first official visit to the Rattlesnake Bomber Base Thursday. The General's party, arriving in a B-24 Liberator, was met by Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., base commander; Lt. Col. Elbert Helton, 19th Group commander, and their staffs.

With one startling exception, the General liked this base.

Military courtesy, he noted, was practically non-existent.

His car, conspicuously marked with his insignia and escorted by guards, passed officers and enlisted men alike who failed to recognize the General with salutes. He saw enlisted men fail to salute their officers; he saw officers fail to return enlisted men's salutes. He saw junior officers fail to recognize senior officers. General Williams was not pleased, indicating that if courtesies were neglected other less obvious things might also be neglected.

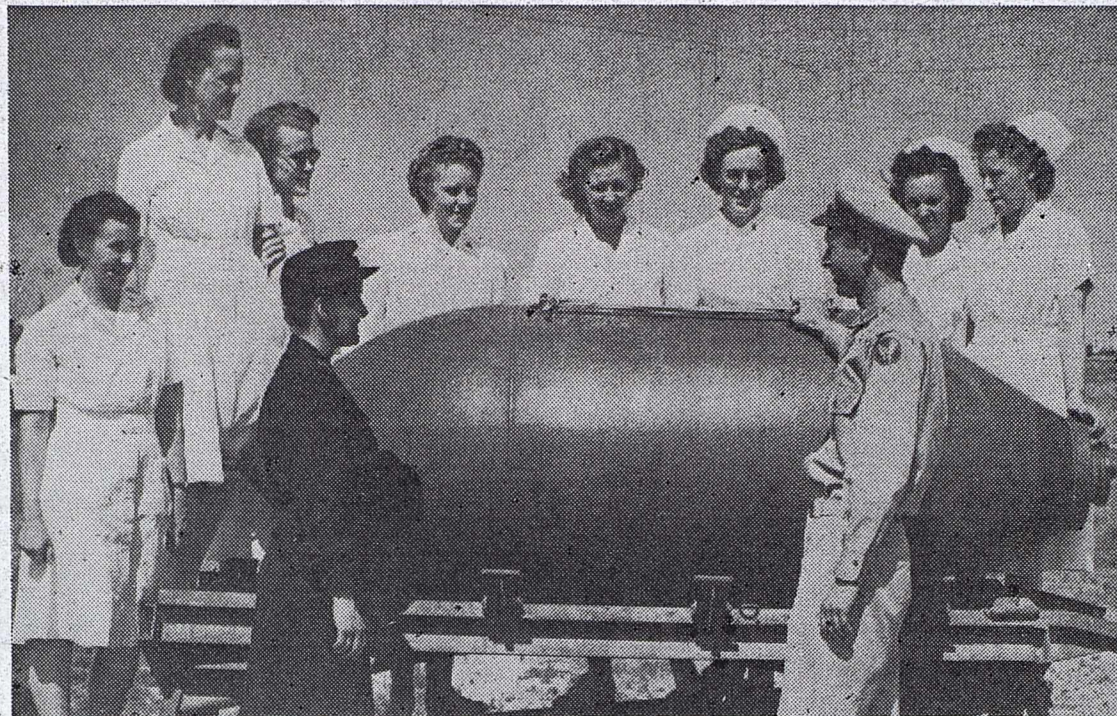
But General Williams found other things in apple-pie order.

Col. Hewitt's conclusion: All military personnel on the base must immediately learn courtesy, which will begin with the most obvious of all marks of military courtesy—the hand salute. "We are not at a summer camp," he declared. "Beginning immediately, we will not conduct ourselves as if we were a group of schoolboys and girls at a summer camp. The General found that we have a fine organization, but he had to look twice to find this. This will not be the case when he returns to the Rattlesnake Bomber Base."

He added: "Let's act like what we are—soldiers who are doing all that we can to help win a war. There is no place for a schoolboy complex here."

General Williams saw Pyote through many pairs of eyes. His party split up just after arriving and visited every department on the base. Officers in the party included: The General; Col. Dan. H. Alkire, chief of staff; Lt. Col. C. R. Allison, signal officer; Lt. Col. E. A. Sweet, Jr., A-1; Maj. R. A. Bremer, A-3; Maj. C. C. Pearson, medical officer; Capt. L. M. Barnes, ordnance; Capt. Fred Finney, public relations; Capt. H. W. Rathsach, engineering officer;

Something To Nurse Along



A nine-nurse model bomb, more appropriately known as a block-buster, is shown being inspected by members of Pyote's Nurses Corps under the direction of 1st Lt. Louis H. Norteman, base ordnance officer. Nurses, like everybody else in the Air Forces, never get through going to school. Those not urgently needed on duty attend classes every afternoon, and a part of their curriculum is seeing what makes other departments tick.

L-to-R on bomb carrier are Nurses LaRue E. Kent, Cecilia M. Kolakoski, Louise L. Cook, Frances L. Teterud, Kathryn E. Robison, Hilma M. Feay, Mary Catherine Kennedy, and Edna E. Barnes, all second lieutenants. Giving Ordnance Expert Norteman her full attention, front, is Chief Nurse Mary L. Szymkowicz, a first lieutenant. Quipped Nurse Szymkowicz to Lt. Norteman after visiting ammunition dumps: "It's a nice department store you're running here."

2nd Lt. H. G. Hadler, A-2; Chief W-O J. B. Crouse, communications officer.

General Williams, a veteran in the field of heavy bombardment, piloted his B-24 on the trip to Pyote. The big Liberator bomber is known as "81-IV." The figure "81" goes back to his first Flying Fortress—the second B-17, in fact, to come from the Boeing plant. The plane was No. 81 among the few heavy bombers the nation possessed.

The General's second and third planes were also Fortresses—"81-II" and "81-III." He was assigned "81-IV" only a month ago and has nothing but praise for the Consolidated Liberator. He is rated a command observer and command pilot.

Like the late Maj. Gen. Robert Olds, former 2nd Air Force commander, with whom he had had long association, Gen. Williams played an important part in the development of the four-motored bomber. He has flown heavy bombers since they were accepted by the army in 1937.

Eleven Men Die As Bomber Hits Isolated Mountain Before Dawn

The bodies of eleven men were found late Monday at the wreckage of a Flying Fortress on the summit of an isolated mountain 50 miles north of Van Horn by a searching party from the Rattlesnake Bomber Base, Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., base commander, announced today. Ten crew members and a radio instructor died when their plane crashed into the mountain before daylight Sunday.

It was the first fatal accident in five months of operation at this base. Col. Hewitt said that a board of officers has been appointed to investigate the accident.

The dead:

2nd Lt. William J. Sauer, pilot, Laurelton, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Charles G. Ryan, copilot, Coconut Grove, Fla.

2nd Lt. Frank M. Jones, Jr., bombardier, Perry, Okla.

2nd Lt. Joe A. Chamberlain, navigator, Houston, Texas.

Tech. Sgt. William E. Clark, radio instructor, Monahans, Texas. (Residence at time of accident).

Staff Sgt. Martin J. Patten, assistant engineer, Crestwood, N. Y. Cpl. Julian B. Wilkerson, en-

gineer, Gainesville, Fla.

Sgt. Edward J. O'Hearn, assistant radio operator, Green Island, N. Y.

Sgt. John J. Hefferan, Jr., gunner, Haverhill, Mass.

Sgt. Edward D. Reed, gunner, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Sgt. George W. Byrnes, radio operator, Pawtucket, R. I.

The plane had been missing since early Sunday morning and had been the object of a wide-spread search by military and civilian aircraft in West Texas and New Mexico. The wreckage was spotted from the air but could not be identified until the searching party had scaled a several hundred foot precipice to reach the peak's top.

Base Flight

Tech Inspector's Office

BY CPL. ROSS K. LAWRENCE

Someone was whistling "Throw Out the Life Line" when M-Sgt. Harold Randall was demonstrating the art of swimming "dog fashion" at the Monahans pool last Wednesday evening.

We understand that S-Sgt. Stan Sosnowski thoroughly enjoyed the dance last Tuesday evening. The Sgt. although a consistent "wall flower" on other occasions, did not lose any time getting a partner when the band started playing a polka.

In the last issue of The Rattler, the Medics soft ball team issued a standing challenge to all post teams. We suggest they send an emissary to Base Flight and contact Pfc. Lionel Depew and arrange for a game in the near future.

The boys at Base Flight would like to know if Sgt. James Jagusch entered his name on the social register at Kermit after attending one of the "pink tea" parties there.

We hear that a certain Pfc. returned from a nearby town recently, leaving his masticating appendages behind. Did you find them, Harry?

