

Sept 1, 1943

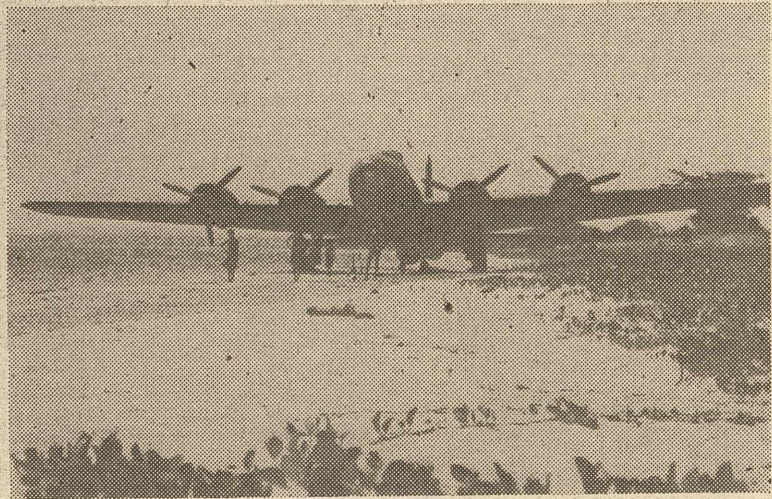
Price 5c

THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Bomber Base

WOLF CREEK, PYOTE, TEXAS SEPTEMBER 1, 1943

New Guinea 'Holiday'



A B-17 which prefers a holiday on the beach to returning to its base after completing a mission is shown above. Steel matting for a 650-foot improvised runway had to be brought from Port Moresby to assist its take-off. T-Sgt. Norman Carlsen stayed behind with Life's photographer, George Stroock; made 3-day trip back to Moresby by canoe & on foot.

(Story & Pictures on Page 2.)

Masefield Word For Pyote AAB: 'Excellent'

Page 12

EM Club Open Next Week

Page 13

This is it: the long-awaited view of the Enlisted Men's Club. The large building is across the street from the Base Headquarters and Air Base Squadron's barracks. The club is due to open, unless unforeseen difficulties prevent, sometime next week. GIs are warned to have an extra pair of razor-sharp doubly clean sun-tans ready for the occasion. As the picture to the right shows, the Club definitely is something pretty special.

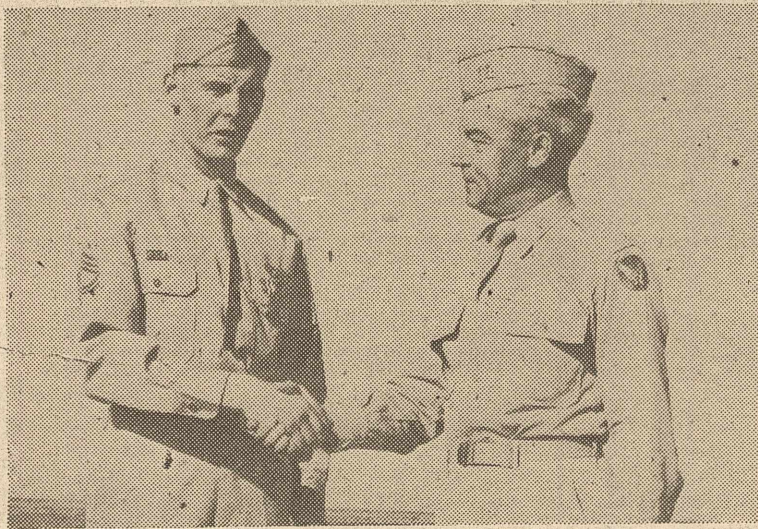
(Story on Page 13.)



Don't Kill Or Be Killed

Many Medals, None For Jungle Jaunt

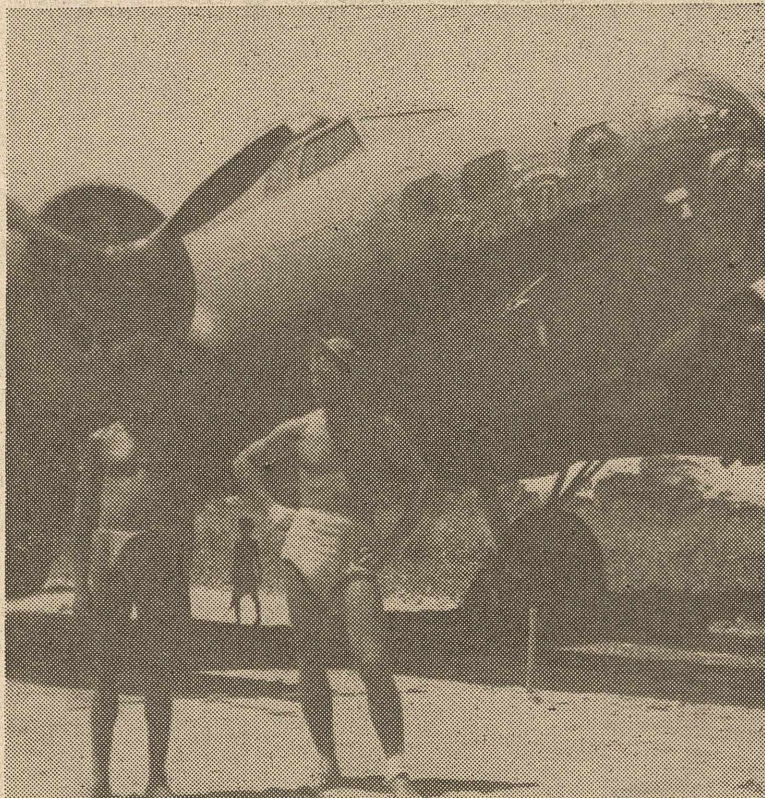
Cross For Cluster



Tech-Sgt. Norman A. Carlsen, 19th Group photo section head, is congratulated by Capt. Joseph V. Bolton, 19th S-2, when the Sergeant received his Distinguished Flying Cross here on

August 14. Sgt. Carlsen received an Oak Leaf Cluster to the DFC last year in Australia. None of his decorations represent his 3-day jungle trek in New Guinea.

Bring 'Em Back Alive



"Frank Buck," the Flying Fortress which brought its crew back safely from a bombing mission over Rabaul, New Britain, but put crewmen down on a beach between Port Moresby and Milne Bay, is shown with crew member wearing make

shift trunks, and one of the New Guinea natives who helped get "Frank Buck" off the ground again. Tech-Sgt. Norman A. Carlsen of the 19th Group's 28th Squadron had joined the crew for the mission, took this photo.

Sgt. Carlsen Braved New Guinea Wilderness To Get Back To Moresby

Tech. Sgt. Norman A. Carlsen, 19th Bombardment Group photo chief, wears the Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Air Medal, but none of these represent the most exciting experience he had during a year of duty in the Southwest Pacific.

He may have had more tense moments while under enemy fire, but the story he'll tell his people's grandchildren—perhaps his own—will be of a canoe & foot trip through the New Guinea jungle from a point where his plane was forced down to Port Moresby.

He may also tell—with a chuckle—how, back in Australia, he received an Oak Leaf Cluster to the DFC without having received the DFC. Two weeks ago at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base he finally got a DFC on which to place the cluster. Sgt. Carlsen has no explanation for this strange circumstance and the War Department, if it has one, is keeping it to itself.

The medal and its cluster represent at least 400 hours in aerial combat, and that is the important thing. Included in the total are 100 hours for which Carlsen got his Air Medal.

The action which brought the Sergeant his most important decoration, the Silver Star, was concentrated excitement. He got the metal for gallantry in action over Rabaul, New Britain, on August 7, 1941, when Fortresses of the 19th Group furnished the aerial umbrella protecting the landing of the Marines on Guadalcanal.

"Rabaul," Sgt. Carlsen pointed out, "is about 650 air miles from the point where the landing was made on Guadalcanal and was the biggest Jap base in the Southwest Pacific. Our job was to keep Rabaul's Jap bombers on the ground and to decoy fighter aircraft from the landing point."

When the B-17 in which he was riding left what had been the target, it left 50 Jap planes smoldering on their runways. It also left with seven cannon holes in it, numerous bullet holes and a highly snafued oxygen system. The Sergeant is credited with knocking out one of numerous attacking Zeros out of the air.

Still, the experience he recalls with greatest enthusiasm is that trek through the New Guinea jungle.

This came about a month after the Marine landing at Quad-

alcanal, and after replacement crews began arriving to relieve the 19th Bombardment Group. The replacement crews began flying missions with the much-battered Group immediately, and Sgt. Carlsen on that September day leading to his jungle soiree was on a mission over Rabaul with one of these replacement crews. On the same plane was Life's photographer, George Strook.

The plane was reassuringly named "Frank Buck." It had brought its crew back alive through several missions even though it had not been for long in combat. And over its name was a neat semi-circle of Japanese flags—five in all, five Zeros accounted for.

"Bombs Away!" came from the bombardier over Rabaul and the plane swung back toward its base. Somewhere between Milne Bay and Port Moresby trouble developed. The beach below was smooth and reasonably wide. The pilot—a lieutenant named Holsey who is still in the Southwest Pacific theater—brought "Frank Buck" down with a minimum of damage.

As it seems to be wherever the American soldier puts in an appearance, the crew was welcomed with open if naked arms by the local population.

"Small children brought us stalks of bananas, native women prepared our food, and the men helped us with the heavy work," Sgt. Carlsen says.

One native woman, well-rounded, very dark in color, and dressed in a string of beads and a grass skirt, was particularly helpful. While she could not speak English she understood that men doing a hard day's work had to have plenty to eat. She saw that food was procured and cooked it herself.

"It wasn't the worst army chow I've ever eaten," Sgt. Carlsen declares.

The plane was finally repaired and from Moresby came enough steel matting for a 650-foot runway—which compared with Pyote's 5,000-foot runways, is not much. Sandy beach had to do the rest. The day of the take-off came.

(Continued on next page)

Three EMs Qualify As Aviation Cadets; Others Go To School

Three enlisted men last week were qualified for Aviation Cadet appointment and were to report to AAFBTS Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, Texas, for Pre-Aviation Cadet (Air Crew) basic training.

They are S-Sgt. Michael J. Frawley Jr., 30th Bombardment Squadron; PFC Joseph L. Abate, Base Headquarters and Air Base Squadron, and Sgt. Mark L. Marantette, 28th Bombardment Squadron.

Going to the Ordnance Training Center at Camp Santa Anita, Calif., to take an ammunition specialist course were Sgt. Harold M. Biety, Willoughby Airdrome Squadron; PFCs Rollin W. Hager and Sylvus Jones, 28th Squadron; PFC George W. Brebant, 30th Bombardment Squadron, and PFC Henry D. Conrad, 435th Bombardment Squadron.

Jungle Jaunt—

Lt. Holsey with a skeleton crew, warmed up "Frank Buck's" engines and presently scooted over the mesh onto the sand. But sufficient speed had been gained and "Frank Buck" kept zooming and picking up speed and it left the ground while Carlson and Strock looked on.

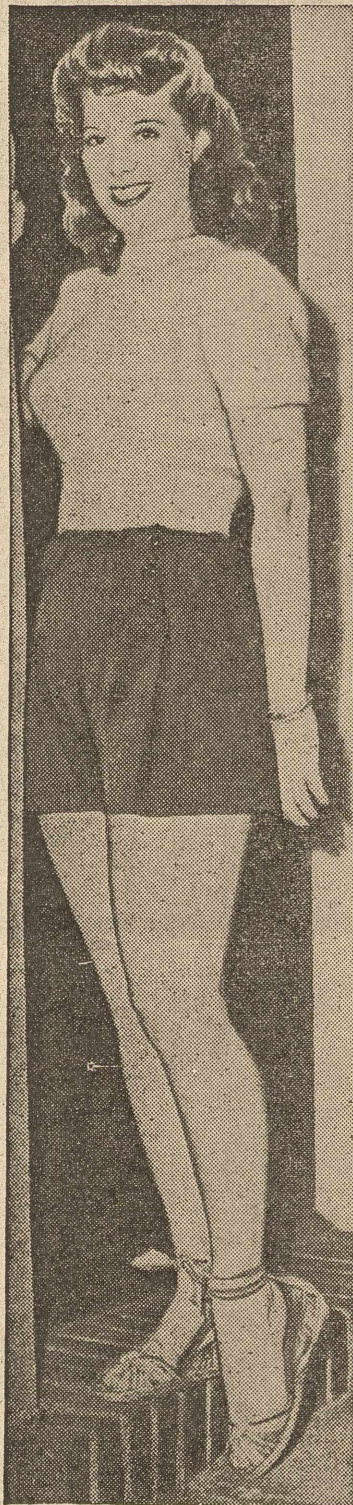
"The Lieutenant had to dip one wing in order for the other to clear some jungle growth," Sgt. Carlsen relates, "and when he did the wing struck the water—and so did the tail wheel. But this didn't stop 'Frank Buck' and the plane was soon well in the air.

