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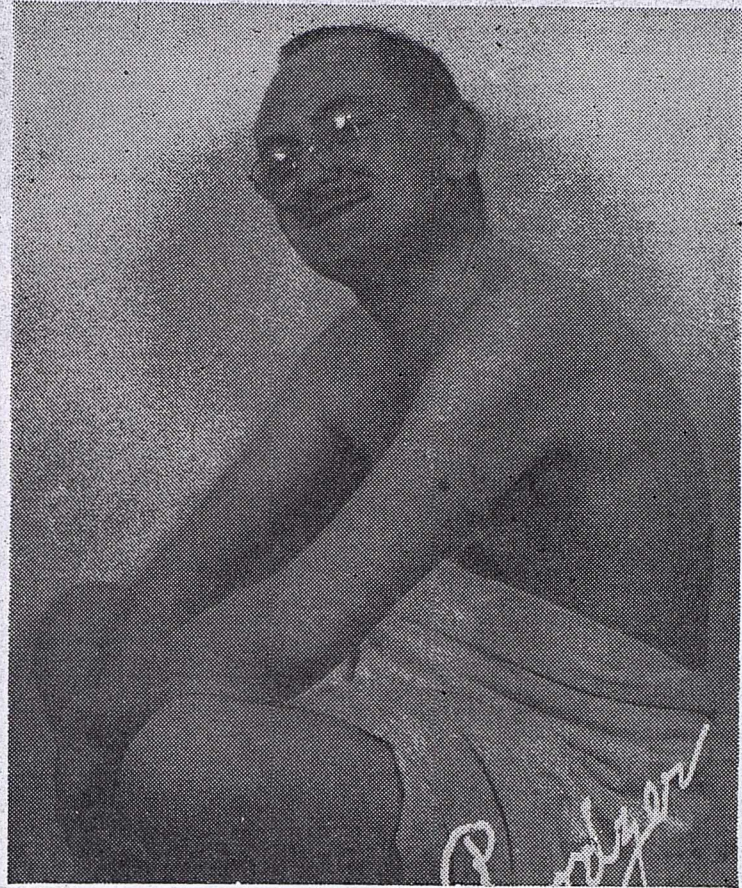
FREE

THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Bomber Base

VOL. 1 NO. 30 PYOTE, TEXAS NOV. 17, 1948

Pin-Up Boy: Pride Of 93rd



Here he is, prize pin-up boy of the 93rd Bomb Squadron in a characteristic pose, his famed smile suffering somewhat from the fact that his teeth were out on maneuvers at the time. Sgt. Sigmund W. Heinitsh is the name. (See Gypsy 93rd, Page 5).

Rec. Hall Bouts, Free-For-All Set Thursday

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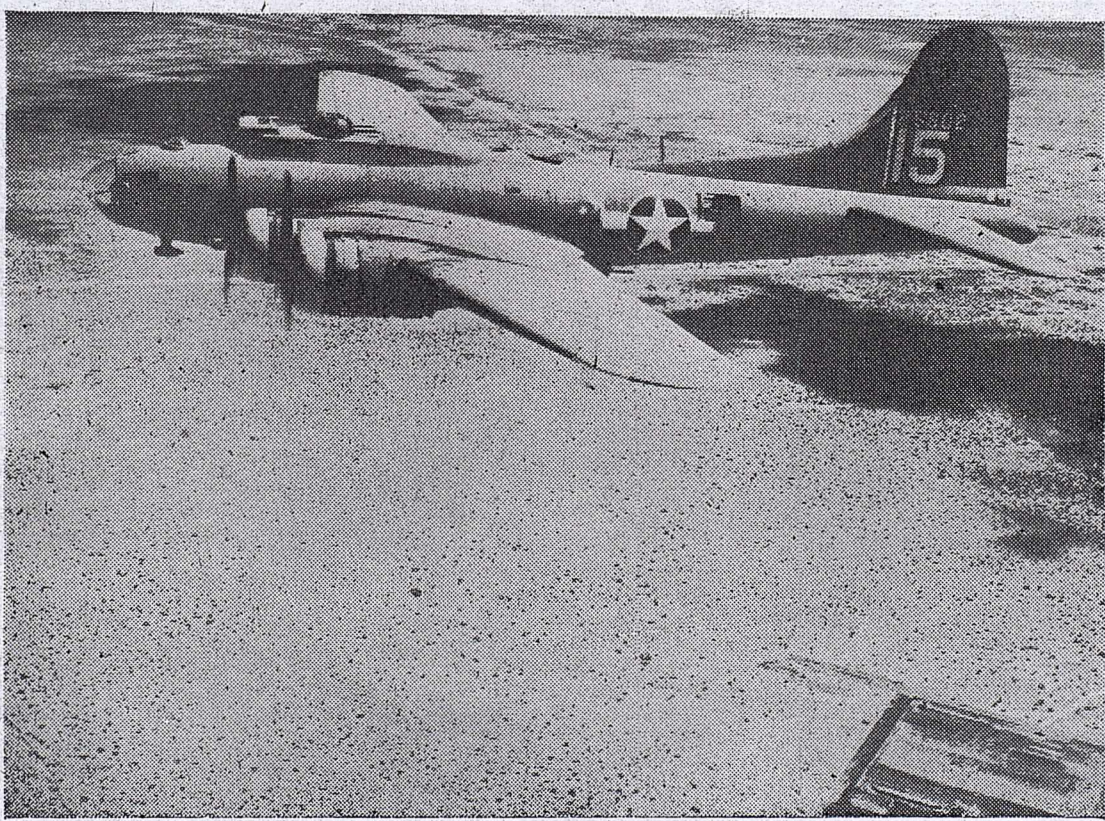
IN ORDER TO CONFORM WITH THANKSGIVING HOLIDAY CIVILIAN PRINTING SCHEDULES, ALL ORGANIZATION COPY THIS WEEK MUST BE IN BY THE DEADLINE, FRIDAY AT 5 P. M. ALL OTHER NEWS, INCLUDING SPECIAL SERVICE ITEMS, MUST BE IN THE PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY AFTERNOON. NO ITEMS FOR THE RATTLER THIS WEEK WILL BE ACCEPTED LATER THAN SATURDAY AT 5 P. M.

