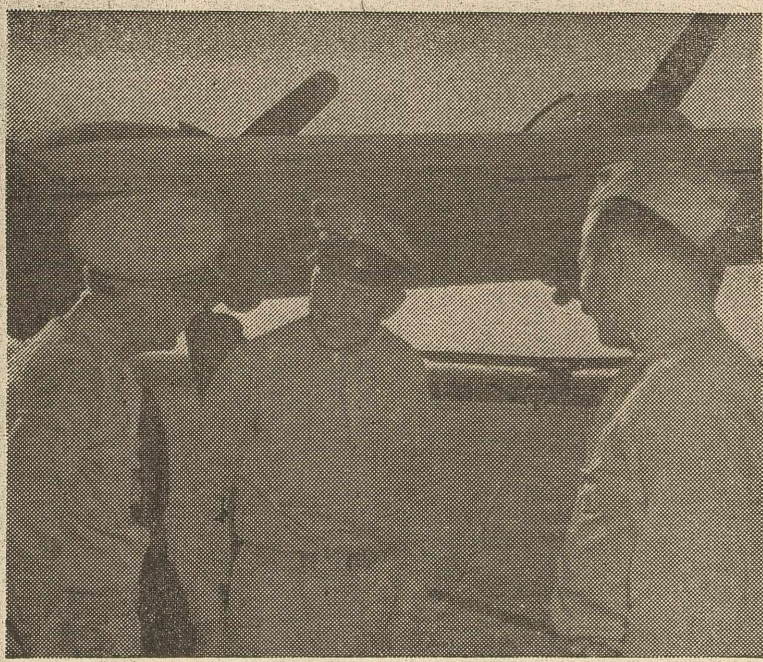


# THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Bomber Base

VOL. 1, NO. 17 PYOTE, TEXAS AUGUST 18, 1943

## Old Meets New



**PYOTE EXES:**

**OLD'S GROUP**

**HITS HUNS**

PAGE 6

A commander of the "old" 19th Bombardment Group, Brig. Gen. Eugene Eubank, meets the commander of the "new," Col. Louie Turner (left), as the General arrived here last week. At right is Maj. David Rawls, who was with the 19th Group when Gen. Eubank commanded it in the Philippines. Gen. Eubank is acting commander of the 2nd Air Force.

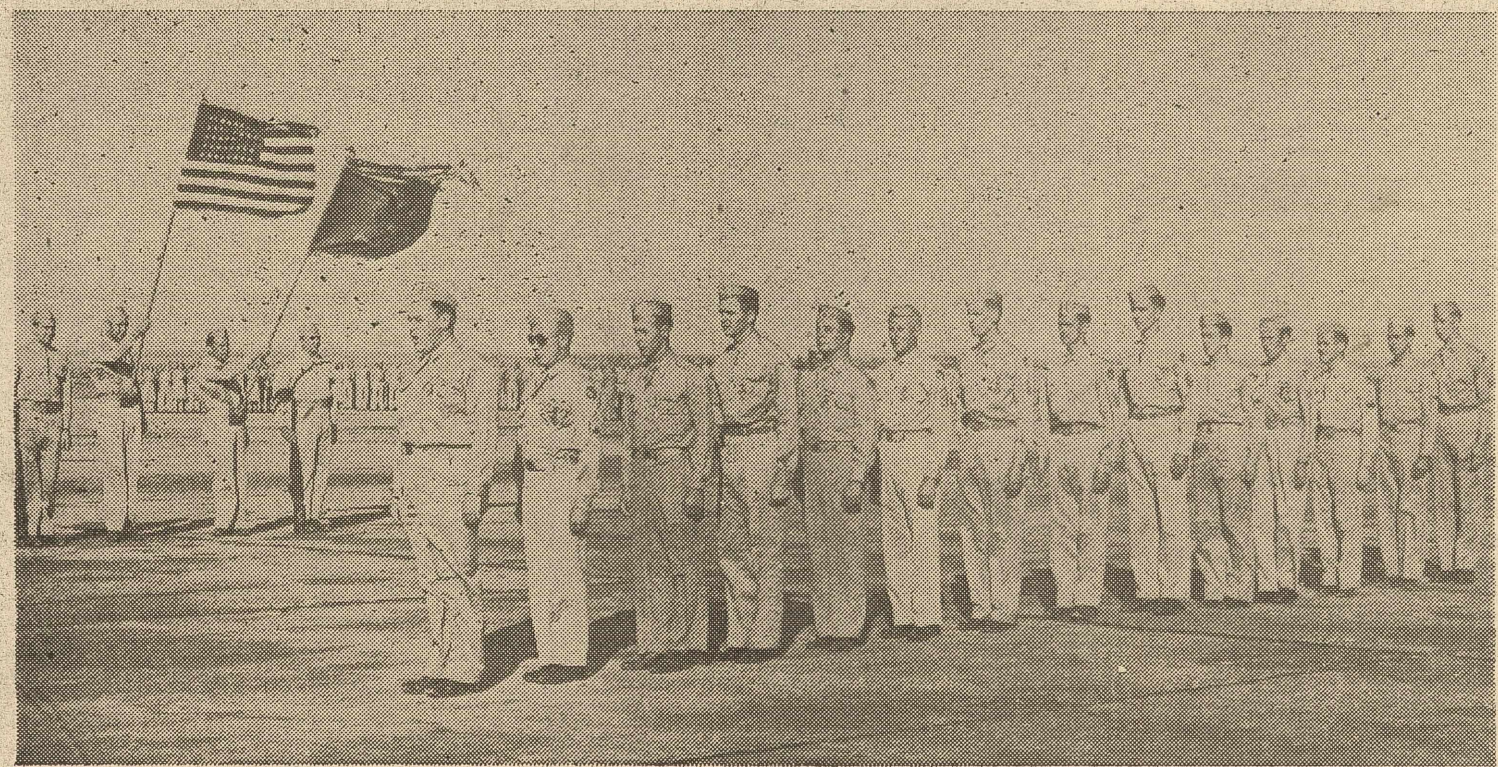
## 19th Warriors Still Getting 'Chest Weights'

Page 3

Fourteen more 19th Bomb Group heroes added 18 medals to an already fabulous collection at ceremonies Saturday morning on the flying line of the Rattlesnake Bomber Base. Wearing their new medals, pinned on a moment earlier by Col. Louie B. Turner, 19th Group commander, the Southwest Pacific veterans are (left to right, after color guard):

1st. Lt. J. V. Brookhart, Tech. Sgt. L. L. Coburn, Capt. John M. Atkinson, 1st Lt. C H McConnell, 2nd Lt. D. F. Morton, Master Sgt. Frank W. Bowen, Tech. Sgt. Norman Carlsen, Tech. Sgt. George A. Burke, Tech. Sgt. James B. Holley, Tech. Sgt. Howard S. Peterson, Sgt. Lonnie D. Wright, Sgt. William D. Clarke, Tech. Sgt. Albert Rising, Staff Sgt. Charles U. Ward.

The 19th Group's famed colors with four Southwest Pacific battle streamers are in their proper place beside the national colors in the background.



# Fiske Airdrome Squadron Salutes Flag

## Guard Squadron Shares Retreat Standing Honor

The Guard Squadron last week discontinued its practice of standing retreat for all organizations on the base.

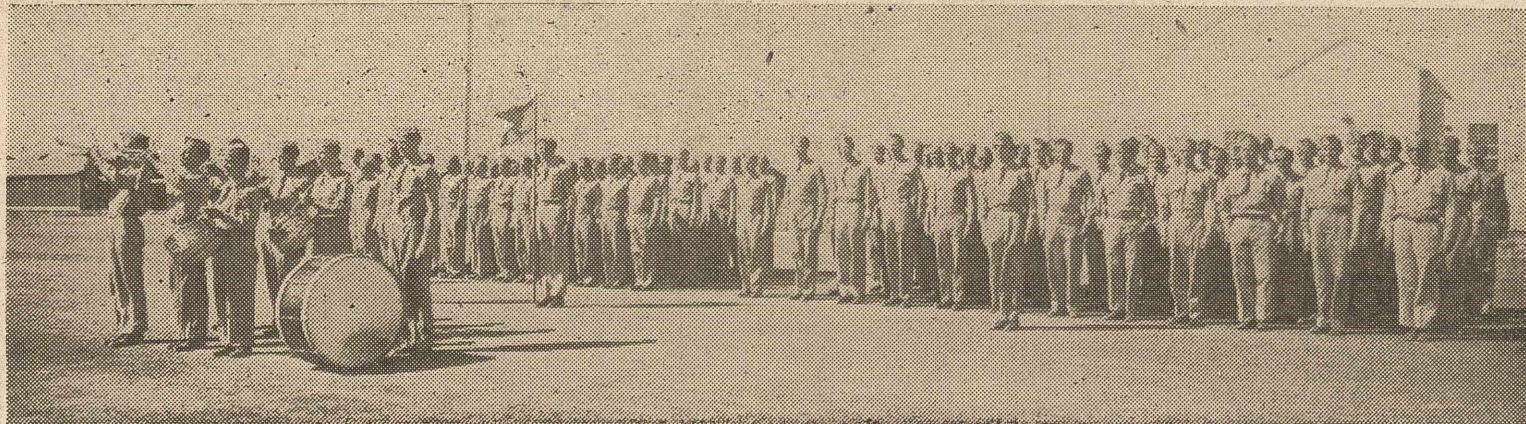
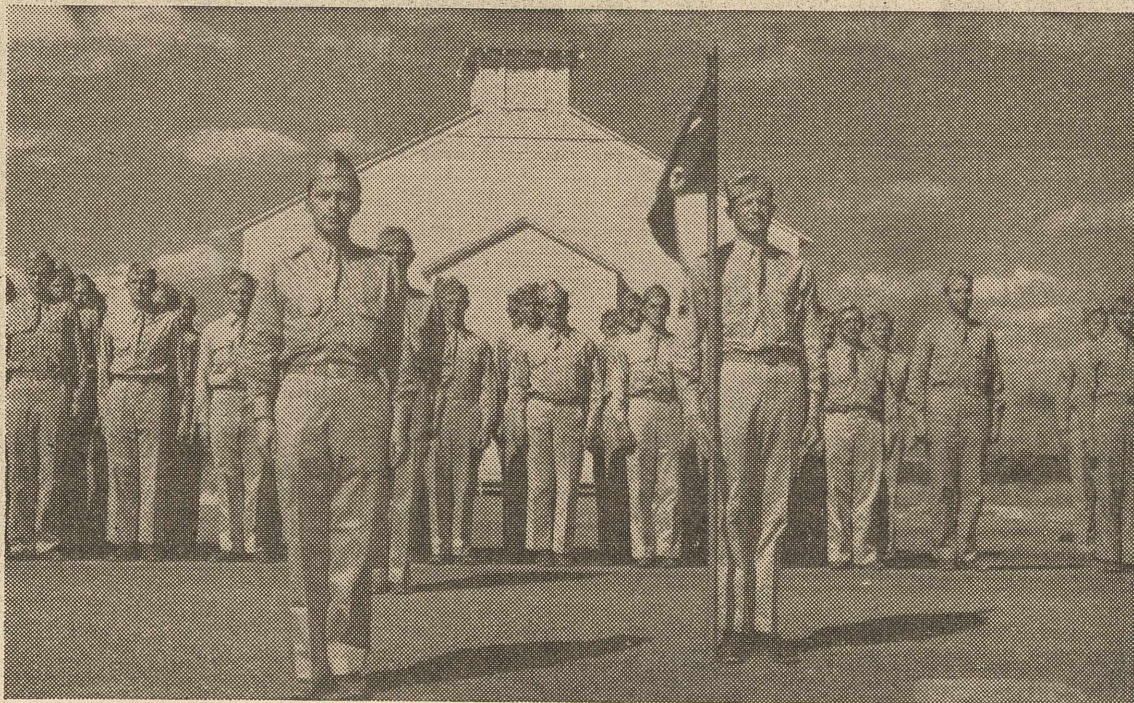
Reason given was that retreat, one of the oldest institutions in the the military, does not belong exclusively to any one organization.

Beginning last week, the Fiske Airdrome Squadron volunteered to stand retreat on Tuesday and Wednesday. The Willoughby Airdrome Squadron took over on Friday, and the Guard Squadron kept Thursday. The Medical Corps volunteered for Monday.

Right proud of his Airdrome Squadron's smart appearance and pride in taking part in retreat ceremony is Lt. Robert Fiske, squadron commander, shown front and center in top photo. At right (with troops) is Lt. Paul Sanders, second in command. To the rear of Lt. Fiske is Lt. D. G. Berg, platoon leader. Guidon bearer is S-Sgt. J. T. Snyder.