"This left Strock and myself with the natives and three days of jungle between us and Moresby."

Carlsen and Strock took to a stream in a canoe. Later they met another canoe, paddled by a P-40 pilot who had been shot down and was making his way to Moresby. Next man to join the party was one of the hungriest looking people Carlsen says he ever encountered. He turned out to be an Australian captain who had reason to look hungry; he had been roaming the jungle for six weeks. Three days after leaving the spot where the plane was shot down, Sgt. Carlsen, Photographer Strock, and the others were all beginning to feel the need of a more substantial diet. Then they were at Port Moresby.

"Frank Buck" had arrived back safely. He may have made some of his passengers walk part of the way home, but they all got back alive.

Dixie-Eyed Dinah



Darling of the airways and the record collectors, blues-singing Dinah Shore—who's smooth warm voice is carried around appropriately—has added the movies to her conquests. Warners' musical, "Thank Your Lucky Stars," is her current showpiece.

WAC SALUTES—BREAKS ARM

LONDON (CNS)—WAC Betty Hurley of Salem, Ore. met an officer on the steps of a replacement depot here, gave him a snappy salute, lost her balance, fell down the stairs and broke an arm.

Higher Base Sanitation Standards Set By Last Week's Inspection

After a decided slump the week previous, Base sanitation last week soared to a new high standard, squadron scores being with few exceptions in the 80s and 90s, according to the report by Capt. James K. Taylor, Base Medical Inspector.

Furthermore, practically all the component ratings—barracks, latrines, messes—were above 80, as well as the averages, indicating overall improvement throughout the organizations.

Sanitation Standings

Guardhouse _____	94.5
Capt. S. B. Lang	
Bomb. & Gun. Range _____	94.3
Lt. H. B. Montgomery	
WAC Company _____	93.3
Capt. G. M. Moran	
93rd Bomb Sq. _____	93.0
Capt. R. T. Hernlund	
Altitude Training Unit _____	92.3
Lt. J. H. Hafkenschiel	
Medical Detachment _____	91.3
Lt. B. S. Igo	
30th Bomb Sq. _____	90.7
Capt. Edson Sponable	
Aviation Squadron _____	90.3
Lt. F. W. Thacker	
28th Bomb Squadron _____	89.0
Capt. R. W. Beckel	
Officers (Block 700) _____	87.5
(BOQ & Latrines)	
Airdrome Sq. _____	87.0
Lt. N. A. Willoughby	
PX Cafeteria _____	87.0
Capt. W. O. Hedley (Mess only)	
Service Squadron _____	86.7
Capt. M. A. Diedrichs	
QM Detachment _____	86.3
Lt. George Frick	
435th Bomb Squadron _____	86.0
Capt. E. C. Steinemann	
Officers (Block 400) _____	86.0
(BOQ & Latrines)	
Base Hq. & AB Sq. _____	85.3
Maj. Ernest Swingle	
Airdrome Sq. _____	85.0
Capt. F. B. Marshall	
Guard Squadron _____	83.0
Capt. S. B. Lang	
Service Sq. _____	82.3
Maj. C. Z. Ridgway	
28th Trainees (Barracks) _____	81.0
Lt. Col. P. Preuss	
30th Trainees (Barracks) _____	67.0
Major D. Boss	
93rd Trainees (Barracks) _____	65.0
Major. W. A. Butters	
Officers (Mess only) _____	53.0

Only individual ratings falling below 80 were: 93rd Bomb Squadron trainees' barracks, 65; 30th Bomb Squadron trainees' barracks, 67; Officers' Mess, 53; Guard Squadron Mess, 68; Service Squadron's Mess, 76. When competition pushes most scores into the higher brackets, the laggards stand sharply in the critical spotlight.

Biggest comeback of the week was the Guardhouse, climbing from the cellar, 60.5, to first place, 94.5, under the supervision of Capt. S. B. Lang. Lt. F. W. Thacker's Aviation Squadron improved a 69.3 score to 90.3. Consistent leaders—Bomb. & Gun. Range, WAC Company, Altitude Training Unit, and Medical Detachment—were once more in top rank.

All the 19th bomb squadrons improved considerably, with the 93rd placing fourth and the 30th seventh. The 28th and the 435th were in the high 80s. Other organizations generally jumped a bracket.

With the exception of the bomb squadron trainees, organizations' barracks were on the whole the better of the three sanitation ratings, with latrines a close second. As in past weeks, mess sanitation lagged along in third place.

If competition intensifies this week as it did during the immediately past inspection, nothing short of a score in the 90s will escape a gig. At least six other organizations would have placed in the 90s this time, except for mess scores that pulled their averages down.



Ft. Worth Field, Tex.—There's a sergeant down here who has been a three-striper for more than a year and has never applied for Officer Candidate School. The other day a pal asked him why.

The sergeant smiled. "Remember Sgt. York in the last war?" he asked.

His pal said he did. "Chum," said the sergeant. "Name me just one of the second lieutenants in that war."

Rattlesnake Base Soldiers Go Native

Rodeo Rough Riders



This is one parade in which no soldier would seriously object to marching. Pyote's delegation at the Upton County Rodeo at Rankin did march, and found these beauties and many more like them awaiting

their arrival at the end of the parade. Welcome boys got was typical of that from all citizens of McCamey, where Pyote boys were overnight guests, and Rankin where rodeo and barbecue were held.

Upton County Rodeo Converts Eastern Sceptics To West Ways

Going western on a grand scale for a couple of days, 50 men from the Rattlesnake Bomber Base were guests of the citizens of Upton County, Texas, Saturday and Sunday for the county's annual rodeo, community barbecue, and an open house in general. Pyote's soldiers were guests in McCamey, Texas, homes following the big barbecue and wild west show at Rankin.

Local "Gary Coopers" were taken deep into West Texas ranch country by truck convoy led by Lt. George A. Hoffman, of the Special Service office, with the assistance of Lt. B. M. Robertson. Reporting back to the convoy at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, every soldier not previously addicted to the West was convinced that there was at least one spot in it for which they could vouch.

"I've never had such a wonderful time in my life," said Sgt. Claire C. Townsend of the Base Motor Pool. "These people in Texas sure know how to take care of a man."

Townsend's was a typical testimony.

Arriving in Rankin Saturday af-

ternoon, Pyote boys joined in the rodeo parade—at the end of which awaited the rodeo queen, her dutchesses, assorted cow girls. "I could take this same group of men," Lt. Hoffman declared, "and win a military parade any day in the week." (If there were women at the end of the ground, he failed to add.)

Events at the arena got under way with a dedication to Upton "boys in the service" by C. Snell, county agent and general chairman of the rodeo.

Then came the barbecue: Pound upon pound of barbecued mutton, pots of ranch-style beans, wash kettles full of coffee, and a huge table filled with salads, pies and cakes brought by the women in attendance.

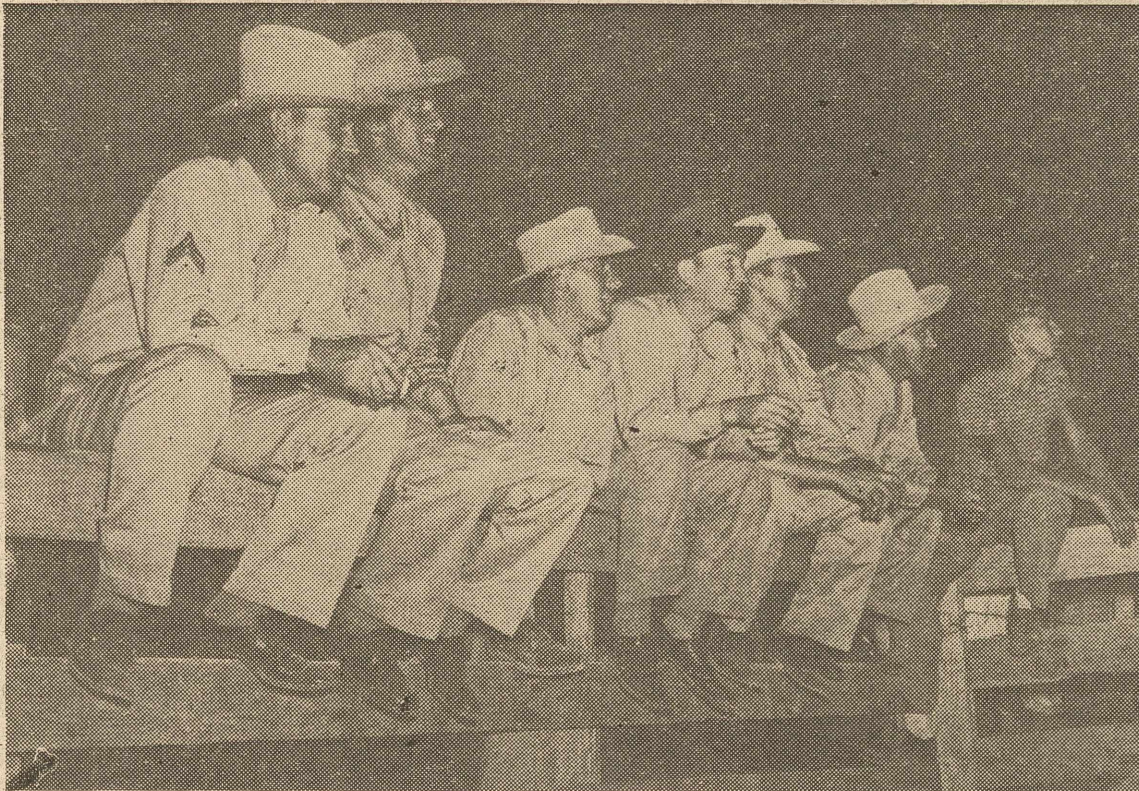
Coronation of the queen, Miss Lu Gean Ash, of McCamey, followed supper. Pyote's escorts at the Queen's Court, for some of the most beautiful girls in Texas, were Sgts. Russell Bushong, 28th Sq., S-Sgt. Robert Sage, Diedrichs Service Sq., Sgt. Joseph Preshlock, 30th Sq., S-Sgt. James W. Shurr, Medical Det., Dalton R. Smith, Guard Sq., S-Sgt. Harry G. McDougal, Communications Det., S-Sgt. Russell R. Roberts, 30th Sq., and T-Sgt. Robert J. Rosson, 30th Sq.

The rodeo began immediately after the coronation. Main events were calf roping, goat roping, team tying, the latter requiring two horsemen.

A dance honoring the queen and Pyote guests was held at the McCamey Country Club. Families who were hosts for the men furnished transportation. Each family provided breakfast and Sunday dinner. Soldiers spent non-eating hours Sunday swimming, playing golf and horseback riding.

Official host at McCamey was County Judge William Edwards, who cooperated with Mrs. Jim Messick of Rankin on housing arrangements. Aviation Cadets from Ft. Stockton were Rankin house guests.

Uniform Of The Sport



Some of these men from the Rattlesnake Bomber Base are seeing their first rodeo, and loving it, at Rankin, Upton County, Texas Saturday night. Wearing

10-gallon hats provided by Upton folk are (L-to-R) Cpl. H. C. Bass, Jr., Cpl. Charles O. Butts, an unidentified soldier, PFC O. C. Garrett, Cpl. Howard M.

Martin, Jr., and PFC Louis Slatinsky, all of airdrome Squadrons. (Rodeo photos by Cpl. Sidney Gordon.)

CAMP VAN DORN, MISS. (CN S)—PFC Frank Vito is no gigolo but he married Miss Audrey C. Money of Washington here anyway.

In Seconds Flat



Between round-ups, cowhands get together and compete against one another in doing the things that are a part of work at round-up. Such competition developed into the rodeo, now

a favorite event from Madison Square Garden to the West Coast. In photo, expert calf roper ties calf's feet while horse keeps lariat taut on calf's neck.

