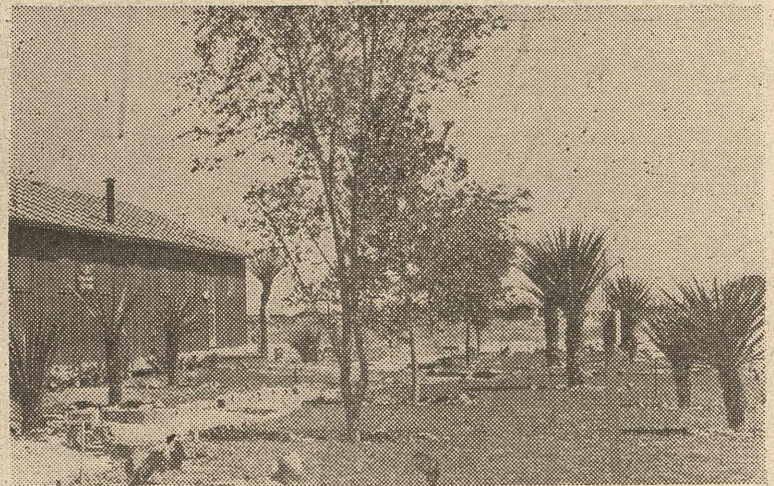


THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Bomber Base

VOL. 1, NO. 12 PYOTE, TEXAS AUGUST 25, 1943

Aviation Sq.: Desert Defeated



Rare, wonderful trees—along with the inevitable rocks and cacti—help make the barren desert bearable for the men at the Aviation Squadron. Other Rattlesnake Bomber Base orderly room areas have

become subjects for local soldier-horticulturists, who, spurred over discouraging obstacles by man's unquenchable desire to tame nature, have obtained surprising results.

(Pictures, Story Page 4)

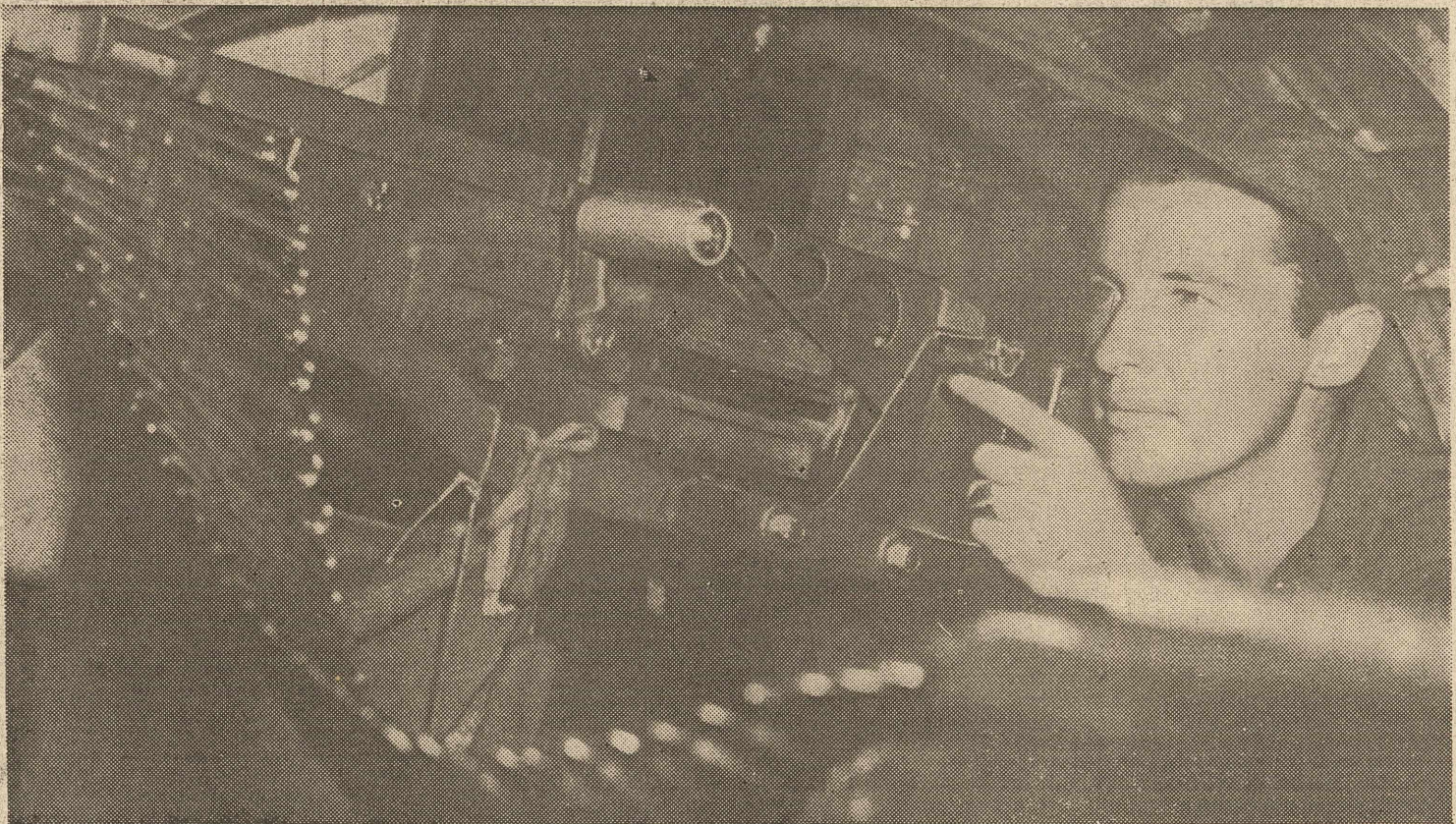
British Aviation Expert To Be Here Monday

Page 3

The "guy behind the gun" in photo below is Sgt. George R. Smith, armorer-gunner, whose Flying Fortress crew is in first phase training with the 19th Group's 30th Squadron. Sgt. Smith's skill and technical knowledge is typical of hundreds of young non-coms who make up Pyote's combat teams. So is his enthusiasm. As a waist gunner, his aim is deadly; as an armorer, he can strip a cal. .50 machine gun blindfolded. He's also a Sperry turret expert. Sgt. Smith & cohorts have the same stuff that prompted Lt. Col. Philip Cochran, on returning from North Africa, to remark that American boys are "just kind of automatically wonderful."

Gunner's Joy: Miriam & Gat

Pages 2 & 3



Luftwaffe Staggers In Cal. .50 Sights

Willing & Able



Sgt. Smith, Armorer-Gunner, Knows Intricacies Of 17's Death Spitters

Sgt. George R. Smith, short, not-too-stocky and handsome armorer-gunner of the 30th Squadron's provisional group, is a man who is likely to cause people to remark that it's the sergeants who are the backbone of the army.

He is the kind of soldier who has inspired the confidence of a nation in the ability of its young men to defeat the Axis. He is not cocky; instead, he is determined.

Sgt. Smith, in fact, will tell you that sergeants aren't everything. For he has learned the meaning of teamwork. He is a typical waist gunner for an all-important team known as a Flying Fortress crew. As a member of this team, he has learned that no one man is everything, and that the team is no better than its sergeant-gunners.

Being an armorer, Sgt. Smith can tell you—among hundreds of other things of a technical nature, and before a B-17 can fly a fraction of a mile—that a cal. .50 machine gun has what is known as an oil buffer body, that the head and valve form the restricted openings, that the throttling parts are located in the head, and that the oversized openings of a cal. .50 are located in the center of the valve. He not only can tell you about these things; he also can—while blind-

folded—show you where they are.

Also in his capacity as an armorer, he can tell you that the upper turret on a B-17 consists of a power unit, hand control unit, fire cut-off and elevation limit unit, switch and junction box, terminal box, collector ring assembly, and electrical system. But he will not go into the functional details of any of these with you, though he has an intimate acquaintance with them. All other Flying Fortress turrets are just as well known to him.

As a waist gunner, he knows that practice spells the difference between a good and a bad gunner, providing a gunner has what it takes in the first place.

And Sgt. Smith has what it takes.

"How did you come to be a gunner?" he was asked.

"I wanted to be one," was his simple and earnest answer.

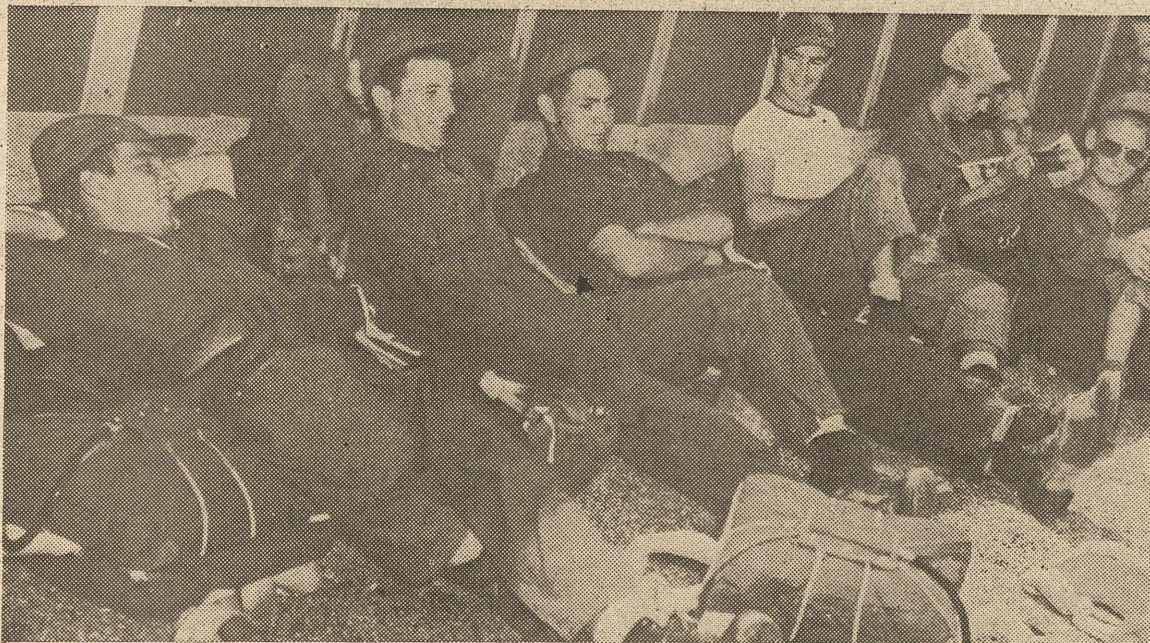
To want to be a gunner is probably the prime prerequisite for a job behind a B-17's shootin' irons. If a man wants to be a gunner and has the intelligence to qualify for a complementing specialty—armor, radio, engineering, etc.—he is likely to be a good gunner.

John Steinbeck, in his story of a combat crew, "Bombs Away," described Sgt. Smith and many another young gunner-specialist in a single sentence: "The aerial gunner at his best, is a slender, short, wiry young man with stringy muscles, a deadly eye, and no nerves." Steinbeck added: "His trade is one of the few in the world where a good little man is a great deal better than a good big man."

Sgt. Smith, at 27, appears even younger. When he looks at you, he sees you evenly through cool, blue eyes and you know immediately that you have met one of Steinbeck's young men—"with no nerves." He does not smile readily; when he does smile, his teeth are even and white. Most typical thing about the appearance of this waist gunner is his thick brown hair, which is not even slightly GI'd.

It was ten months ago that he enlisted in the Air Forces at (Continued on next page.)

Like Pebbles On Beach



While officers of the combat team are briefed for a mission, sergeant-gunners (lower photo) take it easy just outside the briefing room. Their pilot—the airplane commander—will tell

them what they must know about the mission. Typical armorer-gunner is Sgt. George R. Smith, second from left, who is seen in upper photo with parachute on and plenty ready to

go. Sgt. Smith makes a good gunner because firing at enemy pursuit from the side of a B-17 is exactly the job he wanted in the army.

Armorer-Gunner—

Pittsburgh, Pa. Prior to that time he had lived in East Liverpool, Ohio, only a few miles from the high school he attended at Stubenville, Ohio, and a short distance from the steel mill at Midland, Pa. where he was a machine operator until his enlistment.

Two years ago he married a pretty brunette named Miriam.

Sgt. Smith preferred to be a gunner when he enlisted. Miriam had other preferences for him. Fully two weeks after the Sergeant signed up for gunnery school he got around to breaking the news—rather gently—to Miriam.