Our Pyote Cutie says that the rationing of shoes has a silver lining, especially to the small boy who wants to go barefoot this summer.

Engineering

BY WILBERT

We want to know why the boys from Base Tech Inspector's Office spend all their time gazing into the Engineering office; could it be their Pyote Cutie?

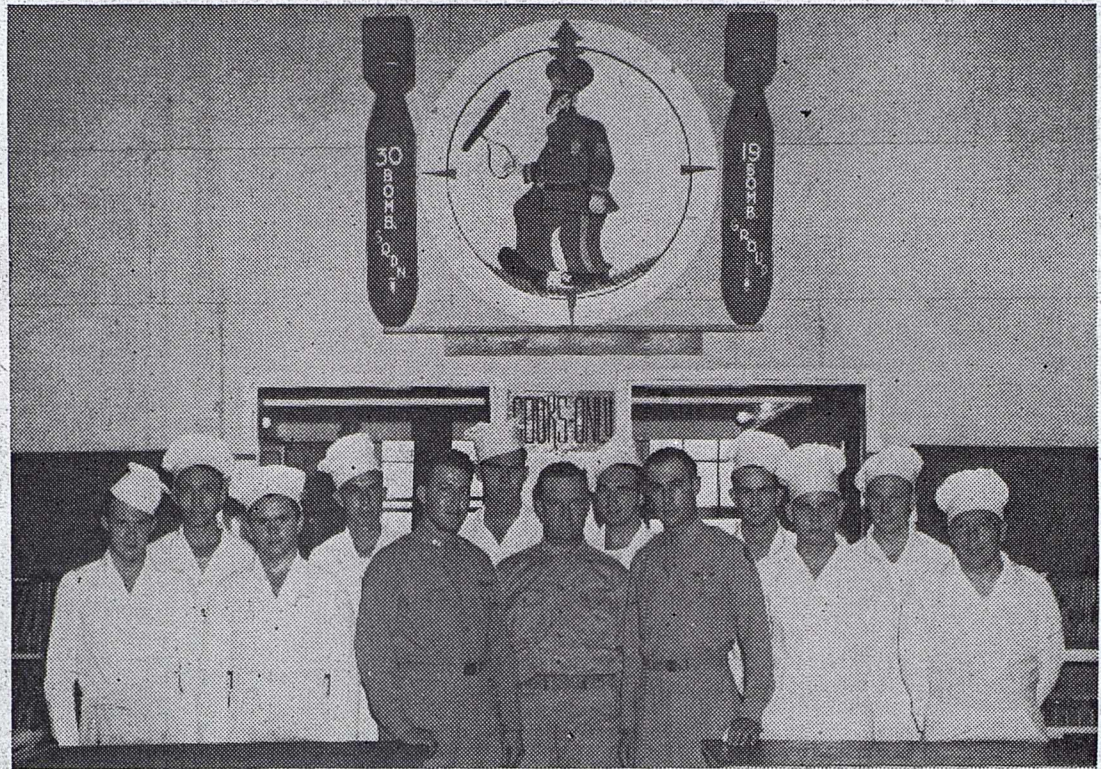
If any of the boys would like to have a nice recipe on fruit salad refer to M-Sgt. Randall. He seems to be a connoisseur of lip-stick since they started flavoring it to suit a man's taste.

Congratulations to Cpl. Leo Gaytowski and Cpl. George A. Zink on receiving their furlough. Have a good time byos. Wilbert wishes that he could be there with you. Both boys have been stationed here at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base since January.

PIGEONS GO AWOL

DESERT TRAINING CENTER, Cal. (CNS) — Thirty-nine Signal Corps carrier pigeons have gone "over the hill" from this desolate desert where temperatures range from 105 to 135. Things got too hot for them.

No Messy Mess For The 'Dirty 30th'



The Japs called one of the 19th Bombardment Group's ace squadrons the "Dirty 30th," but the Japs had only witnessed the effectiveness of the 30th Squadron's bombing—and had not seen their chow line. With a year of action in the Pacific behind them, the 30th has set up a model mess at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base.

Those responsible for this better-than-minor miracle, L-to-R are Cooks Vance Bundy, Joseph Bible, Lewis Orr, John Murphy; Capt. Edson J. Sponable, squadron commander; Cook Lewis Carson, Mess Sgt. Everett Shea, Cook Charles Roberts; Lt. M. Stadler, mess officer; Cooks William Robinson, Harold Mullikin, James Peterson, and Edward Ehret.

Bomb Squadron Proud Of Model Mess: Even The KPs Are Happy - It Says Here

Proper food for bombardmen means that bombs will be dropped properly.

This, at least, is the basis upon which Lt. Robert M. Stadler of Mess Hall No. 5 organized the 30th Squadron's mess. And the Flight Surgeon says he's right. Lt. Stadler is gone now, but he left something to be remembered.

Lt. Stadler's dream, in blue & white, is a model mess on the Rattlesnake Bomber Base. He and his men left nothing undone to make this more than a dream.

Mess trays actually sparkle in their neat racks which are made dustproof with canvas covers.

The mess hall sparkles in general. Freshly painted blue and white walls and tables are kept clean enough for anybody's white gloves.

The menu is just what the Flight Surgeon ordered, and it is carefully prepared and well-served.

Proud of their work, the boys have labeled it with a huge reproduction of the squadron emblem on the wall at one end of the hall. Sgt. James Cross, soon to be an aviation cadet, painted the insignia.

In addition to the 19th's 30th,

squadrons messing at No. 5 include the 28th and an airdrome squadron.

A large part of the credit for the 30th's good mess is due Capt. Edson J. Sponable, pilot, veteran of the war in the Pacific, and the squadron's C.O. He gives full cooperation in insuring that enlisted men at No. 5 eat well.

Mess sergeant it T-Sgt. E. E. Shea, who like his cooks knows what he's doing. The cooks all belong to the 30th and with one exception were overseas with the 19th.

K.P.'s do their work well because they get special consideration. If every man does his job on schedule, all get an hour and a half rest period during the afternoon. And often they get time off in the morning.

Said Lt. Stadler: "I don't ask any man in the mess to do any-

Laff Of The Week

FT. WARREN, Wyo. (CNS)—Lt. Rolland H. Pederson had just completed a 10-minute lecture here on tactical conditions under enemy fire.

He said, "Remember not to worry too much about enemy fire for only one shell has your name on it."

"But, sir," said a voice at the end of the hall, "I don't like all those shells that are addressed to whom it may concern."

thing that I can't do and wouldn't do." He proved this point on occasion by showing a K.P. how his job should be done.

Lt. Stadler, of Great Neck, Long Island, did sales promotion work and advertizing for the Van Raalte Company during his civilian days in New York. He's a bombardier, but is grounded for physical reasons.

Lt. Stadler has been transferred to Salt Lake City.

Base Personnel Warned To Mend Driving Habits

If you haven't read General Order No. 18, better get a copy and brush up on it. It's important to you, if you own or drive a car.

Attention was directed to the order today, with an accompanying warning for all enlisted men and officers to "get on the beam" in their driving habits on and near the base.

The order covers speed limits and driving courtesies, describes parking rules, and outlines requirements for getting base tags for privately owned cars.

In general the traffic rules are the same as those in any large city. Pedestrians have the right of way.

Pertinent points of the order are: Speed limit on the base is 20 miles an hour, and off the base—35; hand signals (as prescribed in FM 21-300) are to be strictly observed; parking in prohibited area and in an improper manner will cause vehicles to be tagged; no cars (except those of visitors, will be allowed to enter the base until all regulations have been met and the car registered personal cars of officers, enlisted men and civilians must be registered with the Provost Marshal; offenders are to report to the office of the Provost Marshal at 9 o'clock on the morning following the offense.

A Highway Traffic Control Section has been formed from the Base Guard Squadron; it will patrol the highway between the post and Monahans and will take all government-owned vehicles and base-registered privately owned cars which are found exceeding the national 35-mile-per-hour speed limit. Penalties for such infractions include the temporary removal or permanent revocation of the driver's base tag or, if a government vehicle, removed or revocation of the government driver's permit.

Capt. Clark Gable Causes Farm Problem

LONDON (CNS)—A "farm labor" problem has been developed near an Army Air base here because the farm girls won't work. They prefer to spend their time hanging around the base hoping to catch a glimpse of Capt. Clark Gable—the American movie idol.

On one trip to a nearby village he was mobbed by feminine admirers and they tore buttons off his tunic. He took refuge in a church.