Queen Of Sky Meets Match In New B-29

Flying high, wide and handsome (in photo to right) is the "Queen of the Skies", the Boeing B-17. This bomber, pride of the men training at Rattlesnake Bomber Base, has had a large part in turning the course of the global war in favor of the United Nations. Daylight precision bombing without escort has been its specialty.

Mighty as the Flying Fortress is, it soon will bow to a "King of the Skies", according to Gen. H. H. Arnold, commanding general of Army Air Forces. The Boeing B-29 "super-bomber" has a longer range, more potent defensive power, and carries a heavier bomb load.

(Story On Page 2)



LEARN TO KILL OR BE KILLED

Gen. Arnold Reveals Super-Bomber, Boeing's B-29, As New Sky King

Fortress, Liberator Production Still To Be Increased Steadily

The Rattlesnake Bomber Base's pride and joy—the heavy-slugging, high-flying, combat-proved Flying Fortress, "Queen of the Skies" — will become the "light-heavy" bomber of the American Army Air Forces in the near future, giving way to a veritable "King of the Skies."

Fortress crew veterans of the Southwest Pacific and European theaters may wince at the thought, but such progress in war science is essential to victory, to the supremacy of United States airpower. And the Forts, more of them than ever, will still be in there fighting out front.

According to War Department official announcements a new champ is heading into the global ring: the Army's newest super-bomber, the heretofore secret B-29.

Gen. H. H. Arnold, commanding general of the Army Air Forces, last week released details on the B-29 that will be no comfort to Hitler and his bomb-battered followers, nor to the target cities of Nippon. Said Gen. Arnold:

"The B-24 Liberator, pioneered by Consolidated, and the B-17 Flying Fortress, pioneered by Boeing, are super-bombers on the basis of their superb combat records.

"We now have a third super-bomber, which is as far ahead of those two aircraft as they are out in front of pre-war bombers. It is the B-29, developed by the Boeing Aircraft Company in close cooperation with the Army Air Forces and its material command and evolved in secrecy during the past several years.

"The engineering of the B-29 was accomplished by the Boeing Company's large-engineering staff at Seattle, Wash., which originated and developed the B-17 Flying Fortress. First experimental models of the B-29 were built at Seattle. Engineering and production information has been turned over to other major aircraft manufacturers, who also will produce the plane through final assembly, and to other industrial concerns which will handle sub-assembly or parts production.

"This battleship of the air is armored heavily with multiple-gun and power turrets. It can fly at very high altitudes.

"Its performance will not be discussed before it enters combat. However, the B-29 will have a range substantially greater than the maximum effective range of today's longest-range heavy bombers and it will carry quite sizeable loads for that distance.

"When it enters combat, today's long range will become medium range and today's heavy bombers will consequently become light heavies.

"Even under the impetus of war, many months must elapse between the adoption of a plane type and its entry into combat. These months are needed for development, to prepare for production, to increase production, to train personnel, and to iron out the bugs inherent in all new types. Eventually, however, sufficient planes and crews are ready to give the weapon its final test—under combat conditions. That final test of the B-29 is not far distant.