Daily assignment of the drum and bugle corps (center photo) is to sound retreat in front of Base Headquarters. In the picture, front row (L-to-R): Cpl. Junior Weil, Cpl. William Ross, Sgt. Frank Stone. Rear row (L-to-R): Sgt. Paul J. Schuman, Cpl. Phillip Goldblott, Cpl. George Mosur, and Cpl. George Wiles (drummer).

Adhering to one of the oldest customs of the service, the Fiske Airdrome Squadron (lower photo) is shown as it stood retreat last week, the first organization on the base to share this duty of honor with the Guard Squadron.



# Pacific War Valor Rewarded

## Fourteen More 19th Group Heroes Are Awarded 19 New Medals Here



Some weeks before Benny Mussolini took it on the lam he sent his boys in Sicily a message which said he was with 'em in spirit. Bet he wishes he was with 'em now in the flesh so he could surrender and retire to a nice comfortable prison camp in America instead of having to explain to Adolf what went wrong.

### USO Club Party To Honor AF Men

Army and Navy air crews pounding the Axis day and night, thousands training in this country as flyers and ground force personnel will be honored Thursday, August 19, in a National Aviation Day celebration at the USO Club at 500 E. Sealy Street, Monahans, is was announced last week by E. A. Palange, USO director.

Men in the Air Force uniform will be guests of honor at an Air Corps Dance in the evening. Throughout the day secretaries will take dictation for men in the Air Force.

Before the dance a short talk will be given by Mayor Ed Duffey on "Air Power in the War". During an intermission in the dance, tribute will be paid to air heroes of the United States and United Nations.

### LIVE BOMBS USED FOR PROTECTION BY SOLDIER

SICILY (CNS)—To protect himself from German air raiders while he was unloading supplies during landing operations here a GI dug his slit trench between some heavy cylindrical objects lying nearby on the beach. He figured the objects would give him added protection.

Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr. stepped ashore shortly afterward, noticed his handiwork and asked the soldier: "Do you know what those things are?"

"No sir," said the dogface. "They're 500 pound bombs," said the General, walking away.

Fourteen more heroes of the 19th Bombardment Group were awarded 19 new medals at decoration ceremonies Saturday morning on the flying line of the Rattlesnake Bomber Base.

Presentation was made by Col. Louie B. Turner, commander of the group, with the assistance of Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., base commander, and other ranking officers.

The ceremony brought up to date presentation of awards due members of the group which held off the Japs in the Southwest Pacific during the first year of U. S. participation in the war.

Awards and those receiving them were:

#### SILVER STAR

1st Lt. Joseph W. Brookhart, 30th Squadron.

T-Sgt. Lewis L. Coburn, 30th Squadron.

Sgt. Lonnie D. Wright, 435th Squadron.

#### PURPLE HEART

Sgt. Wright.

#### DISTINGUISHED FLYING

#### CROSS

Capt. John M. Atkinson, 28th Squadron.

Lt. Brookhart.

2nd Lt. Daniel F. Morton, 435th Squadron.

M-Sgt. Frank W. Bowen, 435th Squadron.

1st Lt. Charles H. McConnell, 28th Squadron.

T-Sgt. James B. Holley, 28th Squadron.

T-Sgt. Norman A. Carlsen, 28th Squadron.

T-Sgt. George A. Burke, 30th Squadron.

T-Sgt. Howard S. Peterson, 410th Base Headquarters Squadron (formerly 30th Squadron).

T-Sgt. Coburn.

Sgt. Wright.

Sgt. William D. Clarke, 435th Squadron.

#### AIR MEDAL

Lt. Brookhart.

T-Sgt. Albert Rising, 30th Squadron.

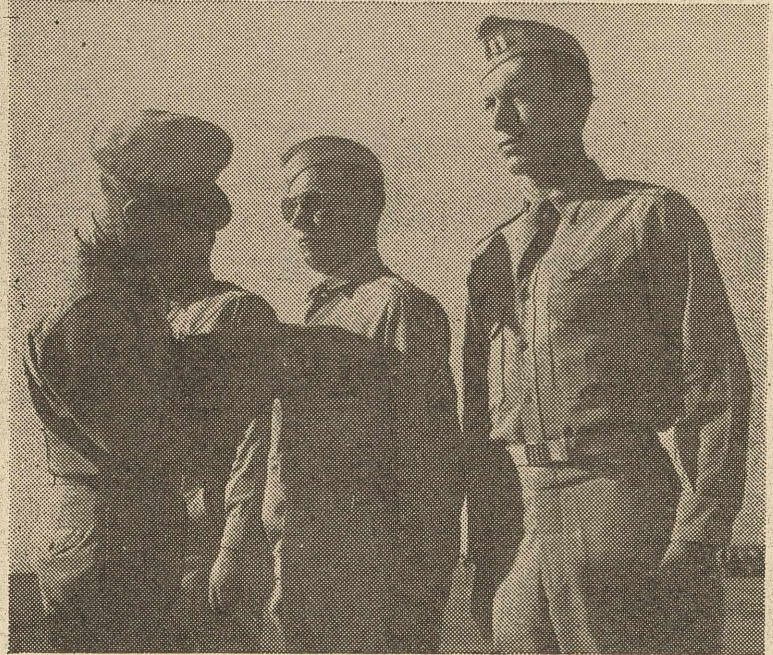
#### OAK LEAF CLUSTER TO THE AIR MEDAL

S-Sgt. Charles U. Ward, 435th Squadron.

#### OFFICES MOVE

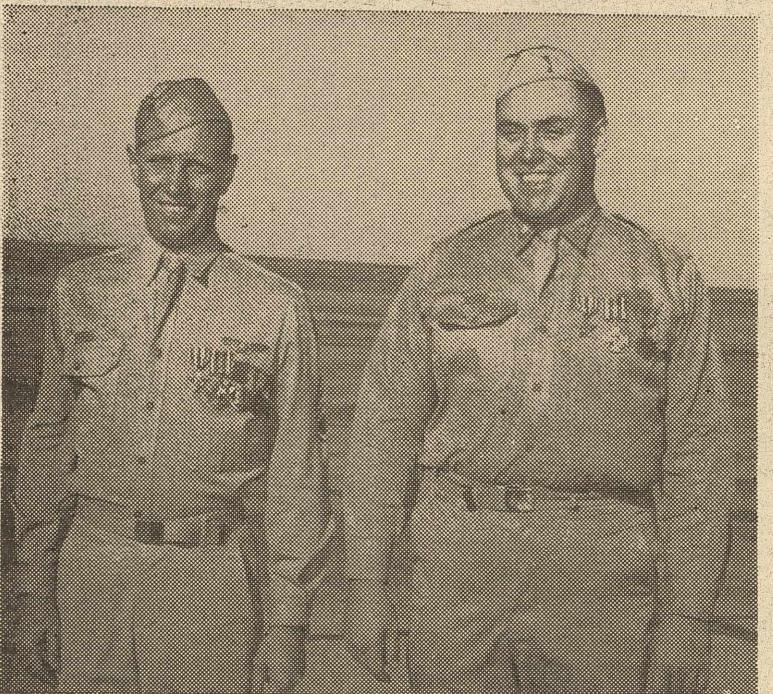
Lt. Leon G. Bogart, base classification officer, and Lt. Peter R. Smith, statistical officer, have moved their offices from Base Headquarters Building to the Post Office Building.

## He Got Several Pounds



Tech-Sgt. Lewis L. Coburn of the 30th Squadron looks proud indeed as Col. Louie B. Turner, 19th commander, pins on another medal. Capt. John Atkinson of the 28th Squadron waits at right to receive his Distinguished Flying Cross.

## For Jap-Nipping



Pleased as all get-out, and no wonder, are Tech-Sgt. Lewis L. Coburn (left) and Lt. Joseph W. Brookhart, two 30th Squadron heroes who were the most decorated at Saturday's ceremony. Lt. Brookhart's medals, left to right, are Silver Star, Oak Leaf Cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross, and Air Medal. Sgt. Coburn's are Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross with OLC, Purple Heart with OLC, and Soldier's Medal.

# MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By S-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

"Home", "Furlough" and "Mother" are perhaps three of the most beautiful words in the English language to the ears of any GI. Of late we've been hearing a lot of discourse on these three words, and it's indeed gratifying to know that our Commanding Officer is making every effort to make the above a reality. Yes, there's nothing like going back to the "States".

Remember the Barracks 1 "brawl" last week? Well, it was just that, and even Cpl. Penrod Piel couldn't get it under control. Here's an idea, Penrod, next time call out the Fire Department—or something! Incidentally, could those two "bashful" fellows, Nido and Okenka, have had anything to do with it? Yes, Jones and McTigue, we heard all about it; you were "innocent" bystanders!

Should you have the occasion to call 87 your answer would undoubtedly be, "This is Corporal Barber at the Dispensary" (Some call her Line of Duty Barber). Well, it so happened that she had a birthday, and the party held in her honor at the Swan Room was really a wow! No one can deny that the Medics really hang together and as for laughter and song and gaiety—you should have been there. Congratulations, June.

Now for the 64 Cent question: Who had or didn't have the \$2.64 on the train coming back from Odessa? Now Cpl. Bowser, not that we're inquisitive, but what is the deal on this anyway? Next time you might try the furlough rate!

Anyone attending the Protestant Services last Sunday can really judge for himself as to the splendid baritone voice of our own Sgt. John Pilon of New York City. "Watchman, what of the night?" by Sarjient, sung by Chaplain Norton and Sgt. Pilon was certainly a splendid tribute.

Ah! the great outdoors for Cpl. Bert! No more dark developing room for him for he's "Jack of all Trades" and our general utility man around the hospital. You name it, and he'll fix it.

Do you suppose that Cpl. "Droopy Drawers" Freas of the Bolier Cadets, really thinks that the more air mail stamps he puts on a letter the faster it will reach Filbert Lane in Wilks-Barre, Penn? Listen chum, if you thought carrier pidgeon would be faster, you'd try that too, wouldn't you?

## Harvest For Health



Base Hospital probably didn't need official encouragement to grow a victory garden, as this picture of patients gathering a bumper crop of cucumbers and peas attests. Kneeling (L-to-R): PFC Robert B. Chapman, Base Headquarters; Pvt. Dale Aullman, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Robert Enyart, 30th Squadron, 19th Group; and PFC Mario F. Territo, 435th Squadron, 19th Group. Standing (L-to-R): 1st Lt. Mary Szymkowicz, chief nurse; Cpl. Leo C. Madsen, 30th Squadron; Pvt. Jess A. Bennett, base ordnance; 2nd Lt. Elvie I. Beebe, nurse; PFC Jack M. Ricks, Base Headquarters; and Mrs. Honora Janet Anderson, of the Army Red Cross, which gave the seed.

True, in the case of Pvt. Mercer we expect the unusual and exotic. At all times it has to be different and very original, but the latest occurrence was in the WAC day-room. The juke box was blasting away; some were dancing, but Mercer was busily engaged. Your guess is wrong; he was sewing on cpl. stripes for a WAC. What a good husband he will make for some war worker some day.

If it's a table you want to have made over see Cpls. Biondi, Bradley and Shaffer. They're really good at it; in fact, one night not so long ago they really proved their skill—but for demonstration purposes only!

It was a grand evening for them at The Pig in Monahans, but so quiet—a radio would have helped. Ah! but the time element; and what could have made a Cpl. (WAC) forget?

Now we don't want to change the subject but the Medics, who seem to be first in most things here on the base, are just about ready for the grand opening of our new super-model latrines. Let come what may, this time we're ready!

Oh yes, the Medics are really looking forward to the big WAC Party, and we'll be there—we're coming early and staying late!

WASHINGTON (CNS)—Miss Eugenia Dickman Lejeune, daughter of the late Lt. Gen. John A. Lejeune, ex-commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, has been sworn in as a private in the Marine's Women's Reserve.

Mussolini also figured the war would be won through air power—but he picked the wrong kind of air.

Though Italy is missing but one heel, it might put the whole country back on its feet.

## Medics Victory Garden Overflows, Bountiful Oasis In Pyote Desert

Fresh sliced cucumbers for dinner! No, Quartermaster never saw them, and they weren't stolen either. That choice vegetable was raised right here in the Hospital Victory Garden. Apparently no one knew a great deal about the tiny acreage until the harvest was being reaped.

It was in the early part of May that the Red Cross project was started. Mrs. Honora Janet Anderson of the American Red Cross came over to Ward 3 with seed and said: "Boys, here are seed, let's start a Victory Garden right outside the ward." Her request was followed by great enthusiasm and in a short time the soil was being turned over and the seed planted.