Refugee



BEST PROOF yet that Hitler is crazy comes in the shapely form above, which is that of Madeleine Le Beau, who was chased out of Paris by Der Fuehrer's fury. Yes, Hollywood has her now, and a welcome refugee she is.

STRONG-ARMED WAVE KO'S CIVILIAN SOUSE

NEW YORK (CNS) — Strong-armed Apprentice Seaman Audrey Pearl Roberts, WAVE, k.o.'d a civilian (male) souse while she was pulling guard as an SP at a Navy-gals training center here. She had orders not to permit anyone to pass the gate at which she was stationed without proper authority. Two drunks tried to negotiate the passage. She "knocked one of them flat" in her own words and then male bluejackets took over. She was the first member of the WAVES to receive a citation for "successfully defending her post and efficiently carrying out her orders with disregard for her own personal safety."

Second Air Force's Expansion Develops Two Bomber Commands

Reorganization of the 2nd Air Force and removal of its headquarters from Fort George Wright, Wash., to Colorado Springs, Colo., was announced this week by Maj. Gen. Davenport Johnson, commanding general.

The 2nd Air Force now has two divisions, the 1st Bomber Command of which the Rattlesnake Bomber Base is a part with headquarters at Biggs Field, El Paso, and the 2nd Bomber Command with headquarters at Fort George Wright.

Second Air Force headquarters will be moved to Colorado early in June.

Reason for the changes: The 2nd Air Force has grown to such proportions, having bases scattered from Canada to Mexico and from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi River, that further breakdown of command becomes necessary. Headquarters is being moved in order that the central command will be located nearer the geographical center of the Air Force.

Brig. Gen. Robert B. Williams, who with his staff visited Pyote last week, is commander of the new 1st Bomber Command. Brig. Gen. Eugene L. Eubank, a former commander of the 19th Bombardment Group, heads the 2nd Bomber Command.

Col. Aubrey L. Moore has been named chief of staff of the 2nd Air Force by Maj. Gen. Davenport Johnson, commanding general, to succeed Brig. Gen. Nathan B. Forrest, who is going to a new station, destination unannounced.

Col. Moore came to the 2nd Air Force some time ago from Washington, D. C., where he was assigned as a member of the air staff, Army Air Forces. He served two years in Hawaii starting in 1936 and holds rating as a command pilot. His home is Hubbard, Texas, and he was graduated from Texas A. & M. in 1923.

COLONEL HOLDS JAP PILOT LICENSE

FT. LOGAN, Col. (CNS) — A Japanese pilot's license is held by Col. Arthur Goebel who says he longs to use it flying over Nippon dropping bombs.

up, you guys! We can't win the war if you sleep all the time. Let's fall out before I get mad." Confidentially, the boys are planning to frame up on him if that S—tuff doesn't cease.

Pfc. Lockamy was lost six and a half hours leading Pvt. Reams to the Bombing range. Whats this Eddie, now who needs a compass?

Quote by Lockamy "Terrain in Texas all looks the same." So fellows if you want to get lost, why take Corp. Lockamy with you. He'll lose you free of charge.



Sq. Ramblings

BY PFC. EDDIE LOCKAMY

S-Sgt. Leonard Molan urges the men who have signed for athletic equipment to return it at once and have their names removed from the I.O.U. list. Please, fellows, we are trying to organize a baseball team, and that can't be done when the squadrons equipment is kept out over time.

Sgt. Michael Ram and Norman Bleshman have left for the "grind of their lives." Both men were ordered to report to the Administrative O.C.S. at Miami, Fla. The Squadron wishes these future officers the very best of luck in the task ahead.

Sgt. Gilbert Cohen, Classification's master-mind, has left to pursue a course in advanced classification work at Dakota College of Agricultural and Mechanical Arts. He will attend school for a period of eight weeks and, upon graduation, returned to his happy home, Pyote.

What has happened to the love affair of Mr. Jo Jo and Miss Henrietta? And also, who was the girl on "B" shift at the Sub-Depot who declined the invitation of Mr. Jo Jo to attend the N.C.O. dance?

Why does Sgt. Thomas Smith gripe so vociferously during the calisthenics period? Quit being an old "meanie," Smitty!

Congratulations to Sgt. Fred Barber and his bride, the former Miss Lucille Holly, who were married on May 3rd in Kermit! These newly-weds have our best wishes.

Pvt. Roy C. Linton has a tough time trying to keep Pvt. Ralph Espinoza out of his locker. Ralph, can't you keep your girl from giving her picture to other fellows?

S-Sgt. Stan (Toughy) Sosnowsky is really a nice fellow, although he gets a little mean when he has to awaken the sleeping beauties in Barracks 2 for calisthenics. By the way, here is how he sounds at six A.M. in the morning: "Get

EDITORIAL:

Two Wars: One Purpose

Our garrison flag flew at half mast Sunday. It flew that way from reveille until noon, and then was hoisted briskly to the top of the staff.

In this simple manner, in the midst of a world again at war, we paid tribute to those men who had lost their lives in the service of their country. It was Memorial Day, 1943.

On this day, on every battlefield, American fighting men and their comrades of the United Nations were giving their lives so that civilization might endure.

The price of victory is heavy, and many a gold star must yet hang from the windows of the land before we shall be able to write the peace.

We entered this war not through choice but by necessity. We knew that the struggle would be long and bitter. But we vowed that we would give better than we would take. And we have kept that promise.

In our first great land offensive in North Africa we and our allies have emerged victorious. That is cause for rejoicing; but it is not reason for overconfidence. We may take just pride in the achievement of our troops who met the best the enemy could offer. Veteran Nazi tank and panzer divisions were outfought and outsmarted.

For many of our men, this was their first taste of actual battle. They proved their worth. Joe, the grocer clerk, Sam, the lawyer, Mike, the electrician—men born and raised under the wing of democracy—faced the pick of Hitler's and Goering's "supermen" and turned them into weak and willing prisoners.

But it was not an easy job. And we must face the facts frankly. No battle can be won without its cost in dead and wounded. And we must prepare ourselves for the costlier struggle yet ahead. The day of invasion draws near. We have no fear of the outcome. But we must steel ourselves to the grim facts of war.

We know that the soldiers on this base have the fortitude it takes to win on any battlefield; we must believe that the people on the homefront have a similar determination to do whatever is necessary to bring victory. Mothers who have lost sons in combat have gone to work in war plants so that other sons will have the weapons of war to continue to fight. Brothers are taking the place of brothers in the army. Women are joining the WAAC, the Red Cross, and they are serving as Air Raid Wardens and Nurses Aids. Civilians everywhere are donating blood to blood banks. They are doing these things and many more.

These efforts are small enough when compared with the supreme sacrifice. But we know that most of our families back home are doing what they can to help us.

Before another Memorial Day comes around, many of us on this base will see action on a fighting front. It is up to us to be ready; getting ready for battle is the job we are doing at Pyote.

THE RATTLER

Published each Wednesday at Rattlesnake Bomber Base, Pyote, Texas

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

Edited & published by and for personnel at the AAB, Pyote, Texas.

Opinions expressed in this newspaper are those of the staff members of individual writers and are not to be considered as expressions of the Army Air Forces.

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CARTOONISTS: Pfc. Robert Forrest.

PHOTOGRAPHERS: S-Sgt. John Lucas, Sgt. Walter Seefeldt.

The Rattler receives Camp Newspaper Service material.

The Wolf

by Sansone



The Diplomatic Front:

After the first World War every nation, without notable exception, sought individually to secure its self interests, paying lip-service mainly to international machinery to that end. Too late, the scramble for collective security began, to succeed only in aligning the World Powers for a global war.

Even after the conflict had reached terrible intensity, the nations menaced by totalitarian aggression fought individually on the defensive. Only when those nations began moving toward a unity of purpose and action commensurate with their common interests did the war's tide turn.

The victorious nations after this war must preserve that unity if they are to establish and maintain a workable peaceful order, with economic and political justice for all. Thus, Norman Angell, in his book *Let The People Know*, insists that majority popular opinion in the various countries must understand a single basic principle of international affairs:

"No nation in the modern world can possibly defend itself effectively against the form of violence most likely to threaten it unless it is prepared to take its part in the defense of others. By refusing to concern ourselves with the defense of others we make our own impossible."

Mr. Angell expounds:

"After all, ten men can overcome a hundred, ten times their

number, if the hundred insist that each must defend himself individually, not in co-operation with the others; for in that case the ten do not face a hundred, they only face one, one at a time. Thus, less than two hundred million in Germany and Japan threaten two thousand million throughout the world at large. The menace to the peoples of the world comes from a tenth of their number. That is the strategic or mathematical statement of the truth we have all forgotten or repudiated. But one can formulate it also in the moral form already indicated: If we will not defend the vital rights of others, then inevitably we reach a situation in which it becomes impossible to defend our own."