"It should be made clear that production of B-17s and of B-24s will not be affected by advent of the B-29. Production of those two bombers is being increased steadily."

Drivers' Licenses Must Be Renewed

Vehicle operators' permits now in effect here will be suspended automatically January 1, 1944, and all drivers must arrange to take the driver's examination between November 15 and the expiration date.

No new permits will be issued "until the Base Ordnance Officer has completely satisfied himself that the driver applicant is fully qualified in proper operation and maintenance of all vehicles for which certification is requested," it was pointed out.

(The announcement did not apply to heavy equipment operators who have licenses issued through the Service Squadron or Sub-Depot.)

LT. GEN. EDMUND HERRING PRAISES GI BULLDOZERS

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA (CNS)—High praise for American engineering equipment was voiced here by Lt. Gen. Sir Edmund Herring on his return from command of forward army units in New Guinea. Gen. Herring said that the Japs had nothing to equal the U. S. roadmakers and bulldozers flown into the area to carve airbases from the jungles.

Mercy, Yes



A Yank Medic carries a wounded German soldier for a ride behind the Italian front. Pvt. James Parks of Elizabeth, W. Va., belongs to a Corps that helps anyone, even a Nazi, in distress.

Service Offers To Do Shopping For All Soldiers

A voluntary shopping service for the armed forces, Service Men's Service, Inc., will help you with your Christmas shopping — in fact do it for you — if you will just drop them a line, and the dough.

Mrs. Mary K. Bidwell, chairman of the Service, explains the deal:

"Its function is to shop for the men and women in the armed forces. They write to us at 8 East 61st Street, N. Y. (21) N. Y., enclose money order or check, tell us what they want and to whom they wish it sent.

"Our volunteers are trained in comparative shopping and know where they can get the best values for the least possible money. Any money that is left over, after the purchase has been made is promptly refunded by check.

"Orders are received from this country and overseas and are shipped anywhere in accordance with existing postal regulations. We shop for the men, their friends and their families."

STAMFORD, CONN (CNS)—Ernest E. Strain, 33, father of 11 children has been classified 1A by a local draft board. He appealed.

WAC Mess Hall Wins November 'Best' Awards

The WAC Mess Hall staff road rough-shod over all opposition to win both mess awards for October, the plaque as Best Mess of the Month and the one for food conservation, it was announced last week.

The WAC Mess had won the conservation competition for September also, and was listed as the Best Mess in August. The Hospital Mess, way down the line this time, was best in September, edging out the WACs.

S-Sgt. Annabelle Ogden is the on-the-beam mess sergeant for the WACs, and Lt. Edith Haslam, detachment CO, is listed as mess officer. Sgt. Ogden likes the looks of both plaques in her mess hall—the first time any organization has won both at the same time—and means to keep them hanging there as long as possible.

Mess sanitation—the basis for selection of the Best Mess—generally was excellent last month, and the competition for places was close. Base messes placed as follows: WAC, Bomb Range, Guard Squadron, Aviation Squadron, No. 1, PX, No. 4, No. 2, Hospital, No. 3, Officers, EM Club.

Christmas Mail Rules Announced

The War Department has ruled that Christmas greeting cards for men overseas must be sealed in envelopes and prepaid at the first-class rate. Cards mailed now will, according to Army Postal Service, reach even the most remote APOs by December 25—but no promises for those mailed later.

But, according to local advices:

"The above does not in any way conflict with free mailing privilege of military personnel when addressee has an APO address. All greeting cards, both foreign and domestic, should be sent in sealed envelopes to receive first-class service, such as forwarding and directory."

Postmaster General Walker also urges that all domestic Christmas mailing be done during November, with packages marked "Do not open until Christmas." So if you want that pair of beaver ear muffs that Aunt Sally hinted about, you'd better tell her to mail them this month. The war-strained transportation and mail systems simply cannot handle the record volume of stuff, if it all should come through in the last few days before Christmas.

Dependents Must Fill Out Forms For More Money

(CNS)—If your wife and kiddies think they will get more dough now that the new Servicemen's Dependency Bill has become law, they're right. If they think they will get it right away, they're wrong.

Conversion of more than 3,000,000 accounts from the old forms to the new ones is a tremendous task, the War Department has warned, and it's going to take time.

First, dependents will be mailed a single sheet certificate form which requests all the information needed to convert accounts to the new rates. Dependents should complete the form immediately so that payment at the new rates may be expedited. In the meantime dependents will receive benefit checks at the old rates.

The new scale doesn't change the \$50 payment your wife now receives but if you have a child, the payment is increased from \$62 to \$80 a month and each additional child receives \$20 extra per month instead of \$10. A parent dependent for a chief portion of support will now receive \$50 a month, an increase of \$13.