"Here is where at least someone is going to become partially self-sufficient," retorted some of the patients. Pvt. Woodrow O. Sorenson was one of the old timers that really took an active part in this enterprise; recently he was discharged from the army and is now back on his ranch in Idaho.

PFC Robert Chapman, 410th Base Hq. Sq., is another enthusiast of this noteworthy project and has also seen the garden grow to its present productive state.

It is not uncommon to see patients in their "zoot-suits" caring for the small plot. Patients come and go; discharged patients pass on their share to new patients and as "the Good Earth passes on from Generation to Generation" so does the tiny plot of land ad-

joining Ward 3.

The first harvest consisted of fresh radishes. Then the English peas and green string beans were harvested and a bumper crop was reported. Lately the cucumbers reached peak production, and the harvest provided enough for the entire Medical Detachment, officers and patients. Who said Texas soil is good only for raising cattle? Incidentally, watermelons are next to ripen and Ward 3 is awaiting that event very much. Blame them?

1st Lt. Mary Szymkowicz, chief nurse, has taken a great interest in the garden and has given it much of her time. Now with her additional duties as dietician we'll probably be finding Victory Gardens between all of the wards! 2nd Lt. Elvie Beebe, nurse in charge of Ward 3, also has worked with the garden.

Even the patients are doing their best for the war effort. If we were to mention all the people who have taken a part in the garden it would be too long a list, so we'll not attempt it. Undoubtedly some of the patient-farmers now are scattered to all corners of the earth.

## 30th Squadron Claims Base's Best Day Room

By SPONABLE'S BOYS

Amid the luxurious confines of their day room, members of the 30th Squadron, 19th Group, are reclining restfully on country-club-like divans and listening to music emanating from a fine new radio. The 30th boys know that they have the finest day room in "Rattlesnake Gulch". It's an oasis for relaxing in comfort after a day's work.

Wishful thinking did not get the 30th Squadron its day room. Hard work and cold cash did. The squadron is still thanking Lt. O. D. Walton, who supervised the construction. The boys also acknowledge with thanks the efforts of Capt. Edson Sponable, squadron commander, WO Robinson and WO Kovacht. Their efforts were practical to the point that each donned fatigues and took hammer and saw into hand to help bring the project to an early completion.

The cost of the room dented the squadron funds considerably, since the bill for material, furniture and equipment ran into four figures. Comment of the boys on this point is unanimously favorable.

The 30th's day room is divided into three sections—each a separate room, actually. There is the main lounge, and card room, and a war room. If the card room is for playing cards, so is the war room for making war—on paper. Walls are lined with maps showing latest situation in the various war theaters throughout the world.

The Intelligence Section keeps this panoramic picture of the war current and in addition provides reading material of special interest to the various flying and ground crews. This includes latest publications on tactics of the enemy and the capabilities of their planes, armament, tanks, etc. The publications cover practically every phase of the war.

The 30th Squadron is ready to offer suggestions to other organizations on planning day rooms and particularly to give pointers in preparation of a war room.



**BRADLEY FIELD, CONN. (CNS)**—The following notice ran in a mimeographed bulletin at this Base: "LOST—Pair of pants (tropical worsted). Reward is offered due to sentimental value. Call Capt. . . ."

## 30th Squadron Un-Rumpus Room



Outstanding on this base is the day room of the 30th Squadron of the 19th Group. Scene above shows the main lounge, looking toward card room and a new idea for day rooms, the war room. War room is lined with maps of all theaters of operations on which the war situation is kept up to date. Room also has latest publications on tactics of the enemy and appraisal of their equipment.

## The Civvies

Oh, me. How tempus doth fugit. Come last deadline and your reporter remembered it three days later. Which proves something—or does it? Anyway, to make up for lost time:

Killer-diller Preslar is still going strong. We hear she has three lieutenants, six sergeants and half a squadron of privates on her string. Gosh, to be blonde and beautiful.

We have some new additions to the place. Lillian Bryant came in from Chicago (you know, back where it is civilized), but like all the rest of us is fast succumbing to the Pyote life. George Olman has transferred to us from Sub-Depot Headquarters. He's now secretary of the recently activated U. S. Civil Service Commission Examining Board and acts as job analyst to boot. Why do all of these handsome men have to be married? We have a native too, Miss Olivia Watson, from Grand Falls. She is Mr. Olman's secretary.

Lt. Jacobs, our Civilian Personnel Officer, is sweating out a leave, and should be taking off for dear old New York City within the next few days. Wish I could crawl in his suitcase.

Corporal "Skrip" (I never could spell that name), is leaving for Buffalo today to visit his family. Watch out Skrip, that's pretty near Niagara Falls.

Your reporter plans to leave Pyote on September 5th to join her mother. A reward is offered for the best suggestion regarding a



By CPL. SAMMY KAPLAN

Excuse me, folksies, for not being with you last week, but it was some of that good old Texas sunshine that got me off the beam (or somethin').

My, my, these people that print the Rattler down here in Public

place for us to settle. Suggestions involving the State of Texas will be put in File 13.

LOST: One each Quartermaster Lieutenant who answers to the name of Frick, by Maureen Borders of this office. Anyone having information leading to his whereabouts will please call 18.

The rest of these people around here are too darned secretive for me to get any gossip about, but by next week my super-snoopers should have some news for me and I'll include them in.

Hold the press! Mrs. Mary Daniels, our Principal Clerk, just told me she is resigning effective September 1st. She says the boat she missed last May is finally coming in, and she plans to be married in October. Good luck, Mary! You deserve it!

Relations Office, are really getting on the beam. They are now getting rid of all their hot air. Yep, they now got a fan in the joint.

Some people just can't seem to find the difference between an ice box and the new drinking fountains here at base headquarters, which are of the cabinet type. They now store their vegetables in the cabinet for refrigeration. Cheap, isn't it girls?

By the way, what is Sgt.-Major O'Connor Satterlee's right hand man, namely Sgt. Burns, doing on the left side of him. Oh, oh, wrong number.

Well, the fly swatting score I promised you two weeks ago now stands half full, and half to go. This certain Lt. has shown real enthusiasm in his new important assignment in the art of knockin' 'em out.

Who is the officer here with a bandage around her second finger? Could it be he ran into a wao, wao, wao?

It took two 1st Lts. and a Capt. here at Base Headquarters to try to get the mimeograph machine running one night this week—without success. A buck Sgt. had to show the boys how. Shame, shame on you!

It has come to the attention of yours truly that Sgt. Peggy Nugent of the WACs has been putting in a lot of night work at her desk lately. Could it be that she's in love with her work?

# Col. Old's Group Hits Huns

## USAAF Precision Bombing Tactics Impress British Aviation Expert

(Editor's Note: Last spring Lt. Col. Archie J. Old brought his bombardment group to the Rattlesnake Bomber Base for third phase training. The group is now in England, and the following excerpts are from an article in July 18 London Sunday Times describing a combat mission flown by the group. Peter Masefield, the author, spent several weeks with Col. Old's group; once a critics of American precision bombing tactics, he altered his opinions after flying missions with the USAAF.)

By PETER MASEFIELD  
Sunday Times Air Correspondent

"Flying Fortress formations bombed the aircraft factory and park at Le Bourget in France today. Bombing results were good. Fighter opposition was encountered."

So ran part of the bald official communique. Behind that sober statement of fact lay a story of thousands of hours of laborious preparations, a mass of detailed planning, and a great feat of arms in the face of strong enemy opposition. It was in fact an ordinary raid by Boeing Fortress heavy bombers based in England. I was privileged to accompany it.

THE FLIGHT, IN WHICH A LARGE NUMBER OF FORTRESSES FOUGHT THEIR WAY TO THE TARGET, BOMBED WITH PRECISION, AND THEN FOUGHT THEIR WAY BACK UNTIL SPITFIRES COULD TAKE UP THEIR PROTECTION, WAS A MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION OF THE POWER OF AMERICAN ATTACK . . .

For some weeks I had been training for this raid with American air crews . . . Living with the crews, one was able to absorb a little of the atmosphere of these small sections of America in England which are the operational bomber stations under Brig. Gen. Fred L. Anderson's command. Each bomber crew is a highly developed team, each man an offensive technician immensely keen on his job, whether he be pilot, navigator, bombardier, radio operator, or gunner. Among those crews there is one idea—to get the enemy.

All things focussed sharply in one's mind when we were called for the raid early in the morning. The target was Le Bourget—the repair and maintenance workshops vital to the German fighter force in France; Le Bourget, where Lindberg landed 16 years before. A final word of encouragement and admonition for close formations and accurate bombing from Col. Archie J. Old, our group commander, and we dispersed for final preparations.

A little later, in the dim light around the shadowy shape of the

Fortress bomber, "Daisy June III", the crew were dressing . . .

As we climbed away, from behind Capt. Lambert's seat, where I was standing, I turned and opened the door into the bomb bay. White-painted 300-lb bombs gleamed in the brightly-lighted bay . . .

I went down into the nose compartment with Lt. Dean Howell, our navigator, and Lt. Dan Markowitz, our bombardier. Ahead we could see the dim shape of the lead squadron picking up formation. Behind us our own squadron was forming up. Each moment more aircraft were arriving and taking up their stations.

Now Capt. Lambert was speaking into the intercom. "It's your last chance of a cigarette, boys. Better have a quick one. By the way, d'you know what today is? It's Bastille Day—that's the French Independence Day I guess. We'll give those Huns hell, fellers"—only he did not call them Huns.

We were climbing steadily, the sky lightening every moment, the earth still in deep shadow. The navigator went over the important points of the mission on the intercom. We should be on oxygen for rather more than three hours. We should be without escort for just under an hour . . . Gradually the groups formed into the complete battle wing of Fortresses.

At 10,000 ft. Lambert called each member of the crew and confirmed that they were all on oxygen . . . Soon afterwards we turned and headed out to sea, leaving the fields and cliffs of England behind and heading for the hostile shore. All around were hundreds of Americans . . .

THERE IN THE LEAD WAS THE GOOD SHIP "MISCHIEF MAKER," FLOWN BY CAPT. IVERSON. ON HIS WING WAS CAPT. BENDER IN "TARFU" (QUITE UNTRANSLATEABLE),

AND LT. NANCE IN THE "DALLAS REBEL," "GEORGIA PEACH," WITH A HOST OF OTHER LURID OR DELIGHTFUL NAMES BEHIND.

The decks were being cleared for action; the guns were warmed up and tested, the pins removed from the bombs . . . I adjusted my American steel helmet. Just as well to be sure.

A few minutes more and France was ahead, as dark in the shadow of cloud as in that of Nazi oppression. "Keep your eyes open everybody," called Lambert. "They've picked us up by now."

"Here come the Spits," called another voice . . . Squadrons of Spitfire IXs (were) climbing past us . . . On time we crossed into German-occupied territory . . . A few bursts of flak spouted black off our port wing . . . The Spits turned and with a final salute headed back for England. We ploughed on. I discussed with the navigator the method of calling enemy fighters should they attack . . . 12 o'clock ahead, 9 o'clock port beam, and so on.

HARDLY HAD WE FINISHED SPEAKING WHEN LAMBERT'S VOICE CAME OVER THE INTERCOM . . . "HERE THEY COME! 11 O'CLOCK! 11 O'CLOCK! GIVE 'EM HELL!" AT THE SAME INSTANT THE BOMBARDIER'S NOSE GUN STARTED TO CHATTER THREE FEET AHEAD OF ME. THERE THEY WERE, 1,000 YARDS AHEAD, FOUR FOCKE-WULF FIGHTERS . . . TRACERS BEGAN TO SWEEP THROUGH UNDERNEATH THE PORT WING . . . SUDDENLY THE FIGHTERS . . . DIVED UNDER THE WING, PASSING WITHIN 50 YARDS.

The next half hour was warm. All the time the headphones were ringing with "11 o'clock high," "2 o'clock low," "Look out there," "12 o'clock very low." Much of the conversation at this point was unrepeatable, but left nobody in any doubt . . . The nose was filled with the chatter of guns. Way behind us the Fortresses ploughed their way relentlessly forward, while Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts darted around them like flies around a honey pot.

Just then I saw, with a start of surprise, that the bomb doors were opening on the "Dallas Rebel," and glancing back through the nose astrodome, I was just in time to see the dozens of sticks of bombs falling in tight clusters from the great wave of bombers behind. This was the vital moment of the raid. It's whole success or failure depended on one thing—those bombardiers' thumbs . . .

When I had time to glance down and back the familiar outline of Le Bourget airdrome was spouting smoke and flame in a long and concentrated pattern right across the workshop hangars . . .