"The basis of all civilization is the defense of each by all; the defense, by the community, of the rights of the individual, beginning of course with the most elementary right of all, the Right to Life, to existence, the right not to be tortured, killed, destroyed. And it has been obvious, at the very least since the war, that this principle is as true of the relationship of nations as of men."

The national leaderships — in this country the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate—at the peace table must define those rights meriting collective protection.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS -



Did you see "Desert Victory?" Pretty rough, wasn't it? Those were no Hollywood flash pots, were they? They were the real McCoy. And those lads were not taking fake "dives" at the barked command of a director: they were walking into steel.

The triumphal entry into Tripoli was a beautiful thing. Those rugged tanks and rugged men rolling down the main stem put a tingle up your spine. But it came the hard way, didn't it? That's the only way it ever comes. The minds that planned this victory did not expect it to be a basket picnic. If they had, there would have been no victory.

How are you getting along in your struggle for victory? I mean victory over yourself. Or did you know that you are in a battle? Whether you know it or not, you are! You may be dogging it. You may be kidding yourself that there is no battle to fight. But the battle is there. You may be losing every phase of it; but it's there.

This battle is being waged between your God-given power of reason and will on the one side, and the powerful drag of the lower instincts of your animal nature on the other.

If you protest that there is no struggle: that your every thought, word, and act is coolly directed by the power of reason and strength of will, without any drag toward the opposite side, you are either mistaken, or you are abnormal.

The trouble with most of us is that we recognize the vital conflict and the importance that reason should win out. But we underestimate the grimness of the battle, and expect that winning the victory should be a Sunday-school picnic. We want the victory: we want the noble attainment of a restrained, controlled life, ordered by right reason. But we do not want it the hard way. And there is no easy way.

So we find ourselves losing the battle at this point and that. Underestimating the price we must pay in stern self-restraint and self-discipline, we fall easy prey to the forces of passion, hunger for pleasure, and the backward push of sheer monotony.

Then we are in danger of falling for the inevitable sop that the weakling throws his dying self-respect: namely, that the hardship of Army life necessitates a let-down, the demands of nature cannot be repressed, and the rest of that hog-wash.

Be sure that you are not taken

CATHOLIC SERVICES
 Sunday Masses: 0600, 0800, and 1615.

Confessions: Saturday, 1500, to 1730; 1900 to 2100. Sunday, before the Masses.

Weekday Masses: every day but Thursday, 1730.

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

Benediction and Rosary; Tuesday at 1930. Friday at 2100.

First Friday of June: Masses 0600 and 1730. Confessions Thursday afternoon and evening.

PROTESTANT SERVICES
 Sunday: Aviation Squadron Service, 0900.

1030, Base Chapel
 1930, Base Chapel
 1430, Hospital Service

Wednesday: Bible Study Class, 1930.

Thursday: Chapel Chorus Rehearsal, 1900.

Community Sing, 2000.
 Motion Picture, 2030.

JEWISH SERVICES
 Friday: Evening Services, 1930.

in by that type of upside-down reasoning. We are men, not beasts. And the glory of our manhood is that we are destined to direct our lives by that power that makes us like God,—our reason. The nobility of our nature as men lies in the fact that we need not be led by blind animal appetite, but by God-given intelligence.

The battle of the desert was rough. Its cost was high in blood and agony. But every man who died in it and every man who lived through it was convinced that the victory was worth the price.

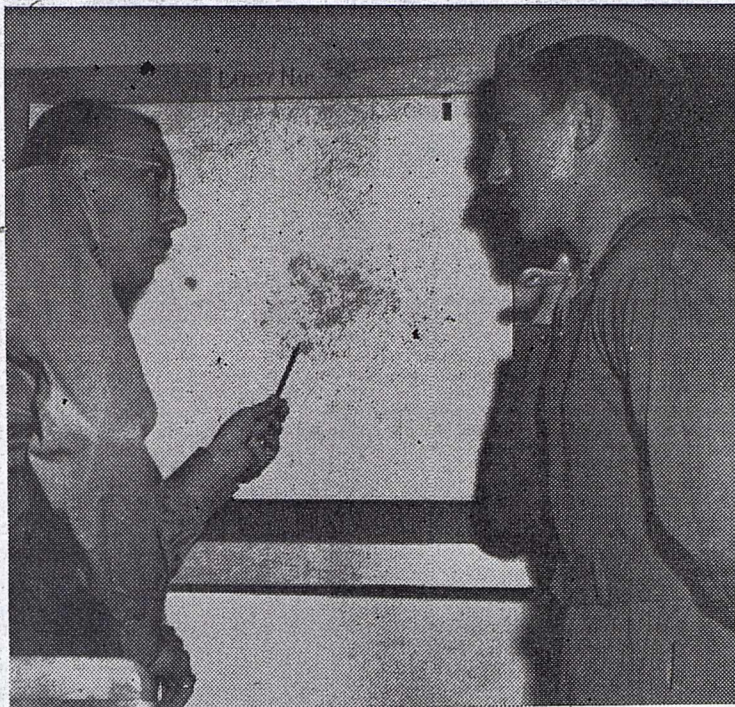
For victory in our personal battle we must pay the price too. The obstacles to be overcome are rugged: passion, greed, lust, pride, fear about the opinion of others. On our own strength we might very well despair of victory. But we are not on our own! We have the power of God on our side. If we give God a chance, He will make the triumph or reason over appetite a thing of reality. Let's give Him His chance.

—Chaplain Bernard J. Gannon

LONDON (CNS) — Possibility of "volcanic bombing" is being discussed by the top flight officers of the Royal Air Force. RAF pilots are reported to have accidentally bombed Mt. Vesuvius, near Naples, in 1940 and certain quarters are advancing the belief that volcanoes might be set in active eruption by such tactics. If such were true, Mt. Fujiyama, near Tokio, might also be a target. Most experts feel that explosions of even the most powerful blockbusters would be weak to start volcanic action.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

Keeper Of The Breeze



S-Sgt. MAURICE L. MILLER, Chief Weather Forecaster at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base, above gives out with some fine points on some fine climate. Listening is Capt. L. A. Taylor, Pyote's Base Operations Officer.

Sgt. Miller Can't Change Nature, But Can Spot Nature's Changes

BY PFC SID KANE

Do you desire a little rain? Is it too warm for you? Read on and see if S-Sgt. Maurice L. Miller of the Base Weather Squadron can't help you out.

Leaving Fremont, Ohio, he enlisted in the Air Force in October, 1941. As a linoleum craftsman, he makes a swell weather forecaster . . . from pulling a knife through linoleum, to pushing a pencil across a weather map.

After basic training at J.B., he passed the qualifying exams for a course at a weather school. He was sent to Kelly Field, where for five months, he received the most intensive training right on the job. At the end of this period, Sgt. Miller received his diploma as a full-fledged weather forecaster.

Upon completion of his studies, he came to Pyote. When he first arrived here on Nov. 28, 1942, Noah Sitton (Pyote's first settler) remarked to him, "No one but a fool or a newcomer would attempt to forecast the weather in this neck of the woods."

Very shortly after he got here, he discovered that the weather station at Pyote had not yet begun to function as such. Waiting for the station equipment to arrive and to be set up, he kept himself quite busy as a postal clerk and messenger. An interesting note of Miller's early days here, is his recollection that all the enlisted

men on the new post (grand total 45) lived in one barracks. There was just one mess hall which served officers, the 45 enlisted men, and the civilian employees of the nucleus, which is now the Rattlesnake Bomber Base.

Finally, after five weeks, the Pyote Weather Station opened its doors and windows for business. Sgt. Miller pitched right into the work of his choice, and within the month, became Chief Weather Forecaster.

His job is to determine for the pilots, the weather conditions they will encounter during flight. These forecasts are based on reports coming over the teletype system from all parts of the country. These teletype hook-ups link all weather stations, and the weather at any station is known to all. The weather station operates on a 24 hour schedule (No. 1 Mess Hall yells loud and long, about keeping up with the weatherman's schedule).

A A B SPORTS

Baseball Doings In The Majors

BY PFC. HYMAN BROOK
Sports Editor

AMERICAN LEAGUE: The New York Yankees came right back at the Cleveland Indians this week to take three straight, hopping again into first place, after the Washington Sen. dropped a double-header Sunday. Chandler, Murphy, and Wensloff did the hurling for the Yanks to send the Cleveland Indians back down to fourth place. Rookie Charley Wensloff pitched six-hit ball in the nightcap after Spud Chandler had received his first victory of the season. New York beat the Tribe in the first game of their series 9 to 5 with Bonham hurling.