"She finally understood that in a war a man is just as safe firing a gun from the side of a Flying Fortress as he is carrying a gun in a landing party," Sgt. Smith says.

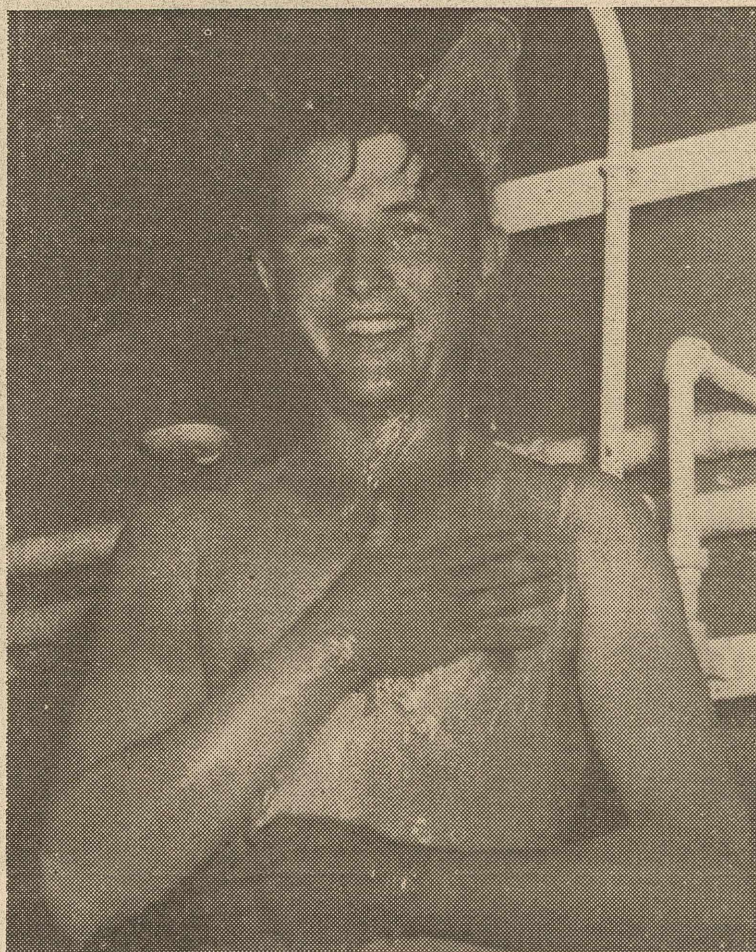
He kept his wife posted on his progress as a gunner—armorers' school at Buckley Field, Denver, Colo., gunnery school at Tyndall Field, Fla., and finally assignment to the crew of Lt. Carlton L. Wilson, first pilot, at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base.

Sgt. Smith still keeps his wife posted on his activities to the tune of one letter a day. She writes him daily, also.

Somehow you get the idea that the thing he is fighting for most is a girl named Miriam. For him, she reflects all that is wonderful in the U. S. A.

That's why he's so damned typical.

Water-Soaked



Peter Masefield, Aviation Expert, To Visit Here

Peter Masefield, editor of the British magazine, "The Aeroplane," and air correspondent for the London Sunday Times, will visit the Rattlesnake Bomber Base Monday, it was announced today by 1st Bomber Command headquarters.

Masefield was author of the article on Col. Archie Old's bombardment group which was reprinted from the London Times in last week's RATTLER. The Old group, formerly stationed here, is now in England where Masefield spent several weeks with the group.

One of England's leading authorities on aviation and aerial warfare, Masefield is in the United States to confer with American experts and to observe generally the aviation picture here.

Once an outspoken critic of American precision bombing tactics, Masefield now has altered his viewpoint and has praised American daylight precision bombing.

At Pyote he will confer with Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., base commander, and with Col. Louie B. Turner, 19th Group commander. His visit will include an inspection of the base.

What Wonderful Eyes!



GI COAT GIVES UP PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING

CHICAGO (CNS) — A theater manager found a GI coat left in the auditorium. Seeking identification he found these items in the pockets: An empty money belt, six cigarets, four sticks of gum, two handkerchiefs, a pair of socks, a bladeless safety razor, three broken pencils, a deck of cards, a fountain pen, ten marbles, a piece of chocolate, a spool of thread — and 31c cold cash.

There's nothing like a shower to perk a guy up after a long and tedious training mission says Sgt. George R. Smith, armorer gunner, as he steps squarely under the spigot. Refreshed and "got up" in Class A's in lower photo, he cuts in on a couple of guys who have a date with a Varga creation—Esquire. Sgt. Smith is shown center, Sgt. Joseph Powell of Long Island, Va., left, and Sgt. Jerry Pettit of Edinboro, Pa., right. Pettit and Powell are engineer-gunners. (Note to a pretty girl named Miriam—Sgt. Smith's wife: The Sergeant didn't really want to look at the Varga girl; the cameraman twisted his arm.)

Pyote Soldiers Fight Sun And Sand Trying To Tame Desert Landscape

Pyote's barren desert landscape is giving way grudgingly—and not always in losing battle—to the increasingly popular Rattlesnake Bomber Base fad of decorating squadron orderly room areas.

Ingenuity is the watchword, for landscaping materials are meager at this utilitarian installation. Cacti and rocks—plentiful indeed in these parts—predominate. Beautiful real green grass struggles valiantly for precarious existence at several organizations.

A few square yards of grass, a not-too-happy tree, an arrangement of cacti and rocks afford a sharp boost in morale for Pyote's desert-conscious soldiers. And caretakers' pride in achievement is a wonderful thing to see.

Guard Squadron personnel—snobbish because of their roses—give credit to PFC Cosmos Stathotas as idea man behind the beautification of Headquarters and their squadron area. He was a florist and landscape artist in civilian life.

With PFC Stathotas departed, Cpl. Dan Mongoni, head prison guard, carries on his work. With the help of his guards and their subjects, he gathered trees, small shrub and green stuff on and around the base, red bricks from two miles away, and top soil for the project. Members of the Guard Squadron postponed a few trips to town and worked on the area in their off time, with indulgent cooperation from the Post Engineer.

Sgt. Frederick F. Smith, also a civilian landscaper previously, initiated the tidy job at the Aviation Squadron. As Cpl. James L. Brown put it, he "eliminated some of the lonely feeling brought about by our immediate environment."

PFC Randolph Robinson contributed the Air Corps insignia in stone, which suffered slightly in a sandstorm that turned up after the painting. He had ten years in commercial painting and also was an interior decorator and window display designer.

Major R. E. Thacker, then Sq. CO, had a brainstorm resulting in the landscaping plans effected at the 435th Squadron. Sgt. George Gebaux supervised the detail that did the work.

The squadron insignia—the kangaroo representing reconnaissance—was planned, built and painted by Sgt. Henry Spiegel. The men spent several weeks hauling dirt, rock and cactus plants from spots up to 50 miles away.

Capt. H. R. Luebke started the idea at the Base Headquarters and Air Base Squadron, having the walks named in his honor. Lt. Russell de Castongrene, his successor as CO, carried on until re-

placed by Major Ernest Swingle, who has seen the squadron cactus bed lately expanded.

Sgt. Grady Smith, as duty NCO, spent much time on the project until relieved by Sgt. Frederick Barber. Former 1st Sgt. O'Connor Satterlee and 1st Sgt. Ed Ryan kept an esthetic eye on the work. Cacti was collected, they say, from "all over West Texas."

M-Sgt. John J. Yaros took a firm fatherly interest in the beautification of the Diedrichs Service Squadron orderly room area. The squadron hauled in dirt and bought trees from a Monahans florist.

At that squadron, CQs have added responsibility, keeping the lawn watered. A special detail—or "anyone who walks across it"—does the grass cutting.

Sgt. Yaros wanted cedar bushes, but the poor things couldn't stand the strain of Pyote's sun. Other difficulties centered in a lawnmower. An ad in THE RATTLER resulted in a great silence, and M-Sgt. C. Howard borrowed his landlord's. Tedious clipping also is required.

The squadron's news correspondents could not make up their minds whether the flowers were four o'clocks or petunias, or what were the names of the three types of cactus used. Cactus, they discovered happily, is allergic to water and needs very little care. But the grass, which was planted as seed in April, must be nursed with hose and spray.

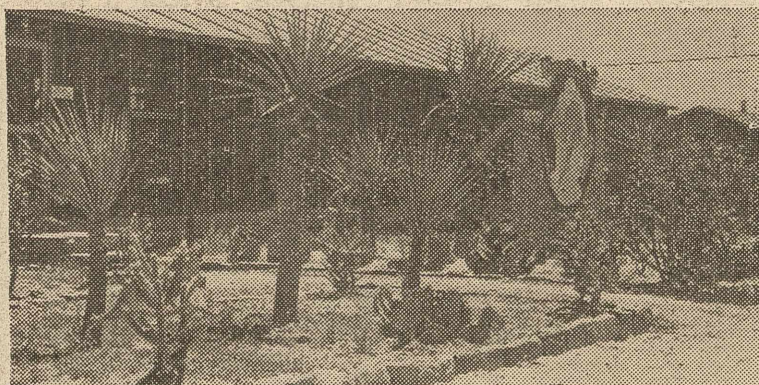
S-Sgt. Roy Wortendyke: "Now it looks like a civilized place." And that seems to be the whole idea. Pyote Army Air Base probably will never be the garden spot of Texas, but a little relief goes a long way.

The 93rd and 30th Bomb Squadrons have tenderly inclosed grass-plots-to-be with white fences. WACs have started a project. Doubtless other organizations will be spurred by envy to fall in line.

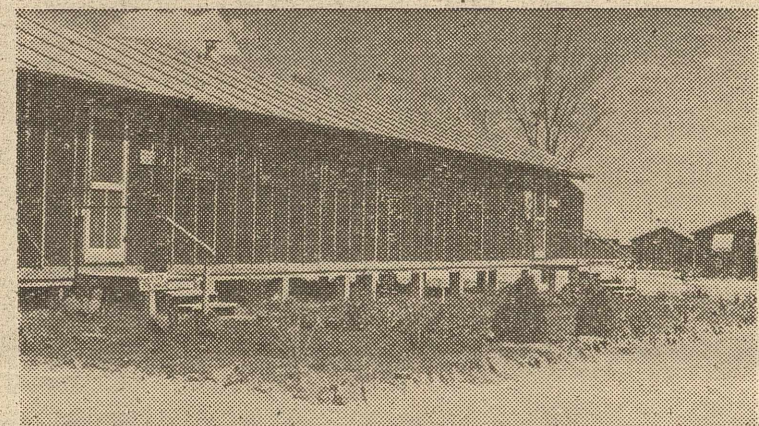
SERGEANT STOPS BULLET, IT LANDS IN HIS HEART

NORTH AFRICA (CNS)—S-Sgt. Albert Michael of Ashland, O., will bring home a bullet lodged in his heart. The bullet, say Army doctors, entered Michael's shoulder and was deflected by a bone directly into his "pump." Removal of the bullet would be fatal so Michael will wear it in his heart for the rest of his life.

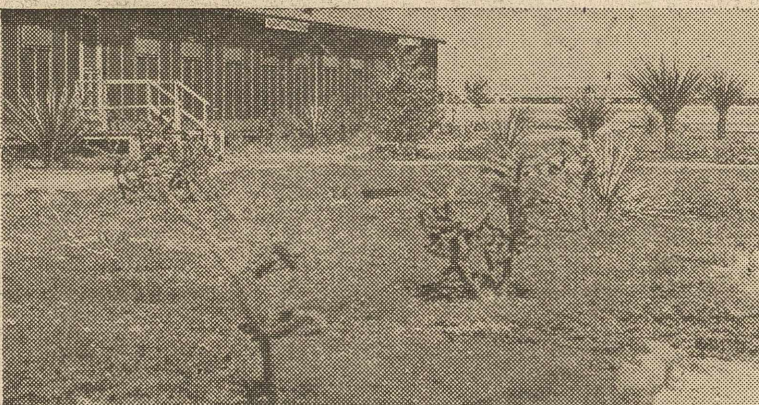
435th Bombers: Kangaroo Climax



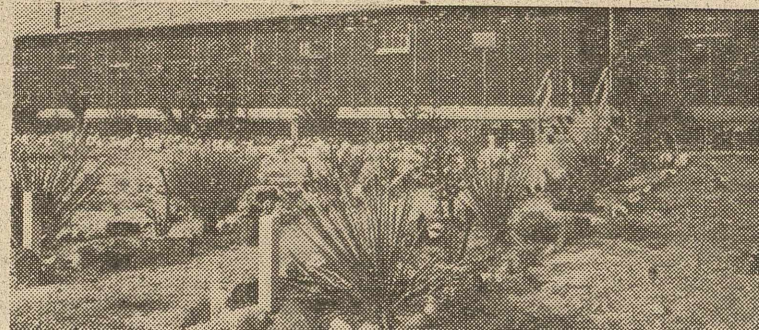
Diedrichs' Sq.; Civilized Grass



Hq. Squadron: Cacti, Partly Tamed



Guards: Snootily Sniffed Roses



MEET YOUR BUDDIES:**M-Sgt. Ed Olson Saves His Words,
But Nothing Needed To Win War**

BY CPL. ROBERT NASH

M[Sgt. Edward Olson, chief operations clerk for the 93rd Squadron, is one of those quiet, self-effacing fellows who literally gave everything he had in the early days of the Pacific war, was wounded in action, and now has returned home to help train others to take up where he left off.