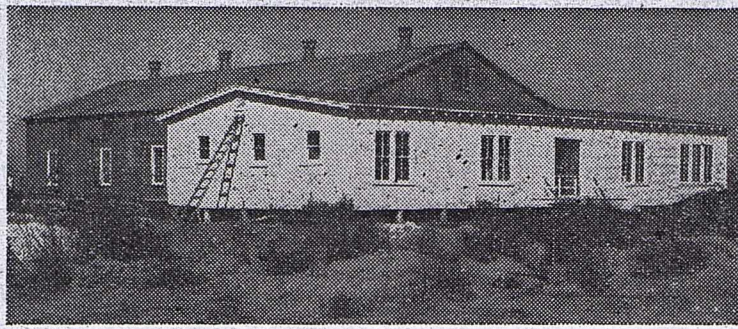
The first three noncom grades also benefit by the new bill. Staff sergeants, technical sergeants, first sergeants and master sergeants as well as the corresponding grades in the Marines, Navy and Coast Guard who were not benefited in the old bill now may receive family allotments provided that they waive subsistence and rental payments they are now authorized to receive.

In announcing the introduction of this simple form to save time, money and paper, Brig. Gen. H. N. Gilbert, Office of Dependency Benefits director, again emphasized that there would be no interruption in the mailing of current monthly family allowance payments while millions of ODB family allowance accounts are being converted to the new rates.



New York—Despite War Department Regulations against civilians wearing Army insignia a gal turned up at her office here wearing two officer's silver bars on her sweater. A friend asked her if her boy friend was a captain. "Oh no," she replied. "Two lieutenants."

New Club In The Making



Monahans USO Club nears completion, with tentative opening scheduled for Pearl Harbor Day, December 7. Bigger and better USO activities here are planned with opening of the new club, which should attract even more soldier visitors than the well-attended temporary club that has been operating for several months.

New Monahans USO Club To Open Pearl Harbor Day With Big Parade

Floats, Bands And Dance Scheduled For Occasion; Businesses To Close

Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, has been designated tentatively as the date for the formal opening of the new Monahans USO Club, Director Edward A. Palange has announced.

Monahans will go all out for the opening, closing all business houses and staging a celebration parade. Each business house has agreed to enter a float in the parade.

Bands from surrounding towns will be present to add martial music to the doings, and prizes will be awarded to the best and second-best bands participating.

The opening date is contingent on arrival of all the furniture for the club. About 40 per cent of the furniture already has been received, and it is believed the remainder will be obtained by December 7.

The building, now under construction, will be completed by November 17, Director Palange stated.

For the opening party, formal dress will be optional, but it is planned that the hostesses will wear formals.

A recent visit to the club by Dr. Anatole Lindsey, executive of a branch of the USO, assured that some \$700 worth of dark room equipment will be installed in the new club. The room will be outfitted with enlarging, printing and developing equipment.

A number of cameras will be available for servicemen to borrow, and films may be bought by soldiers for only 25 cents per roll of 16 exposures. Paper for printing will be sold at cost.

Other plans include regular concerts from albums of music in one of the separate quiet rooms, and full-length movies once a week—pictures will not be over six months old.

Dancing, lounging, reading and

similar pastimes will be continuous at the new well-equipped club which will replace the temporary establishment on East Sealy Street. At the USO Council meeting last week committee chairmen for the opening were appointed, including Mayor Ed Duffey, advisory chairman; Judge Fred P. Snelson, management chairman; Mrs. John Scott, operating chairman; Mayor Duffey, parade; Mrs. Scott, reception; Mrs. Allen D. Forsythe, refreshments; R. D. Lee, awards; Lt. T. F. McLaughlin, servicemen; Frances Clark, servicemen's wives.

Exact opening date and schedule of activities will be printed in The Rattler soon, and it is hoped that soldiers from this Base will turn out in numbers commensurate with the effort the Monahans citizens are putting forth to provide them with a place for recreation.

PENCIL PUSHING POETS PICK THAT PENCIL UP

The Army Times is offering you A chance to make a buck! Just write some rhymes It's worth ten dimes If you have any luck Pick that pencil up, boys, Pick that pencil up, Pencil Pushing Rhymsters Pick that pencil up.

ARMY TIMES offers a buck apiece, for the ten best original verses for Pistol Packin' Mama. Send yours to ARMY TIMES, Daily News Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Rescue Squads, Medical Discovery Reduce Fatalities

Airplane Crash Victims Thankful For New Service

If things keep going this way, crashes will be no worse than missing the next-to-last bus to town.

Seventy per cent of United States air crews and pilots forced down at sea by enemy action in one large theater of operations during September were rescued by specially-trained squadrons, the War Department tells us.