The Wash. Sen, who held top position for two days this week, fell back to second place after dropping a twin-bill to the Chicago White Sox. The White Sox won by the scores of 5 to 1, and 5 to 2.

The Philadelphia Athletics took both ends of their doubleheader Sun. from the St. Louis Browns, to move up into third position. The Browns however drubbed the Athletics in Saturday's game by the score of 10 to 2. Jesse Flores won the night cap 4 to 1, making it his seventh consecutive win of the season against one defeat. If Jesse Flores continues to pitch as he is doing now he will be heading right into a barrel of dough.

The Boston Red Sox finally came through Sunday to take both ends of a doubleheader from Detroit 3 to 0 and 5 to 1. Earlier in the week the Red Sox trined the Indians in a twin bill, to take 2 out of the 3 games played.

NATIONAL LEAGUE: Those Brooklyn Bums are at it again, but they still can't shake off the second place Cards. The Cincinnati Reds lost their fifth consecutive doubleheader Sun. Dodgers took the Reds to the tune of 6 to 0 and 10 to 6 in Sunday's games. Cincinnati Reds took a tough squeeze from the Dodger's in Saturday's game 5 to 4 in 11 innings. Frey's single with bases full in the 11th inning did the trick.

Vince DiMaggio singled home a run in the 10th inning to give the Pittsburgh Pirates a 2 to 1 victory, and sweep a doubleheader from Phillie. Herbert and Sewell went to the box for the Pirates. The Pi-

rate and Phils are battling it out for fifth and sixth positions.

The Chicago Cubs gave up 10 hits to the Boston Braves to win the opening game of the double-header 5 to 1, behind the pitching of Paul Derringer. The second game was called in the third inning, with the Cubs leading 4 to 3.

The seventh place New York Giants split a twin bill with the St. Louis Cards Sunday by the scores of 7 to 2, and 2 to 3.

Standings

TUESDAY:

National League

Clubs—	W	L	Pct
Brooklyn	25	13	.658
St. Louis	22	13	.629
Boston	16	15	.516
Cincinnati	17	18	.486
Pittsburgh	16	17	.485
Philadelphia	16	19	.457
New York	15	21	.417
Chicago	12	23	.343

American League

Clubs—	W	L	Pct
New York	19	13	.594
Washington	19	16	.543
Philadelphia	19	17	.528
Cleveland	18	17	.514
Detroit	16	16	.500
Boston	17	19	.472
Chicago	13	16	.448
St. Louis	11	18	.379

SERVICEGALS BOP CIVILIAN SISTERS IN SOFTBALL, 8-6

NEW YORK (CNS) — WAVES SPARS, and Leathernecker's held a softball game with civilian women employees of a Naval procurement office here. The service-gals won 8 to 6. The game was to have been played in Central Park but rain forced the female club swingers into a nearby armory.

CRAP CASH PROMOTES PRIVATE TO 'CAPTAIN'

NEW YORK (CNS) — Eleven hundred bucks crap winnings changed Pvt. Albert J. Bush of Ft. Bragg, N. C., into a "captain." Cops caught up with him after he had done the night spots and pawned a camera which belonged to a friend with whom he had been living.

Count Fleet Is Big Favorite At Belmont—But

Count Fleet will go to the barrier next Saturday at Belmont Park for the large Belmont Stakes, in a possible field of eight starters. Count Fleet will be one of the shortest prices on the mutual betting board in the history of racing, he is expected to go to the post at less than a 1 to 3 shot.

As usual the Hert's Hurricane will have Jockey Johnny Longden in the saddle at 127 pounds. If the Count wins this great yearly classic it will make him one of the greatest thoroughbreds in the history of racing. Count Fleet has already earned close to a quarter of a million dollars, to come fairly close to the earnings of Whirlaway and Bimlech.

Blue Swords who has been the only horse to come anywhere near the Count will be at the Belmont Stakes this Saturday. It wouldn't surprise your sports editor one bit if the Count should be left holding the bag, besides the hundreds of thousands of ticket holders. I'll let my ticket go on Blue Swords on the shonoz.

Things To Know

Middletown, Conn., May 29 — Wesleyan University announced Saturday that it had discontinued intercollegiate athletic competition for the duration of the war.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 29 — In a tabulation taken by the Cincinnati Reds Saturday, the fans voted to determine when games should start now that people are working around the clock in war plants. The result of the voting showed that 25 per cent of the fans wanted the present 3 p.m., 22 per cent twilight, 31 per cent morning and the rest of the games at miscellaneous times, including more night games.

The Penn. Boxing Commission has not yet determined whether Bob Montgomery will be recognized at the lightweight champion in its territory.

Dim-out authorities approved lighting arrangements for the June 8 featherweight title bout at Boston Braves Field between Willie Pep and Challenger Sal Bartolo.

National Boxing Association rating committee said it is likely that the winner of the Bivins-Marshall fight at Cleveland June 8 would be recognized as light-weight champ till after the war.

Ring Notes

Steps are being taken to untangle the disputed lightweight championship. Bob Montgomery, the negro boy from Phillie, was recognized by the New York State Boxing Commission as being the champ after his bout with Beau Jack from Georgia. However the National Boxing Association refuses to see it as such.

With Henry (Hammerin Hank) Armstrong showing a sensational comeback, and winning 19 out of his last 22 fights, he has his chances of being recognized by the boxing associations. Henry Armstrong after knocking out Maxie Shapiro in the seventh round at the Phil. Convention Hall last week, showed the fight fans that he is ready to regain his former title.

Plans are now being made to sign Armstrong and Sammy Angott on June 11, at Madison Square Garden. Sammy Angott, who gave up the undisputed crown in November due to hand injuries, has now re-entered the ring. Angott proved to fight fans that he is O.K. by his defeat of Willie Pep of Pittsburgh.

Plans are also being made to have Montgomery and Greco meet in a non-title bout. The winner of the two will fight the winners of the Armstrong-Angott fight for the title. Just one more thing that makes this lightweight title such a mixup is that Beau Jack's contract with Bob Montgomery reads that a re-match would be given within 90 day's to Beau Jack if he lost, which he did.

Willie Pep is having troubles of his own concerning the world's featherweight title. Pep won the title from Negro Chalky Wright in Madison Square Garden, and Jackie Callura gained the NBA title by beating Jackie Wilson at Providence, R. I.

Lou Viscusi, manager of Willie Pep, says that there couldn't very well be two champs for the same title, so he wants to get a match between the two boys to decide the real champ. Contract terms would have to be on a 50-50 basis however. Willie Pep has already signed up for a title bout with Sal Bartola on June 8 in Boston.

Vernon Stephens, of the St. Louis Browns, is scheduled for induction June 7. Stephens who has been one of the leading hitters in the American League this year, will now have to do a little pinch-hitting for Uncle Sam. Vernon was batting .368, and his leaving will be a severe blow to the Browns Pennant hopes.

\$\$ Financiers \$\$

BY SGT. JOHN J. SHAW

From the rockbound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California; this might sound like the beginning of a political speech but it is simply an introduction to the personnel of the Finance Office:

From the Silver Dollar State of Colorado, comes our Finance Officer, 1st Lt. Eugene D. Taber . . . in civ. life he was an advertising man for P & G (Proctor & Gamble) . . . our Assistant Finance Officer, Thomas J. Dudley, Jr., hails from Santa Rosa, Texas . . . He spent six years in Amarillo, Texas, as an accountant . . . Mr. Thomas S. Kleppe, our Warrant Officer, claims Kintyre, North Dakota, as his own . . . but we find out that he was manager of the Stock Growers Bank in Napoleon, North Dakota.

Our Secretary, Mrs. Martha J. Blair, seems to favor good ole' Virginny; Norfolk is the town, Suh! . . . The Auditor and trouble-shooter is T-Sgt. Alexander Klebanoff, a fast-movin' guy from New York City . . . he was also an accountant in civ. life . . . The Cashier and pay-off man is Sgt. John Shaw . . . just a guy from Brooklyn and he thinks his Bums are great . . . he spent twelve years working in various New York City Banks.

Here is our Enlisted Pay Section: Top man there is S-Sgt. Thomas Nevinger, the kid from St. Looie! . . . his last position in civ. life was Department Head for one of St Looie's largest department stores . . . Cpl. Victor Pearson tells us that his home is Bellingham in the state of Washington where he operated a Super Food Market, (No ration coupons, Remember?) . . . Sgt. Andrew Jaekle proudly claims New York City . . . he was an accountant in civ. life and we are pleased to mention the fact that he served with the Swiss Army in the last War, at which time he was a Tech. Sgt., (1918-24).