Aviation Cadet Quotas Are Upped, Applicant Qualifications Lowered

Qualifications for aviation cadet (air crew) training have been lowered appreciably, enabling many men who have failed in previous applications to try again, Lt. Leon C. Bogart, classifications officer, announced last week.

As Edwin A. Johnson writes in *Army Times* (Air Force Edition): "Evidently the stockpile of available manpower, qualified to pass the physical examination and with the proper educational background, has been drained. The new requirements ease eye, ear and blood-pressure tests. The mental examinations place emphasis on perception rather than academic knowledge. Enlisted men are urged to apply. For the first time, officers, who will be trained in grade, are being seriously considered as a source of aviation cadet candidates."

To get men to fly, navigate, shoot and bomb, the AAF has lowered visual requirements from 20|20 to 20|30, the latter correctible to 20|20. The hearing standard has been lowered from 20|20 in each ear to 20|20 for one and 15|20 for the other. (No change in color vision requirements). Depth-perception test has been relaxed, and the Schneider circulatory test has been eliminated entirely.

(See WD Circular No. 176, July 31, 1943, and AR 615-160, November 5, 1942.)

The new mental examination stresses ability and good judgment rather than higher education knowledge, hitting about high school graduate level.

Quotas have been enlarged and the process speeded up. Any enlisted man can request examination for the training. Special inducement has been provided to get ground officers below the rank of Captain to apply. Enlisted men must be between 17 and 26.

Lt. Bogart explained that those desiring to apply should get application papers through their squadron commander or at the Base Classification Office. The application will be submitted in duplicate through the squadron commander, along with three letters of application and a birth certificate.

The mental screening examination will be given applicants by the Pecos Cadet Examining Board—no minimum AGCT or education being necessary. If the applicant passes that, he will be notified to take a physical examination and appear before the Aviation Cadet Examining Board (Pecos) for final selection. After that he will be well on his way toward wearing wings.

Chow Was Never Like This



Best barbecued mutton any soldier ever "flopped a lip on" is also relished by Upton County citizens in this photo. Pyote

soldiers (L-to-R) are T-5 Robert J. Rosson, 30th Sq.; Cpl. Horst Krummel, Weather Sq.; S-Sgt. Harry G. McDougal;

Base Hq.; Clare C. Townsend, Motor Pool; and S-Sgt. James W. Schurr, Medical Det. (corporal at right not identified.)

MARRIAGE PROPOSAL SNAFU'ED BY RED CROSS

CAMP CHAFFEE, ARK. (CNS)—A soldier walked into a Red Cross Recreation Hall here and asked to send a proposal of mar-

riage by record to his best girl back home. "Okay," said the Red Cross gal, adjusting the needle, "now begin."

The yardbird made his propos-

al, shipped the record to his lady love and in a few days got a curt refusal. She wanted no part of a man who had to be told by a woman when to begin proposing, she wrote.

2AF Has New Adjutant General, Lt. Col. Wm. Fane

2AF H.Q. COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—A veteran of 27 years service, Lt. Col. Wm. Fane is the new adjutant general at Second Air Force Headquarters in Colorado Springs.

Colonel Fane enlisted in the army in April of 1917 when but 18 years of age. Since that time, he has advanced in grade from private to his present status.

After serving in various enlisted grades in the field artillery and the First Division A. E. F., in World War I, Colonel Fane served as chief clerk in the enlisted division of the Adjutant General's Department in the American Army of Occupation in Germany, and was stationed there until March, 1922.

Since 1922 Colonel Fane has served in staff non-commissioned grades with the 16th and 18th Infantry Regiments.

He Knows OPA's Troubles



His counter might be called the Base wailing wall, what with the American soldier as well as civilian being subjected to the mysteries of rationing. Sgt. Kyle Pierce, right, Base ration clerk, here gives some apparently pleasant news to Sgt. Gilbert Cohen, classification specialist, who has just recently returned from Army Administration School, Brookings, South Dakota, where he took an 8 weeks course in his specialty.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES.

Pleasant Cpl. Pierce, Law Student, Now Deals In Tires, Gas And Shoes

By CPL. ROBERT NASH

Sgt. Kyle Pierce, base ration clerk, is a nice fellow. Before he came to the Army Pierce studied law. Which seems to be a pretty good combination for a ration clerk. (Sgt. rating came at press time.)

Of course we're talking about the OPA kind of rationing, not mess hall rations. Pierce is the man to see if you want a new pair of shoes, more gasoline or a new tire for your car. His desk is one of the busiest in Base Headquarters.

The husky, well-tanned Arizonian handles all questions of this nature that come up. Classified as a clerk, he was transferred into the Base Headquarters Air Base Squadron about a month ago and has performed this duty since.

When we talked to Pierce he had just returned from a furlough to Phoenix. Although he was not yet quite coherent at the time—he still had that wistful furlough look in his eye—we managed to extract the following information:

Seventy five percent of the people who come before him are successful in obtaining what they are after.

The national tire situation is in a sad shape. Sgt. Pierce has on the tip of his tongue an astounding set of figures guaranteed to make the average tire-hunter ashamed he asked for one.

Phoenix is a nicer place than Tucson. "Oh, yes, more things to do . . . More bars, more things

to do . . . Yes, Phoenix is much better."

Snipe hunting is a favorite pastime out around Phoenix. Scoffers and jokers notwithstanding, the jacksnipe is a native American bird and a very good game fowl.

You can get Ration Book No. 3 at his counter if you're eligible.

Easy to talk to, Sgt. Pierce makes you feel at home whether you're trying to talk him out of something or not. He likes swimming and almost all sports. When he entered the Army seven months ago he was studying law at Arizona State University of Tempe, after completing two years at Phoenix Junior College. He wants to resume the study some day.

Mose fellows don't envy him his job, but it doesn't bother Sgt. Pierce.

HARRY JAMES BECOMES 'BUGLER'

HOLLYWOOD (CNS) — Harry James will record all Army bugle calls for use on public address systems at training camps.

WAC Flak

BY CPL. SYLVIA WEXLER

If you-all think the WACs look pretty proud lately, it's because they have a good reason. Each and every one of us has become aunt to three new kittens—the children of Madame DuBarry. Present at their birth were eight of our most competent WACs headed by none other than Lt. Marjorie Stewart. They're the cutest little kittens you ever did see—and khaki colored at that!

It sure s a good deal that the floor in our Day Room is about ready as we've had to hold our calisthenic classes in the Mess Hall. Yessiree, we're gonna have the best waistlines on the Post when our CO gets through putting us through the paces. So if you see a WAC limping away at the Saturday morning parade, you'll know she's a member of the new class.

This month's WAC party will be in celebration of the following birthdays—Sgt. Roberta Deason, PFC Violet Jacobs, PFC Doris Ferrell and PFC Ruth Ickes. Happy birthday, gals—we're looking forward to the big celebration!

And congratulations to Mary Welch and Opal Grandorf, who have just been promoted to Tech. 4th grade. It's Sgt. Welch and Sgt. Grandorf now—those stripes look pretty fine on their shirt sleeves.

Did you ever see a house riding down the road? Well, we did! We all went swimming last week at Grand Falls, and while driving there we thought our eyes were deceiving us, as coming towards us was a house on wheels. Seems someone had sentimental attachment for their house and must have decided to move it to their new address. It was the queerest sight we ever did see—and we have pictures to prove it!

What d'ya know! We finally inveigled Lt. Haslam to come bowling with us last week although she claims she hasn't bowled in years. She did pretty well at that, but she insists there should be ten balls and two pins—then there would be a better chance of making strikes and piling up a score.

Well, we went and did it! Sure 'nuff, we won the softball game last week with the Wink girls. PFC Edwina Mazzei made a beautiful catch and also a double out which put us in running right from the start. Poor Col. Hevyll-Rafter tried to catch a fly with one hand but somehow it didn't work—'cause she was left with a swollen thumb. All in all, it was a top-notch game, and we're ready for the next one. Why don't you come and see the game? You'll be cheering for the right side when



When we landed in Sicily we found many of the coast points was defended with only wooden guns. You'd think Adolph and Benny would know better'n to carry their idea of ersatz that far.



By CPL. SAMMY KAPLAN

The show is about to begin, so lean back in your chairs and relax, smoke a cigarette and listen to what is taking place:

What WAC of S-4 section put her glasses in a publicity folder and had the hardest time remembering where she put them? After three weeks of brain-racking work she finally located them. What a memory, what a memory.

Pvt. Tommy Maddox, formerly of the Guard Squadron and now in the 410th, is really a good soldier. He is eagerly awaiting a chance to get a shot at those Japanazis and end this war quickly, so that he can go home to his one and only sweetie in Oakhurst, Texas. Like many other thousands of soldiers, Tommy is giving his best to learn how to handle those Axis rats. Keep up the good work, Tommy old boy.

Who is this girl Beth Handley that writes to S-Sgt. Nicoulas quite often? Could it be that she is from his home town?

Sgt. Gilbert Cohen of Base Classification Office is really looking better than he ever did since returning to Pyote from South Dakota where he attended school for a couple of months. Could it be that the refreshing Pyote air is agreeing with him or is it his work that keeps him on the beam? I'll bet he uses Lux soap for that beautiful complexion.

Peter Urban of S-4 section is still full of pep at his age. One should see the way he hops around the field playing softball and catching those fly balls that are hit out to hm. Who said old men were no good?

you cheer for the WACs.

By the way, does anyone know where we can locate a piano for our Day Room? We'll be glad to transport it to our Headquarters. Just call "64" if you know where there's an extra piano.

'Dirty 30th'—Japs' Nemesis—Sets Plane Performance Record Here

The 19th Group's 30th Bombardment Squadron—dubbed the "Dirty 30th" by the chagrined Japanese in the Pacific War's early stages—last week set a record of "Keep 'Em Flying" unparalleled at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base.

On August 24, the 30th had every plane in the squadron in perfect flying condition for a 24-hour period. A goal aimed at by every squadron, but reached first by the men of the 30th.

This record was achieved as are most accomplishments in this war, by cooperation and teamwork—in this base by the sections of the

Red Cross Office Here Ups Number Of Loans, Cases

By month's end the Red Cross office at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base had extended 325 loans of all kinds—emergency, convalescent, last furlough, small comfort, etc.—to servicemen here, George R. Wild, field director, announced.

Previous month's high was 125 loans. New cases handled also reached an all time high on the base, more than 700 as compared with an average monthly case load of some 250.

The only explanation for the increase at which Mr. Wild could arrive was that the men here are becoming more Red Cross conscious and availing themselves more freely of the many services offered.

William H. Heggen New RC Assistant Field Director Here

William H. Heggen is the new assistant field director at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base, arriving here last week from Scott Field, Ill.

Mr. Heggen is a graduate of Iowa State Teachers College, with a master of arts degree from Colorado State Teachers College. His work has been in the field of public education since 1937.

NEW YORK (CNS) — Stephen Weinberg was arrested here recently on a charge of operating a draft dodgers' school. Weinberg, who once convinced the Princess Fatima of Afghanistan that he was a representative of the U. S. State Department, was accused of coaching at least a dozen New Yorkers in faking deafness, mental disorders or heart ailments to avoid military service.

ground echelon.

All through the day as the airplanes landed for their refueling periods, the handful of men ran from one to another—checking and rechecking, making sure that nothing was wrong. When slight adjustments were needed, the men went to work quickly and with skill, men who had been working from 13 to 15 hours a day, week in and week out, without a word about tedious hours.

Near the close of the day's flying period the Engineering Office was flooded with calls from personnel of the squadron anxious to know if the 100 per cent mark had been attained.

"You bet it has!" was the repeated answer of Lt. J. E. Kipple, officer on duty.

On the morning of the 25th WO Frank S. Kovacht, engineering officer, greeted the men on the line with a beaming smile. He was proud of the "Dirty 30th's" line men, who some had said marched like a field of waving corn. They had done their job, and that was the important thing. The 30th's records also claim that it has more flying hours per plane than any other squadron on the base.