Such squadrons are members of the recently organized Emergency Rescue Branch of the Army Air Forces and are commanded by Lt. Col. Charles B. Whitehead.

Rescue squadrons are being activated in every theater of operations where AAF personnel are stationed. They are under the direction of a unit equipment officer and each squadron is specially trained to meet local conditions. Some are in forward jungle bases and some are on posts in the Arctic.

Medical men, navigators, radio technicians and persons familiar with the territory make up the squadrons. They have special equipment, such as sick bays, in vessels which go out to rescue crews forced down at sea.

"It has been an excellent morale builder to AAF crews to know these trained squadrons are on the alert at the bases ready to come to their aid if they crash or are shot down," Col. Whitehead commented.

Another advance in reducing the fatalities from crashes is a discovery as to the nature of internal injuries resulting, Capt. George Hass of the AAF School of Medicine told the Aero Medical Association in Cincinnati, Ohio.

In crashes and emergency landings, a flier's insides bounce about with the weight added by the speed of the falling craft, and the contents of internal organs add more jars. Studies now are pointing the way toward surgery which will reduce the after effects of such internal injuries.

CLOSE WEST GATE

THE WEST GATE IS NOW CLOSED TO ALL TRAFFIC, GI AND OTHERWISE.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

'Buckskin Billy', Aleutians Veteran, Spent Decade As Hermit In Idaho

Cpl. Hart Likes Wild, Cold Gorge, Where A Man's Time Is His Own

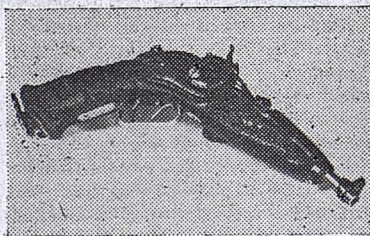
"Buckskin Billy"—down on Army records as Cpl. Sylvan A. Hart—was perhaps the only 73rd Bomb Squadron soldier who liked the desolate Aleutians, where he helped oust the invading Japanese. The wild, cold islands were much like Idaho's isolated Salmon River gorge, where appropriately named Sylvan lived a decade to become one of the country's youngest, most primitive hermits.

Anticipating the depression of 1929 and following a family tradition that called for the men to spend at least a year in the wilderness, Sylvan Hart left his Wichita, Kansas, home in search of the most uncivilized spot possible.

He found it near Dixie, Idaho, on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River, 15 miles from the nearest town and 100 miles from the nearest railroad. And there the now 37-year old woodman made his home for the next decade, rarely breaking his solitude, coming to town "twice a year to have my teeth fixed."

He built his own log cabin, canoe, skis, snowshoes, guns and other equipment—and he also made himself the tools he needed. This self-styled naturalist-artist spent his time in hunting, fishing, handicraft, and silently observing the plentiful big game. Natural poses of the mountain sheep, traced in the snow where he lay dressed in animal skins, afforded designs for mahogany stocks of his beautifully built pistol and flint lock muzzle-loading rifle—even the barrel-boring and rifle-cutting of the latter being his own craftsmanship.

Radio news of the Selective Service draft brought the young hermit back to Wichita—a trip including a week's trek through deep snow—for examination,



Hart worked hard a year, on and off, on this finely-balanced, beautifully designed .22 calibre pistol. He started the gun after someone gave him a piece of gun barrel, made it with crude tools and odd pieces of iron. The stock is of mountain mahogany, with mountain goats carved out in natural poses.

where he worked for Boeing as a tool and die maker on B-29 (super-bomber) jobs until his induction. Barracks life did not come easy to one who had spent years alone; buddies thought he was deaf because he responded so hesitantly to conversation.

But Hart stuck it out, gaining weight on Army food (his former favorite was Elk meat) though claiming to get no tougher from the new routine. In time he became a bombsight specialist and spent three months in the Aleutians, during the battle for Kiska.

Seventeen months in the Army now, Cpl. Hart buys a \$50 War Bond a month and saved his overseas pay. His Army savings, he estimates, will be enough to keep him most of the remainder of his life, for he needs only \$50 cash a year for necessities he cannot make or find around his hermitage. And he is definitely going back there after the war, perhaps to add writing to his crafts after he has compiled sufficient experiences.

"Living like I did, all of a man's time is his own, and you can always make better things than you can buy. Marriage? Well, in life you always have to be prepared for any kind of trouble, and if it comes I'll face it. But there is no use worrying about it. At least I'll be no post-war social problem to anyone."