Sgt. Wayne Gurney in charge of Ration and Furlough Payments, states that Salt Lake City, Utah, is home . . . he dabbled in real estate and spent some time in the hardware and paint business . . . Cpl. Charles Strader calls Arcanum, Ohio, his home . . . It is nothing new for Charlie to work for Uncle Sam because in civ. life he carried the mail . . . Pvt. Paul Loyd of Abilene, Kansas, also worked for Uncle Sam in civ. life and he, too, carried the mail . . . between Charlie and Loyd they have at least thirty years of postal service . . . Pvt. Otto Dominik says "Give me the Windy City of Chicago" . . . he came to the Army Camps from a college campus . . . Oh yes! the

gal in that section, Miss Frances B. Vargas, is a Texan, she resides in El Paso . . .

We now present the Officer's Pay Section: . . . Cpl. Reginald Clay is the guy from the rockbound coast of Maine . . . Lincoln is the town . . . he was an accountant in civ. life . . . Pfc. David W. Bell, who at present is recuperating from an appendectomy, is a former banker from Detroit . . . and what's more he actually OWNS a bank there . . . Pvt. Elmer Tepe is another from the city of St. Looie . . . he spent sixteen years as sales manager for the largest mens' hat concern this side of ol' man river and also did supervisory work for the Curtiss Wright Corporation, Airplane Division.

Pvt. McDonald keeps saying, "New Joisey was never like dis" . . . his abode is Leonia, New Jersey . . . he is a Certified Public Accountant in New York State, and his last position was with Price Waterhouse & Company of New York City . . . Pvt. Walter Baumgartner, Jr., claims to know "Kansas City Kitty" very well . . . he, too, is an accountant and auditor . . . there are two cute little

gals in this department, Miss Sue Westbrooks who lives next door to us in Kermit, is the typigest typist around these parts . . . she reminds us of "Ol' Man River," 'cause she just keeps typing those officer's pay vouchers all the live long day . . . Mrs. Aneta Craig, the able assistant of that department, comes from Salem, Oregon, and tells us that the salmon up that way are the finest.

The Accounting Section comes next: Sgt. Bagley, (in charge) is from the land of timber, his home in Spokane, Washington. In civ. life, the Sgt. was a bookkeeper. The other half of the staff is Mrs. Sally J. Smith, who through no fault of her own was reared in the sleepy town of Piedmont, Missouri . . . she is the gal who types all the checks for the military and civilian personnel of this Base, in addition to her other duties which are varied.

Here is our Commercial Section: the boss is Sgt. Gordon Larson who hails from the same joint as Sgt. Bagley, his occupation was a bank clerk . . . Pvt. Gardner, his assistant, comes from Columbus, Ohio; he, too, worked for Uncle Sam in civ. life in one of the al-

phabet departments . . . Their secretary, Miss Florence Englert, is from good ol' Paducah, Kentucky, (No Feudin') . . . Cpl. Walter Hanson is at present attending Finance OCS at Duke University . . . his home is California (LA) . . . Yes, he, too, was an accountant in civil life . . . Cpl. James G. Rosson, Jr., is also attending Finance School at Wake Forest College, North Carolina . . . he is a native of Baltimore, Maryland, where he worked as a Bank Clerk.

The next in line and last mentioned is our Mileage Section headed by Sgt. Eucl Smith of Little Rock, Arkansas. He won't be happy til' he's back on the farm again . . . Cpl. Frederick Stein from Cleveland, Ohio, is a former clerk and super-salesman . . . Pvt. Richard Miller would like to be stationed at Mitchell Field, New York, for a very obvious reason . . . it's just twenty minutes from Miller's little home . . . he, too, is an accountant . . .

Now that we are acquainted, you will hear from us regularly, and we do hope that you enjoy reading our column as much as we enjoy writing it . . . We won't forget you on PAY DAY! So long for now.

M A L E C A L L

BY MILTON CANIFF



19th Bomb Group

30th Squadron

BY S-SGT. KENNETH WALKER

This Bombardment Squadron mourns the death of S-Sgt. John J. Wilfley. S-Sgt. Wilfley has been a member of the Squadron since the outbreak of war and has flown combat missions as a radio operator since that time. Most of the officers and enlisted men of the old squadron will remember S-Sgt. Wilfley for his outstanding combat ability and courage in the Philippines, Java, and Australia.

Notice to all eligible wolves on Rattlesnake Base; Cupid is really having a field day as one of the squadron's better known wolves (Sgt. Archie Hunter) was married in Monahans to Miss Estella Baker. Good luck Sgt. and Mrs. Hunter.

What's the reason for Captain Sponable burning all the midnight oil? Could it be his whole hearted interest in the Squadron or that 8x10 photograph on his desk. (The luckyfellow).

The Squadron is having no end of trouble in S-1 due to the shortage of typewriters. The situation is so critical that some of the office personnel have resorted to borrowing typewriters from their girl friends.

M-Sgt. Snow and Reuther have left the squadron to attend Officers Candidate School. "Good Luck Fellows."

The squadron is still talking about their party of May 13 held near Grandfalls. It's rumored that Lt. Stadler still makes nightly trips to the lake and picnic grounds.

Again leading the march to the altar is the marrin' 19th, all of which is beginning not to be news anymore at Rattlesnake Bomber Base.

Married at the Base Chapel May 26 were Lt. Robert B. Bailey, 93rd Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Marjorie B. Benedikter. Two couples were married in the Base Chapel June 1—with the young ladies claiming honors as two of the first June brides here—were Sgt. Malcolm W. Patton, 30th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Geneva M. Larson; Pfc. Sherman W. Sims, Gerdt's Air-drome Squadron, and Miss Marjorie H. Ellis.

Also taking out marriage licenses lately were the following couples:

Lt. Myron J. Dmochowski, 30th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Eddie M. Pritchett.

Sgt. Archie Dee Hunter, 30th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Estella Lorraine Baker.

S-Sgt. Roscoe J. Alderman, 30th

America's Gain



RITA CORDAY, now an RKO honey, was dancing in Shanghai when the Japs started their attack, but managed to get out and to America just in time.



This Week's Schedule:

Wed. & Thurs. — "Lady of Burlesque," with Barbara Stanwyck & Michael O'Shea. Disney Cartoon. Paramount News.

Fri. — "Night Plane From Chungking" with Robert Preston & Ellen Drew. Pete Smith Specialty: "Fala, the President's Dog." "Dancing on the Stars," with Al Donahue & orchestra. Terrytoon.

Sat. — "Holiday Inn," with Bing Crosby & Fred Astaire. Sport-scope.

Sun. & Mon. — "Assignment in Brittany," with Pierre Aumont & Susan Peters. "The War" & Paramount News.

Tues. — "The Falcon Strikes Back," with Tom Conway & Harriet Hillard, and "Good Morning Judge," with Dennis O'Keefe and Louise Albritton.

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.

Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Mabel Josephine McNeeley. Pvt. Andrew N. Lopez, Diedrichs Service Squadron, and Miss Jean J. Alvarez.

S-Sgt. Anthony J. Holschworst, 435th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Eleanore G. Wozniacki.

S-Sgt. James Barnes, 30th Bomb Squadron, 19th Group, and Miss Wanda Moffett.



Headquarters

BY JOHN BOGARD, ET AL

Well! Well! Headquarters has a new Administrative Assistant. How are we doing? Someone had better warn his wife that the girls of Sub-Depot are Wolves—in camouflage. Welcome to Pyote, Mr. Wale.

You should have seen Hellen Reese and her partner zig-zagging around the dance floor at Balmorhea last week. She zigged. He zagged.

Headquarters is certainly going to be a dull place after the middle of next month. The Blonde, Redhead, "Teacher," and some of the more dignified personnel of this office will move to Base Headquarters. How do they rate all that over there?

Major Saenger showed partiality at the picnic last week. He danced with only a hundred of the Sub-Depot girls, and left the other two hundred on the waiting line. Most people swing and sway with Sammie Kaye, but the Major just swings and sways.

Bob Campbell wasn't at the picnic. Someone should have told him he could enter the jitterbugging the same as anyone else. We really missed seeing him dance.

Free lessons on Boat Riding are given by J. C. Reese. Be sure and wear a bathing suit when you take a lesson, because it is better to be safe than sorry.

Supply

BY LOW-SCORE FOUR

All the activity we have to report concerning Sub-Depot Supply was prior to May 26th. "Dead men tell no tales." But it was a swell picnic, and everyone is expected to recover, even J. O. Donaldson.