Now another Focke-Wulf was coming in on the nose from 1 o'clock. He swelled bigger and there was a crash and clatter just ahead and at the same time a whirling draught. The bombardier reeled back from his gun, but returned at once to fire back at another attacker, a slight wound in his neck.

A 20 mm. shell had burst exactly on the end of the Plexiglass nose and had blown off the top as though scalping it. Fortunately, all the nose guns remained in action, but at 20,000 ft. with no shield from the 200 m.p.h. wind the air is apt to be chilly. No one had time or opportunity to worry about it though as more attacks developed each minute . . .

Then, just as suddenly as they had come, the fighters disappeared except for one F. W. 109 which flew level with us at our own speed far out of range . . . Obviously it was giving the height and course of the formation to the ground gunners. And sure enough, as we turned for home southwest of Paris, great clumps of black smoke bursts appeared at our own height a couple of hundred yards to starboard. The next clumps were to port, and then they were among us, more frightening than the fighters, because there was nothing to be done about them except genile evasive action . . .

One Fortress below roared up on end, stalled, and dived down out of control . . .

Then, all at once, the fighters were in again and the guns were back in action . . . Lambert called back that the oxygen supply had been hit and was leaking fast . . . The Forts ploughed slowly on (230 m.p.h.) . . . Now we were over Evreux. More flak . . .

A few minutes later we could see Caen ahead and to port and as we did—grand news over the phones—"Here come the Spits—hundreds of them. God bless those Spits . . ." Just about that time the oxygen gave out, but we had come down to 15,000 feet and were all right without it . . . Le Havre . . . colossal barrage . . . the sea . . .

AND SO BACK TO THE BASE; A JOB WELL DONE . . . AMERICAN PRECISION BOMBING STRUCK THE TARGETS PRECISELY AND EXACTLY.

## Prompt Delivery Of War Bonds Is Now Assured

Prompt delivery of War Bonds under the Class B pay allotment plan is standing up to the acid test.

During the first 14 days of July the Army War Bond Office in Chicago issued and mailed or placed in safekeeping 1,089,278 War Savings Bonds. This figure represents all of those for which allotments had been received by June 20 and for which payment was completed during the month of June, according to announcement from the office of the Fiscal Director to the War Bond Section, Headquarters Eighth Service Command.

The Army War Bond Office has advised that as of June 30 the dollar value of Class B allotments by the Army was at the rate of \$23, 176, 000 a month and represented subscriptions from approximately 2,200,000 officers and enlisted personnel.

"Notwithstanding this response, the allotments being received by that office are not nearly sufficient to fully utilize its facilities," according to Lt. Col. Dean J. Almy, Assistant, Special Financial Services Division. "It is requested that War Bond Officers be urged to intensify their efforts to procure Class B allotments and to remind officer and enlisted personnel of the advantages of buying bonds through the plan and of the prompt delivery being made of bonds thus purchased. While allotments are currently being received at a rate of 7,000 per day, the figure should be substantially increased."

## Radio Show Gets Better Coverage

Service Command coverage is now assured GIs eager to hear their own radio show and share in its prizes.

"What's Your Name, Soldier?" the official radio show of the Eighth Service Command, originating in Dallas, Texas, is now being carried over 42 additional stations in Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arkansas and Louisiana.

New stations scheduling the program on convenient hours include KGGM, Albuquerque; KOB, Albuquerque; KAVE, Carlsbad; KICA, Clovis; KWEW, Hobbs; KF-UN, Las Vegas; KGFL, Roswell; KVSF, Santa Fe; KTNM, Tucumcari; KGNC, Amarillo; KROD, El Paso; KTSM, El Paso; KPDN, Pampa; KIUN, Pecos.

Texas Quality Network stations (WFAA, WBAP, WOAI, KPRC) will continue scheduling the show at 7 p.m., CWT, each Saturday.

## Not A Bad Czech



Vera Hruba, the beautiful Czechoslovakian figure-skating champion, is now making icy movies for Republic. Above pose has nothing to do with winter sports, but shows why all the trouble keeping the ice from melting under Vera's gay blades.

## Arizona's Castle Hot Springs Now Rest Camp For 2nd AF Personnel

Designation of the resort center at Castle Hot Springs Arizona as a rest camp for personnel of the 2nd Air Force was announced here today.

Purpose of the installation which is operated as a sub-depot of Davis-Monthan Field, is to provide rest, recreational and recuperative opportunities for 2nd Air Force personnel who have been subjected to long-continued hospitalization or operational fatigue.

Officers and men suffering from operational fatigue and those who have been hospitalized over long periods will have priority over others to the extent of having others moved out to provide accommodations.

Personnel returning from overseas or those in need of rest and recuperation to increase efficiency may go to Castle Hot Springs. Leaves and furloughs may be spent at the resort at individual expense. Persons ordered to Castle Hot Springs will be carried on a duty status and will have their

activities there supervised. Dependents may accompany men to the camp at their own expense when camp facilities are not overcrowded.

Sports clothes may be worn at the camp and persons going there are invited to bring appropriate clothes and equipment for horse-back riding, hiking, swimming, golfing, fishing, boating, and playing badminton and ping-pong, etc.

About the camp: It's located in a palm-studded valley 60 miles northeast of Phoenix. In addition to palms, orange, lemon and grapefruit trees are plentiful. Reason for the resort are hot springs from which gushes forth 400,000 gallons of mineral water every 24 hours. Below the springs are three swimming pools of varying temperatures. There are two tennis courts, a badminton court, a nine-hole golf course and a putting course. An elaborate stable of well-broken horses is maintained.

## 'Poppa' French, USC Professor, Is 2AF Teacher

"Poppa" to many hundreds of former students of the University of Southern California school of journalism which he founded in 1928, Major Roy L. French currently is touring the bases of the Second Air Forces carrying on the job of teaching.

Only this time he will be teaching young men the art of war. Assigned to intelligence, he will visit numerous Second Air Force bases to instruct group intelligence officers in the vital business of questioning flight crews after bombing missions have been completed.

Major French knows his subject. For several months he served with Major Ira C. Eaker, commanding general of the Eighth United States Air Force in England.

In 1932 General Eaker, then captain, went to U. S. C. for courses in journalism under Professor French. He remained through the summer of 1933 to get his A. B. in journalism and the two men formed a lasting friendship. In 1942 General Eaker requested his former teacher for service under him in England.

He returned to the United States this spring to serve as technical adviser for an Army motion picture which was filmed in Culver City. In June he was assigned to Second Air Force and came to Colorado Springs from Spokane.

Major French came back from England enthusiastic over the exploits of youthful army airmen, with praises of the uncomplaining determination of the British people to see the Axis nations beaten into submission.

### BEES IN PLANE PUT TO WORK BY SERGEANT

NORTH AFRICA (CNS)—A swarm of bees in T-Sgt. Eddie Lake's plane failed to perturb him. Lake, a Minnesota farm boy, donned his gloves and goggles, scooped up the bees and started an apiary in a bomb-fin box. Now his buddies are awaiting honey for their breakfast biscuits.

### 7 INDIANS WITH TWO SURNAMES FLOOR SERGEANT

CAMP SIBERT, ALA. (CNS)—A sergeant lined up seven recruits—all Indians—and asked them their names.

"Pvt. Adkins," said the first one.

"Pvt. Adkins," said the next five.

"Pvt. Holmes," said the seventh. "Glad to meet you," said the sergeant, a little starry-eyed, as he shook hands with Holmes.

## EDITORIAL:

**Women At War**

Last week, August 14, American soldiers paid tribute to the women of the War Department—housewives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, even grandmothers—who abandoned peacetime's easy life for the hard work of supporting this Nation's rapidly expanding armed forces.

On that date a year ago Secretary of War Stimson announced a policy of employing women in all jobs for which they were capable or could be trained. Women 18 to 50 years old—a half million of them, and more—left homes and non-essential offices to become:

Truck drivers, aircraft mechanics, materiel inspectors, parachute packers, welders, riveters, gun testers, nurses, artists, librarians, printers, toxicologists, physicists—a long list here only begun.

Without those working women the war effort would have lagged dangerously. Their numbers were the only draft-free reserve on which the Nation could call to increase home-front support for armed power building at a fantastic rate and spreading over the globe.

Those half million Civil Service employes of the War Department are at camps, airfields, arsenals, proving grounds, various headquarters, and war industries. At many tasks they have proved more efficient than men.

One War Department spokesman explained the immediate need for more such workers:

"There is concern over the fact that many women are beginning to leave their war jobs—thinking, perhaps, that the war is almost over and that they aren't really needed any more. On the contrary, we have not yet reached our production goals; war plants need more workers, as do farms and other essential establishments. And, with more men continually going into the armed forces, we must depend upon women more than ever."

Soldiers often express concern over the possible post-war problems arising from such extensive emergency employment of women. If the women can handle almost any kind of job as a man and find they like "men's work", will they form a surplus labor force after the war which will keep returning soldiers from finding enough jobs or gaining adequate income?

Many women war-workers will return to the roll of housewife when their sons and husbands come back from the fronts. Others will switch to more pleasant or lighter employment. And much of the work they now are doing is of an emergency nature, jobs which will end with the war.

Even so, if women workers can add so greatly to war production, why not also to peace production? There is no limit to human needs—why limit the means for filling those needs? An expanding post-war economy, result of bold intelligent planning, could use every available hand.

**THE RATTLER**

Published each Wednesday at Hattlesnake Bomber Base, Pyote, Texas

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

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

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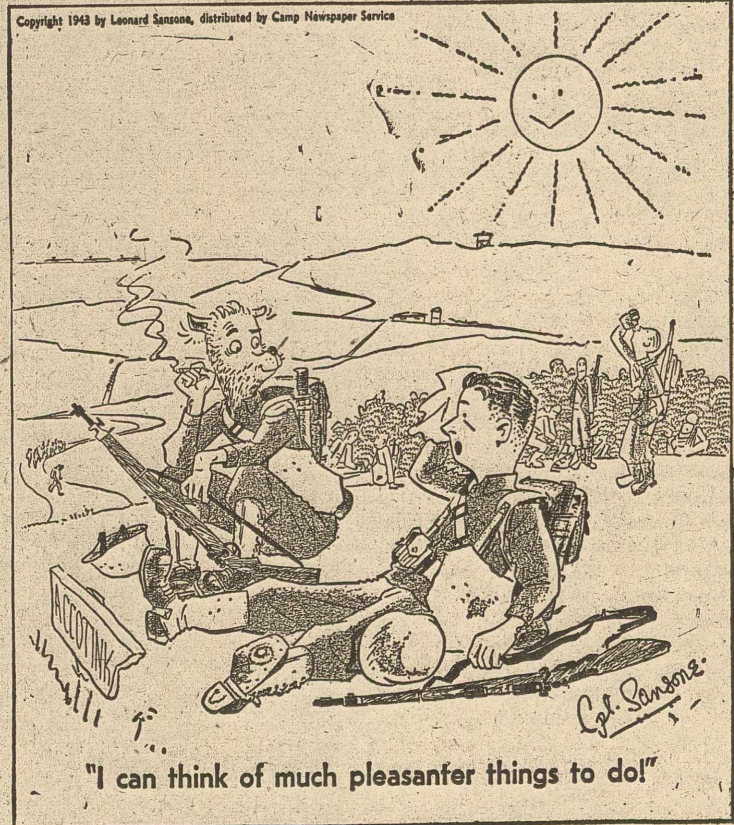
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The Rattler receives Camp Newspaper Service material.

**The Wolf**

by Sansone

**The Diplomatic Front**

United Nations' military strategy from the beginning has been to press European theater operations to a successful conclusion before attempting decisive action in the Pacific.

However, no apparent argument excuses neglect of offensive political action against Japan. United States counter-propaganda aimed at Germany and Italy, particularly in recent months, has impressed most commentators as intelligent and forceful. But America's counter-attack on Japan's "East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere" hardly has matched that directed at Germany's "New Order".

Though Japan's propaganda more often than not has been rendered impotent by contradictory brutal opposition in occupied territory, the constant barrage must be having some effect.

Japan also has been working hard, without any great results as yet it is true, to divide the Chinese people, and recently "rewarded" Thailand with territory for its "collaboration". Extent of collaboration gained among the natives in the Netherlands East Indies, Malay States, French Indo-China and the Philippines cannot be accurately estimated, but generally the meager reports do not indicate such determined underground resistance there as in Europe.

Pearl S. Buck and other authoritative observers have argued con-

vincingly since the war began that the United Nations must give the native Far East peoples greater and more definite hope for freedom and economic betterment if material local opposition to Japanese occupation is to be obtained. President Roosevelt last week took a firm step in that direction.