Still nervous around people, Cpl. Hart dislikes the idea of asking for a pass—after purposely losing himself for weeks in the primeval lake country near his hermitage without anyone's permission—and spends most of his time at the Base. He found the GI arctic equipment good, but not so good as his own, which he made of pelts according to the proved style of the northern Indians.

His furlough after the Aleutians' experience carried him back to his Salmon River cabin, where he found it difficult at first to eat the rich wild food that he prefers to domestic dishes. Only one modern item he finds necessary to his nature-life, and peculiarly enough

Idaho Hermit Tells His Story



Cpl. Sylvan A. Hart, right, shows his exquisitely tooled .22 pistol to the Rattler editor, Sgt. Tomme Call. An expert craftsman, Cpl. "Buckskin Billy" Hart fashioned by hand all the equipment he needed for living off the wild land of the isolated Salmon River gorge in Idaho, where he spent the decade of the '30s as a hermit by choice.

Tools For Wilderness Living



What Sylvan Hart needed he made himself, using the kit of tools of his own design. The Jap-sticker, upper left, was designed for guerilla fighting while in the Aleutians. Lined up left to right in center are his Bowie knife, pistol, and Indian-style skinning knife. The knife in foreground is a woodland treasure, with 10 blades and 20 uses. It has a key to his cabin, scissors, hacksaw blade, rip-saw blade, can opener, bottle opener, screw-driver, fish-cleaning blade, tweezers, needle with double-eye, and knife sharpener, among other odds and ends of uses. The handle is carved from the horn of a mountain goat.

that is airplane dope—which he uses on snoeshoes, canoe, skis, tent and handicraft work.

He holds a B. A. degree (in English) from Oklahoma University, where he also had a year of graduate work in petroleum engineering. In the Idaho wilder-

ness, he served as a guide "in his spare time".

Buckskin Billy then is truly fighting for freedom, the complete freedom of the wild Idaho river gorge where all of his time is his own and to which he is impatient to return.

19th Bomb Group

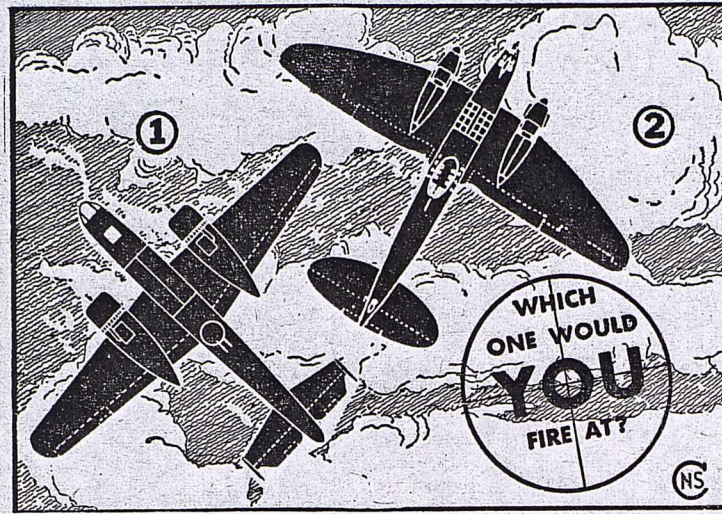
Gypsy 93rd

By CORP. IRVING J. PACKER
EVENT OF THE WEEK—Our "Pin Up Boy" dance at the Service Men's Club last Friday evening was a razzing dazzling-affair. We were honored by the presence of Mrs. Francis Clark, senior hostess of USO Monahans, and 15 charming junior hostesses as well as many other pretty girls. All sorts of refreshments were served, such as sherbet, sundaes and then some more sherbet sundaes.

The highlight of the evening was distribution of the "Pin Up Pose" (see cut page one) of Sgt. Sigmund W. Heinitsh, to all the girls present. Frankly we were glad that none of the girls swooned because it would have placed us in a most embarrassing position since we were short of smelling salts. The girls stood up wonderfully well considering that it was probably the first time a face like Heinitsh's was ever shown in public. To top it all our boy was swamped with so many requests to personally autograph the pin up poses that for a few moments we thought that the girls would do bodily harm to him. However, Heinitsh thought very fast and gave the girls one of his best toothless smiles and thus it was not necessary to call out the MPs. Many sweet epithets were heard to be made by the recipients of these priceless "Pin Up Poses." Some of the remarks were, "Hasn't he the most beautiful set of gums" — "Is that a man or reasonable facsimile" — "He is my idea of what every he-man should look like, after an autopsy" — "He would make a good advertisement for an embalmer." These of course were only a few of the many pleasant things said about Heinitsh.