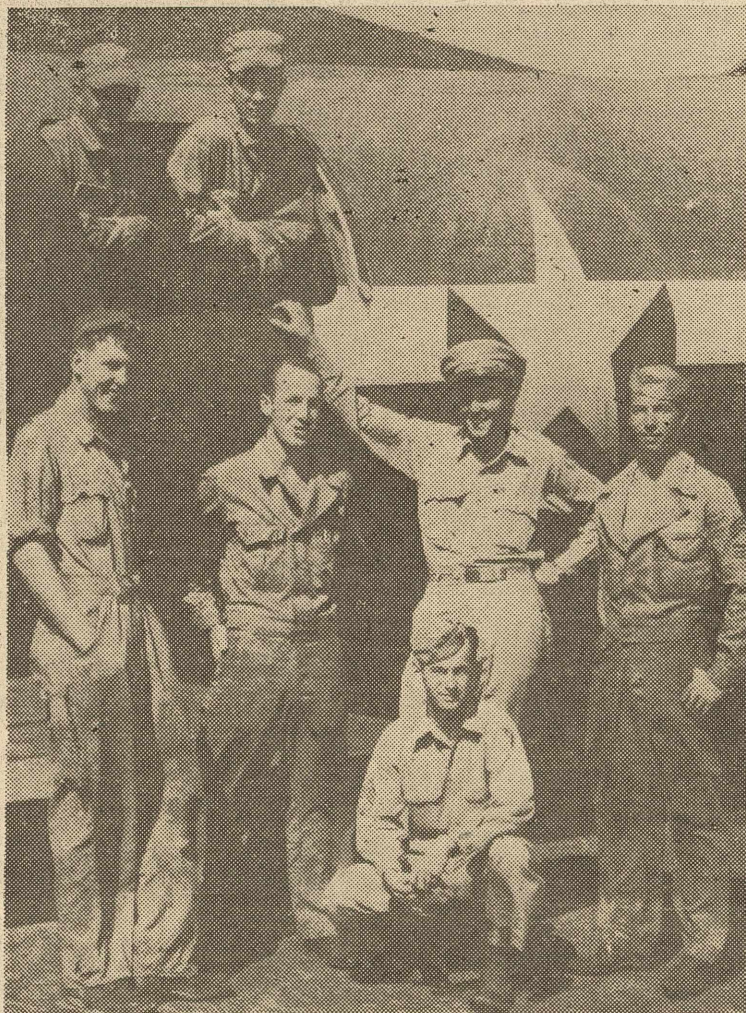
Men directly responsible for the record are M-Sgts. Charles R. Shellito, line chief; Neal M. Moss, assistant line chief; Flint F. Waggoner, (A) flight chief; Roy L. Neatherly, (B) flight chief; Robert B. Hawkins and Clifton Groelz, inspectors; Lewis C. Anderson, Charles W. Barnett, Vernon W. VanWyck, Carl E. Bohn, crew chiefs; T-Sgts. Edwin W. Shaffner, Jack R. Miller, S-Sgts. Harry E. Berline, Elwood G. Weiss, Clifford W. Bun, Sgts. Clinton E. Chittock and Luther W. Mowery, crew chiefs.

Of course, main credit must go to the men on the line, who worked tirelessly under the above leadership to set the 30th's commendable record.

Commanding the veteran 30th Bombardment Squadron is Captain Edson J. Sponable, now at Great Falls, Montana, attending Standardization School. Acting commanding officer is Captain L. Patrick, and Captain James S. Edney is acting operations officer.

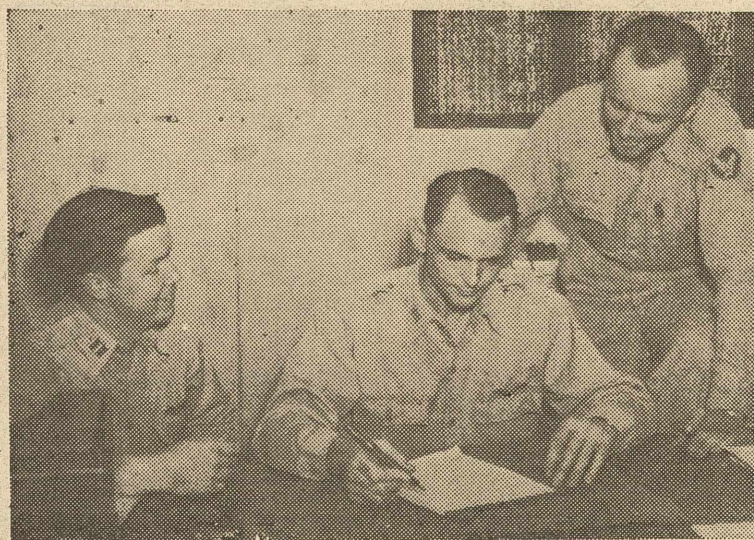
Responsible for the pleased expressions is the statistical report on desk, bearing 100 per cent performance record set last week by the 30th Squadron. Proud indeed are Capt. Thurman L. Patrick, center, acting CO; Capt. James E. Edney, left, acting operations officer, and WO Frank S. Kovacht, engineering officer.

They Pet The Big Birds



Technical skill and leadership of such veteran non-coms as these kept all the 30th Bombardment Squadron's B-17s in perfect flying condition for 24 hours last week, and consistently back the motto, "Keep 'Em Flying". Happy record holders, L-to-R, are (beginning at top of picture) M-Sgt. Flint F. Waggoner, flight chief; M-Sgt. Roy L. Neatherly, flight chief; M-Sgts. Robert B. Hawkins and Clifton W. Groelz, inspectors; WO Frank S. Kovacht, engineering officer; M-Sgt. Neal M. Moss, ass't line chief, and S-Sgt. Russel R. Roberts, engineering clerk.

There In Black & White



EDITORIAL:**Ground The Winged Dollar**

Jefferson Barracks (Mo.) Hub lately called attention to a contemptible practice in St. Louis, revealed by the city's Better Business Bureau: pawn shops and jewelers were selling reconditioned or overrated watches, rings, etc. to unsuspecting GIs at prices for new, first-class stuff.

Added to that, Army Times published an indignant authenticated letter itemizing shameful profiteering at the expense of officers and enlisted men forced to rent third-rate hotel rooms at higher than Waldorf-Astoria prices. Commented the Times:

"It's no joke this business of overcharging servicemen. It's a vicious practice that must be stopped."

Partly, of course, such out-of-line prices and shady trade practices reflect the general economic inflation brought about by pressure group tactics preventing realistic control of the wartime economy of scarcity. All too often, however there are two prices, one to transient soldiers and one to regular customers. Every soldier can quote at least one infuriating instance of profiteering.

What can be done about such unpatriotic greed? The soldiers can do little themselves, without committing a breach of discipline or action unbecoming the uniform. They can report instances to their superiors, but the military has small influence over the civilian economy—except to take action through proper civilian government channels.

Where goods and services are scarce and the soldier has to have them, he must pay the price. Stock answer to objections: "If you don't buy if someone else will". So if he needs the item, he buys it—no matter the dent in his base pay. Voluntary or enforced boycott is no solution where there are no alternative sources of the goods and services needed.

Admittedly, with fewer items to sell, businesses must charge more for each item to pay overhead expenses. Materials now are more costly, the labor shortage ups their costs, and taxes are high. Nevertheless, there is a wide gulf between reasonable increases forced by emergency conditions and the profiteering considered here

Responsibility resides with civic conscience and civilian governmental agencies supervising the wartime economy, particularly the Office of Price Administration. The latter faces a problem unparalleled in complexity, a policing job perhaps beyond its present powers. But in many areas a little closer investigation and firmer enforcement measures would do a world of good.

Men placing their lives at their country's disposal for a few dozen bucks a month deserve their money's worth from each dollar. Parting advice to soldiers themselves: pay invested in War Savings Bonds is secure against the slickest profiteer.

THE RATTLER

Published each Wednesday at Rattlesnake Bomber Base, Pyote, Texas

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

Edited & published by and for personnel at the AAB, Pyote, Texas.
Opinions expressed in this newspaper are those of the staff members of individual writers and are not to be considered as expressions of the Army Air Forces.

Lt. B. M. Robertson, Director of Publicity

Cpl. Tomme C. Call, Editor

Sgt. Elliott Core Chief Clerk
PFC Hyman Brook Sports Editor
CORRESPONDENTS: S-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp, Cpl. Robert Nash, PFC Sammy Kaplan, Sgt. Hueling Davis Jr., Sgt. Sid Kane, Cpl. Sylvia Wexler, S-Sgt. Warren Keys, S-Sgt. Roy Wortendyke, PFC C. W. Danner, PFC Clyde W. Hecox, Sally Smith, Sgt. Erwin Werthamer, Sgt. Henry Spas, Cpl. Irving J. Packer.
PHOTOGRAPHERS: T-Sgt. John Lucas, Sgt. Walter Seefeldt.
FEATURE WRITERS: Cpl. Robert Nash, Sgt. Sid Kane, S-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp.

The Rattler receives Camp Newspaper Service material.

The Wolf

by Sansone

**The Diplomatic Front**

Sharply qualified British-American recognition of the French committee of National Liberation last week was revealed as one of the more important political decisions arrived at during the Quebec conference by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

Exercise of French sovereignty by the Committee—with Generals Charles de Gaulle and Henri Giraud as co-chairmen—will encounter these Allied limitations:

1. The almost identical British-American statement would limit the Committee's jurisdiction to "those French overseas territories which acknowledge its authority." Thus, the Committee must obtain local approval and apparently will have no authority over to-be-liberated metropolitan France.
2. The Committee will direct the French war effort "within the framework of inter-Allied co-operation."

3. The British-American action does not "constitute recognition of a government of France or of the French empire." In other words, the Committee still is primarily an emergency administrative organ—not actually an expression of French sovereignty. Its will is to be subjected to Allied military requirements.

4. The Committee's privilege of administering and defending French interests will be reviewed

by Britain and the United States "in each case as it arises."

In short, the recognition's qualifications insure that the United States and Britain mainly will be responsible for French interests during the process of liberation, acting through the de Gaulle-Giraud Committee, though the latter will have closely-supervised policy-making powers for the war's duration.

The Giraud-de Gaulle factional feud appears to have melted into at least a surface unity among overseas French. The relatively mild controversy revolving around London's backing of de Gaulle and Washington's favor for Giraud appears amicably settled. The United States' principle certainly is sound: that there can be no bona fide government until the people are free to set it up themselves.

The limited recognition is aimed at two purposes:

1. To facilitate the mobilization and unification of overseas French forces to fight for their homeland in cooperation with the Allies.
2. To establish a single leadership to which the underground in France may look for direction.

If the Giraud-de Gaulle organization holds together, subordinating factionalism to the central task of freeing France, British-American limited recognition should achieve those purposes.

AT THE THEATER

"Behind the Rising Sun"—anti-Jap product of the experience of International News Service Bureau Chief James Young—begins a good week at the Base Theater (Wed. & Thurs.).

Taken from Young's book by the same name, the film shows the effect of war on an upperclass Jap family. Most interesting is the degeneration of an American-schooled Japanese youth, who had acquired a democratic veneer, into a torture-loving soldier of the emperor.

Time's critic thought the film a little too atrocious conscious, objected to "its refusal to leave anything in the nature of nightmare to the imagination." So far as any serious insight into the little understood mental and emotional make-up of the Eastern enemy is provided, the picture should be worthwhile.

Robert Ryan, who has a neat part as principal in a fight that is "as savage as anything in the history of screen roughhouse", caught Ginger Rogers' attention. She demanded him for "leading man in her next film, "Tender Comrade", revising shooting schedules so that Ryan could get through in time to report for Army service.

More education as to what our Nipponese enemy is like is to be seen Sun. & Mon. in the March of Time—"And Then Japan"—which is aided with a commentary by ex-Ambassador to Japan Joseph C. Grew.

"Bomber's Moon" (Tuesday) is an exciting, if somewhat incredible story, of a USAAF captain who makes his way back to England after a crash in Germany, a Russian woman doctor, Annabella, and a Czech traitor spice the story, which has been done before but doubtless is still good for a thrill or two.