Totalitarian Premier Tojo reputedly has "pledged" Filipinos that their islands will become an independent nation by this year's end. It is inconceivable that the majority of Filipinos would be roped in by such trickery, but enough might be duped to maintain a quisling government that would ease occupation difficulties. Joaquin M. Elizalde, Philippine resident commissioner in Washington, considered President Roosevelt's statement—on the occasion of the 45th anniversary of American occupation of the islands—a wise means for offsetting that insidious treachery. Said the President:

"I give the Filipino people my word that the Republic of the Philippines will be established the moment the power of our Japanese enemies is destroyed."

Filipinos find in their recent history every reason to trust that pledge. Other Far East peoples doubtless would react favorably to such definite promises regarding their future.



# THE CHAPLAIN SAYS -



A Navy Chaplain writes that when he and his organization landed on a little island in the South Seas all the men seemed to feel that they were so far from anywhere that even God must have been left behind.

One of the things that struck them forcibly was the fact that there were no children in view. After a time they saw the children coming out of a small school house. When they inquired what the children had been doing they were told that they had been to the school praying that the war would come to an end. Suddenly there came to all the realization that they were still close to God. Anywhere that people can pray, they can feel the nearness of God.

How are your prayer habits? Do you feel that the Army is being unjust to you because you don't have as much furlough time as you think you should have? Do you feel that you are being abused because you pull KP more often than someone else? Does Army discipline "get you down"? Why not pray about your problems?

We should not pray, "Oh God, make my CO treat me better." Nor should we pray, "Please, Lord, don't let them put me on KP so often." What we should pray for is strength to meet the day's tasks as they come. Prayer is not telling the Lord how to run the world, but asking Him to help us do our part in the plan of things. Prayer is an attitude of the soul towards God. The man who fervently prays that God will help him be a better soldier is the man who is interested enough in being a better soldier that God can do something with him.

Too many people never pray until they want the Lord to do something for them. Similarly, too many soldiers never come around to get acquainted with the Chaplain until they are in some kind of trouble. How can you expect God to let His strength flow through you if you are a stranger to Him? He can do much more for a person who has lived close to Him than He can for one who comes only occasionally when in trouble.

Prayer, Bible reading and attendance at Services of Worship all help us to live close to God. All of these things are available for you. Make use of them, and be happier and more useful.

—Chaplain Edwin W. Norton

## PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday: 0900, Aviation Squadron Service; 1030, Base Chapel Service; 1930, Guard Squadron's night at the Base Chapel.

Wednesday: 1930, Service Men's Christian League. Leader: Cpl. Paul Byer.

Thursday: 1900, Chapel Chorus Rehearsal.

## CATHOLIC SERVICES

Sunday Masses: 0600; 0800; and 1615.

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

Weekday Masses: 1730, daily except Thursday. No masses on Wednesday this week.

Hospital Mass: Thursday at 1430, in Red Cross auditorium.

Tuesday: Novena, 1930.

Friday: Benediction, 2100.

Study Club: Monday, 1930.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Sunday: 1715, Base Chapel Services.

## JEWISH SERVICES

Friday: 1930, Base Chapel.

## The Inquiring Line

Q. How many armies has the U. S. A. abroad.

A. Three. The Fifth Army, commanded by Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, was formed during the North African invasion. The Sixth Army, under Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger, is fighting in the Southwest Pacific. The newly-formed Seventh Army, under Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., is in Sicily. The First, Second, Third and Fourth Armies are stationed in the U. S. A.

Q. In what precedence are decorations, service medals and badges worn?

A. In this order: Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldier's Medal, Purple Heart, Air Medal, Gold Life Saving Medal, Silver Life-Saving Medal, Good Conduct Medal. These medals are followed by service medals in order of the date of the service performed and will be worn on the left breast in order from right to left of the wearer about four inches below the middle point of the top of the shoulder in one or more lines. When more than one line is worn, the lines will overlap.

—Camp Newspaper Service

# AT THE THEATER

Because of the pertinent plot, local interest may center this week in "Hers to Hold", coming to the Base Theater Sunday and Monday. New Yorker classed the war theme as "good, clean sentiment, involving Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten."

Critics indicate that Miss Durbin does a mature job with her first serious screen love affair. Joseph Cotten—tall and not too pretty—comes off well as a flyer back from the Pacific War.

Cotten attempts to go back into combat with "no women, no strings, no tears"; the girl decided differently. He wanted to spare her the possible heartache of a combat flyer's wife. Deanna sings two modern, two classical songs. Her "Begin the Beguine" should be a stand out.

With a good cast—including the stately gorgeous Alexis Smith—"Gentleman Jim" (on Saturday) should prove solid entertainment. The story is that of the early life of Corbett, immortal conqueror of John L. Sullivan. Said New Yorker:

"Errol Flynn is pretty convincing as Corbett, partly because he looks like him. Should appeal to fight fans, especially very old ones."

"Appointment in Berlin" (Tuesday) also has an excellent cast, headed by George Sanders, one of the best in strong drama. The show today and tomorrow has light-footed, sweet-limbed Ann Miller and the Hero of Harlem, Rochester, not to mention Freddie Martin's on-the-beam band; worth seeing.

### This Week's Schedule:

Wed. & Thurs.—"What's Buzzin' Cousin", with Ann Miller, John Hubbard, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Freddie Martin & Orchestra. Shorts: The War (No. 6), Paramount News.

Friday—"Melody Parade", with Mary Beth Hughes & Eddie Quillan. Shorts: "Letter from Ireland" & "Amphibious Fighter".

Saturday—"Gentleman Jim", with Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith & Alan Hale. Shorts: "The Hungry Goat" & Popeye Cartoon.

Sun. & Mon.—"Hers to Hold", with Deanna Durbin, Joseph Cotten & Charles Winninger. Shorts: "Super Mouse Rides Again" & Paramount News.

Tuesday—"Appointment in Berlin", with George Sanders, Marguerite Chapman, & Gale Sondergard. Shorts: Unusual Occupations, Merrie Melodies, and Sports Review.

## Grown Up



Deanna Durbin makes her way through six love scenes in "Hers to Hold"—at the Base Theater Sunday and Monday—with a seriousness never before displayed in any of her films. Joseph Cotten is the lucky object of her affections.

## 'Kill Or Be Killed' Among 3 Films To Show Here

All personnel of Rattlesnake Bomber Base will turn out this week for three training films to be shown at the Base Theater, one of which alone has enough exciting interest to render orders unnecessary for full attendance.

"Kill or Be Killed" received excellent reviews in a number of national magazines, including Life, as the real stuff and a finely turned production job. The title carries the words of Maj. Gen. Davenport Johnson, 2AF CG—"Learn to Kill or Be Killed"—which appear on signs all over the Base.

Other films are "Swimming Through Burning Oil and Through Surf" and "Fighting Men-Wise Guy", the latter running 20 minutes and the others 10 minutes.

Showings will be:

Wednesday, August 18, 0900-1000, 1030-1130, 1600-1700.

Thursday, August 19, same times.

Friday, August 20, same times.

### 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.



## Supply

### By LOW SCORE FOUR

This week's news starts off with an epitaph—all in fun—but covering a sad situation, to be sure! Seems it all came about when one each T-Sgt. Tanner was loaned out for a day to another section that the following was placed over his empty chair:

### IN MEMORIAM

#### To One We Miss

"Whose smile made our hearts feel glad?  
Whose presence brightened our day?

Whose going has left us sad?  
And turned our blue to gray?  
Who did our posting with a smile?  
Who made each 81?  
Who did our typing in rapid style?  
And cleaned machines when day was done?

Who trudged so brightly through the sun

To take our work to be checked?  
And when that checking all was done,

Who brought it back correct?  
Whose pleasant words rated high?  
Who brightened up dreary nooks?  
Whose brain was strictly GI?  
Whose gasmask improved his looks

Who was it (we know now)  
All silliness was beneath?  
And so, upon his absent brow,  
We place a figurative wreath."

If Section Four will pardon us, we can tell them why Sgt. Tanner was missed so greatly—sounds like he did all the work.

Only news we could get from the Inspection Department sounds like a bid for free advertising. "It is stated that anyone may have a Turkish bath any afternoon—as long as the mercury stays at its present high—however, it is requested that each applicant bring his own towels." We hear that Turkish baths are good for losing weight, how's about it, Jeanne?

Rumors have it that one of our lieutenants, having blossomed forth in his formal whites, for a gala evening, was nearly refused admission to the Base when the guards at the gate mistook him for a sailor. Pathetic situation!

Our sympathy to Major Saenger on his "Football Ankle"—our feelings in the matter are that Sub-Depot Headquarters should be declared "Out of Bounds" for the duration of the Crutch Age, and that he should be made to office in Supply, since there are no steps over here to climb.

## 'Veteran' Of Two Wars



Joan Leslie, 18-year-old Warners' star, can call herself a veteran of two wars, cinematically speaking. After playing opposite Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York", she has been cast in Irvin Berlin's all-army show, "This is the Army".

## Signal Section

### By PVT. M. J. CLAUW

It looks like Watford will be using the space bar for a chin rest if some one doesn't give him a higher chair. I wonder what Helen is doing with a baby rattle in her desk? One of the (shall I say) soldiers gave it to her. He got it from his sister so that he could go to sleep. Now you take Betty, she certainly is from Texas or some place where the sun affects the speech. She just drags her words out. Her main work is goll-e-e-e-e, and it drags for a mile.

In the stock room? It couldn't be that 52 pieces of hard paper with a joker in it, kept him up all night, or did they? You can't buy time Shively. Moe calls Bonnie Mae "Peanut", of all things. Could it be more romantic in the moonlight? Now Moe, we'll have none of that ole stuff!

Mrs. Burkholder has a contented, dreamy look on her face now. Her husband is back, and the air conditioner is working . . . who

wouldn't be contented? Lt. Seaman seems to work day and night. Shively came in at 4 a.m. and the Lt. was busy as a bee.

We all miss the bright chubby faces of those who are now on the B shift but I think we shall soon join them . . . that is, we are starting a night shift of our own.

We have three new men in radio, but as yet we do not know any gossip on them; so wait until next week. Right now we are having trouble, and I do mean trouble.

### TOO BIG FOR THE ARMY, SOLDIER GETS DISCHARGE

BUCHANAN, N. Y. (CNS)—William A. Sackel Jr., who squeezed his six foot, ten inch frame into a set of ODs only after a desperate struggle last summer, is back home again—a civilian. Sackel talked his way into the Army although he stands four inches over-size but when he applied for a transfer to air-borne Artillery he was re-examined and given a discharge. He's going back to work in a nearby distilling plant.

## SOUR AND SWEET

## Band Notes

### By SGT. ERVIN WERTHAMER

This is the first time that the Rattlesnake Bomber Base Band has appeared in print in THE RATTLER and, providing that we can store up enough energy every week to peck at the typewriter, you lucky people will be hearing from us regularly from now on.

As yet, there are only eleven men in our squadron, with another on the way. But we make a helluva lot of noise for eleven men, as you probably have heard—if nothing else.

Have you ever heard of the Bedlam Insane Asylum in old London? The place was a permanent convention center for all the nuts that the King Henrys and Georges could round up. And the noise and din of the place was ample rugged. Well, anyhoo, what I am getting around to is that the occupants of the barracks in the immediate vicinity of ours must think that King George lend-leased Bedlam Insane Asylum to our government and had it transplanted to T-637. But all kidding aside, it isn't as bad as all that. You actually can hear a loud shout—sometimes.

And the men are human, too—? They have their love affairs like any other GIs. Witness the case of Paul Shuman—or should I say cases? At any rate the guy seems to do all right for himself, or at least his 1938 Dodge does all right for him. Of course the poor fish thinks that it is his personal-magnetism or something like that. And who are we to disillusion him? Haw!

Then there's the chick from Wink that Bill Ross had a date with the other night. You should have heard him rave about her the next morning! I never knew the guy was so educated—the words that he used! Gad!

We had a party recently—a watermelon party, guggle gurgle, spliff, slurp. Everybody had a wonderful time according to the garbled noises uttered between mouthfuls of the stuff. And I did too, altho I must admit that it's a lot of bother when one must pick watermelon seeds out of ones ears, nose, pockets, toe nails and other assorted hiding places for the following three days.

I guess that's all for now so until next week I shall leave you to stew in your own perspiration and wallow in your own dust while I ponder on the Machiavelian cruelty of the early Texas patriots who wrested West Texas away from the lucky Mexicans.

NORTH AFRICA (CNS)—An MP stopped a WAC sergeant when she failed to salute a group of second lieutenants.

"Would you have saluted," she asked, "If they called you 'Toots'?"