Sgt. Olson doesn't look much like a hero. He certainly doesn't talk as if he regards himself as one. Getting him to talk about himself was harder than persuading a Moslem girl to take off her veil.

Before we went over to see Olson, we were armed with the information that he'd been awarded the Purple Heart, the Silver Star and the Air Medal. We tried to get him to talk a little about how he won these medals.

Economical with his words, Sgt. Olson conceded that our information was right. Yes, he held all three.

He had received a Christmas Day (1941) gift from the Japs in the form of head and back wounds which hospitalized him. This caused him to miss the Java campaign. He was in a hospital two weeks before being discharged, and then was grounded. This happened over Davao as he was flying from Batchelor Field, in Australia, on a mission to Rabaul. His first pilot was Lt. Alvin J. Mueller, now a lieutenant colonel.

The Air Medal, you know, is given to those who have over 100 hours of combat in the air against the enemy. Simple arithmetic shows Olson to be a hero. The war started on the 7th. This happened on the 25th. In 18 days, he had flown over 100 hours—an average of well over 5 hours a day. "Gosh, you must have been pretty busy, then," we remarked. In a masterpiece of understatement, Sgt. Olson admitted he'd had plenty to do, what with servicing the planes between missions and getting a little food and rest while on the ground.

Olson spent 14 months overseas, arriving in Australia in October of 1941 and getting to Clark Field in Manila on the 28th. He returned to the States last December and has been stationed at Pyote since January. When we asked him how it felt to get back on American soil, he replied, "I don't know how to describe it—it felt mighty good."

Sgt. Olson's home is in Huntington, Beach, Calif. He has been in the 19th Group since 1939, when he enlisted, at the age of 20, while a student in Long Beach Junior College.

That's about all there is to the story of Sgt. Olson. He was a

radio operator when he went over and now he's a clerk. Then he pounded a key in a B-17; now he directs activities in an operations room. This interview was not Sgt. Olson's idea—it embarrassed him. But we thought you ought to know about him—Sgt. Olson is the kind of guy who'll win the war.

**Ordnance Chief
Says U. S. Guns
Doom 'Westwall'**

ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND, MD., Axis fortifications on the Westwall and those that defend the Balkans and the European Mediterranean coastline won't be able to stop an invasion because the Yanks have the guns that will blow them apart.

Recent tests here have proved that the German Siegfried Line—the Westwall—is not impregnable and can be shattered if our big guns are opened up, according to Maj. Gen. Levin H. Campbell, Chief of Ordnance.

Gen. Campbell said that a miniature "Westwall" was recently constructed here where the Army tests its new guns, explosives and tanks. This "Westwall," he said, was a large blockhouse made of good tough concrete as thick as that used in the real Westwall. It was reinforced with steel strips of the same strength as those used in Germany and with dirt heaps, also used in the reinforcement of the Nazi Westwall, which were piled around the Aberdeen fortification. Even gun embrasures were added—for the realistic touch.

U. S. Artillery was then placed at a certain distance from the Aberdeen "Westwall." The guns used, while not our biggest, were of the type that might easily be transported across the English Channel to France if a bridgehead were established on the European coast.

When the guns opened up on the mock "Westwall," the fortification started to crumble. Gen. Campbell said. The concrete was smashed to bits, the steel rods were twisted and broken and the dirt was tossed in the air like a

Kind Of Guy That Wins Wars

M-Sgt. Edward Olson didn't think much of the idea of being interviewed, but he has a story that will thrill his grandchildren, if any. The 93rd Bomb Squadron's chief operations clerk saw about all there was to see in the initial stages of the war in the Pacific.

**Gen. Newton Longfellow Succeeds
Gen. Travis As 1st's Commander**

Brig. Gen. Newton Longfellow, recently returned from overseas, has taken command of the First Bomber Command, headquarters at Biggs Field, El Paso.

The announcement was made by Maj. Gen. Davenport Johnson, 2AF Commanding General, Saturday at his headquarters at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Gen. Longfellow is a World War I veteran, a native of Illinois. He is rated as a command pilot and observer.

Brig. Gen. Robert F. Travis, who Gen. Longfellow succeeded, has been given an important as-

signment, the nature of which was not disclosed.

Gen. Travis had taken command July 3, 1943, succeeding Brig. Gen. Robert B. Williams, who at that time was given a new, unannounced assignment. Georgian Gen. Travis was one of the dozen original Flying Fortress pilots serving under the late Gen. Robert Olds in the old 2nd Heavy Bombardment Group at Langley Field.

Colored Smoke Reveals Tanks

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Colored smoke is now being used by the Army as a means whereby aircraft may identify its own tanks. The smoke is sent up in prearranged color codes by the tanks when friendly aircraft appears overhead.

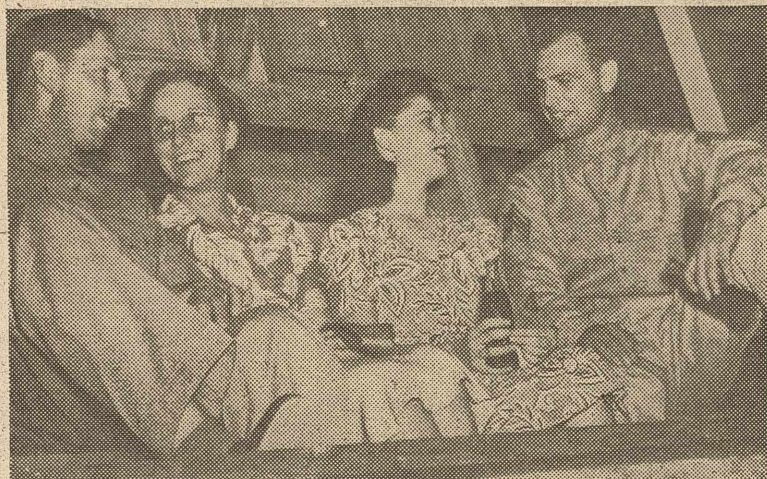
geyser.

Secret of the success of the assault against the model fortification, according to the Chief of Ordnance, was the high-explosive, armor-piercing type of shell used in the experiment. The shells hit the concrete, bored inside and exploded, blowing the whole business to ribbons.

Said Gen. Campbell: "When we come up against it and if it develops into a slugging match we are going to be able to handle the Westwall."

Girls: Swing Parade Commanding Generals

Sitting One Out



Dancing is fine at these Tuesday night parties at the Rec. Hall, but then one does have to take time out for a "breath of air". That is Pvt. Glick of the Fiske Airdrome Squadron, left, talking to Miss Anna Slade of Sub-Depot Engineering, while Miss Joyce Bell of Sub-Depot Supply listens attentively to Sgt. James Ried, of the 19th Group's 93rd Squadron.

Pyote Soldiers 'GI' Selves Willingly For The Tuesday Night Inspections

When the boys at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base get themselves "freshly GI'ed" on Tuesday it's not because Tuesday is visitors' day for general officers. The inspection the boys stand, however, is just as rigid as that from a general.

The inspectors? Girls, girls, girls.

For Tuesday night is dance night at the Recreation Hall. From Monahans, Pecos, Wink, Kermit, and even Odessa come bus-loads of girls pretty enough to take the scorch right out of the West Texas sun.

Senior hostesses who accompany the girls from Monahans are Mrs. R. L. Williams, Mrs. W. E. Lowry, both of the USO, and Miss Anna Slade, of Pyote's Sub-Depot. Mrs. Mable Easterbrook and Miss Virginia Thomas, Pecos USO senior hostess, come to Pyote with the Pecos delegation.

Official hostess at the Tuesday dances is Miss Eleanor Crowder of the Service Club, who hopes soon to have a club to make her job easier. The club building is

now very near completion.

"We want all girls, particularly those working on the base, to feel that they are welcome at our dances," Miss Crowder said. "Once a girl attends one of these dances, she'll know just how very welcome she is. The boys will let her know."

Miss Crowder pointed out that transportation is furnished from both Monahans and Pecos USO clubs on dance nights. The Pyote Air Base orchestra swings out between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock.

Monahans USO

EDWARD A. PALANGE
Director, Monahans USO

Wednesday—It's done with empty bottles and a potato. It's croquet and it's fun. Then we'll gather 'round the piano to sing.

Thursday — Palmistry! Your chance to hold hands in the USO. Also, informal dancing.

Friday — Bingo! Cigarette prizes. Win and name your brand. Dancing and games.

Saturday — Cracker eaters, attention! The first soldier to give the GI whistle after eating the prescribed number of crackers wins the prize.

Sunday—Coffee and doughnuts. We have a complete church directory. Texas congregations will welcome you.

Monday—How sharp are you on questions of etiquette? Junior hostesses will act with service men to demonstrate errors. You tell what is wrong with the picture.

Tuesday — Game night! Play alone, with your buddy, or with a junior hostess. Dance.

Amateur Night and a watermelon party featured the USO Club program Saturday night. Winning amateur was PFC Leonard Garcia, California. A "Professor Quiz" contest was conducted by Ward County Judge Fred P. Snelson, Legionnaire and active USO supporter. Winner was PFC Michael M. Elichman of New York, with PFC Sam DiSalino second. Prizes were awarded. Attendance prize was won by PFC Virgil Edwards.

Stags At Bay



Stag line at Tuesday night dances for all soldiers on the base looks like this. Everybody looks happy except the MP. And that's probably because he was not permitted to dance with Jeannie, who was not

dancing anyway when this picture was made because she was busy listening to S-Sgt. Mike Frawley, whose 30th Squadron tenor voice is often heard with the orchestra. Jeannie (who is she anyway?) told the

photographer she didn't know—really know—any of the boys in the stag line but that she had a date with one named Tony (third from left) because she wanted to know Tony's pal (fourth from left).

New Air Force Magazine Tells Tricks Of Enemy

"This Is Your Enemy," appearing in September AIR FORCE (official service journal), gives the lowdown on Axis tricks, strength and weaknesses. Some tricks:

Stringing cables across ravines to snag low-flying planes, trying to camouflage warships with palm trees, throwing up multi-colored flak to distract bombardiers. Psychological make-up of the enemy soldiers is also studied.

Other articles in the magazine's latest issue, soon to be available here and worth passing on after you have read it, are:

"Aviation Engineers in North Africa," by Brig. Gen. D. A. Davison, chief engineer for the Northwest African Air Forces.

"The AAF's Women Pilots," telling of the expanding work of the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron.

"Air Force Operations in the Battle of Attu," by Brig. Gen. William E. Lynd, now command-in-chief of the Fourth Air Force, who was on hand for the fight.

"How the Air Service Command operates," by Maj. Gen. Walter H. Frank, ASC CG, who explains the "big business."

Diedrichs' Service Squadron Is First In Week's Parade

Capt. M. A. Diedrichs' Service Squadron won first place in the parade and inspection Saturday morning, Maj. John B. Nelson, Base S-3 Officer, announced.

The Medical Detachment took second place, and the 19th Group's, 28th Bomb Squadron third. Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr., Base Commander, decorated the winner's guidon during the ceremony.

PRINCETON, N. J. (CNS) — "Radio nails" have been developed by Radio Corporation of America laboratory here. The "nails" are extremely high frequency radio waves shot through stacked sheets of plywood which have been coated with glue. The radio waves melt the glue which then holds the wood together with a strength greater than metal nails.