On the serious side, however, we are really grateful to Heinitsh for his fine sportsmanship and splendid cooperation in making it possible to put on this novel dance. We are also grateful to the Pyote Base Band for the fine rendition of dance music—To Sgt. James Reid for his pains taking care in taking and developing these "Pin Up Poses"—To Ted March, who did a splendid job as master of ceremonies—and to all the other folks who helped immeasurably in putting this dance over.

Sgt. Clifford (Bugger) Schmidt feels the nuptial knot taking a real strangling hold on him. Recently he gave his girl friend from New York an engagement ring. While her surname is not known to me, I do know that she signs



NOT AT NO. 1! It's the U. S. B-25 "Mitchell," a mid-wing medium bomber powered by twin radial engines. Both edges of the wings taper to rounded tips. Engine nacelles project slightly behind the wings. The nose of the fuselage is very long and it has twin fins and rudders. It's not your target.

Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co., Aircraft Spotter by Lester Ott.

off her letters by calling herself "Baby." To "Baby" it can be said that she is getting an awful lot of man. Incidentally, Bugger was told to watch his stomach. He has been carrying out the doctor's orders literally. Bugger hasn't cut down on his food as any KP in Mess Hall No. 3 can testify, but he has been watching his stomach by looking down to see if it was there. Says Bugger, "Why I have to watch my stomach 24 hours a day is beyond me. It would save an awful lot of aggravation if I could put a 24 hour watch over it by the MPs." If the Chinese philosopher Ahm Fat were alive today he would probably say that, "Bugger's watchfulness over his stomach is belly, belly funny."

The battle of ages between Wheeler and Dryden is still a moot question. The interest shown by the enlisted men was gigantic, stupendous, super colossal, and I may even go so far as to say mediocre. There was only one fly in the ointment. While they were pondering over this momentous issue and arguing pro and con, they forgot that the polls closed on November 10th at 12 midnight, and as a result not one vote was cast. Imagine, not even the contestants were sure of themselves and they, too, failed to vote. Never in the history of this country was an issue so close that it was that difficult to make a decision. It now looks as if the question—"Who is older, Dryden or Wheeler?"—will remain just as much a mystery as "Who killed Cock Robin?"

Has anybody a remedy for nightmares? One evening last

FIRE AT NO. 2! It's the Nazi Heinkel He. 111K, a low-wing twin-engine, long range bomber. The leading edge of the wings is swept back and the trailing edge is straight with cut-outs close to the fuselage. It has a long, slim nose, elliptical tailplane and a single fin and rudder. Shoot the slugs, Mug.

Civilian Employees Go Over The Goal In Chest Campaign

Civilian workers at Rattlesnake Bomber Base who live on the base in the housing area went over their goal in last week's United War Chest Drive to finance the 17 agencies benefitting from the National War Fund.

With a goal of \$150, the local workers by last count had tossed in \$163. Pyote workers who did the collecting were Mesdames J. W. Horton, Arthur Z. Mann, Dick Mathews and Bill Gatlin.

The money goes for such things as war prisoner welfare, USO activities, and foreign relief for refugees, enemy-oppressed populations and hard-hit Allied populations.

week Sgt. Fred M. Ward was heard yelling, "Please help, I'm in trouble." The following morning we discovered that Sgt. Ward had a gruesome dream — Betty Grable attempted to kiss him and modest Fred wouldn't stand for it.

Cpl. Donald D. DeGeorge recently gave us a scoop concerning Sgt. LeRoy E. Baker. He claims that Sgt. Baker now is mayor ex-officio of Pecos. He is the most popular soldier in Pecos and has gained much popularity by distributing name cards to all the Pecos gals. When questioned about this recent scoop, Baker said, "I find that the Pyote Army Air Base is not well represented in Pecos; it is my humble duty to give the Base the proper representation."

Weekly Review Again In Tie With 3 Firsts

If you had a dollar for every tie in the weekly review and inspection awards, you'd be well on your way to becoming a rich man. Last Saturday marked another week in which the judges agreed to disagree and call the results a tie.

The Group 2 Officers, formerly the Sturdivant Officers, WACs and Medics all came down the stretch knotted tighter than a Scotchman's wallet and when the results were tallied the three organizations came out with equal scores thus calling for another piece of long division this Saturday when it comes time to present the awards.

Close behind but not close enough in the opinion of the judges was the 390th Aviation Squadron which the week before had shared in first-place honors.

Although these weekly ties are conducive to grey hairs among the judges, the results are acceptable for they show that all squadrons are making definite improvement and that is the object of these weekly reviews.

There's one question which remains to be answered and that is "what will Major Bagley do when he runs out of ribbons?"

Legislation Would Protect Soldiers' Security Benefits

Senators of both major parties are considering favorably proposed legislation that would protect servicemen against any loss or diminution of social security benefits by reason of their service in the war.