# WAC Flak

By CPL. SYLVIA WEXLER

Maybe someone can settle the debate which has been going on in Barrack No. 1—PFC Lula Fockler insists that Pennsylvania is Ohio's backyard to which Cpl. Bobbie Zentz objects. Discussion runs wild when the subject is reopened. Confidentially, tho, they're both suburbs of Connecticut!

Cpl. Riden is now back on the job at the Post Office after traveling all 'round these parts—from Carlsbad Caverns all the way to Odessa, and back to headquarters. She sure was glad to get back. After all, the mail must go through!

Well, we have two new inspectors at the WAC Headquarters now. Our canine members, GI and Eager Beaver made a midnight inspection of the Hospital Mess Hall. They figured they'd beat Capt. Alley at his own game and see what his kitchen looked like 'fore he came around to look at ours. Seems that Eager Beaver wasn't satisfied with the first inspection 'cause he went back again a few nights later. Nothing like checking up on our competitors, don't cha know.

We sure missed Cpl. Sammy Kaplan's column in last week's Rattler. Could it be, Sammy, that you're too busy carrying cokes to PFC Edna Collins to take time out to write your column?

Guess Cpl. June Barber must be a favorite at the Hospital 'cause we hear the Medics feted her at a birthday party in Pyote last Thursday. And you should see the pretty bracelet they presented to her.

And talking about the Medics—seems to us that S-Sgt. Shipp is just as glad that PFC Ickes returned from civilian life as she is. He's been haunting the Orderly Room ever since she came back.

That's a right nice sgt. we see escorting S-Sgt. Ogden about these days. What's the matter with the Medics—allowing a member of the Gypsy 93rd to steal our Mess Sgt.'s heart away from them?

Did you-all have fun at our birthday party? And on Friday the 13th! But Cpl. Eiselstein, our baker, offset that jinx with that super-duper chocolate cake. The door prize—for men only—was awarded to Sgt. Franz of the 435th. Hope you like our new furniture, too. If we keep improving our Day Room much more, none of us will want to leave Pyote for ever and ever.

The birthday greeting list this month is headed by none other than our CO, Capt. Marie Moran. Happy Birthday, Ma'am, from the WAC Company! And best wishes, also, to Sgt. Kay Vraney, Cpls. Bobbie Zentz and June Barber, PFCs

# M A L E C A L L

BY MILTON CANIFF



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Helen Wagner, Lulu Fockler and Tima Hoy.

And before we say "Adieu" for another week, just a word to the male personnel of the Rattlesnake Bomber Base—Monday nights our Day Room is reserved for WACs ONLY; so please don't make any plans to meet your dates there. Thanks, Friends!

## Former WACs Wed In Double Ceremony To Pyote EMs Here

Two former corporals in the Pyote WAC Company were married to Rattlesnake Bomber Base enlisted men at the Monahans Baptist Church Wednesday at 9:55 p.m. by Rev. C. G. Watt in a double wedding ceremony.

Miss Florence Hall of Boston became the bride of Cpl. Alfred Allen, 30th Bombardment Squadron, 19th Bomb Group, and Miss Ruby Reaves of Los Angeles was married to PFC Elmer Tepe, Finance Department.

The two couples left together Saturday for Carlsbad Caverns on their honeymoons, and both couples will live in Monahans temporarily on their return.

## \$\$ Financiers \$\$

By SALLY J. SMITH

First of all let's welcome to our crew Privates Winfred Horne and Thomas Swain of Salt Lake City, Utah. We know it is a let-down, fellows, but think nothing of it. You'll sweat enough to think you are living SLC days over again. Also among us is S-Sgt. Henry Hawling, transferred from Alamogordo, New Mexico, at present learning the means and ways of Commercial Accounts. PFC James G. Rosson, Jr., who has been attending Finance School at Wake Forest, North Carolina, is back with corporal stripes. Nice going, chum!

Cpl. Gardner (rosebud) is receiving mail from his unknown admirer or perhaps we should we unknown to us (But Miss Martin to him.)

Our First Sgt. Tom Nevinger says "I'm through going to Kermit!" Why, Nevvy- Who's taken her?

FLASH! PFC Tepe has announced his marriage to Miss Ruby Reaves (nee Cpl. Reaves) of WAC Post Headquarters Company. That was fast work, Tepe,

and its a long way frmo Pyote to California, but congratulations to you and yours.

Within the past few weeks we have heard from 3 of our ol' financiers. Walter Hanson, who at one time was corporal in our Mileage Section, was transferred to Duke University, North Carolina, to attend OCS. In our letter addressed to Finance Personnel, we received his name card stating he is a Second Lieutenant, FD. Nice going, Walt. Also David W. Bell, who is now a corporal at Galveston, Texas, is in charge of the Officer's Pay Section, and Richard Miller, better known as Sarge, is now stationed at Galveston in charge of Enlisted Pay. Best o' luck, fellows!

Why is it our lil' Swede S-Sgt. Larson has been going around with chin to his knees? Couldn't be because a little Iowa gal has done away with a flasher on 3rd finger, left hand, could it?

It is rumored through citizens of the Far West that Lieutenant Taber is a fond lover of apple pies. How about that, sir?

NEW YORK (CNS)—Burma has declared war on the United Nations, according to Jap broadcasts heard here.

# A A B SPORTS

## Man In Kelly Green Suit Says Japs Envy American Baseball Prowess

By SGT. FRANK DE BLOIS  
CNS Sports Correspondent

You've probably heard a good deal of gab about how the retention of big league baseball is necessary for the preservation of American morale. A lot of people are sending up a lot of smoke on this subject all over the country.

Now, however, we've got a new angle. Lefty O'Doul, the man in the Kelly green suit, who used to bang baseballs off the right and left field walls at Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds with amazing consistency, says that abandonment of baseball at this stage of the war would give the Japs a terrific boost in morale.

The man in the Kelly green suit may have something, at that. Anyway, he should know what he's talking about. He played in Japan on barnstorming tours with American All-Stars and had a chance to study the Jap baseball outlook first hand. Here's what he has to say:

"The Japs so envy us for our baseball prowess that to call off the game during the war would be a tonic to them. I think they would construe it to mean we were becoming panicky or something like that."

Lefty, who batted .352 for the Yankees, the Red Sox, the Gaints, the Phils and the Dodgers during an 11-year Major League career, now is managing the San Francisco Seals, where he can keep an eye peeled on the Japs at all times. One eye is all he can peel, as a matter of fact, because a couple of years ago an irate fan, who didn't like the way he was running the Seals, followed him into a downtown bar and grill and stuck a cocktail glass in Lefty's other glim.

The man in the Kelly green suit said the Japs are nuts about baseball but they can't play it for schmaltz.

"Our teams used to give the Japs some terrible beatings," said Lefty. "Once we trimmed them 20 to 0, and we could have made it 40 to 0 if we hadn't become tired whaling that old tomato all over the lot. Of course, we had Al Simmons and Lou Gehrig and Mickey Cochrane and Bob Grove on our side."

We imagined that having Simmons, Gehrig, Cochrane and O'Doul punching the ball into the far corners of the outfield with Grove fogging them through the

mound might have had something to do with the score, but Lefty was talking again.

"Yes, sir, they were supposed to be pretty good players but I couldn't see them at all. They couldn't touch Grove, of course, and I even fooled them myself one day with a couple of crooked arm curves that any big leaguer would have sent riding a mile. In all the time we spent in Japan I never saw a Jap player hit a single home run."

"They were hot on the squeeze, the old hit and run, drag bunts and business like that," Lefty recalled. "They had more signs for the squeeze than there are on the walls of Ninth Avenue L."

During his tour of Japan with the other big leaguers, Lefty became a national idol. The Japs, puny hitters themselves, stood in awe of the tremendous wallop he gave the old horsehide. They followed him around the street and aped his walk and his Kelly green suit, and when he left for the U. S.A., they gave him an eight foot bat as a tribute to his slugging powers. Lefty still has the big bat although he never used it in a big league game.

### SON OF GEN. CHENNAULT SAVED FROM JAPS

WATERPROOF, LA. (CNS)—D. W. Chennault, who was rescued from a Japanese-held island after the U. S. light cruiser Helena was sunk in the Southwest Pacific, is the fifth son of Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, commander of the 14th U. S. Air Task Force in China. Gen. Chennault has three sons in the Army and two in Government work. The one who was rescued is in the Navy.

### CAMP LEJEUNE, N. C. (CNS)

—The first all-girl marine band in history, consisting of 43 women, has been formed here. Its organization will release for combat duty the male musicians now playing in the camp band.

## Soldier Sports

Lt. Frank Kovacs, U. S. pro tennis star stationed in Australia, flew 600 miles to Sydney the other day to play a special exhibition match with Aussie star Jack Crawford only to find that the match had been cancelled. Australian net officials called the tilt off in fear that a match with Kovacs might endanger Crawford's standing as an amateur.

**Chunky little red headed Patty Berg, Minneapolis golf pro, was sworn into the Marine Corps Women's Reserve 24 hours after she won the All-American Women's Golf Championship at Chicago.**

Latest big leaguer to join the colors is Aldon Wilkie, Pittsburgh Pirates' pitcher, who was inducted into the Army at Portland, Ore. recently. Latest big leaguers to be rejected by the Army: Clyde (Bum Knees) Klutz, Braves catcher; and Skeeter (Bad Gams) Webb, Red Sox infielder. The induction of Johnny Vandermeer, fireball Cincinnati southpaw, has been delayed until mid-August.

**Pvt. Charles (Red) Ruffing, former New York Yankee mound ace, hurled the first no-hit, no-run game of his baseball career recently for the Sixth Ferrying Group, Army Air Transport Command in Long Beach, Cal. Ruffing hung a 2 to 1 defeat on the Santa Ana Air Base nine led by his former team mate, Joe DiMaggio. Red fanned Di Magg once, forced him to pop up on two other occasions.**

Walter Masterson, former Washington pitcher who is now hurling for a naval base nine in Hawaii, pitched the first no-hit game in the history of the Hawaiian League in a recent game in Honolulu.

**Army bound Don Kalloway's last appearance as a big league ball player was an inauspicious one. The Chicago White Sox second baseman fanned ingloriously in his last at-bat for the duration.**

Lt. Cdr. John Bain (Jock) Sutherland, famed ex-football coach at the U. of Pittsburgh, has been assigned to the Cape May (N. J.) Naval Base as welfare and recreation officer. Dr. Sutherland, whose powerhouse teams at Pitt made him the most consistently successful coach in the land, quit a job as head coach of the Brooklyn Professional Football Dodgers to accept a Navy commission.

TULSA, OKLA. (CNS)—A local rancher wrote a letter to a Tulsa newspaper, inviting Hitler, Tojo "and all the people of the world" to hold a peace conference "on my 20 acres of land."

## Medics Take Lead In Home Stretch Of League Play

Going into the home stretch the "Pill Pushers" took the lead by one game in the Base Softball League, with the Base Flyers and Diedrichs Service Squadron tied for second place, only a game behind the leader.

The Medics took the league lead after defeating the McDanel Air-drome Squadron Sunday evening to the tune of 10 to 7. Once again it was O'Kenka on the mound for the Medics, with Kronenberg behind the plate. O'Kenka gave up 6 hits, while the Medics collected 10 hits.

The Medics went to the front in the first inning after tallying 5 runs, and made two in the fourth, before their opponents made their first tally.

On Friday the 13th the Medics shut out the 93rd Bomb Sq. 9 to 0. It certainly was an unlucky Friday for the 93rd as they were only able to get one hit off O'Kenka, the star hurler of the Medics. The Medics once again opened their rally in the 1st. inning, chalking up 4 runs. Both Kuna and Kronenberg hit triples.

The second-place Base Flyers took their end of the whipping from the Medics to the score of 7 to 3. Medics opened up with one run in the 4th inning, while the Base Flyers came back in their end of the 4th with one run to tie it up at one apiece. Base Flight got two runs in the 5th, but they were held scoreless from then on. Medics made their big rally in the last inning by getting 6 runs. Batteries were O'Kenka and Kronenberg for the Medics, Kurts and Semp for the Base Flyers.

## Standings

### American League

Team	W	L	Pct.
New York	65	40	.619
Washington	59	52	.532
Cleveland	55	50	.524
Detroit	54	50	.519
Chicago	55	51	.519
Boston	52	55	.486
St. Louis	45	59	.433
Philadelphia	40	68	.370

### National League

Team	W	L	Pct.
St. Louis	69	35	.663
Cincinnati	59	49	.546
Pittsburgh	58	50	.537
Brooklyn	55	53	.509
Boston	48	55	.466
Chicago	49	57	.462
Philadelphia	50	60	.455
New York	39	68	.364

# AIRDROME SQUADRONS

By PFC EDWARD C. KOOPS

Tuesday and Wednesday are squadron training days, and last week found the outfit at home on the Range. Out of a possible 120, Marksman Cpl. Richard Ninedorf rang the bell with 103. Also up with the sharpshooters was T-Sgt. John Byrd. Another phase of the squadron training was a sanitation demonstration, presented by the Medical Department in the area back of the Hospital.