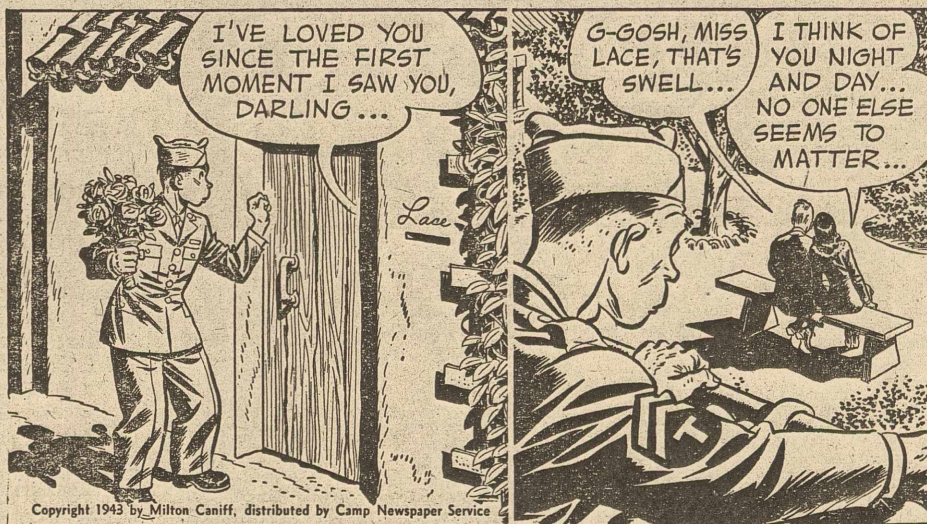
In a typical role, Wallace Beery plays a tough sergeant who wins a hero's medal in "Salute to the Marines" (Sun. & Mon.). If you like Beery, you'll like this one.

Of course Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth will lighten your burdens in "You Were Never Lovelier" (Saturday). This is the sort of thing Astaire has done time and again—but always well. The double feature looks somewhat better than usual this week, with an agreeable change of pace. Sometimes these unheralded B and C jobs turn out surprisingly good.

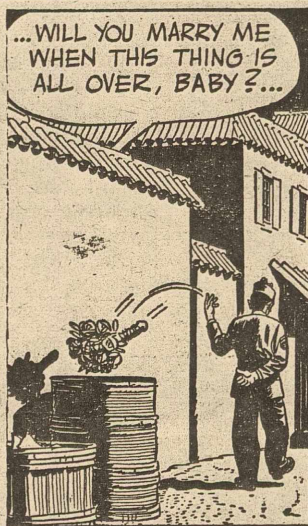
This Week's Schedule
Wed. & Thurs.—"Behind the Rising Sun", with Margo & Robert

M A L E C A L L

BY
MILTON
CANIFF



Copyright 1943 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



Ryan.
Friday—Double feature: "Follies Girl", with Wendy Barrie & Gordon Oliver; "The Falcon in Danger", with Tom Conway & Jean Brooks.

Saturday—"You Were Never Lovelier", with Fred Astaire & Rita Hayworth. Shorts: "Where Cactus Grows", Grantland Rice Sportlight, & "Jasper's Music Lesson."

Sun. & Mon.—"Salute to the Marines", with Wallace Beery & Fay Bainter (Technicolor). Shorts: March of Time, Paramount News.

Tuesday—"Bomber's Moon", with George Montgomery, Annabella.

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.

ICE CREAM GIVEN ITALY RAIDERS

SICILY (CNS) — Fliers who took part in recent bombing raids over Italy were given ice cream when they returned to their Sicilian bases.

The Inquiring Line

By Camp Newspaper Service
Q. What is the retiring age for officers in the Army?

A. At present the retiring age for major generals is 64, for brigadier generals it is 62 and for all other officers it's 60. Incidentally the War Department soon will retire or relieve most of the 500 officers who are over these age-retirement limits.

Q. I lost a watch in a fire in my barracks. Can I get a new one from the Army?

A. You can try. While the Army does not run a personal-property insurance business, it does repay soldiers for property lost or damaged under certain circumstances. If you lost your watch while rescuing Army property from fire, you have a good chance of getting paid for it. Apply through the Claims Division of the Judge Advocate General's Office in Washington.

Q. My outfit ships out soon. How are my chances for a furlough?

A. They are good. It is the pol-

icy of the War Department to grant furloughs to enlisted men before they go overseas if they have had no furloughs during the preceding six months. Enlisted men, regardless of length of service who have had no furlough since their call to active duty are also granted furloughs prior to overseas assignments within the limitations imposed by urgent military necessity.

Q. I'm stationed in Texas but I want to vote in the State elections in my home State of Kansas this fall. How do I go about it?

A. First you apply to your CO for a special post card requesting a war ballot. After filling this out and signing it you have to get it certified by an officer, then mail it to the Secretary of State in your home State. When you get your war ballot from him you fill it out and return it to your State.

ST. PAUL, MINN. (CNS)—Miss Lois Fromer is going to save the parachute her pilot boy friend sent her until he returns from the South Pacific. Then she's going to use it as her gown on their wedding.

A A B SPORTS

PE Tests Find Men Improving Slowly

2AF HQ, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Completion of the first two physical education tests undergone by men of the Second Air Force reveals the personnel participating were below average—according to Captain William “Red” Reese, Second Air Force physical training director.

An overall chart is being computed, said Capt. Reese, which will show just exactly what is being done throughout the Second Air Force, in physical training.

The tests, as set down by Army Air Force standards, call for sit-ups, pullups, and a 300 yard shuttle run. So many points are given for the score obtained in each event with the total points added and divided by three to gain a man's physical fitness rating.

From 78-100 is excellent, 64-75 is very good, 47-63 rates good, 34-46 is poor, and 10-33 is very poor.

In the first two tests, a majority of the men fell below the average which runs somewhere between 47 and 63 points. It was found that the highest scores were achieved by flying officers. Next were base enlisted personnel, followed by ground forces in groups, and then the base officer personnel.

One of the reasons advanced by Capt. Reese for the high physical standard of the flyers was that the majority of them were high school or college athletes, and consequently, in excellent physical shape.

The first test, completed May 15th, showed a small percentage of the total 2AF personnel participating with most below average in score with the exception of the flying officers. The next test, finished in July, found the number of participants up 18% and a five per cent increase was found in personnel doing better than the previous average.

According to Captain Reese, a determined effort is being made to get a larger percentage of men up in the average bracket and, when that is leveled out, it is hoped that a norm can be established that can be kept for all personnel in the 2AF in the future tests.

“I am well pleased, generally,” continued the Captain, “with the progress of the program and tests and especially with the increased

numbers participating in each succeeding test.”

THIRD TEST IN SERIES NOW UNDERWAY HERE

The third in the series of physical education tests for men in the Second Air Force began here Monday to run through Saturday, September 4. Lt. Charles F. Yaeger Jr., Base Physical Training Officer, cautioned:

“All officers and enlisted men must have physical fitness test result charts in order to clear the base. These records will be a part of their 201 file. Thus, it is imperative that all organizations, base and group, see that everyone takes the test.”

Base organizations were to make arrangements with Lt. Yaeger regarding test schedules, and group organizations with the 19th's physical training officer. Lt. Yaeger added that improvement under the program has been appreciable if slow.

Softball League

Team	Won	Lost
Medics	12	1
Base Flight	11	2
Diedrichs' Sq.	8	2
435th Bombers	7	3
Base Ordnance	2	2
Willoughby Adrm.	4	5
390th Aviation	4	7
410th Hq. Sqd.	0	3
28th Bombers	0	3
30th Bombers	0	4
Guard Sqd.	0	4
93rd. Bombers	0	5

North Camp Polk, La.—Cries of “scratch ‘em” and “dog that steer” filled the air as the soldiers of the 8th Armored Division held a rodeo. Several big names in the rodeo circuit took part in the soldier show.

Sergeant Boos Rickey's Trade: Camilli To Giants

By SGT. FRANK DE BLOIS
CNS Sports Correspondent
LAMENT FOR ADOLPH

(Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, recently traded Dolph Camilli, the team's star first baseman to the New York Giants.)

Oh, Camilli, ex-Bum foist sacker,

On dat bag you was a cracker. Phooey—dat deall! Not a bit kosher;

Better they sold Leo Durocher, Sgt. E. Z. Smith
FLIGHT DISPATCHER
Gardner Field, Cal.

Cpl. Ed Gilhuly, sports columnist of SNAFU, post paper at George Field, Ill., writes like a Giant fan. In a recent piece he jumped on the poor old Brooklyn Dodgers, who are more to be pitied than censured these days. Ed has no use for Flatbush ball players, past or present. Medwick, he writes, is a “muscle-head,” Camilli is a “hitless wonder” and old Dazzy Vance, Gawanus idol of yesteryear, was only a “clown.” As Shakespeare once put it, “’tis true, ’tis pity, and pity ’tis, ’tis true.”

A pompous golf official once eyed Walter Hagen coldly when the Haig showed up late for an exhibition match. “Been practicing a few shots?” he asked querulously. “Nope, replied Hagen, “having a few.”

Cpl. Matty Brescia reports from the AAF Training Command at Sioux Falls, S. D., that the post ball team has come up with a new all around star. He's Cpl. Tim Mangan, who's equally at home on the mound or behind the bat . . . PFC Wilbur Evans, sports seer at Fort Monmouth, N. J., says that football will be abandoned at the fort this fall . . . The Naval Air Training Technical Center at Millington College, Memphis, Tenn., however, has a backbreaking grid schedule that includes the New York Giants, Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers, Texas Aggies, LSU, Pittsburgh, Oklahoma and SMU . . . Lt. Theodore Buesching, who gave Camp McQuaide, Cal. its athletic program, has left the camp for a combat assignment, reports post sports editor Randy Smith . . . The toughest book you've ever read is Lt. Cmdr. Frank Wickhorst's “Hand-to-Hand Combat” which should have been subtitled “How to Kill a Jap in 228 Easy Pages” . . . PFC Charlie Callahan of Peterson Field, Cal., knows Philly owner

Soldier Sports

By Camp Newspaper Service

Joe Di Maggio is hitting again. He broke out of a slump recently when he clubbed a triple and single in four trips to the dish while his Santa Ana, (Cal.) team was losing to the Kellys of Kirtland Field, N. M., 6 to 5.

Johnny Beazley still has his stuff. The young St. Louis Cardinal star, now pitching for Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., fanned ten, won 6 to 5 over the Atlanta Naval Air Station in his last outing.

Pvt. Maxie Shapiro, New York lightweight, who holds a ring decision over Lightweight Champ Bob Montgomery, is punching the bag around at the AAF basic training center in Greensboro, N. C.

Fred Lineham, former line coach at NYU, is now a lieutenant stationed at Camp Campbell, Ky. where the Post boxing team is coached by Cpl. Billy Conn and Cpl. Dan Mooney. The latter is a former featherweight contender.

The boxing team at Tuskegee (Ala.) Army Air Field, which recently captured an inter-post light tournament held at Ft. Benning, Ga., is looking around for challengers.

Lt. Don Farout, former Missouri University football mentor, has been named head coach of the Navy Pre-Flight eleven at Iowa City, Ia., succeeding Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman, now on duty elsewhere with the Marine Corps.

Volley Ball Tilt Rages At 410th

All of the personnel of the Base Squadron are now doing things in an upright fashion, for the next 30 days the boys will be battling their way over the nets to determine the winner of the latest Volley Ball tournament on the Rattlesnake Bomber Base. All of these games will be played across from 410th Sq., and scheduled games will be posted in the 410th bulletin boards.

The eight teams making up this league will be known as follows: Rattlers, Fighting Finance, Star Gazers, The GI's, Flight, Old Woman, Loose Links and Chumps.

Bill Cox well. “Cox,” says Charlie “is a born optimist. He once lent me 25 bucks.”

When Louis Olmo, Dodger outfielder, first came to this country from Puerto Rico, all he could say was “spaghetti.” And that's all he ate for ten days.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By S-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

There'll be no party for the Medics this month—deficiency in "Do-Ray-Me" so we hear, but next month—that's different. Any way, we'll be waiting. Really, the GI party Friday night was not a substitute; it simply had to be done! And tell the truth, fellows, don't our barracks look all the better for it? Only the fire department could have done a better job with the hose. The terrific wielding of mops and brooms was amazing. There's still more fight in the Medics than anywhere in West Texas. And we mean Fight!

That long awaited telegram finally came through, and the entire detachment is very happy for S-Sgt. Riley and Sgt. Pilon. In a few days they'll be taking the T&P or the Torpedo for Camp Barkley where they will enter the next class as Officer Candidates for MAC. The very best of luck fellows; we're all for you and are certainly happy for this appointment.

Incidentally, Cpl. McBride, where do you get that coffee every morning about 9:30? OK, Mac, you don't have to tell us, but do tell us what makes you so happy. According to the latest propaganda (reliable of course) your next stop is Ward 3! Yes, and so handy too.

Have you noticed that our "step-children" in Barracks 6 are actually making a comeback? They've really gotten enough ambition to take calisthenics! But fellows, there is one thing we will have to admit; the "Boiler Cadets" do have the best sun tans on the base.