Quote Brooks Franklin: "Went swimming and got that nasty old water in my eyes, and look how red they are! Must have gotten some in my ears too, 'cause my head sure hurts."

A familiar face seen around Sub-Depot this week was that of Viola Beth Hearn of Goodfellow Sub-Depot. She was dividing her time between Laverne Wilson and Lt. "Picnic" Jordan.

Milton Eckerman, returning from the Rubber Conservation Conference with his shoes hanging on by just two straps and the sleeves out of his shirt, is causing much comment around the Base; such as, "Is that man from Contracting and Purchasing?" "No, he must be from Sub-Depot Head-

quarters."

"Home, home on the rifle range" is the theme song of the Genter boys these days causing many empty chairs 'round the office.

Returning to the home fires after a six day leave is Mrs. Thelma Johnson. She reports a grand time visiting in Dallas and just being lazy.

Our sympathies to Sgt. Shellnut on the recent fire. His electrical shop was completely destroyed in San Antonio.

For the most opportune moment for fainting, see Laverne Wilson, who calmly pulls her fainting spells while visiting in the hospital.

We're glad to hear that Krevic, Thompson and Parzion, our Supply boys who were in the wreck, are doing so nicely. We're hoping they'll soon be back with us.

Inspector Eckerman says he's going to talk to his "typer" about the "refuge" found in the Warehouse Bin the last weekly inspection.



We Also Serve

BY SGT. R. L. JURD

The first NCO Club on the Rattlesnake AAB was organized in Salt Lake City in October, 1942, by the Guard Squadron. The charter members and officers were, M-Sgt. Ellis, president; 1st Sgt. Miller, vice-president; and T-Sgt. Adlin, secretary and treasurer.

The purpose for organizing this club was for the betterment of our squadron, to invite cooperation, and promote social and recreational activities. These policies are carried out by the present administration, elected to office in May, 1943: S-Sgt. Driver, president; Sgt. McMullin, vice president; and Cpl. Allen secretary and treasurer.

Through the cooperation of our commanding officer, Capt. Lang, and Lt. Stepherson, adjutant, and with the aid of M-Sgt. Ellis and our supply sergeant, T-Sgt. Adlin, we proudly announce that we have the finest day room on the base, consisting of a library, three pool tables, a ping pong table, and barber chair. In addition we have a volley ball court, and horse shoe diamond. With the cooperation of the Base Recreational Division, we have considerable athletic equipment, consisting of boxing gloves, a football, and baseball equipment.

It is with pride we speak of the activities and progress of the Guard Squadron. It is with pride we serve in the capacity of protectors of this Base.

SERVICE SQUADRONS

Diedrichs' Outfit

BY SGT. ROY A. WORTENDYKE

First Lieutenant Martin A. Diedrichs, commanding officer, was born 34 years ago on a farm about 20 miles south of Lincoln, Nebraska . . . Went to school in Nebraska and Colorado. . . Is by occupation a gentleman farmer and soldier . . . Before receiving his fourth honorable discharge from the army, achieved the grade of staff sergeant . . . By taking correspondence courses became a second lieutenant in the reserves. Is married and has two children, a boy 13 and a girl four . . . Was the champion boxer in the heavy-weight class and a member of successful football teams at Fort Sam Houston.

"Excepting Texas, and they didn't pay me for that," Lt. Diedrichs has not traveled outside the United States. After being ordered into service at the outbreak of the present war completed an engineering officers' course and was commissioned a first lieutenant. Likes the army and intends to reenlist after the war is over.

PICNIC NOTES

When the girls were looking Cpl. Frank Zuri showed especially fine form on the high dive . . . S-Sgt Charles Stevens was the genial host to two WAACs . . . Cpl. Harry Brown is sure he made the iron floor of the garbage truck under his own power, but sleep obliterated the return trip . . . The strong back of Lt. J. G. Gordan of the sub-depot was of real assistance when one of the tires of the jeep Cpl. Earl Went was driving popped . . . Bars were no bar to the squadron's enlisted men obtaining dancing partners . . . Sgt. Bob "Captain" Sage underestimated the distance between the shore and his rowboat and had an extra ducking . . . When their car developed a flat tire Cpl. and Mrs. Francis Marchal were not hesitant in accepting Col. C. L. Hewitt's offer of a jack . . . Sgt. Arthur Roche demonstrated his hitherto unknown talents as a drummer . . . The question that still has to be answered is, was Pvt. Milton Chapman of the clean-up crew chasing the water-moccasin or was the snake chasing him? Fellow Louisianans, Miss Jean Williams of the sub-depot and Pvt. James Perot, cut a deep groove across the dance floor

MAMA'S LAMENT

My poor little Semmeleh's gone in de draft.
I felt tarible bad de day dat he laft
Hit's breaknig all opp de family life;
It's really too bad, wot he ain't got a wife.

Ven de bed noos came he vas so surprised
He cried like de day he was circumsized.
And venn he deweloped ah tarrible colt
Mine Rosalie dollink, eleven years old,
Said, "Semmy, in case de dreft board should phone ya
I hope I can say, ya got duple ammonia.

In de sobway he didn't take all day ah seat ;
It should makink him maybe a little flat feet.
Comes at last time de train should be leavink,
I called to him, "Semmeleh, don't be grievink.
Could be maybe influenza you'll take;
Or better yet still, ah leg you vill break."

Mrs. Goldberg is yellink, "De radio!
Would you please makink it ah little bit low."
She's got ah son, ah Shliemiel, ah Sidney
Wot he's sitting home with one weak kidney.
He's got four eyes and she's yellink;
Me with ah son, ah soldier, she's tellink.
Wot he's doing his best, his country to solve.
Make low de radio. "Such ah noive!"

—Pvt. Sammy Kaplan
Headquarters Squadron.

Genter's Outfit

BY CPL. LLOYD K. PEARSON

Through the combined efforts of Corporal Hodge and Private Barnes the squadron day room is fast approaching completion. Here the boys can relax and forget about the rigors of KP and calisthenics. Another place of distinction is the Mail Room art exhibit of Varga and Petty glamour gals where many a sigh is exhaled as the boys cast longing glances at these visions of beauty deep in the heart of Pyote.

The most humane member of the Genter outfit is Private James Lynch, who after each pay day generously contributes his donation for the continued upkeep and success of keeping the art of gambling alive and active . . . Never mind Jimmie, such kindness will not go by unrewarded. The reason for Private Staff bringing his car back to Pyote is still rather vague. However I hear he has a good chance of selling it to the War Department as a substitute for the rapid fire cannon—in slow motion.

Spring baseball practise has come to the Genter outfit and inter-barracks competition is getting underway. There is still some indecision as to the future captain of Number 1 barracks which boasts of a large variety of aces.

News and Views — Adding to his long list of edibles, Master Sergeant Oswald (the lucky rabbit) gulped down a couple sheets of carbon paper in the Orderly room the other day—that ought to make good digest copy.

Communications

PFC. JOSEPH E. CONROY

The Base Communications loses four of its best men to ports unknown: S-Sgt. Max Tyler, Sgt. Jim Cunningham, Cpls. George O'Keefe and Walter Olness . . . bon voyage

Pvt. Ed Cumsky, from the Bronx, proudly exhibited five airmail letters from his "one and only" to some of our stanch cynics, and Ed was singing the praises of Venus . . . he forgot to mention to the fellows that his benevolent dad had sent him a small remuneration—ain't love grand!

Our serious S-Sgt. Harry McDougal vows he won't sleep (don't think he will) until he lays his hands on the culprit who pied his bed with cracker crumbs. All's fair in love and oh you know . . . M-Sgt. Jim Godsey, our immediate boss, is so concerned about the embryonic radio station, that he has rigged up a temporary bunk on the floor of the station in preference to the comfort of the barracks. We operators would do well to emulate the enthusiasm of our chief.

Sgt. Frank Kehoe is so insistant upon going swimming that some of the fellows wonder whether it's the water or some of the sirens that frequent the place . . . sirens he says, umm, "murder he says!"

Cpl. Bob Morrison, our Tyrone and musician, still has the gals hearts bumping each other on the dance every Tuesday night, you cad you!

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By S-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp

Lieutenant Malgieri is back! A month at the Edgewood Arsenal has made him an expert in the study of gasses, their deadly effects, means of protection, and the importance of the 'Soldier's best Friend'—the gas mask. After a week all of the Medics have become gas conscious.