"The World Is Their Oyster," about a "special mission" group of the Air Transport Command.

"Riding the Messerschmitt Maytag," by Pvt. Charles M. Macko, who tells frankly what it feels like to wash out in primary.

"Prepare for Inspection," by Brig. Gen. Junius W. Jones, Air Inspector. A regular monthly department of timely tips for both inspectors and inspectees begins in this issue.

Base Sanitation Scores In Slump; Messes, Latrines Pull Them Down

After showing a material improvement the previous week, Base sanitation scores last week fell off sharply, with not a single organization placing in the 90s, according to the report by Capt. James K. Taylor, Base Veterinarian and examining officer.

Where only one score the week before was in the 60s, last week six scores were under the 70 mark. Also, the previous week 17 scores were 80 or better, while only 10 were in that bracket last week. The range fell from 92.0—65.0 to 89.7—60.5.

Sanitation Standings

Medical Detachment	89.7
Lt. B. S. Igou	
WAC Company	88.7
Capt. G. M. Moran	
Altitude Training Unit	88.3
Lt. J. H. Hafkenschiel	
Bomb. & Gun. Range	87.0
Lt. H. B. Montgomery	
Officers (Block 400) (BOQ & Latrines)	84.5
QM Detachment	84.3
Lt. George Frick	
Airdrome Squadron	82.0
Lt. R. S. Spindler	
Guard Squadron	81.7
Capt. S. B. Lang	
PX Cafeteria	80.0
Capt. W. O. Hedley (Mess Only)	
19th Group Trainees (Mess Only)	80.0
Officers (Block 700) (BOQ & Latrines)	79.5
Airdrome Squadron	78.5
Lt. N. A. Willoughby	
435th Bomb Squadron	78.3
Capt. E. C. Steinemann	
28th Bomb Squadron	75.3
Capt. R. W. Beckel	
93rd Bomb Squadron	75.0
Capt. R. T. Hernlund	
Service Squadron	74.0
Capt. M. A. Diedrichs	
Officers (Mess Only)	70.0
30th Bomb Squadron	69.5
Capt. Edson Sponable	
Aviation Squadron	69.3
Lt. F. W. Thacker	
Airdrome Squadron	67.3
Lt. R. C. Fiske	
Base Hq. & AB Sq.	63.0
Maj. Ernest Swingle	
Service Squadron	60.7
Maj. Charles Z. Ridgway	
Guardhouse	60.5
Capt. S. B. Lang	

The previous week the mess hall sanitation ratings mainly were responsible for holding down the organization averages. While that fact remained true again last week, latrine scores also helped pull down averages last week considerably. Barracks scores generally remained the best of the three ratings forming the averages for the scoring system.

Medical Detachment, WAC Company, Altitude Training Unit, and Bombing and Gunnery Range—ranking first four in that order—also were the previous week's leaders. Aviation Squadron—the previous week one of the four organizations tying for second place with a 90.3 score—slumped to 69.3, near the bottom of the list. PX Cafeteria fell off from 91 to 80, and Guardhouse sanitation skidded from 90.5 to 60.5, into the cellar.

Other organizations falling below the 70 mark were Capt. Edson Sponable's 30th Bomb Squadron, Lt. R. C. Fiske's Airdrome Squadron, Maj. Ernest Swingle's Base Headquarters and Air Base Squadron, and Maj. Charles Z. Ridgway's (formerly E. R. Genter's) Service Squadron.

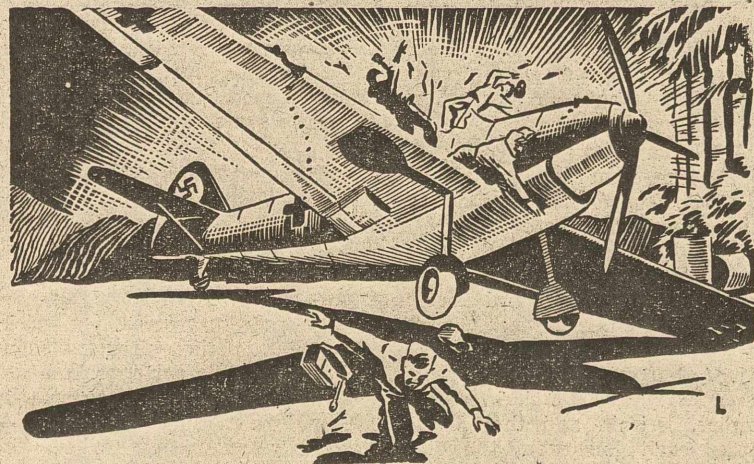
Officer's Mess improved five points, and Block 400 Officers' BOQ and latrines three points, but Block 700 fell off 4.5 points.

The 435th, 28th and 93rd Bomb Squadrons dropped from the 80s into the 70s. Other organizations changed little or none.

Obviously sanitation standings set last week were unsatisfactory, as the competition of comparative scorings should bring steady improvement to consistent high marks. Last week a let down was reflected clearly in nearly all scores.

U. S. SOLDIER MEETS GRANDFATHER IN SICILY

SICILY (CNS) — Pvt. Tony Calato of San Francisco was sleeping in the brick courtyard of a police station in Palermo when a guard woke him up. "There's an old Sicilian outside," said the guard. "He wants to see you." Tony went outside and started to hug the old man he found waiting there. It was his grandfather.



THIS IS YOUR ENEMY

-It's your life or his!

THE nature of the enemy we're fighting—his strength, his cunning and his weaknesses—forms the basis of an informative feature, "This Is Your Enemy," appearing in the September issue of AIR FORCE. Many tricks of the Axis, such as stringing cables across ravines to snag low-flying planes, at-

tempting to camouflage warships with palm trees, throwing up multi-colored flak to distract bombardiers, trapping planes left on airfields in retreat and concealing remote-control firearms, are described in the article. Items indicating the psychological makeup of enemy soldiers also are included.

... plus COMBAT REPORTS — MAINTENANCE TIPS — RESCUE STORIES and dozens of other features.

AIR FORCE

OFFICIAL SERVICE JOURNAL U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

OUT NOW!

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Soldiers To Get Sugar

JERSEY CITY, N. J. (CNS) — In one month the Quartermaster Depot here bought 9,000,000 pounds of candy.

EDITORIAL:

The Will To Win

The baseball team which relaxes simply because it has a lead may soon find the opposing team hitting the ball all over the lot. Today, the United Nations have a lead, but the game is far from over. If we are to win, all of us must continue to support our team to the fullest extent. Now that we have the enemy on the run, we must not give him a breathing spell nor time to regroup his forces. In wartime, delay is fatal.

Recently Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson returned from a tour of the European and African Theatres of Operations. His message to the public was full of commendation for our fighting men overseas. He expressed great satisfaction with their fighting ability and high morale. And his final words held the deepest significance. The Secretary of War said:

"It would be criminal to relax at this critical time. It would be our greatest breach of national faith if we failed to share nationally the inflexible determination of the men I have just seen and talked to . . . the determination to fight this war through in the shortest possible time by going all-out on the battlefields and here at home."

Each of us must take these words to heart. Each of us must stay in there pitching until the game is won. But the game will not be won until the enemy has surrendered unconditionally on every front. His forces are still strong. He has many reserves warming up, ready to be thrown into battle. He has millions of slave workers still turning out tons of supplies for his armies. If we let overconfidence seep into our system . . . if we swallow rumors emanating from enemy countries . . . we will fall into a lag that may lengthen the war and cost us high in human lives and material resources.

Each battle won must be a spur to greater activity in our war plants, our farms, our mines, in our training camps, in our homes—just as it is to the troops on the fighting fronts. Each of us must be sure that our team—America—goes all-out and stays all-out for that great final drive which will bring total victory.

(The above War Department message, released from Washington through the Bureau of Public Relations, is particularly pertinent at such training installations as the Rattlesnake Bomber Base.

For any man here in training there is only one safe set of conclusions: 1. By the time my training has been completed and I am ready for combat, the war will not have passed its full fury; 2. Odds are overwhelming that I will come to actual physical grips with a strong and ruthless enemy; 3. My life, and my country's security, then will depend on current training. Remember that, and give it all you've got.)

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.
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The Rattler receives Camp Newspaper Service material.



"My, what big eyes you have!"

The Diplomatic Front

The American people and their press last week appeared concerned over their nation's foreign policy, or rather lack of it. Momentous military events were in the offing; certainly they would leave a trail of diplomatic problems in their wake—in liberated lands, in defeated enemy countries, and among Allies themselves.

A Nation's foreign policy actually is a complex of many policies relating to international affairs; it must be the outgrowth of both national ideals and expediency. Among the United States' most outstanding general foreign policies are these three:

1. A long-standing military alliance with Great Britain and its empire. Britain and the United States each has what the other lacks for national security, in addition to cultural ties. Minor differences between them are ignored when danger to either approaches.

2. The Monroe Doctrine as it has evolved into the Good Neighbor Policy, in short, the promotion of Western Hemisphere solidarity and the mutual well-being of the American republics.

3. Role as champion of democratic institutions, encouraging both the establishment of internal democracy for all other nations desiring it and of democratic principles of international order.

During the speculation surrounding the Quebec Conference,

influential sections of the American press expressed concern over the lack of a more definite, positive, expressed Washington program to give force to the idealism expressed in the third foreign policy listed above. Sheer expediency—last minute improvisation—had caused dissension in North Africa, was threatening to have the same result in Italy.

British-American and Soviet relations needed mending, for Moscow was becoming impatient. Enslaved lands, would expect firm, liberal, effective policy aiding their restoration. Defeated enemy powers would try trickery to pull political chestnuts out of the fire of defeat. The Far East peoples — bombarded ceaselessly by sly Japanese propaganda—needed reassurances from the Western Democracies.

Probably never before in its history had the United States more need of a firm, definite expression of its foreign policy. Perhaps Secretary of State Hull carried its makings into his conference with British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden at Quebec.

At any rate the fact remained that a number of America's allies and a number of Americans felt the need for a clarification and reaffirmation of this Nation's foreign policy. Whether the critics were justified or not, the questions they raised demanded answers.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS -



WE DO NOT WANT THIS:

The quiet peace of a sleeping home is shattered by the tramp of booted feet and the hammering knock of arrogant authority. The father of the family is dragged from his bed, bullied into his clothes, and marched off to be summarily tried, found guilty and sentenced to a concentration camp. His crime? The blood in his veins does not suit the men in authority in that country. He is a Jew. That's all.

A child of ten stands before his teacher's desk, gives a military salute, and asks permission to make a report. His father, he says, is not a true follower of the Leader. His father tells him not to believe that the Leader is God. His father insists that God is a spirit, the Creator of the world: and that the Leader is only a man.—Good youth! Because his father is of Aryan blood, he will not be sent to the concentration camp on this first offence. He will merely be reprimanded and placed under careful surveillance to see that he does not further attempt to corrupt the mind of his child.

A pale man in the stern garb of a cleric is arranged before a solemn tribunal. It has been reported that he is preaching subversive doctrines from his pulpit. He has been teaching his people that it is their right and duty to indoctrinate their children in the religion of their forefathers. Does he not know that the Leader has declared this religion to be false? The Leader says that this religion has been foisted upon humanity by a Jew. The new religion is the only true one, and the Leader will see to it that the new religion is taught to the children in the schools. The cleric must cease his opposition to the Leader. He refuses? Then he knows the penalty.

That's why we are fighting this war. We want freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from fear, freedom from want. So we fight those who would deny these freedoms. We shall fight bitterly through to complete victory. BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS?

A six-year-old, on his first day in school, hungry for the exciting companionship of boys his own age, is surrounded by a pack of screaming hoydens whose taunt is: "Iky, Iky, Iky: your father's a Jew, your father's a Jew!" Where did those children get that? Not out of the air. And this

PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday: 0900, Aviation Squadron Service; 0900, 19th Group Service; 1030, Base Chapel Service; 1930, 435th Squadron's night at the Base Chapel.

Wednesday: 1930, Service Men's Christian League. Leader: S|Sgt. Carl Spring.

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.

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

Evening Devotions: Tuesday, 1930, Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Friday, 2100, Novena to the Sacred Heart.

Study Club: Monday, 1930, "The Seven Sacraments".

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Sunday: 1715, Base Chapel Services.

JEWISH SERVICES

Friday: 1930, Base Chapel.