Have you noticed the "tall and short" of the Medisc? Well, it's Cpls. Bradley and Mete. One noon the two were walking down "Mess Hall Way" and "Little Louis" looked so tiny. He may be small, but oh, so mighty! And if you haven't seen him jitterbug you've really missed something. It's terrific! And much to our surprise Cpl. Bradley has been a silent competitor of S-Sgt. Schurr. The challenger has chalked up 22 nights at the Aztec but how can he compete with "Sun-Down" who has the grand total of 32 nights?

Pvt. (I'm so happy) Askin and PFC Frain have gone in for quiet evenings at home! Can you feature that? Yes, they've actually broken their lease and moved into Barracks 2. Why they never had it so good—or did they?

Well, PFC Tony Nigro is our



latest representative to New York City and has promised us faithfully he'll "give our regards to Broadway". Ah! so close and yet so far! Anyway, Sgt. Spas has really taken advantage of the situation and has become very concerned over the late shift at the information desk. Get it? Take it easy Henry; all furloughs come to a close, too.

Where is the fire? With the newly activated "Fire Military Police" it will be rather difficult for one to begin. Take it from the fellows who've been on C. Q. the last few nights, the 3, 4 and 5 o'clock rounds are really rough. Consolation: The Texas skies at night are really beautiful, but you won't find fires up there fellows!

And again that Michigan Flash made the Bulletin Board. Yep, it's Private (No?) Nido and have you heard—he's so healthy, too!

Over 120 patients turned out for the party arranged by Mrs. Honora Anderson and the Gray Ladies. From all reports the patients all had an outstanding time and for a few hours actually forgot they were patients in the Base Hospital. It has been officially reported that the apron-modeling contest was a "scream", and we'd like to have seen some of those unique demonstrations. We have learned that Sgt. Kennard Stevens and PFC Lloyd Borel won the contest. So that's how our tough American soldiers have turned out to be! Anyway Ken Stevens really did a super job—and on crutches, too. With hostesses, ice

cream, cake and punch the patients really had an evening for themselves. More power to them.

There's nothing like being prepared says Cpl. Moore. For 3 weeks he's had his bag packed for his furlough! It's another week 'til he leaves too. Someone saw Moore down at the station the other night, and he was going through an "Imaginary Mock Departure". How's that for timing everything perfectly?

And who broke the record in the Day Room that goes something like this: "—wreck on the highway, but nobody was there to pray"? Yes, and just when it was getting "popular" too. Who's the saboteur?

Cpl. Bertl and his crew of "Brush Swingers" consisting of Cpl. Moore, PFC Sanders, and PFC Fahrenwald have now completed the new super duper paint job in the latrines and in spite of paint in their hair and in clothing they have really done an excellent job. Nice work, fellows.

And as we go along the Walk-ries, what do we all observe? PFC Abel still punching pool tickets, Cpl. Burger (Boiler Cadet) out with "Granny" at the Sunset again, PFC Weaver limping a little but improving rapidly, PFC Larry Timmons getting fatter and always with a redder face, the Base Flight men cheering on "their own" side the other night when we were playing the Aviation Squadron (beat them, of course), and last but not least the word 'vigorously' is still the number one and the most overused

Altitude Training

By SGT. HENRY SPAS

The prime purpose of the Altitude Chamber flight here at the Pyote Ar Base is oxygen discipline. We try to have all the combat crew members get as much out of these flights as they can. We try to show them all we can about the oxygen equipment in the B-17.

All members of the combat crews which come through this chamber should try to get as much out of the flights as possible. Here at Pyote you may fly at altitudes where your oxygen equipment is not needed but some day you will wish you knew all about oxygen.

1st Lt. Rogers, the "Home Run King" of the officers' softball team, was quite fortunate the evening the officers played the Medics. He made a home-run and received a softball for doing so. The Medics are still wondering how he did it.

Sgt. Leroy Echols says he has nothing to worry about as long as his "Georgia Peach" is here with him helping to win the war.

Cpl. Robert Freas says he can't sleep nights waiting for that furlough which will soon be here. Must be that girl "Jerry" who draws him to Wilkes Barre more than anything. Is that so, Freas? The softball game between the ATU ball players and the Medical Officers was a cinch the other day. The ATUs beat the officers 18-0. The Medics EMS are next, say the "ATUs".

SOLDIERS AND MPS GET ALONG SWIMMINGLY

INDIANAPOLIS (CNS) — A couple of soldiers felt warm so they jumped into a city fountain and started splashing around. A couple of MPs came along. They felt warm, too, so they jumped into the fountain, splashed around a little themselves and then carted the original splashers away to the jig.

SAILOR PULLS LIVE BOMB FROM FLAMING PLANE

JACKSONVILLE, FLA. (CNS) —Machinist Mate Arthur McArdle of Brooklyn was cited here recently for pulling a live bomb from a wrecked and burning fighter plane after a crash at Lee Field, auxiliary base of the Jacksonville Naval Air Station.

McArdle rushed to the plane, pulled the bomb from a pool of flaming gasoline and dragged it away. He was then taken to the station dispensary where he was treated for severe burns of the hands and forearms.

word in the Medical Detachment. But fellows, what shall we do? It fits so well!



Headquarters

Jack "Troubles" Walzel had most of the girls in Sub-Depot Headquarters crying the day after he took his mental exam for Aviation Cadet. Seems as if Troubles had the blues and was singing sad songs.

Marjorie Hitt, Jean Williams, Harry Angus, Frankie Padak, and John Bogard went skating last Wednesday night, and did they have fun! Seems as if Johnnie "fell hard for Marjorie". John says he doesn't have a broken heart over the deal, but felt as if something was broken.

Earlene Senter will be leaving us soon, going back to college, and she asked us to put this in the paper. Quote: "I am going to kiss all the boys good-bye. So get lined up boys." There is sure nothing bashful about Earlene.

Anita Pinney and A. C. Abbott had a fashion parade going on in one of the offices the other morning. Everything was quiet, then Anita's laughter rang out. When the matter was investigated, they found Abbott with Anita's hat on doing a rhumba. Hat pin and all.

There is a certain soldier in Medics that delights in bringing Earlene an orange every day. Earlene is delighted to get them, but seems as if several of them have been missing lately. Wonder why?

Wonder what the occasion is that causes Helen Reese to come to work "fit to kill". Someone should tell her that "your glamor days are over when you go to work at Pyote".

Riley Estabrook really rates around here. It seems as though they have him on a pedestal—or something. Every time he goes into an office everyone stands up, and slowly bends over muttering "Allah! Allah!" How about that? They say you never know what is concealed underneath a person, and Riley evidently must have something. But what?

Wearing the shoulder insignia of British war correspondent, Peter Masefield (second from left) is met on arrival here Monday by Lt. Col. C. L. Hewitt, Jr., base commander (left) and Col. Louie B. Turner, 19th Group commander (second from right). At right is Lt. Col. Troy R. Crawford, commander of a bombardment group at Biggs Field, who piloted part of the visiting party.

Supply

By LOW SCORE FOUR

(And Then There Was One)

As usual, it's a sad situation at Supply—with Low Score Four dwindled down to a Sad Sack Single, but we're holding on to our old nom-de-plume in hopes that some kind souls will come to the rescue and give us a helping hand.

Warehouse Two seems to have had the majority of strange happenings—beginning with the horses chewing off part of the top of Hanson's convertible. At least that's her story, and she's really sticking to it, even if we did hear that she got mad at it when it refused to run and beat the top off herself! Then there's Pat with the skinned chin, who declares that a board flew up and hit him. So far however, we haven't seen any other patches to help in our theory that there was another mixed up in the affray. Maybe Pat got the rough end of it. Then take Hugh Moore, whosays he's just returned from taking a load of goats to Ft. Worth. Wonder if he isn't mixed up—or could be those hogs he's been taking such good care of didn't turn out to be such a bumper crop?

"Who says there's nothing in a name?" says "D. T." Wooten after an opening in the much heard of "Aztec." She's really marveling at the record reported in last week's paper of the Medical Detachment S-Sgt. who has chalked up his 24th night in said place.

We're betting that it's a true fact that Jeanne Hearn has the words "sabotage" and "camouflage" straight now—embarrass-

Top British Aviation Expert Views Heavy Bombardment Training Here

How American daylight precision bomber crews learned their block-busting technique was witnessed by Peter Masefield, foremost British civilian aviation authority, at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base Monday.

"Your training program is generally excellent," Masefield said. "But of course it had to be, because the results, too, are excellent. I flew with your groups over Europe—several full groups in massed daylight attacks—and they struck their targets precisely and accurately."

The London Times aviation expert, wearing the uniform of a British war correspondent, saw how bomber crews are welded together in first phase training.

His visit here concluded his study—made in reverse—of the American heavy bombardment picture he once viewed unfavorably. His study was in reverse because it began—with a Pyote-trained bombardment group—in England. He saw the finished product, good by his own admission, and then looked back through all phases to the first at Pyote.

On invitation from Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, commander of Army Air Forces, Masefield visited 2nd Air Force bases in each phase of training for B-17's and B-24's. Monday afternoon at Midland Bombardier School he began a study of the flying and techni-

ing situation!

Flossie missed her chance again! Another man fell through the ceiling the other day, and she wasn't there to grab him.

cal schools which supply men for heavy bomber crews. His visit to the States will also include an inspection of pursuit aviation bases.

Masefield was accompanied by Pyote by Lt. Col. Troy R. Crawford, commander of a bombardment group at Biggs Field; Maj. R. T. Fitzwater and R. L. Hudson of the Flying Training Command; Capt. Allen Whitlock, public relations officer for the West Coast Flying Training Command; and Capt. Fred Finney, public relations officer for the 1st Bomber Command.

In the greeting party were Col. Louie B. Turner, 19th Group Commander; Lt. Col. C. L. Hewitt, Jr., base commander; Capt. Wade Loofbourrow, base S-2; and Lt. B. M. Robertson, base director of publicity.

Masefield expressed great admiration for the Flying Fortresses.

"Seeing Fortresses take off from English shores in the dim light of dawn for a mission over Europe is a most thrilling thing," Masefield said. "The sound of their brakes gives an eeriness to the scene—a feeling that something of another world is about to take place. Presently they take off and you know that their prey is in for a bad time."

Peter Masefield Visits



Desert Oasis Becomes Reality; Service Club Opens With Dance

An oasis in the desert for all enlisted personnel at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base will be a reality next week when the new Service Club is formally opened with a dance.

The date has not been set, but if everything goes on schedule the club will be in use before the week's end.



Diedrichs' Squadron

By S-SGT. WARREN E. KEYS and S-Sgt. ROY A. WORTENDYKE

In the base review a week ago this squadron was strictly on the beam. Every man contributed his part by remaining in near-perfect alignment side to side and front to rear, and, of course, in step. No matter what inspired such "splendiferous" marching it was an achievement for the "Fighting Flying Crutches."

In a recent barracks inspection Captain Martin A. Diedrichs, commanding officer, found several pairs of unpolished shoes under one of the bunks and threatened KP duty to the tenant of the bunk whenever he could be found. When 1st Sgt. Edward Walsh heard about the incident he quickly explained that someone else had placed the shoes under the bunk. A neat wiggle, a neat wiggle.

Flash! Texas moonlight stirs soldier to action! Cpl. Clifford Hopkins married his girl from back home and is honeymooning in Monahans. Best wishes to the corporal and his bride. The vital statistics department also reports that Sgt. Paul Kavicky will be boasting about his future president and PFC Clarence Black will be telling about Miss America of 1963 when they return from furloughs.

As he happily steps from the showers, Sgt. Richard Johnson exclaims "Ah, the best part of the day!" Naturally everyone in Pyote agrees. Pvt. James Frangowlis and Pvt. George Brown are the most recent recipients of Honorable Discharges from the Army of the United States. It has been said by wisecrackers that M-Sgt. Joe Gutteridge had the special stand built, not for calisthenics as one might suppose, but to enable the sleepy soldiers to better hear his morning pep talks. Not even 11 months of army life can change Texas farmer Sgt. Gilbert Haferkamp's daily routine. He is always up before the C. Q. turns

"Get your Class A uniforms ready," was the advice of Miss Eleanor Crowder, hostess. "We will not be able to give you too much notice about the date, but we want you to be ready."