Some familiar faces were missing from the squadron, with several of the bright-eyed lads off to technical training schools.

But Pvt. "Abie" Tuller, back from furlough, more than evens the scales. Abie—known to one and all as the poor man's Buster Keaton (he just stands around and things happen to him)—got into further complications as drill-master par excellence.

Marching his men down the street in a snappy, precise formation, he counted his cadence brightly, saw a khaki-clad figure advancing and tore off one of his flashiest salutes. The khaki-clad figure—a PFC—saluted back!

Among things we'd like to know is just who started this "Gear" nickname. Our first Sgt.—Langan—calls most of his boys "Gear", as does S-Sgt. Jim Worick.

Nowadays you'll find a splendid turnout at the PX while the cafe-

## Tarzan Finds New Mate



Tarzan's new jungle love is some Jane—but, cops, the tree-top teaser's name now is "Zandra". Johnny Weissmuller still yodels from the branches, and the gal above in the zoot sarong is Frances Gifford. Background jungle is not too far from Los Angeles.

teria is open. A hypothetical roll-call of the squadron would find just about everyone present and accounted for—from the first sgt. all the way down to your reporter. Ever since Mess Hall No. 1 closed, they have taken over the cafeteria for a mess hall.

Being in a benevolent and scurrilous mood (which is a neat trick if you can do it), I aim to do a little orchid and scallion passing ala Winchell in this column. So—it's

**GIGS:** To those boys who come in off pass about 2:30 ayem, feeling gay and giggly, and start exercising their latent vocal charms in the latrine.

**GIGS** to the Base Library for ruining half the enjoyment of a good book or magazine by banning smoking.

The prosecution rests. Now for the other side of the ledger.

**RIBBONS:** to those WACs who started a community sing in the Tap Room of the PX the other twilight, and brought in a spirit of real camaraderie. **RIBBONS**, too, to the meticulous make-up man on the Rattler who, each week, places the "Wolf" cartoon right across from the column "The Chaplain Says" and never, not once, mixes them up. **RIBBONS** from all of us to the persons responsible for

## ODB Urges Soldiers To Tell Dependents' Address Changes

Address unknown.

That's the reason why more than 40,000 allotment-of-pay and family allowance checks are sent back to the War Department Office of Dependency Benefits each month, undelivered.

Soldiers should urge their dependents who are about to move to notify the ODB in writing, to avoid delay in obtaining checks.

New address should be sent to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, New Jersey. Dependents also should notify the former postmaster.

the return of air-conditioning to the theatre. **RIBBONS** to the library for subscribing to the big-town papers, bringing a reminiscent, cosmopolitan touch to the desert country.

**RIBBONS** to the fearless GIs who wrote the El Paso Times what they thought of Texas. **RIBBONS** to the Chaplain for his strictly socko column in last week's Rattler. Makes ya stop 'n' think.

## How To Fight Fires Outlined In Base Order

That destructive fifth columnist, fire, will be taken care of in short order if all personned in an emergence will follow General Order No. 24, recently issued here.

If you hear six intermittent blasts on the siren, that means the enemy flames are on the loose. However, all base personnel—except the Fire Department, OD, Guard Detail, ambulance operators, Post Electrician and Post Plumber, and the ones in the building involved, who will fight the fire—will continue routine tasks unless a second alarm is sounded.

For a two alarmer, all personnel will assemble at stations set forth in organization orders. When it's all over, one short siren blast will be the all-clear.

Base traffic must clear the roads and stop for the fire fighters, and must not follow to the scene of the fire. Persons not fighting the fire will keep away unless ordered to assist.

The Fire Marshal (Post Engineer) will supervise monthly organization fire drill.

Every soldier on the base should know the location and proper use of the fire reporting telephones, as outlined in the general order. And don't play around with those alarm boxes; false alarms not only are dangerous but bring unpleasant happenings down on the head of any culprit caught turning them in.

Finally, if every soldier will use common-sense in preventing fire hazards, those alarms will be very few and far between.

## Two Pyote EMs Get OCS Call

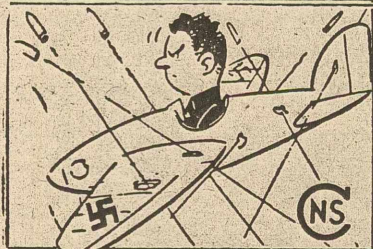
Sgt. Armand G. Bolvin, Diedrich's Service Squadron, got the call for AAF Administrative OCS last week, and headed for Miami Beach, Fla.

Also going to that school last week was S-Sgt. Paul J. Moher, Base Headquarters and Air Base Squadron, who soon will find out what those little gold bars cost.

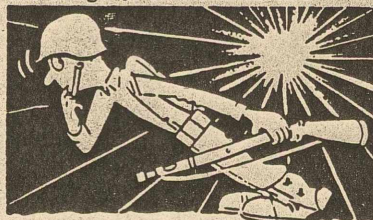
Sgt. Calvin H. Cerniway, Base Hq. & AB Sq., and Sgt. Paul A. Morelock, 28th Bomb Squadron, last week became candidates for appointment as Aviation Cadets (air crew).

Going to Camp Santa Anita, Calif., for an Ammunition Specialists Course were Cpl. Daniel B. Rusteika, 93rd Bomb Squadron, and PFC Charles H. Russell, 435th Bomb Squadron.

## Life Savers



When attacked by low-flying planes, every soldier should fire on them, unless orders have been given to the contrary. This will cause the planes to keep above the range of small arms fire.



When a flare is dropped during a night attack, stop where you are and remain motionless until it has burned out.

# Base Sanitation Ratings Improve, But Messes Hold Averages Down

Base sanitation definitely improved last week, with more organizations pushing up into the 80s and 90s, according to the report by Capt. J. R. Alley, Base Medical Inspector.

The report indicated clearly that inadequate mess hall sanitation still was holding down the general averages. Mess hall, barracks, and latrine sanitation ratings are here averaged for each organization's score; in each case—excepting the Hospital Mess—mess hall ratings were the lowest of the three.

The Hospital Mess was the best last week, with 94 points out of a possible 100. PX Cafeteria—which won the plaque for having the best average sanitation this past month—was second with a 91.

A mess must be consistently good to win the plaque, for one bad week could knock it out of the running.

Lt. H. B. Montgomery's Bombing and Gunnery Range Squadron—a steady high ranker that collapsed into the cellar spot a week ago—recovered with a bang. With all three of its sanitation ratings in the 90s, it scored a 92 average and first place in base sanitation.

Though not comparable with organizations' scores, post prisoners' sanitation was among the best on the base, under the direction of Capt. S. B. Lang, Provost Marshal. Leading scores generally were not as high this week as they were the previous week, but the base average as a whole showed improvement. Competition appears to be growing keener.

Curiously enough, the previous week's first four winners tied for second among organizations this time with 90.3 scores. Pace-setters all, those organizations are Lt. F. W. Thacker's Aviation Squadron, Lt. B. S. Igou's Medical Detachment, Capt. G. M. Moran's WAC Company, and Lt. J. H. Hafkenschiel's Altitude Training Unit—listed in order of places before the tie.

Officers' Mess stands lowest in the score listings with a 65, but other mess scores (hidden in averages) were worse, including Mess Hall No. 5 (30th and 435th), 61, Mess Hall No. 1 (410th and two airdrome squadrons), 60, and Mess Hall No. 2, 58. The latter, the service squadrons' mess, at the time also was serving organizations normally using Mess No. 1, closed for repairs but opened last week.

Climbing out of the 70s into the 80s in sanitation ratings last week were Lt. T. F. McDanel's Airdrome Squadron, and Capt. E. C. Steinemann's 435th Bomb Squadron. All other organizations switched places in the 80s.

Organizations whose sanitation

scores stayed in the 70s, showing no improvement, were Major Ernest Swingle's Base Hq. & AB Sq. and Capt. E. R. Genter's Service Squadron. The 410th had good barracks and latrine ratings, but the newly opened mess was reported in poor condition.

BAYONNE, N. J. (CNS)—Seventy-six-year-old Frederick F. Bulkeley is the father of a recently-born 4½-pound son. His wife is 42. Mr. Bulkeley is the father of Lt. Cdr. John D. Bulkeley, who was in charge of the PT boat which rescued Gen. MacArthur from Corregidor.

SICILY (CNS)—Lt. Col. William O. Darby, leader of the American Rangers, has declined an offer for a full colonelcy and an Infantry combat command. This was his third refusal.

## Sanitation Standings

<b>Bomb. &amp; Gun. Range</b> _____	<b>92.0</b>	<b>QM Detachment</b> _____	<b>83.7</b>
Lt. H. B. Montgomery		Lt. George Frick	
<b>PX Cafeteria</b> _____	<b>91.0</b>	<b>Airdrome Squadron</b> _____	<b>82.0</b>
Capt. W. O. Hedley (Mess Only)		Lt. R. S. Spindler	
<b>Post Prisoners</b> _____	<b>90.5</b>	<b>30th Bomb Squadron</b> _____	<b>82.0</b>
Capt. S. B. Lang		Capt. Edson Sponable	
<b>Altitude Training Unit</b> _____	<b>90.3</b>	<b>435th Bomb Squadron</b> _____	<b>81.6</b>
Lt. J. H. Hafkenschiel		Capt. E. C. Steinemann	
<b>WAC Company</b> _____	<b>90.3</b>	<b>Officers (Block 400)</b> _____	<b>81.5</b>
Capt. G. M. Moran		(BOQ & Latrines)	
<b>Medical Detachment</b> _____	<b>90.3</b>	<b>Airdrome Squadron</b> _____	<b>80.0</b>
Lt. B. S. Igou		Lt. T. F. McDanel	
<b>Aviation Squadron</b> _____	<b>90.3</b>	<b>Service Squadron</b> _____	<b>78.0</b>
Lt. F. W. Thacker		Capt. M. A. Diedrichs	
<b>93rd Bomb Squadron</b> _____	<b>88.0</b>	<b>Base Hq. &amp; AB Sq.</b> _____	<b>77.7</b>
Capt. R. T. Hernlund		Major Ernest Swingle	
<b>28th Bomb Squadron</b> _____	<b>85.2</b>	<b>19th Group Trainees</b> _____	<b>77.0</b>
Capt. R. W. Beckel		(Mess only)	
<b>Guard Squadron</b> _____	<b>85.0</b>	<b>Airdrome Squadron</b> _____	<b>77.0</b>
Capt. S. B. Lang		Lt. R. C. Fiske	
<b>Officers (Block 700)</b> _____	<b>84.0</b>	<b>Service Squadron</b> _____	<b>71.7</b>
(BOQ & Latrines)		Capt. E. R. Genter	
		<b>Officers</b> _____	<b>65.0</b>
		(Mess only)	

Except where otherwise indicated, above scores are an average of sanitation ratings for the organizations' respective mess halls, barracks, and latrines.

## Eight More Join WAC



These eight girls raised their right hands Sunday and became members of the WAC with WO Albert J. DeBor reading the soldier's oath. Most of the girls had

been on furlough, some in hospital when their fellow soldiers were sworn in. They are (L-to-R): T-5 Ruth Tucker, PFC Mary Calhoun, T-5 Helen Hevyl-Raf-

ter, PFC Amy Poole, T-4 Dora Frye, Sgt. Kathryn Vraney, PFC Ethyl Robson, and Helen Burnbaum.

# SERVICE SQUADRONS

## Diedrichs' Squadron

By SGT. WARREN E. KEYES and SGT. ROY E. WORTENDYKE

Almost everyone reminisces over his childhood days at sometime or another but very seldom does one revive those days as did M-Sgt. John Yaros last week. In one particular instance a GI spy glanced upon said personality happily re-enacting those youthful days on the roller rink at Monahans, but with a few added creaks and grunts. No sit down strikes were reported.

For those who find the sun a trifle too powerful it is suggested you find the shade of a tree and relax. Yes, there is enough shade for at least two people to seek shelter from the relentless rays of old Sol under the tree near the squadron bulletin board.

It is suggested that a special vigil be kept by the CQ on Barracks No. 2 during the night for the protection of its occupants while they sleep. Rumors have it that Indians practically scalped Pvt. Frank Kapinos the other night. S-Sgt. Don Gonzales declares he will get married when he goes home on furlough; the catch—he just got back from his furlough.