Did you see where Joe Goebbels admitted that a lot of the master race were scrambling out of Berlin because they didn't like the threat of those two ton calling cards the Royal Air Force has been using lately? Maybe the Berlin folk don't like the idea of being ground up like Hamburg.

is New York—not Berlin!

The pastor of one of the hometown churches goes before the council requesting permission to use the school building after hours for the teaching of religion to his particular group. Sorry, says the council, that would be unconstitutional. And this is Podunk—not Dusseldorf.

MAYBE WE BETTER WAKE UP!

Maybe it would be a good idea to remove the beam from our own eye, so that we can see to remove the moat that is in our brother's eye. If we are fighting for the freedoms for ourselves, we must be ready and willing to grant those same freedoms to our fellow men.

Chaplain Bernard J. Gannon

AT THE THEATER

The RATTLER movie critic this week throws up his hands and dashes for the nearest fire exit, pencil and blank paper in hand. Reason: unforeseen technical difficulties beyond our control — or anyone's it seems.

Story is that most of next week's Base Theater bill is unavailable because of scheduling difficulties. Powers-that-be tell us that the advance listings will be in by Wednesday or Thursday.

So, we'll give you Weds. & Thurs. and Friday shows, and you'll have to get the others from the Daily Bulletin. They aren't too much to give: an unimportant cast appears in "Salute for Three" Wednesday and Thursday, and Friday is double feature day.

Comedian Leon Errol and waning Latin American flame, Lupe Valez, are in something called "Mexican Spitfire's Blessed Event," and saddle-singing Roy Rogers gets mixed up with a ranch-stealer, a weak playboy and a girl reporter in "Silver Spurs."

Hope is the "to be announced" part of this week's program is better than the above.

This Week's Schedule:

Wed. & Thurs. — "Salute for Three" with MacDonald Carey and Betty Rhodes. Shorts: The War, Paramount News.

Friday — "Mexican Spitfire's Blessed Event", with Lupe Valez and Leon Errol; "Silver Spurs", with Roy Rogers.

Remainder of Week — To Be Announced.

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.



North Africa—During the final stages of the Tunisian campaign a Yank patrol was reconnoitering on what used to be a swank golf course. At one point they came upon a huge shell crater, beside which was a sign which read: "Please replace divots."

KNOXVILLE, TENN. (CNS) — Silas York, 47-year-old World War I veteran and cousin of Sgt. Alvin C. York, has enlisted in the Navy.

The Inquiring Line

By Camp Newspaper Service

Q. I have noticed a new type of insignia on AAF planes. It consists of a white star on a circular field of blue with a white rectangle attached horizontally at the right and left of the circle and a red border around the whole thing. Is this official?

A. Yep. This new insignia was recently adopted to improve identification of our aircraft. At the direction of Gen. Henry H. Arnold it was developed by the Proving Ground Command after visibility tests were made of the old Air Forces mark and present enemy insignia.

Q. Does an enlisted man who is taking basic training prior to becoming an aviation cadet wear insignia?

A. All aviation cadets—including the men who are undergoing basic and college training preparatory to their appointment as aviation cadets—wear the authorized insignia centered on the outside of the right sleeve with the lowest point 4 inches from the lower edge of cuff. This applies to the coat, overcoat and the shirt when it is worn without a coat.

G. I. Q.

By Camp Newspaper Service

Below are three questions which your topkick probably won't ever ask you but they are interesting to know. If you get all three right, you spend more time listening to newscasts than on guard. If you miss 'em all, see the chaplain. Check one answer for each.

1. Gen. Ike Eisenhower made his headquarters for the Sicilian invasion—

A. A warship (). B. A Malta cave (). C. In Tunis ()

2. The Mt. Etna sector of the Sicilian battle line was held by—

A. Canadians (). B. Yanks ()
C. British ()

3. The first air raid on Rome, which hit military targets only and which was not condemned by the Pope, was carried out exclusively by—

A. French fliers (). B. RAF ()
C. The U.S. AAF ().

ANSWERS: 1—B; 2—C; 3—C.

KEARNS FIELD, UTAH (CNS)

— A GI stationed here always buys two bottles of Utah's 3.2 beer, pours them together and drinks them. Asked why, he explained: "I'm used to 6% beer."

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

BY S|SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

As predicted, the Medics were very well represented at the WAC's hilarious party and dance last week. Everyone had a perfectly grand time, and even midnight and after came too fast for Captain Moran, too. Even though a number of the WACs have left the organization the ones remaining really have the proper spirit and are deserving of the highest commendation. Of the eight WACs working in the Hospital, every single one has joined up again, and we are indeed proud of this fact.

In a certain drug store in Monahans there has been on display a red-haired doll baby. One night last week it was not in its usual place, but on the knee of one of our youthful athletes; no other than the ambulance driver, PFC Kenneth Nichols! Now, Ken, just how do you explain that one? It seems as if a Miss Callan and Healer were the instigators — am I right?

Remember last week when we were discussing M|Sgt. Villa? Well, we're ready to report; he came back "without". We'll admit, George, you did have us guessing.

PFC Ickes, only member of the WAC in the wards and one doing a splendid job, learned that the boys in the Laboratory really keep their floor polished. All was well 'til Ruth slipped and fell! That was only the beginning for it so happened that this PFC was carrying a "specimen" and we might add it was completely spilled "on" and "about" said person!

What a picture of contentment and full satisfaction it is to see S|Sgt. Arnold carve and sink his "chops" into that choice portion of some Texas cow at the Aztec. Really, it is quite astounding to think that this "Defender of Texas" and fosterer of all Southern traditions is quite happy here and will soon forget that such a place as North Carolina existed. Or have I been misinformed?

What's this we hear about our 1st Sgt. and a certain WAC at the Information Desk? This is so sudden, and this time it does seem as if it isn't propaganda.

Did you hear about the two WACs, Cpl. "Bobbie" Zentz and Pvt. Lou Fockler, who went to Carlsbad to see the Caverns? By some mysterious manner they saw only the city of Carlsbad! Both have 20/20 eyes. Now you figure



"Do you jitterbug, Miss?"

QM Sees

Corporal McCurdy, the lad in QM Warehouse No. 4, who hands out everything from pen and ink to field ranges, is giving "Knobby" of the Roger Wilco Column some stiff competition these days. McCurdy's hair gives more than a "Knobby Effect". The boys call him "Baldy". We don't know what his wife calls him, but it must be something super, for

that one out for yourself, will you?

If Cpl. Nemecek in Ward 5 wants to find Pvt. Missick, all he has to do is look in the refrigerator. He may not be inside but will always be close by — and with a quart of milk!

Fellows, remember retreat last Monday? For many of us it had been a long time since we'd stood the same. Oh yes, remember the band "took" us to Base Headquarters and also "delivered" us to the hospital safely—and how could anyone (who isn't deaf) forget?

S|Sgt. Schurr, better known as "SunDown", has now chalked up the 24th night at the Aztec. But in every case it's "But wait 'til the sun goes down".

Remember the night Cpl. Barber, WAC for the Dispensary, had a birthday, and a party was held in her honor at the "Old Meeting Place"? Well, it was out of the world, and if the Medics ever "took" a place over it was that night. Many happy returns of the day, June, and incidentally, who's next in line?

Mrs. McCurdy is wearing a beautiful new diamond.

Three double-talkers from clerical school, Salt Lake City, arrived at QM last week. They thought Pyote's main street was a movie set and that M.G.M. would roll it up in a few days, but now they know "Tom's Place" is pretty well established.

Private Harris, senior member of the trio, hails from Kalamazoo. The juke box put his home town in the map, and gave Harris ideas, for now that he's at Pyote AAB he wants to "hop into a flyer" and "go to Michigan to see the sweetest gal in Kalamazoo."

Here's an AGCT problem for you. How can PFC Peter Kaminskis and Sgt. John Gagnio leave on furlough at the same time, travel the same distance, and arrive at the same time — yet one man uses two more days travel time than the other? Kaminskis never knew Chicago was so close to Texas!

Private Amos can't understand why he is the 1st QMC to pull KP now that the Quartermaster has to furnish one a day to the Guard Squadron. If he were a "Z" boy waiting for his pay, he'd understand.

Wanted: one chess player. Corporal Richardson is a little out of practice, but if you wield a wicked pawn, call him at 50. He will even forego the proper setting—fireplace, Great Dane, etc.—for a good game.

In case Civilian Personnel is still interested in the whereabouts of a certain Lt. He is not lost, but still at Quartermaster.

Loose Link Talk

PFC CLYDE W. HECOX

Well, the Links are back in print again after an absence of a couple of weeks. Must be that the new physical training program, inaugurated especially for our benefit, is so exhausting that we are capable of doing nothing worth mentioning.

Seriously, however, the games which were at first played very dispiritedly, are now entered into with a splash and dash unequalled anywhere. The greatest exercise to date has been given to the lungs, judging from the griping, criticizing, and arguing that has taken place over near the gym of a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday afternoon — griping about the other man's playing adeptness.

Congratulations to PFC Bruce Brademeyer. His fiance arrived one day, and he was honeymooning the next—and very charming she is too. We don't blame you for working fast, Brad.

Cpl. George Eoff, who regularly handles one of the two shifts in the department, is in the base hospital recovering from a major operation. Tough way to sweat out a furlough, but we hope you enjoy yourself, George, when the time comes.

"Toreador" Harry Kuntashian and "Picador" Gordon Gray are freshly arrived from Jaurez and the bull fights and on time! If we know these two boys, the only bull that was tossed on that trip wasn't in the ring at Jaurez.

Those taking up a QDM heading for home lately are PFC Elmer Betty and Pvts. Bill Switzer and Wm. Maupin, while those who recently picked up a QDR are PFCS Clarence Anderson, Ed Craig and Pvt. Charles Keeton.

PFC Jack McFarland spent a three day pass recently at Carlsbad Caverns, accompanied by his wife.

Dis-n-dat: Sgt. Calvin Cerniway off to cadets . . . maybe he'll be back to Pyote taking Link as a pilot . . . riding the range again with his former buddies . . . the "Gold Dust Twins", Pvts. Tony Waligorski and Dom Alberico, have been separated at long last, but not for long . . . Alberico is tripping the sidewalks of New York while on furlough . . . Cpls. James Forrester and Willard Molinare should be granted excursion rates to Odessa . . . either that or more days off to partake of more of what the Texas hospitality gives off . . . PFC Patsy Crispo is the latest addition to the department.

ATLANTA, GA. (CNS) — The State of Georgia, in State-wide balloting has voted to grant suffrage privileges to 18-year-olds.

SERVICE SQUADRONS

Diedrichs' Squadron

By S|SGT. WARREN E. KEYS and S|SGT. ROY A. WORTENDYKE

Self-inflicted cramps in the stomach, sore leg muscles and possibly a depressed mental condition of most of the men in the squadron can be attributed to the enterprisie of the week—the physical fitness tests. A computation of scores revealed that the squadron was not—ouch!—too physically fit.

The attention of the Guard Squadron is called to the increase in barbaric scalpings occurring this week. PFC Warren Besse, S|Sgt. Bob Cross and PFC Douglas McElfresh were the newest victims. These outrages must cease! Of course, PFC Donald Fisher and Sgt. John Longgard, taking a tip from the horticulturalists, are keeping the edges trimmed to promote better growth on top.

This squadron's only flying radio man is Sgt. Howard Nathanson. Though he believes he was born in Maine, and his folks made a mistake in sending the report of his birth to Canada, recently-promoted S|Sgt. Russel Lawson made sure of his citizenship by becoming naturalized last week. With no thought of personal pleasure M|Sgt. Joe Gutteridge and Ist Sgt. Edward Walsh accompanied him to El Paso for the ceremony.

An ash tray in the form of a coiled snake placed—perhaps purposely—on the safe in the squadron supply room caused Cpl. Merton Parmenter to make a flying exit.

The Lady named Lou was a character sweet

From the "Shooting of . . . Dan McGrew;"

The soldier named Meares was as red as a beet

When he acted the part of sweet Lou.

Additional information may be obtained from Monahans USO.

Lucky S|Sgt. Arthur Siemens, Pvt. Luther Wilson and PFC Weldon Skinner will be gone for two weeks to drive crash trucks from Patterson Field, Ohio. Speaking of lucky, the group of 13 men who arrived from Kelly Field recently call themselves, ironically, the Lucky 13.