Surprise addition to the club's facilities will be an open air patio for dancing. Construction was underway Monday and Capt. Ocie L. Conger, post engineer, assured Special Service officers that the patio would be ready with the rest of the building.

Other facilities include (1) main lounge & balcony, (2) cafeteria, (3) soda fountain, (4) quiet room—for writing, (5) billiards & game room, (6) screened porch, and (7) "telephone" lobby.

The main lounge & balcony, which are air cooled, are furnished with sturdy & handsome furniture in the manner of the Old Southwest. It was especially designed and constructed for this club.

Girls from surrounding towns will be invited to the dance, Miss Crowder said. In keeping with the occasion, the dance will be formal.

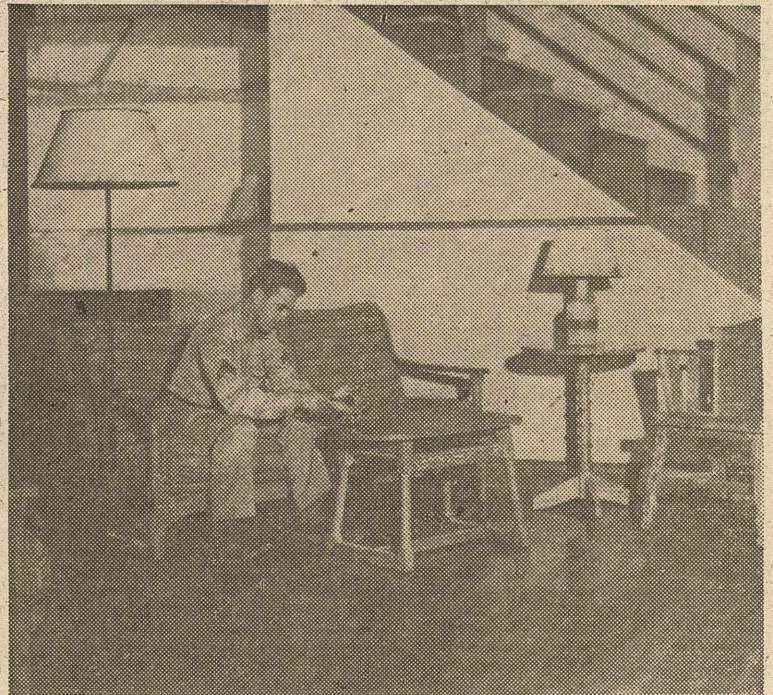
on the light, has his floor mopped and is outside as if to feed the chickens before anyone else is up.

The "boiler", which would amaze even the most critical pipe collector and which Cpl. Herbert Hatcher has clinging to his teeth, has the advantages of drawing audience to listen to his stories and of keeping his feet warm at the same time. T-Sgt. Charles LaReau and S-Sgt. Irving Abrahams were observed in Pyote escorting three WACs. Remember the line of the popular marching song which goes "... one buck to spend, one WAC to lend ..."? Sgt. Joseph O'Neil has the job of destroying government property. He works in the Tech Order department and must tear up recinded Tech Orders. Squadron "Flying Crutches" who have recently taken physical exams report that when they express doubt about their ability to pass the eye test the doctor exclaims, "Hell, we don't examine them; we just count them!"

DON'T TRY ANY PUNK REMARKS

CAMP STEWART, GA. (CNS)—There is one non-com here that soldiers never dare call by his last name. He's Sgt. Albert Punk.

Preview Of Contentment



Cpl. Joseph McGrath, photo section non-com, demonstrates one of the uses for the new Enlisted Men's Club: pure loafing. A pipe, a cozy corner, a comfortable seat—what more could

a man ask to forget the horrors of war? The club will be yours, a haven of respite from desert and duty. It will open soon, and when it is, barracks blues will be forgotten.

\$\$ Financiers \$\$

BY SALLY SMITH

The Financiers are really blowing in' and goin' these days as ya know end of the month is approaching, and everyone has been on best behavior trying to have the payrolls out on time ... but after pay day there should be plenty of gossip on these so called wolves.

Sgt. Euel Smith has been very busy this week buying cokes and cigars due to the fact a six pound ten ounce girl named Barbara Ann came to the Smith domicile Saturday—Smitty warns all the boys it is an ordeal to go through.

Alex Klebanoff recently promoted to M-Sgt. is now a patient in the Base Hospital ... Alex you're a big boy; don't let those six stripes get you down! We're all hoping for a speedy recovery.

Sue Westbrook likes her work so well she decided to move into the new dormitories, or could it be closer to her Sgt.? Sue just ain't talking!

Sgt. Larson shattering the morale of the Finance Department by falling out for calisthenics, was so eager to avoid physical exertion required in a softball game that he backed into the volley ball court and was hit in the head with said ball. But that is nothing unusual: he is always knocking himself out.

The Finance Office is getting

a new dress of sheet rock ... if anyone is looking for a little exercise, I'm sure the boys will be glad to oblige!

Sgt. Nevinger has just been promoted to Tech Sgt. ... peculiarly enough, receiving his orders on the same day he had an engagement with his one and only, coming back to camp with bright shiny stripes sewed on his shirt.

We Financiers are very happy for Mrs. Aneta Craig because her husband was released from the hospital after a period of four months.

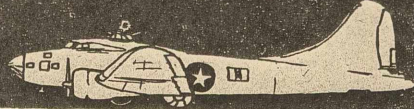
Member those five pictures of one lovely girl belonging to Sgt. Hawling? Unexpectedly to everyone he has gone to her. Will he come back with or without her?

WAC TOTES 'FULL PACK' IN HER UTILITY BAG

FT. DEVENS, MASS. (CNS)—An inquisitive male peeked inside his WAC girl friend's utility-bag—the one she slings over her shoulder—and here's what he found:

A can opener, a cucumber, salt, a pair of stockings, cigarettes, a toothbrush, matches, a broken garter, a driver's license, a flashlight, keys, a letter from home, a waterproof hat cover, soap, aspirin, an address book, stamps, a candy bar and half a cookie.

19TH BOMB GROUP



Gypsy 93rd

By CPL. IRVING J. PACKER

Which executive officer of which squadron whose hair is reddish and whose initials are M. W. H., sported a large red moustache for several days. Clue—he holds the rank of Major. That is a pretty tough question but yours truly says that it can be answered, and those who do will be rewarded by getting a week's K. P.

Is it true, Capt. Ferguson, that you are giving matrimony just a little thought or is it her idea? They say, Captain, that it is just as cheap for two to live as one provided of course one doesn't eat.

M-Sgt. Edward Olsen, who photographs so prettily and who gave quite an extensive interview last week to the editor of the Rattler, hasn't permitted the publicity to go to his head. Just wouldn't sign autographs for the boys. With Olsen "Deeds speak louder than words." That is a lesson Herr Schicklegruber, the house painter, is learning very much to his regret.

Have you seen the newly decorated Operations and Intelligence offices. When questioned recently S-Sgt. George Dare of Intelligence stated that the Tropical Room will be open soon, drinks will be served at reasonable prices, and music will be furnished by Spud Murphy and his Hawaiians. When questioned further and asked how it is all possible he answered, "It is a nice dream, anyway, ain't it?"

Intelligence is now issuing several bulletins daily on the war situation, edited by smiling PFC Lawrence Kratz. When commented upon by Operations, PFC Kratz sweetly answered, "We newspaper men simply dish out the news as we receive it. Don't bore me with your troubles."

Capt. Richard Hernlund is now attending a B-17 instructors course on the new standardization of the B-17, and is expected back shortly.

2nd Lt. Joseph N. Margolin is now on D. S. in Colorado Springs, Colo. for the purpose of taking legal courses and boards work.

Attention base orchestra. Do you need a singer? We have one in our squadron who made quite a reputation for himself as a crooner of popular songs on a radio station in St. Louis. His name is Cpl. Robert W. Flory.

Since T-Sgt. Bufford C. Potter came back from his furlough

things are humming in the orderly room, if not howling.

Who is the S-Sgt. Light who wouldn't think of dating less than 3 girls for a Saturday night, or is it just propaganda?

Is it true what they say about "Dixie"—M-Sgt. Richard "Dixie" Davis, who is madly in love. When asked who the lucky one was Dixie simply said "Just can't make up my mind who she is." Just another Casanova.

Barracks 507 unquestionably cops all honors when it comes to heavyweights, and undoubtedly is second to none when it comes to weight. With such light weights as Sgts. Schoesbeck, Sulk and Schmidt, does any barrack want to challenge 507 for this dubious honor? Take it easy, boys, the floors aren't too solid.

Our hats off to Capt. Raymond S. Rollings, who was recently promoted to that rank. He is a swell fellow and deserving of his promotion.

435th Bomb Squadron

BY SGT. HUELING DAVIS, JR.

The way he raves about Carlsbad and its caverns one would think Operations' S-Sgt. Bodde either built the place or at least is employed by the Chamber of Commerce there.

The squadron is now the proud possessor of two first rate softball teams. The officers have developed a really smooth outfit in their last few games. Last Thursday they took the Medics officers over to the tune of 11-3. The skipper plays a mean third base and also carries a big bat up to the plate. The enlisted men have not lost a game since the second half started. Latest victories were 18-1 over 390th Aviation in a game called in the sixth because of a wind storm and 14-4 over the Willoughby Airdrome. The 410th forfeited to us.

S-Sgt. Casey Cassrella returned from furlough a forlorn boy. It seems he can't make time with the fair sex here the way he does in Scranton, Pa.

We expect to have an interview with Cpl. Rusk in the near future. He is getting positively talkative. The other day by actual count he spoke six words.

There's to be a chicken dinner at the home of T-Sgt. Amundsen some day soon, but we don't know as yet who will pay for it. S-Sgt. Whistler bet Mrs. Amund-

Loss For Gain

What right have I to say it—about it—and about—

Who never pulled a trigger in any kind of plane?

Well, soldier, let me tell you it's with vigor that I shout

I am serving in a squadron which has suffered loss for gain;

Who were there before the others, and who stuck it out until,

While they watched their buddies dying, had to pay a rotten bill.

Had to pay it in a currency that flooded from their veins,

Yet left a record worthy of their squadron and their planes.

Maybe you don't know it—crews attached here just to train,

But there are ghosts that walk about inspecting every plane.

It wasn't very long ago, a year or so away

When they were fighting in the sky, and fighting every day;

Or if not fighting in the sky, they sweated on the ground

For pilots, gunners, bombardiers they worked the clock around.

And when they flung themselves to bed they never knew the time

When bullets down their barrack's walls would splatter blood and grime,

Yet more than ghosts are here today, in Pyote, at this Base,

And if you look around perhaps, you'll meet them face to face.

These are the men who did come back—who came back here that you

Might profit from their war-wisdom, and from their errors, too.

Yet what is more important still—might profit from the light

That shines above their squadron on it's symbol which is FIGHT!

—28th Bomb Squadron

NAZI FLAK TOUGHER THAN JAPS, SAYS FLIER

ENGLAND (CNS) — German flak is tougher than that of the Japs, according to Capt. Frank Kappler of Alameda, Cal. who has flown through both.

Capt. Kappler, a veteran of Maj. Gen. James H. Doolittle's historic bombing of Tokio last year and a recent participant in bombing missions over Europe, said:

"We didn't see any anti-aircraft fire over Japan and we were over the island for 45 minutes. We were only over France 11 minutes and there was plenty. It's tougher here."

sen he wouldn't get married while on furlough. He will be back shortly, and the bet will be settled.

19th Motor Pool

S-Sgt. Lawrence Black, motor mechanic of the 28th Bomb Squadron, entered his jeep for Saturday inspection at the 19th Motor Pool, losing first place to a jeep entered by Major Cocker. He forgot to remove the coat hanger from the bumper when he took his jeep off the clothes line after washing.

19th motor equipment and personnel were inspected Saturday by Col. Winburn, group executive officer. The men were complimented on the care and cleanliness of the vehicles. He was accompanied to the Gas Servicing Unit inspection by Major Rawls, deputy group CO. While Sgt. Levitiski's crew was on shift during the inspection, the good showing must also be credited to the shifts under Sgts. Eberle and Wilson, whose care and attention on prior shifts have a lot to do with the appearance on Saturday inspection. Nevermind, Sgts. Eberle and Wilson, you'll be on the spot the next two weeks.

At the Motor Pool, five vehicles were scored 100 per cent. Competition is getting so tough that some new method will have to be devised to pick the winner—something like finger nail inspection. Inspecting sergeants may have to wear all white to keep from soiling the vehicles.