Two grand personalities in the Nurses Corps are at it again! It's Miss Feay, "straight-jacket specialist" and Miss Cook the "champion marcher," who signed up for El Paso and ended up across the Rio Grande. Rumors say they're writing home and telling about their "foreign service."

If you haven't seen Sgt. Fairchild during a busy sick call, you've missed something. It's terrific! Furthermore, it's nothing uncommon to hear the following in the same breath: "Federico, answer the telephone, where were you born, Jones?—Dauphin, take care of this patient, where does it hurt, Jones?" His battle cry: "Have your sick book ready."

Pvt. Lawrence Timmons has turned out to be the "Hill Billy Songster" of Barracks 6. The only effective means of shutting "it" off seems to be a terrific barrage of G.I. shoes in his general direction. Anyway, Salisbury, Md., is proud of him.

Pvt. Bruske really looked good the other night. His environment fit him perfectly—no, not behind guard house bars but behind the bar at the P.X. Ras Campbell's biggest regret is that he'll be discharged from the army before the WAACs arrive. He reports he'd like at least to see them before he goes back to his farm in East Texas. Good luck, Ras.

It seems the days of chivalry are over and war-time finds the reverse. This was proven conclusively Tuesday when attractive Miss Callan from the S. & W. Office was carrying S-Sgt. Sohurr's gas mask for him. It seems as if it all started on a Saturday night?

After 45 minutes of practicing the proper salute before a mirror last Monday, Cpl. Hjernstad was all ready for the OCS Board. He found no way, however, to stop that terrific shaking of knees.

Cpl. Fohey still thinks his sister will stop in Pyote enroute from El Paso to Shelbeyville, Mo. Be on hand "Chubby" or she's never have the courage to get off the train. More travel is also reported: Pvt. Dauphins' attractive wife came all the way from Maine to see him.

Churchill Experiment: Can Bombers Best Axis?

Allied Airpower In Crucial Test Of Modern War

PFC. TOMME CALL
Rattler Editor

Airpower may be put to its supreme test: that was the big news unfolding at this week's beginning. Can bombing alone knock a prepared nation out of war?

Devastating Allied raids, splattering "Festung Europa" from its bastion-islands in the Mediterranean to Berlin itself, last week carried into the combat laboratory Prime Minister Churchill's announced "worth-while experiment."

No one with reason may now question airpower's potency, but whether it alone can beat a military power into submission has not been settled by the millions of words poured forth by differing experts on the subject.

Even though Italy may be so defeated now—and, less likely, Germany as well—the airpower question may not be considered by those in controversy as being clearly decided. Too many other ingredients have already entered the complex formula for Allied victory in the European theater: land fighting in Russia and Africa, naval blockade, directed underground resistance, increasingly potent propaganda, and the very threat of invasion.

Predicted heavy costs of immediate invasion—not yet ruled out, for Churchill may have been throwing a smokescreen—certainly appear to render an all-out experiment with aerial bombardment a profitable means for passing the interlude between the African victory and invasion of Europe.

In fact, should the experiment fail, it doubtless still would more than justify its costs by softening Europe's defenses against invasion. The gamble of throwing everything in the Allies' air book at the European Fortress thus is one with everything to gain and nothing to lose.

For the first time since the Battle of Britain in 1940, air warfare last week completely dominated the European theater with the possibility of momentary decisive results.

Germany obviously was worried, its leaders spraying the people (already shocked by the

African defeat) with descriptions of Europe's "impregnable" defenses. Italy appeared frankly frightened. Its empire was gone, and its Mediterranean island defenses—Sardinia, Sicily, Pantelleria—were being shattered by unremitting bombing attacks.

Germany curiously appeared hesitant to grant assurance of its fullest possible aid to Italy, and Mussolini's ill-led people were being told repeatedly by the Allied Powers to give up a hopeless struggle or receive a terrible beating. No real signs yet appeared, however, that Italy would not continue resistance to the end. Information was lacking as to any underground organization strong enough to throw off the Mussolini yoke, weighted as it is by Nazi domination.

The week's news stories and press comment credited the Allies' rapidly expanding airpower with several results certain to shorten the war. Among them:

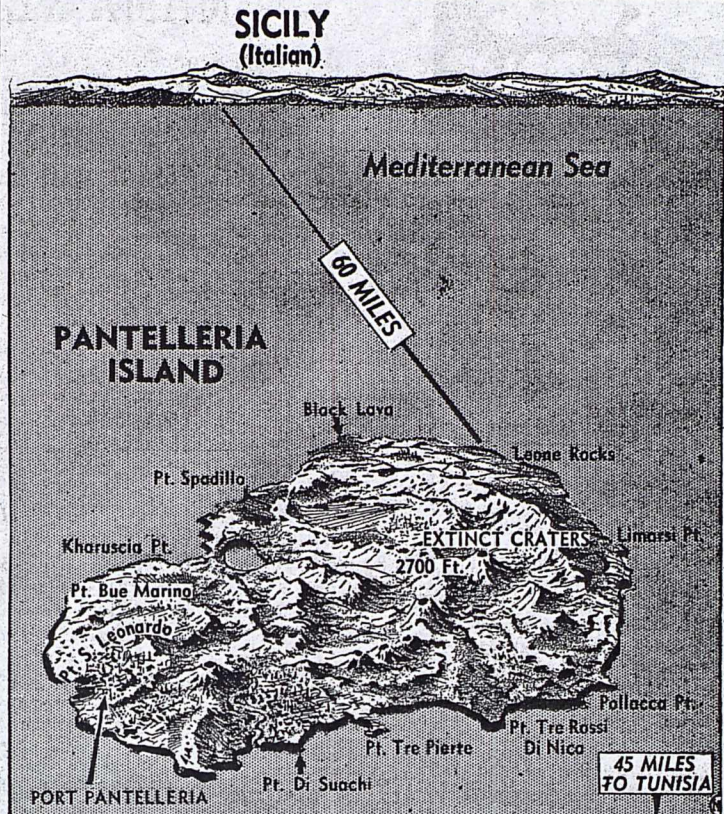
1. Allied aerial bombardment had begun to weaken Europe's potential physical powers for defense—industrial production, transportation, military stores, and the like—far more than Germany's concentrated U-boat warfare was curtailing the Allies' potential striking power. Airpower also figured in the turning tide in the Battle of the Atlantic, where British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden stated that Allied ship-production and submarine-destruction were getting the upperhand against German Grand Admiral Doenitz' much publicized three-month-old U-boat campaign.

2. By sinking enemy ships and strewing mines, Allied planes were tightening further the strangling blockade around Nazi Europe.

3. The widespread intensifying air raids were forcing Hitler to divert precious manpower into anti-aircraft defense work, repair, reconstruction, and even the movement of whole factories away from the more accessible areas.

4. The effect of air raids on morale, particularly civilian, has been alternately over and under-estimated, but commentators estimated a few weeks of the current air blitz would lower enemy will to resist at least as much as did the African outcome.

5. Allied airpower is being rapidly expanded by home-front production, and its rela-



Italy's 'Little Malta' Under Fire

tive superiority over German and Italian aviation is being heightened by its three-way destruction of enemy airpower: in the air, on the air fields, and in the factories. Consequently, results should increase correspondingly.

6. Allied airpower systematically is paving the way for land invasion, smashing enemy outposts—particularly the fortified Mediterranean Islands—and coastal defenses, weakening defending sea and air forces, and backing up Allied "invasion propaganda."

7. Perhaps the most important probable result was pointed out by Raymond Clapper, American columnist in Sweden: the Allied aerial bombardment of European industries must force the German military machine "into an attitude of conserving equipment."

Consequently, though the current Allied air blitz' effect on the enemy's war machine at the front may not be felt fully for months, it is sharply reducing the reserves that must be built up behind any great offensive, such as some predict Hitler may launch on the Eastern Front momentarily. Shaken sufficiently, the enemy may try to hold on only, and

not strike out again.

Last week Americans had all but completed recapture of Attu in the Aleutians, with Kiska probably next on the list. As the Pacific war otherwise remained relatively quiet, save for the warning that Japan was strengthening its forces in the Southwest Pacific, the Far East enemy had the better week on the Asiatic continent.

The British experimental jab into Burma had failed; the job would require a major campaign. Furthermore the Japanese had begun an offensive on the China front, which Chungking officials seriously considered to menace the Free China capital itself. Chiang Kai-shek was not so confident as Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt last week, though he had strong promise of the earliest possible assistance.

The Generalissimo surely agreed with Churchill's assertion:

"It is in the dragging out of war at enormous expense till the democracies are tired or bored or split that the main hopes of Germany and Japan must now reside. We must destroy this hope as we have destroyed so many others."