Squadron sympathy goes to PFC Ivan Dame upon the death of his father and to Cpl. Tony Fiorello upon his father's illness. But congratulations go to Sgt. Paul Kavicky, proud father of a new son, and to PFC Raymond LeFleur for his new daughter. PFC Paul Wheeler leaves Pyote with the

19th Group Has New Chaplain: Lt. J. T. Duvall

Lt. James T. Duvall, formerly pastor of the First Christian Church of Ennis, Texas, has been named chaplain for the 19th Bombardment Group.

He is the first assigned to the group since Chaplain Taggart, who was overseas with the 19th, was transferred.

Although a native of Indianapolis, Chaplain Duvall has been in Texas for the past 14 years. He received his bachelor of arts and bachelor of divinity degrees from Texas Christian University in Ft. Worth.

On entering the service he attended the Chaplain's School at Harvard University. After a brief assignment at 2nd Air Force Headquarters he came to Pyote and the 19th Group.

His wife and eight-month-old daughter live in Ennis.

Chaplain Duvall will conduct services for the 19th Group each Sunday morning at 9 o'clock at the Base Chapel.

National Contest: Soldiers' Plays To Win Awards

National Theatre Conference Playwriting Contest for men and women in the armed forces—deadline, September 1, 1943—provides a total of \$1,000 in prizes for winners in each of four classes of competition, according to Barclay S. Leatham, executive secretary.

Competition will be in long plays, one-act plays, short skits and blackouts, and musical comedies. In addition to the cash awards, authors of promise are to be recommended by the judges for post-war scholarships in leading American colleges and universities.

well-wishes of his buddies and an honorable discharge in his pocket.

As a tip to stripe-anxious soldiers, it might be said that reporting for The Rattler is not absolutely necessary for obtaining promotions.

Perhaps this bit of information from the North may help PFC Edwin Sedransk, even if his service record does not arrive from his previous base, to obtain a furlough: In 1941 the women said, selectively, "What a man!" In 1942 they said, hopefully, "What a man?" In 1943, though, they said, "What's a man?"

Julie's 'Jools'



Julie Bishop, newly elevated Warners' star, collects "junk" jewelry from all her friends and sends them to soldiers in the Pacific—they use the baubles for barter. And no doubt they would trade all the trinkets for Julie.

Playwriting contest manuscripts must be received by Sept. 1, but an additional 30 days will be allowed if they are sent from theaters of operation overseas. Address to which manuscripts should be mailed is:

Playwriting Contest
National Theatre Conference
Western Reserve University
Cleveland (6), Ohio

A number of the nation's most prominent writers, critics, playwrights, theaters directors, educators and producers will cooperate in selecting the winning manuscripts.

CHEHALIS, WASH. (CNS) — When the CO of a Medical Corps Detachment here found four match sticks outside the barracks he detailed 24 men to pick them up, hike six miles into the country and bury each match in a hole 6 x 4 feet.

House On Stilts

Communications

BY ROGER WILCO

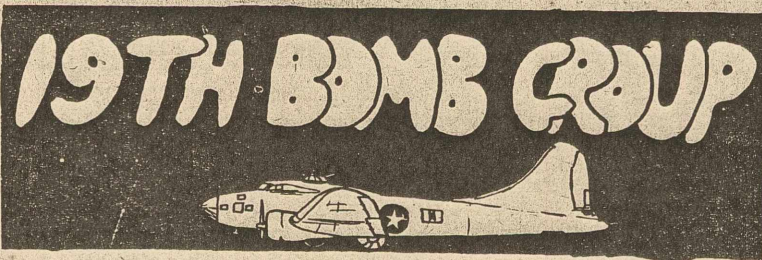
A "so long and good luck" to S|Sgt. Harvey Raad, who "departed this station" last week, starts us off today . . . he is a swell fellow, and we hated to see him leave.

At a detachment meeting last Wednesday, we were privileged to have as our speaker, Major David Rawls, operations officer of the 19th Bomb Group who talked to us about the importance and responsibility of air traffic control in connection with combat crew training. After the meeting was adjourned, Major Rawls took us through one of the aircraft and showed us just what a pilot must do before he takes off and before he lands his ship. This was our "dry run". Our next step is to ride in the cock-pit to see just how much there is to be done in actual flight . . . All this for a better understanding of the problems and maneuvers a pilot is confronted with when he is taking off from the field or when he is entering the traffic pattern for a landing. We wish to thank Major Rawls for his talk and help, and we hope he'll be back with us again soon.

You Asked For It: Three of the boys are "cruising around at 8000" while they wait for "certain persons" to arrive . . . Whats up, fellows? Sgt. Bob Morrison is to be congratulated . . . He passed his cadet board exam and should be leaving us pretty soon for air crew training . . . Give us a "buzz" when you make it, Bob. PFC Bill Burton, just back from a furologh in Kansas City, must have left something back there . . . He doesn't seem to be "all here".

We wonder how "Mississippi" Collins is doing back home . . . He sure "sweated it out" before he left on that precious leave. Wonder whether Joe Conroy was ever a choir leader . . . He may be seen these warm nights, leading a small group in singing in the PX patio. Wonder whether Heenan and McDonald have seen the "angel" in Monahans lately . . . Tell us all, fellows. Say, Conroy, who is "fish eyes"?

S|Sgt. Docherty says that the price of cigarettes was a bit high on Saturday night in Odessa . . . Keep your eye on the slot, Doc. Wonder why Gy nearly "takes off" when anyone mentions the name "Mary Alice" to him? Hm-m-m. Knobby isn't as "knobby" as he used to be . . . why?



Gypsy 93rd

Squadron Reporter Recalls Gallant Actions Of Fighters In The Pacific

CPL. C. W. DANNER

This week the column will be devoted to those men who made history following the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor: With few planes they outfought and won the Battle of the Pacific against an enemy determined to destroy the United States. They fought against overwhelming odds, and by their gallant actions and devotion to duty they saved this country in one of her most critical periods in history.

Today few of these men are left in the squadron. Most have returned with combat crews to face the enemy again, but the ones remaining are giving invaluable instructions to trainee crews who will themselves soon be meeting the enemy in combat.

Still in the squadron are men like Lt. Wallach, then a staff-sergeant bombardier, who went on over fifty missions. T/Sgts. Filigenzi, Arne, Glenn, Lt. Sage, Captain Ferguson, Captain Hinton, and many more all proved they were able to take it as well as dish it out. Over high mountains and strange country, through rain, fog, and storms they went on their missions to bomb airdromes, ships and troop concentrations.

Many of the missions were pulled at low altitudes, and they encountered ack ack which some described as one thick carpet. The story is told of a tail gunner, who, seeing the enemy ack ack bursting in a straight line up to their ship, phoned in: "Sir, in about three bursts it will be bingo."

Another story is told of an air-raid in Port Moresby. The men were huddled in fox-holes and as the whistle of the bombs were heard, a southern voice spoke . . . "Hell, boy, them ain't Airycobras."

These little incidents go to prove that even under the most adverse conditions of modern warfare the soldiers of the United States are still capable of humor. It was this ability to laugh that made the strain bearable.

The following information was compiled by the Intelligence Branch:

Lt. E. H. Jacquet and his crew took off from an operational base

with a plane and were to search an area of ocean and islands, hunting for two Nip cruisers that had previously been reported in that area. They encountered bad weather and had to fly at an altitude of 1,000 ft. or less. Under those conditions they were unable to find the target. Also they became separated from the other planes in their formation.

As they came close to the limit of their search area they turned and headed for their base in Australia. Darkness set in and they got off course . . . the navigator failing to get shots because of the cloud cover. They did not see the coast as they passed over it, for the weather was very thick below and above. They knew that they were over land and didn't dare to drop their bombs to lighten the load. The pilot feathered the inboard engines to save gas, as the navigator took a bearing on a coastal city.

He got it all right and shortly thereafter they saw a searchlight probing the sky in front of them. The crew members were standing by the doors and escape hatches in preparation for "bailing out". The tanks were very nearly empty, and the lights were still many miles away. The plane was losing altitude. Finally they reached the town, and the feathered engines were started. The gas gauges were dancing against the pins. The bombardier was calling out the air-speed over the interphones as the pilot's indicator was not working. The crew was really sweating it out, for there were many hills and mountains around this particular field and they had a hard time seeing them.

On their first approach No. 3 engine ran away and was useless. They had to go around again to try a second time. Lt. Boren was still calling off the air speed, and the engineer, Sgt. Conrad Kersch, was transferring the gas, or what was left of it, to the good engines. The radio operator was closing contact with the ground station and telling them of their predicament. They came around again and on the down-wind leg No. 2

SOLDIERS! WRITE FOR BALLOTS!

Soldiers—it's getting around toward voting time again for you. Remember you're a long way from home and mail doesn't travel too fast. Your first sergeant should have a form post card with which you can request an absentee ballot. If not, write a short note to the Secretary of State at your own State Capital. One of the things you're scrapping for is the right to vote. You might as well exercise it.—CNS.

engine would not put out any more than 1500 rpm, later stopping on the final approach. No. 4 engine threw an exhaust pipe as they made the final drag-in, thus leaving them with only one engine to land with.

The ship was actually approaching at a 45 degree angle to the runway with the No. 1 engine pulling everything that it had. The air speed was called off—"105 . . . 100 . . . 95 . . . 95 . . .", a sigh, "We're on the ground", as the pilot booted her and swung her around straight on the runway. They were down and safe. They had landed a Flying Fortress weighing 54,000 lbs., with only one engine, which was almost an impossibility. But for skilled pilots and crews such as were flying in the Pacific, it took more than hell and high water to stop them.

Another superb flyer of the 93rd was Capt. Ferguson, now the squadron's operations officer. His recommendation for citation reads like this . . . "On the 22nd of January 1942, Lt. James A. Ferguson departed Malang, Java as Co-Pilot of a B-17 type aircraft to bomb shipping in Balikpapan Harbor. After dropping all bombs on the target and doing considerable damage to enemy transports Lt. Ferguson's aircraft was attacked by five Zero type fighters. Three of the five Zeros were shot down before the top and bottom turrets went out of operation. The electrical system, the hydraulic system, and No. 3 engine were all shot out as a result of enemy action. The rudder trim tab cable was also severed. The aircraft was forced to land at an emergency field in Borneo. After working three days on the plane, it was flown back to Malang on the 25th of January with no lives lost.

This is only two of hundreds of such incidents. To tell the whole story of each man would take volumes. But it can well be said of all the men . . . they did their job well, and they have brought great credit to the military annals of the United States of America.

435th Bomb Squadron

BY SGT. HUELING DAVIS, JR.

The wedding bells have rung a couple of times that we know of. On August 12th Sgt. Felix Romano of Armament was married in Monahans, attended by PFC and Mrs. Frank Renna. The Romanos are living happily in Wink.

Cpl. Copeland of the orderly room went to California and got hitched on August 20th. Davey was warned aplenty by his buddies, but he went right ahead.

While on the subject of marriage it must indeed be a wonderful institution, judging from the unusually broad grin on Sgt. Schiller's face. We understand the reason is that Mrs. Schiller is paying him a visit.

After the terrible shellacking they took the first time, the officers went out and recruited all the good players they could find in the other squadrons and challenged us again. The new additions helped them some but not enough. Score this time: EMs 6, officers 4. Sgt. "Knock-'em-Out-of-the-Lot" Smithers is sure happy now that his team has won a couple of games. Incidentally he surprised everybody including himself by actually knocking one out of the lot with a man on. He hereby issues a challenge to any team on the Base for a game.

Cpl. Mullen has a new nickname. He is now known as "Special Delivery" because of his new trick play which consists of catching a fly in center with a man on third. He then delivers the ball to the catcher in person and on foot instead of throwing it.

Our Parachute Rigger, Cpl. Codoner, is more than a little put out at being moved into his new quarters. Maybe a certain young lady up at the parachute loft is the reason for it.

It seems that almost everybody is happy now that they have had their furloughs except Sgt. Jesse Freeman. He is sweating out the first of the month and then he hopes to get back in them thar hills of North Carolina for a spell.

This column wishes the best for Lt. Felts in his new post as Assistant Group Adjutant, and congratulations to Mr. Kezar upon his appointment as Squadron Adjutant.

The face-lifting job done on the Operations and Intelligence Building is a great success, particularly that sky-blue, green, or what have you, paint job in the War Room.

There is at least one happy heart in Independence, Kans. S/Sgt. Whistler has gone thence on that long awaited furlough.