Weep with joy or sorrow, fellows, for the guns procured for the squadron to sharpen your marksmanship have been returned to Ordnance for use by other sharpshooters. Hats off to the man who can surpass S-Sgt. Bob Sage in making out the payroll book! For under adverse conditions he single-handedly kept up with the ever-growing personnel in record time. The two grateful lads who will especially appreciate his work are S-Sgt. Vincent Mahan and S-Sgt. John Milroy, whose three-day passes left them definitely busted.

As in all armies, chivalry has always remained a feat of good soldering. To uphold this outstanding tradition PFC Carl Till holds babes on crowded trains.

Not claiming to possess a photographic mind but merely impersonating one who does is PFC Harry Wesley, who has learned the base traffic regulations with uncanny accuracy. Happiest man in the organization this week is Pvt. Milton Jones, who took for himself a bride on that good luck day, Friday 13th. The new plan inaugurated last week for the benefit of all soldiers at the Tuesday night Rec. Hall dance allows a couple to dance at least four bars together—seems satisfactory to Cpl. Frank Wyzykowski—more WACs though, would make a hap-

## QM Sees

By SGT. ROBERTA DEASON

These are some of the things the boys in the QM have to say about their new CO, Lt. George Frick: "He knows how to get along with the men," and, "He's an old top-kick with plenty of punch." These are comprehensive statements, but well-grounded ones. Lt. Frick came into the service with the National Guard in 1940, and since that time has been at many stations—some of them pretty rough spots. As 1st Sergeant with a QM Truck Co., at Fort McClellan, Alabama, he learned the Army the hard way. The old sergeant will make a good CO, even if he is from Brooklyn.

Speaking of Brooklyn, who were the big-time boys from the QM who took a beating at the Pecos Carnival Thursday night? Furlough money doesn't come easy.

The Chemical Warfare Department puts up gas alarms in the most peculiar places. A couple of fellows are nursing big heads, and one lad hit an alarm so hard that the office force thought it was real. Fifteen minutes a day is enough to wear a gas mask in this heat without having any false alarms. So take it easy, boys, when you go around the corner.

The Stock Record Department is humming again—Sgt. Adlin is back from his furlough. It must have done him a lot of good, for last week he was advocating a competitive athletic program for EMs on the Base—diversified and organized, of course, so that if you don't excel in a pool, you could fly your colors on a pool table. If you are interested at all, you might challenge the sergeant to a game, or better still, challenge him to organize the program.

Now, if you have read thus far in this column, you may be the very one who will be glad to know that Sgt. Falkman found three 8 x 10 photographs in QM Warehouse No. 3. Said pictures are of six sergeants, so if you are one of them, call 47.

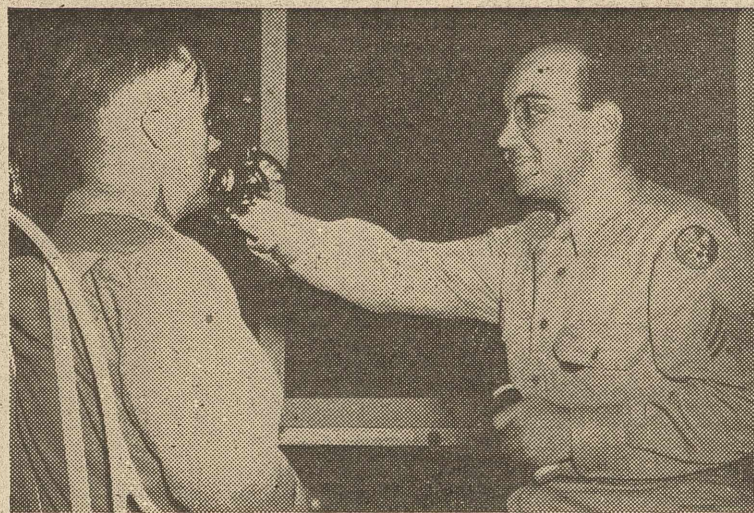
## GI STOPS BULLET, GOES TO WEST POINT

WEST POINT, N. Y. (CNS)—Wounded by a Jap bullet in the fighting at Guadalcanal, John E. Stannard today is a member of the plebe class at West Point. A former Infantry sergeant, Stannard was notified of his appointment to the Academy while on a hospital ship enroute to the U. S. from the Southwest Pacific.

pier corporal.

Some heartbreaks and toothpick-propped-open eyelids have been caused by the recent change in shifts but the majority of men appreciate the improved day-off schedule.

## Helps Fighting Efficiency



T-4 John Pilon, (Rt.), Medical Detachment, is proud of the part he plays in rendering Pyote soldiers more efficient fighters. You can't shoot what you can't see, and correcting vision is Pilon's job.

## MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

### French, Ranch-Born Pilon Doubles As Optician-Organist, Likes Work

By CPL. ROBERT NASH

If you have 20-20 eyesight and no intention of getting married, chances are you won't know the subject of today's Meet Your Buddies yarn.

T-4 John Pilon (pee loan) at the Base Medical Detachment, does plenty of work . . . and a great deal of it is with bridegrooms and myopics and hyperopics and other such similarly handicapped persons. T-4 Pilon, classified as an optician, makes general eye examinations and prescribes glasses, and doubles as Base Chapel organist. Recently weddings have been more frequent, so our Mr. Pilon has had plenty to do.

You'd never believe it, but T-4 Pilon was born on a cattle ranch in Wyoming. From his talk we judge his birthplace to be similar to Pyote. Anyhow, his most emphatic statement during a half hour of conversation was: "I'm never going back there, and I'm never coming back here; when this "||\$%&!\*" war is over I'm going to get married immediately and go straight to New York."

Pilon's musical career started as soon as he could reach the keyboard. When he touched the ivory for the first time he decided to be a pianist. Fine. Nothing went wrong with this worthy ambition—until he injured his hand.

Undaunted, the friendly little French lad about faced and began work on a singing career. He did well enough that he received his master's degree in music without ever paying for a lesson—scholarships had paved the entire road. After receiving his early education in Denver, T-4 Pilon has been in musical work of one kind or

other since then, in Chicago and New York. He has sung and played (both organ and piano) in concerts, on the air, and has taught music.

Once he tried to break away, and went to work in an office. "It didn't take me long to get fired from there," Pilon whimsically recalls. "They said I sang too much while I was doing the filing."

T-4 Pilon is not superstitious, but last Friday the 13th was his 13th month in the Army. He was in the original cadre that landed in Pyote on Nov. 9, 1942.

On arrival he was assigned as statistical clerk ("I hate typing!") to the Medical Detachment. In his department there was a queer-looking contrivance called the retinoscope, more complicated and much more interesting than a type writer. Right away he became acquainted with it, and pretty soon became adept in its handling. He's the fellow who shines that little white light into your eye and tells you whether you have astigmatism and the Guard Squadron kept tivo glasses you need.

On Sunday mornings he plays the organ for religious services in the Base Chapel. During the week he is called on at various times to play for weddings.

# Roosevelt, Churchill Plan Next Allied Offensive

## Allied Armies Overrun Sicily, Menace Italy

By CPL. TOMME CALL  
Rattler Editor

Commentators could only guess at the details of last week's biggest news story, the Quebec meeting of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, along with their military staffs and diplomatic advisers.

Associated Press generalizes on the necessity for the conference:

"The pace of the Allied offensive in Sicily, the Russian drives against Kharkov and Bryansk, successes chalked up against the Japanese at widely spaced points in the Pacific, and the stepped-up aerial hammering of Germany had made it apparent for some time that new war conferences and new decisions on the conduct of the war were in the offing."

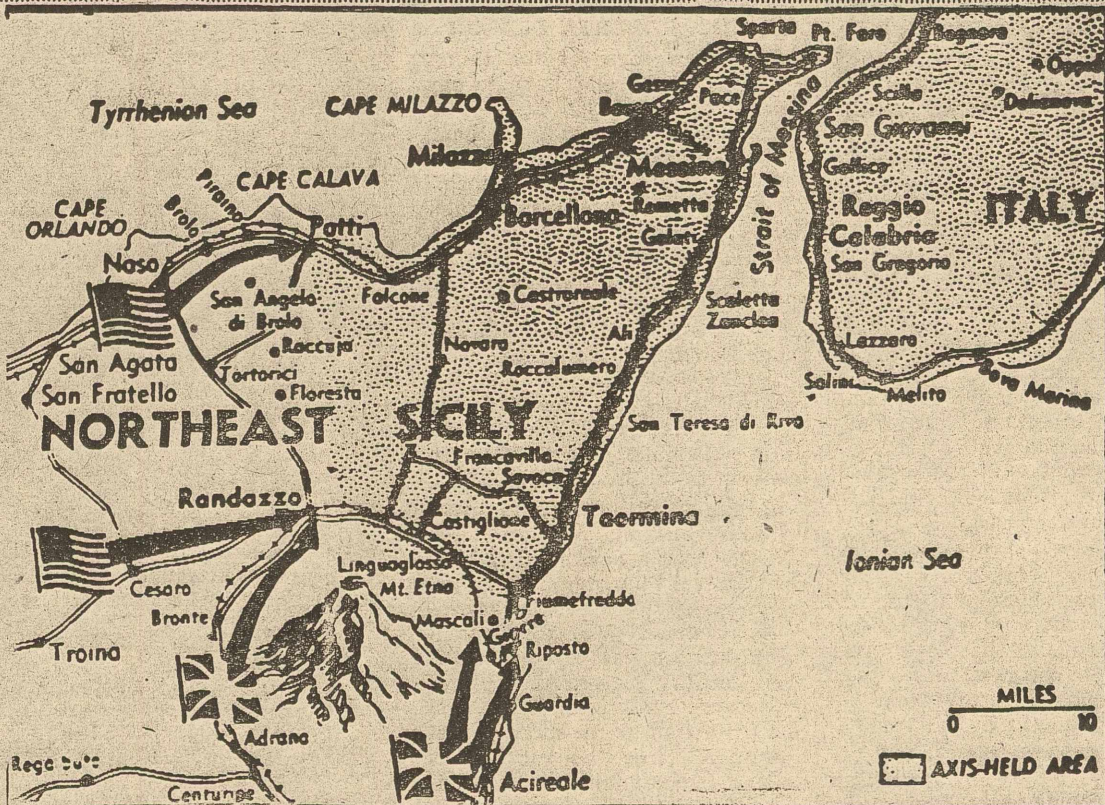
The United States President and Britain's Prime Minister had met five times previously, first when they drafted the Atlantic Charter in August, 1941, and four times since America entered the war. Three of the latter conferences were in Washington and the other at Casablanca.

Fact that high officials of the British Foreign Office and U. S. State Department figured in the discussions would indicate that diplomatic as well as military decisions are in the making.

A stir of speculation over Russia's part in the strategy-making occurred last week, causing Secretary of State Hull to assert that Stalin's government would be closely informed of Quebec happenings. Doubtless China and the other United Nations will be told of decisions affecting their interests.

Actually the Anglo-American team holds the key to Allied strategy. China and Russia have no choice but to exert their total strength on their vast land fronts, concentrating on hurling the invaders out. The United States and Great Britain, however, have numerous choices as to where to concentrate their combined strength in new offensive actions.

Russia and China mainly are interested in how soon and how hard their English-speaking partners can hit the enemy. General conclusion is that the President and the Prime Min-



ister now are planning the "big push" in Europe, either up from the Mediterranean or across from the British Isles, or both simultaneously.

Problems surrounding the imminent fall of Italy probably are involved also. The Badoglio government last week attempted to declare Rome an open city, but the Allies were not convinced that military activity there had ceased. Milan, blasted time and again last week, was a shambles. Residents of the Italian industrial city were reported openly pleading for peace. Sicily fell Tuesday af-

ter a 38-day campaign; north-east corner was crushed over the weekend (see map).

Berlin was among the enemy centers hit in the continuing aerial offensive over Western Europe. American Flying Fortresses—in a raid similar to that described by British aviation expert, Peter Masefield, on Page 6—pounded the big Nazi airbase (Le Bourget airdrome) outside Paris Monday.

The Red Army kept rolling on westward last week in its massive summer offensive that is threatening to crumble the present German defense line in

the east (see map).

Americans and Australians continued to press slowly forward in ground fighting in the Southwest Pacific, with continued heavy attrition of Japan's airpower. Salamaua, New Guinea base, appeared slated for capture, an event that would give the Allies still another air base nearer Rabaul, New Britain, key enemy stronghold in that theater.

To the north, it was reported last week, Liberators struck out 1,000 miles to hit Paramushiro naval base and other Japanese installations in the Kuriles.