These were best: PFC Crawford Manson, 28th; PFC Merton A. Jones, Airdrome Sq., PFC Peter J. Ciolino, 28th; Sgt. William Foley, Airdrome Sq., PFC Vernon Mobley, 30th; PFC William C. Holt, 93rd; Cpl. Lester Rainey, Airdrome Sq.

PFC Manson has placed in every event since July 31, five times straight.

ASTP Training Does Not Lengthen Period Of Service

Soldiers who qualify for and take the training offered by the Army Specialized Training Program will not be required to remain in the service after the war any longer than any other military personnel, Lt. Leon G. Bogart, classification officer, re-emphasized last week.

Main purpose of ASTP is to prepare men for leadership as high non-commissioned officers or for acceptance as officer candidates.

Lt. Bogart added that graduates of technical training schools (ACTS) cannot be recommended for ASTP. They can be qualified, however, and listed as not available due to being considered key personnel.

SOUR AND SWEET

Band Notes

By SGT. ERWIN WERTHAMER

Having sufficiently rested from last week's grueling ordeal, we are again in a position to dish out the latest tripe from this squadron. And as most of it can thus be classified, you folks can see that this column is more in the nature of a school for scandal than a record of the week's events of this outfit.

Unhappily, there are three or four men in this gang who furnish most of the material for this column. We don't want it this way; in fact we would much rather be able to write at length about every man in the squadron. But what can you write that's interesting about a man that goes to the PX every nite till nine Pee Yem, drinks his cokes like they were beer (with about the same effect), and is in his sack by nine forty five?

So we'll start on the usual list of publicity hounds. I guess all you women noticed the scarcity of Paul Schuman last week. The guy just wasn't around his usual haunts. But please ladies, don't blame him. His car needed repairs and was in the hospital, and the poor guy was just about lost without it. Haw!

And what sax player, who until a short while ago was in the Hospital, was on the horns of a dilemma last week. He knows two chicks in two different towns around here. And has been feeling mightily for the both of them. The poor stiff didn't know which town had the better climate for him. As far as I know he still doesn't know. Of course, the ladies' opinions on the subject don't matter at all.

And Ed Christensen is a charged man since he came back from his furlough. He was such a home body before he went to Salt Lake City. But look at him now. You better wear dark glasses if you intend to look at him, tho.

And dear readers, that is all the gossip for now, so until next week this is your heat happy correspondent who still thinks that the guy who put West Texas on the map mis-spelled the "Texas" part of it.

GOOD FOOD WINS HONOR FOR SERGEANT

WASHINGTON (CNS)—S-Sgt. Edward Dzuba, a mess instructor has won the Legion of Merit. "Sgt. Dzuba," the citation said, "has originated many unusual and appetizing recipes for the utilization of leftover scraps. This ingenuity has greatly reduced food losses from waste, and spoilage. His messes have been outstanding as to economy, appearance and cookery."

Coquettes At Croquet: Okay?



Who would object to trading the physical training non-coms for instructors such as these? And who can deny that GI co-

operation would fall all over itself? Keeping one's eye on the croquet ball would be the only difficulty in the above game,

sport-loving wolf-bait being Juanita Starke, Dolores Moran, Joyce Reynolds, Georgia Lee Settle, and Virginia Patton.

The Civvies

Your errant reporter had too many deadlines last week, so the "column" had to suffer. So sorry.

Mrs. Varda H. Newsom has joined our ranks, as Principal Clerk. She hails from the Departmental Service in Washington, D. C., and we wish to welcome her heartily. Out of the frying pan into the fire—and she says she knew what she was doing.

We had a card from Corporal "Skrip" who is in Buffalo, New York, on a furlough. He says they have grass and trees up there. Gosh, what are they?

Floryne Preslar has given up her three lieutenants, six sergeants and half a squadron of enlisted men, and is now devoting

all her time to Lt. McDowell. Could this be love—again?

Maurine Borders wants to thank the Quartermaster Office for notifying her of the whereabouts of one Lt. Frick, but like a good little boy, he had already reported. Anyway, she's glad to know he wasn't lost.

Sadie Shuttleworth is going to Pecos tonight to invite some men to her house warming. Won't they be surprised when they find they are going to have to uncrate furniture.

Lillian Stewart went fishing last week, but she never did tell us what she caught. We all had our plates washed for a fish fry, but we're now beginning to suspect that it was a different kind of a fishing trip.

For the information of Sgt. Jerry—who sits besides the little brown-haired girl in our office every day—her name is Edna

YANKS TRAP TRAIN IN SICILIAN TUNNEL

SICILY (CNS)—American artillerymen bottled an Italian train, and its crew in a tunnel here. Every time the train stuck its snout in the open the Yanks' guns opened fire and shooped it back inside again.

Earle McDougal, but don't get your hopes up. Her boy friend is returning.

J. Campbell Reese, of our Pay Roll Dept. has a birthday coming up next Wednesday. Is he going to be surprised!

WANTED: Information as to who stood one of the girls in this office up and which one of the girls it was. All I know is that the girl was pretty angry. Anyone having information as to the identity of these two parties, please call Pat Hawks, at 18.

World War II 4th Birthday: United Nations On Top

Axis Powers Shaken, Face Allied Drives

By CPL. TOMME CALL
Rattler Editor

Today, September 1, 1943, marks the beginning of the fifth year of the world's greatest war. The anniversary is somewhat arbitrary; for China and Japan have been fighting longer than that in the Far East Theater and the United States and the Soviet Union have been in the struggle less than two years and less than four years, respectively.

This past year marked the global war's turning tide. A year ago the victory-fat Axis Powers were still on the offensive. Germany was deep in Russia, before Stalingrad and in the Caucasus, at the point of driving the British entirely from Africa, in firm control of occupied Europe, still holding wide areas of aerial superiority. Italy held her empire, controlled the Mediterranean, was still under Il Duce's sway. Japan was riding high, ready for North American invasion through the Aleutians, threatening Australia with invasion, holding Burma securely.

But the British would retreat no farther; Russia, bleeding profusely, began a terrific comeback; China hung on doggedly. During the year the United States' tremendous industrial production and military mobilization began to be felt around the world. Events moved rapidly toward this decisive fourth

anniversary of the war.

British and American forces drove the enemy out of Africa, captured the Italian empire, gained control of the Mediterranean. Conquest of Sicily and Mussolini's downfall, followed by devastating bombing of Italy's mainland cities and communications, has the weakest Axis partner on the ropes, ready for the towel or a knockout, though Germans may fight a delaying action up the "boot." Southern France, Italy and the Balkans have become Allied targets.

On the Eastern Front, the Red Army launched its first successful summer offensive. The Germans' salient before Moscow is being reduced in the Bryansk battle, and the Russians are swarming into the Ukraine, following the fall of Kharkov. The Red Army is racing the bog-making autumn rains to push the Germans back to the Dnieper River, one of the strongest defense lines of Hitler's "European Fortress."

From British bases the RAF, with night saturation bombing, and the Eighth USAAF, with daylight precision tactics, are in a crucial battle with Germany's air defenses. The Germans have diverted a majority of their fighter strength to the Western Front, are concentrating on fighter craft production. Allied bomber losses are heavy, but the big planes have never been prevented from reaching their targets, and their attrition of the Luftwaffe is tremendous. Germany is bleeding internally; its fighting strength being drained.

The crushing Hamburg raid foretold the doom of German cities, shook enemy morale; Berlin will tell the story. Allied air commanders are confident, and on their victory may hinge the timing of invasion of the European mainland, for which British and American armies wait in the Middle East, Sicily, North Africa, and the British Isles.

Furthermore Germany's hand on Europe is slipping. Finland would like peace, if Russia would permit. Sweden has become openly defiant. Denmark citizens are in open revolt, forcing German military measures. Norway has been placed under virtual martial law. The Budapest radio lately said that Hungary has one aim: peace. King Boris' death, by illness or assassination, should weaken German domination of satellite Bulgaria. The Balkans generally are growing restive be-

fore Russian advances.

Spain has seen the light and dashed for the covers of strict neutrality. Turkey is becoming openly pro-Allied. The European underground generally is growing bolder. So it goes. The conclusion:

Germany's military forces are still strong, determined, but falling back steadily. The German home front—suffering "a spirit of uncertainty and depression", as Berlin-wise William L. Shirer put it—has begun to crack.

Shirer and Dorothy Thompson agree that Hitler's making Heinrich Himmler, totalitarian terror specialist, minister of interior reflects concern for German civilian morale and is a move to hold the home front together by force if necessary. With the muscles of their great air arm withering, the Germans were realizing the failure of another promise: the U-boats could not stop the flow of American power to the European fronts. A victory-less year and discernible doom weighted the spirits of the most fanatic Nazi. Signs of rapid deterioration reputedly caused President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill to extend their conference.

Japan—though busily entrenching behind the backs of the European-faced Allies, feeling only the slaps of their "left-hand" forces—could begin to worry this summer, and probably did. Aleutian holdings were gone, the chance to invade North America lost; Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt, Aleutians commander, was impatient to launch an Alaska-based offensive against Japan proper.

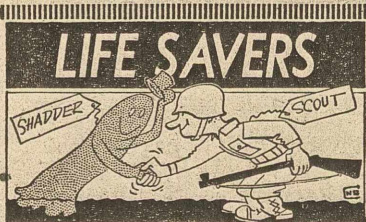
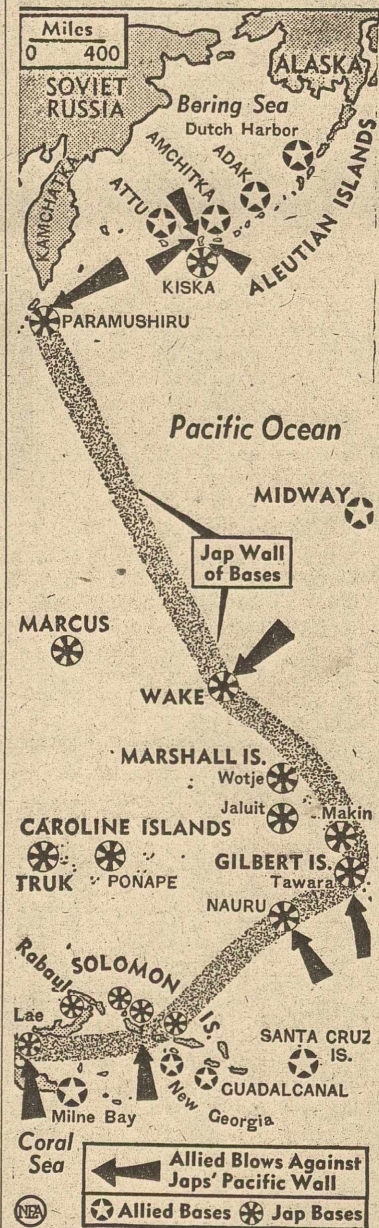
China welcomed appointment of Combined Operations expert, Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, true countryman of Drake and Raleigh, as Southeast Asia's supreme commander, foreseeing a campaign to retake Burma, open the overland route to China, and put Allied military power nearer the heart of Japan and its overseas supply-lines. The Tenth USAAF was softening Burma, and the 14th growing stronger in China. Air transport was improving.

In the Southwest Pacific, Gen. MacArthur's ground forces took the remainder of New Georgia Island, doomed the Japs' Kolombangara Isle, and menaced Bougainville. The Salamaua fight progressed on New Guinea. The pincers on Rabaul were tightening. Lt. Gen. George Kenney's Fifth

AF was stepping up the attrition of Japan's hard-hit airpower, and Adm. William F. Halsey's sea forces—though yet to close in decisive battle—lately scored notable victories at Kula and Vella Gulfs.

The first three years went to the prepared Axis Powers; the fourth belonged wholly to the United Nations. On this fourth anniversary, the outcome has become certain. But certain also is the knowledge of hard, bloody battles ahead. How many more years the war may last cannot be accurately estimated by anyone; the answer lies in the hearts of the belligerent peoples—how well freemen can intensify their fighting spirit after each victory, how long enemy morale can stand the growing pressure.

Kiska: One Down



LIFE SAVERS
SHADOWS ARE FRIENDLY to a scout so keep in them as much as possible. Remember that shadows shift with the sun, so if you are observing from a fixed point, move with them.



WHEN SHADOWS FALL make yourself as scarce as possible. When seen from above, shadows are blacker, more intense, and easier to spot than the men themselves.