SOUR AND SWEET

Band Notes

By SGT. ERWIN WERTHAMER

Nothing much has happened lately in this outfit, and I see no reason why I should sweat over a hot typewriter for hours at a time trying to get an idea for this column. But orders are orders and I got nobody but myself to blame for getting into this predicament.

You'd think that after three hard and long years in this man's army that I'd smarten up and glean a little wisdom out of the months of latrine sanitation, KP, and other positions of trust that I have held since I said "I do". But no, I'm just nothing but an ample big shot, so I volunteers for this job. Get that, I volunteers! And now here I am with a typewriter full of paper and no place to start.

Of course I could mention the fact that Sgt. Frank Stone is a changed man since he came back from furlough. So quiet, he is! In the good old days before he visited the big town he could drink, lie under a table, and pitch woo with the best of us. Now he drinks his coke straight and is in his sack by ten PeeYem. How oooold are you, little girl? Woof, woof.

And I could mention the letter that PFC George Masur got a short time ago from a woman in Chicago. She wanted to know how he had gotten hold of her address! She also mentioned that she is on the girlish side of sixty! How oooold are you, little boy? Anyhoo, PFC Norman Jackson's face was red for a couple of days.

We also have a couple of new additions to our happy family. Namely, Lyle Glazier, and — get this, Junior Weil. I bet the guy gets the urge to commit homicide sometimes, what with jerks like myself cracking jokes and commenting on the too, too cute name.

A guy with a name like that must have a dark past and, as such, rates at least half a column in this section, but I haven't known him long enough to find out about his life and etc.

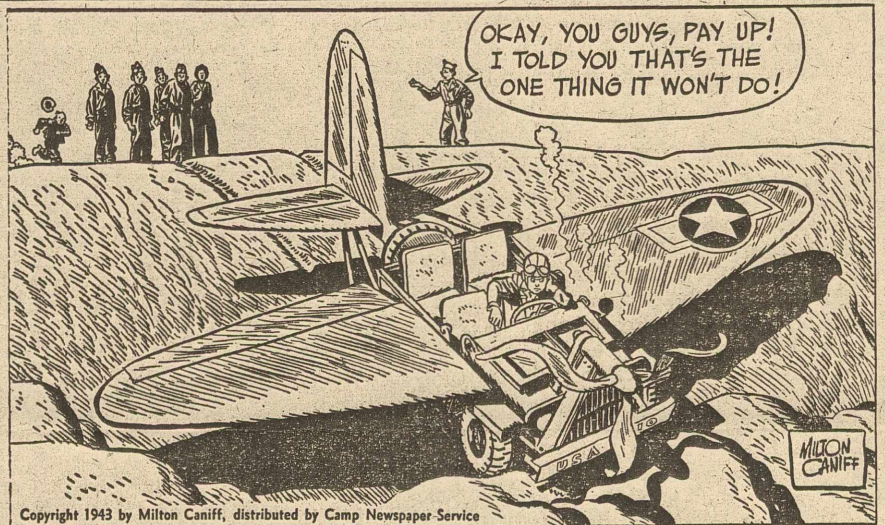
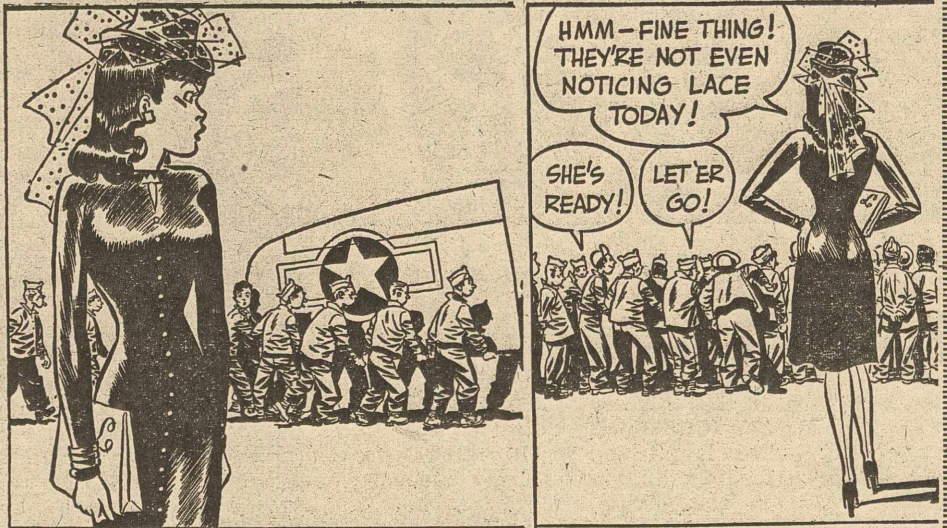
So, dear readers, until I can find out something truly exciting about this unusual character, or until next week, when I can bore you to distraction with another chatty sewing circle meeting, I am your perspiring and weary correspondent who thinks General Sherman was bivouaced near Pyote, when he uttered his well known classic understatement, to wit: "War is Heck."

Bombardier Reads Bible

NORTH AFRICA (CNS)—Crack bombardier Lt. James Grant always reads his Bible on return trips from bombing missions. A Tennessean, Lt. Johnson says he intends to resume study for the ministry after the war.

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BY
MILTON
CANIFF



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WAC Flak

BY CPL. SYLVIA WEXLER

This week we're welcoming the arrival of a new member to the WAC Company—Pvt. Mildred G. Pavel of Chicago, Ill., who was sent here from Lowry Field, Denver, Colo. Believe it or not, she's quite satisfied with our Rattlesnake Bomber Base even though it isn't as picturesque as Lowry Field. You'll find her working very diligently at the Base Photo Lab.

Seems to us the mornings are cooler these days when we fall out for reveille in the middle of the night but PFC (Colonel) Bodge says, "I'd just as soon sleep and take someone else's word for it." Hmmm, she's got somethin' there!

Were any of you fortunate enough to witness the soft ball game between the WACs and the Wink Girls? Though our CO and Cpl. Zentz knocked many a home run, we met utter defeat—but in the ball game only—as all our girls came home in the traditional manner of a WAC—singing at the

tops of their voices regardless of defeat. We can take it! But watch our smoke next week!

Congratulations to Rita Burke, who has taken over the job of First Cook in our mess hall. We're sure happy and proud to be able to call her Sgt. Burke since she sewed on those new stripes. She's just another one of the reasons we all dash to chow at mess call.

Our latest loss is PFC Mary Calhoun, that pretty little redhead who worked in Quartermaster. She's been transferred to Colorado Springs but we haven't heard, as yet, the whys and wherefores — but we'll keep you posted.

PFC Birnbaum hears from her son in Africa that the Italian soldiers are very happy to become our prisoners. All we can say is the more the merrier—makes us happy to capture them.

Well, we're really getting athletic minded over at the company. Last Wednesday a group of us girls, along with our Lt. Stewart, dashed over to Wink to do a little bowling. There was many a sore arm the following day—but the fun was worth it. PFC Tima Hoy was high (wo)man for the night and yours truly hit a new low in

bowling. But, really, those balls are so heavy—or aren't there any excuses in the Army?

But we're not the only ones who are glad to welcome Supply Sgt. Kay Vraney back to our fold. The phone hasn't stopped ringing for her once since her return from her furlough. She surely looks well, and says she had a wonderful time.

And we're really anxious to know if we still get paid the end of the month even if our personnel sgt., Peggy Nugent, is on furlough. After all, that's one of the three M's of Morale—Mess, Mail (Male), and MONEY!

CO-PILOT FLIES WITH ONE HAND

ENGLAND (CNS) — Flying Officer John Morden flew his Fortress home the other day with one hand after its pilot was killed and its fuselage riddled by machine gun fire.

Morden said that the ship was attacked by Focke-Wulfs two hours from their target. The pilot was killed but Morden held his mate's body off the control with one hand, flew the plane with the other. The mission completed, he then flew it home.

A A B SPORTS

Lively Arts In Brooklyn: Dodgers, Red Skelton Make A Panic Picture

BY SGT. FRANK DE BLOIS
CNS Sports Correspondent

Red Skelton is pitching in Brooklyn these days. At least that's what "Whistling in Brooklyn" is all about—Red pitching against the Dodgers and solving a murder mystery besides.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made the baseball scenes of "Whistling in Brooklyn" right in Ebbets Field, of all places, even paying several hundred typical Dodger fans \$10 a day to sit in the stands as movie extras.

Some of the more typical of the Dodger fans almost crabbed the whole act by thumbing their ears at the camera, shouting off-the-script remarks into the sound system and mugging all over the place, but MGM, which has an answer to everything, put an end to these shenanigans by hiring some more extras at \$10 a day, dressing them up like cops and assigning them to patrol the stands and keep the other extras quiet. This looked pretty authentic, to be sure, because you'll nearly always find cops keeping Dodger fans quiet out at Ebbets Field, especially on Sunday afternoons when the New York Giants are in town.

Some real live Dodgers are in the film, too, including Mr. Lippy Leo Durocher, manager of the team, who is shown sitting in dugout in a couple of scenes. Mr. Durocher's last screen appearance was in "Pride of the Yankees," a film version of the life of Lou Gehrig, but he didn't have a very meaty part in that show.

As we remember, "Pride of the Yankees" there was one scene in which Lou Gehrig came into the clubhouse after hitting two home runs and a player ran up to him, slapped him on the back and said "At-a-go, Lou." Well, that was Mr. Durocher.

Other Dodgers and ex-Dodgers with duties to perform in "Whistling in Brooklyn" are Bobo Newsum, since sold to the Browns; Joe Medwick, since sold to the Giants; Dolf Camilli, since retired, and Dixie Walker, the people's choice. MGM has cast them as ball players.

In this picture "Whistling in Brooklyn" Red Skelton plays a detective who goes to Brooklyn in order to warn a certain public official who happens to be enjoy-

ing the ball game that a bunch of bad guys are out to get him. The Dodgers are playing an exhibition game with a team of bearded players called the Battling Beavers when Skelton arrives. As a matter of fact the Battling Beavers are played by Dodgers who aren't playing Dodgers. But don't let that confuse you.

Well, anyway, Red gets into the park by shaving off a Beaver pitcher's beard and pasting it on his own face. Then he is mistaken for the Beaver pitcher and sent in to pitch. Get the setup?

The first batter Red faces is Billy Herman, a dangerous hitter indeed. Red hits Herman on the head. Then he hits Arky Vaughan in the eye and Joe Medwick on the nose. The bases are loaded with nobody out when Dolf Camilli steps up to the plate. The crowd, of course, is going nuts.

With Camilli at the dish, Red starts to wind up, but he drops the ball and it rolls toward first base where the Beaver first baseman (it's really Augie Galan in a beard) picks it up and tags Medwick out. Then he throws the ball back to Red, who misses his peg and gets cracked on the head by the apple.

Well, Red picks up the ball and starts to wind up, but the pill slips out of his grasp and flies into the hands of the Beaver second baseman who tags Arky Vaughan. Two out.

But wait, that ain't all. This next part will kill you. Still dizzy, Red pitches to Camilli. The throw is far behind the left handed Dolf so he steps out to the right-hand side of the dish and takes his cut. He poops a little pop fly into the air. The ball lands in Red's phony beard and stays there for the third out.

We're telling you fans, this show is a riot.

Soldier Sports

At Keesler Field, Miss., a 9-hole miniature golf course has been opened next door to the bowling alleys. So spacious is the course that 36 men may play pee-wee golf at the same time.

Latest 1A in the major leagues is Les Webber, Brooklyn relief pitcher, who was reclassified from 4F. Webber expects induction before the season ends.

Assistant War Secretary Robert Patterson is "pretty sure" that the Army-Navy football game will be played this fall, he said at a recent press conference. The game has been tentatively scheduled for Nov. 27 at West Point.

First Baseman Buddy Hassett and Shortstop Johnny Pesky both are out-hitting Ted Williams on the N. Carolina Naval Pre-Flight baseball team. The Cloudbusters, who have one of the strongest clubs in the service, recently trimmed a team of New York Yankees and Cleveland Indians, managed by Babe Ruth, in New York.

Betty Hicks, pert little Long Beach, Cal. golfer, was recently sworn into the SPARS. The day before she entered service she lost the Women's Western Open title when she called a penalty on herself.

Danny Murtaugh, Philly second baseman, was inducted into the Army last week. Next week he reports at Ft. Meade, Md., for his basic training.

Pvt. Jimmy Cavanaugh, pre-war bat boy with the St. Louis Browns, recently won the praise of his officers at an Australian base. He risked his life by braving a fire at post headquarters to save valuable military documents.

Atley Donald, bald-headed veteran righthander of the New York Yankees, has been rejected for the second time by his New York draft board. Donald, classified 4F, has a trick back.

Add the name of Milo Komenich, star Wyoming University basketball player, to the list of athletes rejected by the Army. Komenich was turned down in Cheyenne, Wyo., because he's too tall for the service. He's 6 feet 6 3/8 inches without his shoes. — Camp Newspaper Service.

ELECTRO-MAGNET REMOVES BOMB SPLINTERS FROM EYE

NORTH AFRICA (CNS) — The British Royal Engineers have devised a tiny electro-magnet which will remove bomb splinters from a man's eye. The first magnet was constructed in three hours during the heat of battle from odds and ends from a junk pile.

435th Bombers Blast Base Flight For 2nd Time

Base Flight suffered its second defeat of the season at the hands of the 435th Bomb Squadron. Merritt, the pitcher for the 435th, came out on top of a pitcher's duel by a score of 5-4. His opponent, Kurtz, besides pitching excellent ball, distinguished himself by hitting a home-run with two men on base in the first half of the sixth inning—giving his team a 4-1 lead.

The 435th came back with a two run rally in their half of the inning to make the score 4-3. In the last inning the 435th, trailing by one run, staged another two run rally to win the game 5-4. The hero of this rally was Karas, with the winning run.

Standings

TEAM	WON	LOST
Medics	9	1
Diedrichs' Sq.	8	1
Base Flight	8	2
Base Ordnance	2	2
435th Bombers	5	3
390th Aviation	4	5
Willoughby Adrm.	4	3
410th Hq. Sq.	0	2
93rd Bombers	0	3
Guard Sq.	0	4
28th Bombers	0	3
30th Bombers	0	4

Soldiers May Join Monahans Golf Club

Monahans Golf Club facilities have been turned over to the City of Monahans for operation as a municipal course, with income to be used for improving the club, Mayor Ed Duffey has announced.

A membership drive will be launched soon, with soldiers stationed here eligible. Green fees tentatively were set at 25c for week days and 50c for Sundays and holidays.

Six EMs To Attend Miami Beach Schools

Three enlisted men of the Guard Squadron last week were sent to Guard School at Miami Beach, Fla., for a six weeks course of instruction. They were PFCs Lester DonCarlos, Lloyd L. Gibson and T. C. Pittman.

Three other men went to the NCO Physical Training School at Miami Beach, including Pvt. John A. Dahl, Base Headquarters Squadron, and Cpl. Geo. W. Brown and PFC Theodore W. Suggs, Aviation Squadron.

SUB-DEPT

Signal Section

Well, well, another week is here for ye ole Signal Section . . . ahemem . . . It seems that everyone, that is, nearly everyone had the same idea and went to Carlsbad Caverns this weekend. Betty Shoemake, one of our raving beauties, was one of the many that made the trip. If only you could have seen her coming down the hall of the dorm about 11:30 Sunday night, you wouldn't have thought she'd been to the Cavern.

The ones from the Radio Shop that enjoyed the beautiful sites were PFC Perichak and Kovalik. A swell time was reported by everyone. P. S. Betty said Frankie Padak of the Instrument Department went also. Could be!

It seems that Mary isn't so crazy about Scotties anymore . . . she sat waiting on the door step one evening and "it" never showed up, but after all was said and done she went out with this Scotty again . . . rumor . . . rumor!

We have the good ole school days here again, anyway its about the same. Notes are being written all the time, eh Betty? We all know why Moe is so gloomy this week; his buddy, and our warehouse man, has gone on a furlough for 15 lovely days. Mrs. Burkholder surely is a good cook; she had us all over for dinner Tuesday night, a chicken dinner at that. Boy was it good!

Everyone is wondering why Pvt. White likes to go to Shipping and Receiving so much. Well, it seems that every time the truck goes White goes also . . . course it couldn't be a female? We wonder why Betty is always so anxious for the mail to come every day. Couldn't be a sailor in Corpus, could it, Betty?

You have always heard of people leaving their sweet letters until the last, eh Lt. Seaman? We are all wondering and will always wonder why Bonnie Mae likes to sit out in the front hall in the heat when she could be here in this air cooled building. Of course, you know we have a guard out there also. By putting two and two together we think we know why.

It seems that the sailors are quite popular with the girls here in the Signal Section. Just ask Mary and Betty. They go wild when they hear "Anchors Aweigh". We welcome to our happy little family two new boys from San Antonio, John Carberry and Thomas Sanders; they are both junior radio mechanics. Not knowing "When Johnny Will



"Is she your beneficiary?"

\$\$ Financiers \$\$

BY SALLY SMITH

We have another new face among us. S/Sgt. Clifford Harbaugh from 2nd Bomber Command, Fort George Wright, Washington . . . welcome to the land of enchantment (now we are kidding).

Sgt. Bagley has gone strictly "GI" — his hair was so long it took the barber two days to cut it plus \$1.80 (so he says).

It is always a treat to ones eyes to pass Sgt. Hawling's desk. He has five different pictures of one lovely girl. He says, "she isn't my cousin and what's more she isn't my sister, but she'd be so nice to come home to!"

Sgt. Pearson says "take away wine, women and song, and we will all be better soldiers" . . . P. S. Sgt. Pearson doesn't practice what he preaches! (we hear he is giving up singing!)

Casanova Nevinger is just now learning the two-step much to the dismay of Kermit . . . The Beer Barrel Polka should come easy

Come Marching Home" Miss Helen just writes and writes and in return gets 8 page letters. In the meantime these blond wolves keep her busy. I will always wonder why she prefers blonds? Notes to Texas girls: There is a certain little prissy sgt. in this section that thinks Texas girls dance like cows. I imagine we can hold our own with any of the New York molls . . . eh, girls? No hard feeling . . . just wanted it understood of course!

Why did Sue Westbrooks forget to tell the girls to have lunch with her? Couldn't be a S/Sgt. in the 19th, could it, Susie?

Sgt. Gurney returned this week from a thirteen day furlough stating "the girls in Salt Lake City are so plentiful and beautiful that I just had to have an extension".

Sgt. Clay keeps repeating "if I go home on furlough I may get married", but still he hates to lose his jitterbug class in Kermit.

"Billy Goat" McDonald is gaining weight weekly; just the other day in the shower he was overheard singing "Mr. Five by Five" . . . Hope you work off some of your "excesses" on furlough.

The million dollar personality and heart throb of Finance, Frances Vargas, submitted her resignation this week to accept a position with her father (?) in El Paso.

Lt. Dudley has purchased a new flight cap . . . he is so proud of it that during working hours he locks it in the safe, sighing, "Please don't touch!"

NEW YORK (CNS) — Joe Montgomery, a runty little fellow, had just pulled a \$2,000 payroll stickup and was making his getaway on Broadway. "Out of my way," he hollered, waving his gun at Mrs. James E. Stokesbury of Seymour, Conn., who was walking down the street holding onto the arm of her husband, Pvt. Jim Stokesbury, on sick leave from California. Pvt. Stokesbury floored the guy with a hip-mare and a wrist lock. Then he turned him over to the cops. "Lucky I wasn't feeling well," said Jim. "I might have killed him."

BASE HEADQUARTERS

By CPL. SAMMY KAPLAN

Hello, dear people, let's all cuddle up closely together and listen to a little gossip of our squadron!

Did you all know that the good old 410th—which incidentally is the best and most important squadron on the base—gave a party for its members Saturday night, and a good time was had by all. It was one of those affairs that will linger in the memories of all who attended a long time. Yes the good old 410th, long may it live.

S-Sgt. Dullanty, assistant sgt.-major of the base, has just returned from a well earned furlough and has once again taken up his work very seriously and is doing a good job.

M-Sgt. O'Connor W. Satterlee, base sgt.-major, is getting nicer looking every day, and the girls are all going for him in a big way, since he has had his teeth fixed up. He never looked better in his life. He is now a second Robert Taylor.

PFC Eddie Lockamy, your former correspondent of this column, has just returned from Florida, where he spent a few months attending the NCO physical training school. I guess it won't be long before he will be assisting yours truly in setting up the weekly column.

Want to see a real clean looking jeep, in fact the cleanest looking jeep on the base? Well, just ask PFC Peter Urban of Base S-4 to show you his. Every time he shuts off the motor and gets out he takes a rag and really gives his little jeep the once over.

Members of the 410th really got on the beam last week, and G-Eyed the barracks, cleaned the windows, and policed up around the immediate vicinity. One should see how beautiful the barracks are now. I think we can now boast that our squadron has the best and cleanest looking barracks on the whole base.

Sgt. Janeski of Base S-4 has just returned from a furlough, and PFC Edna Collins of the same office is now home on furlough. Hope she has a nice time.

A pool table has been installed in our day room. Anybody wanna play?

Cpl. Covington, formerly of the Custodial Section, is now working in our orderly room.

Yours truly has finally arranged a date for himself, after at long last gaining enough nerve to ask for it. (Note: Have changed my mind again and refuse to honor it. Will I ever learn?)

British-American Leaders Form Global Strategy

Russians Want Quick Invasion At Any Cost

By CPT. TOMME CALL
Rattler Editor

President Roosevelt is scheduled today to make a brief address to the Canadian Parliament, concluding the historic high strategy conference in Quebec with Britain's Prime Minister Churchill.

While the President doubtless will voice the United Nations' determination to carry the war to unconditional surrender of all enemy powers, hardly will he reveal the detailed decisions reached.

Reasonably, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill sought to strike a balance between timing and cost in their studies: how to gain victory at the earliest possible moment with the minimum expenditure of materiel and men.

Consequently, the democracies' leaders hardly will be stampeded by Russian pressure for all-out invasion immediately without regard for cost. Number of casualties is no certain criterion as to which country is doing the most toward winning the war, nor which will have the strongest voice in forming the peace.

Surely it would be impossible to determine whether the current Russian offensive's success is due more to the strength and courage of the Red Army than to the disastrous effect on Germany's front line war-making strength of the relentless, intensifying aerial bombardment by the RAF and USAAF. Also, though the Sicilian victory—and even the defeat of Italy—may not match the Red Army's Eastern Front blows at Hitler's hopes, the Mediterranean offensive in turn is only one phase of the British-American military effort. For example, Britain and the United States have held Japan off Russia's back, at no mean expenditure of fighting power.

However that argument may be—and it can well await winning the war, for Allied disunity has become the Axis' only remaining hope for an "out" short of catastrophe—Stalin emphasized his impatience, by recalling Ambassador Maxim Litvinoff from Washington, shortly after his



withdrawal of Ambassador Ivan Maisky from London. Both men are friends of the Western Democracies. To hints of an Allied breach, Lewis Hawkins (Associated Press), wrote sensibly from London:

"Stalin presumably is convinced that . . . if Russia withdrew from the war and the Western Powers failed to carry through the job of beating Hitler, the Red Army again would have to take up the task without allies. And if the democracies won in the face of a Russian withdrawal, he would have forfeited all chance for friendship and cooperation with them." And, it might be added, so would he forfeit also Soviet influence in Europe.

Practically certain is the conclusion that the Quebec conference was to outline the

final phase of European operations. To carry out that phase, the Allies have, among other assets:

1. A great, fresh force in the British Isles for invasion across the English Channel or the North Sea.
2. Two magnificent, veteran armies in Sicily, in good shape after their recent victorious campaign.
3. At least two experienced armies in the Middle East, for possible use in the Balkans.
4. The advantageous choice of using those forces one at a time, in several combinations, or simultaneously.
5. Naval superiority in European waters, from Norway to Greece.
6. Unquestioned air superiority.
7. An indeterminate

amount of potential support from the restive people under enemy domination.

8. The increasingly successful counter-offensive against submarine warfare, and expanding Allied shipping—securing giant supply lines which invasion will demand.

Arrival of Chinese Foreign Minister T. V. Soong at the Quebec Conference was significant. Observers saw possibilities of stepped-up Allied warfare in the Far East. Furthermore, Russian representatives may not have been invited because of strategy planning against Japan, with which the Soviet Union is neutral. Finally, Stalin's current diplomatic moves might be designed to discourage any British and American shift of emphasis from Europe to Asia.