The armed forces are not covered now by social security, and, as one Senator put it, it obviously would be unfair to penalize a man for service to his country. It takes no Gallup poll to know that soldiers will agree that such legislation would be strictly on the beam.

MORE DOUGH

Washington—Beginning Nov. 1, enlisted men of the top three grades in the United States and the Canal Zone who are entitled to subsistence allowances have been receiving 30 cents more per day.

By Executive Order No. 9386 the President changed the schedule of subsistence and quarters allowances. The order also replaces a complicated schedule of travel allowances with a straight \$5 a day allowance for subsistence and quarters.

EDITORIAL:

Fight Inflation

Current unreasoning demands for higher wages in war industries—and resultant irresistible pressure for higher prices on living necessities and higher costs of materiel production—have grave implications for members for the armed forces, particularly those stationed in the continental areas. Effect of the widening spiral of inflation should not go unheeded by servicemen.

Quite unlikely is the possibility that soldiers' pay could or would be increased progressively to keep pace with runaway inflation, an economic disaster actually advocated now by some groups. Consequently, every increase in industrial wages and subsequent increase in the cost of living, will mean that the soldier—officer and enlisted man alike—will find his Army pay buying less and less. Rents, food, and similar expenses will climb as civilian workers are able to bid higher and higher for limited consumers goods.

Servicemen's dependents will find the recent increases in their benefit payments evaporating into higher costs of living, unless the inflation tendency is firmly curbed. That is a particularly serious prospect now that thousands of married men with children face induction, and whole families must live on stable Army pay.

Very few people would benefit from continued increases in wages and prices. Workers will find their increases meaningless as prices rise. And the OPA will be helpless to keep prices down if the WLB becomes helpless in keeping wages stable. Furthermore, cheapening of the value of the dollar through inflation increases the total dollar war debt of the nation—a debt that must be paid in future when the dollar may become far more dear. Thus current inflation tends to nullify wartime individual savings—a reserve that will be needed for reconstruction and rehabilitation after the war.

Inflation can be curbed in times of scarcity only by decreasing the amount of money in circulation, that is, by bringing purchasing power nearer in line with available goods. Several ways for doing that: (1) Increased taxation, to plow war incomes back into war production; (2) Voluntary or enforced savings, to conserve war income for post-war use; (3) Or, keeping war income down by refusing to permit higher wages, profits and prices. Actually, all three methods in combination are necessary, and ignoring the need for any single one may render the others useless.

Since Congress has provided the soldier with a vote it is well that he use it intelligently. While it is considered improper for a soldier to engage actively in politics, certainly it is proper that he should make his position clear and his vote count. Preventing further inflation is in his legitimate interest.

THE RATTLER

Published each Wednesday at Rattlesnake Bomber Base, Pyote, Texas
COLONEL LOUIE P. TURNER
Commanding Officer

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Lt. Thomas F. McLaughlin, Public Relations Officer
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S-Sgt. Robert Nash _____ Associate Editor
Cpl. Hyman Brook _____ Sports Editor

CORRESPONDENTS: T-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp, PFC Jack Minkin, Sgt. Sylvia Wexler, S-Sgt. Roy Wortendyke, Cpl. Irving J. Packer, Cpl. Harold Melvin, Wanda Stricklin, Jane Cearley, Cpl. Sammy Kaplan, Sgt. Eddie Lockamy, Betty Shoemaker, PFC Mabel Bledsoe.
PHOTOGRAPHERS: S-Sgt. Walter B. Seefeldt, Sgt. Joseph J. McGrath, Cpl. Sid Gordon, Cpl. Henry Englesman, PFC James Bressan.

The Rattler receives Camp Newspaper Service material.

The Wolf

by Sansone



THOUGHTS OF OTHERS

Begged, Borrowed Or Stolen

The "American Dream" . . . (is) a dream of a social order in which each man and each woman shall be able to attain to the fullest stature of which they are innately capable, and be recognized by others for what they are, regardless of the fortuitous circumstances of birth or position . . .

If the American dream is to come true and to abide with us, it will, at bottom, depend on the people themselves. If we are to achieve a richer and fuller life for all, they have got to know what such an achievement implies. In a modern industrial State, an economic base is essential for all. We point with pride to our "national income", but the nation is only an aggregate of individual men and women, and when we turn from the single figure of total income to the incomes of individuals, we find a very marked injustice in its distribution. There is no reason why wealth, which is a social product, should not be more equitably controlled and distributed in the interests of society. But, unless we settle on the values of life, we are likely to attack in a wrong direction and burn the barn to find our penny in the hay.

Above and beyond the mere economic base, the need for a scale of values becomes yet greater. If we are entering on a period in which, not only in industry but in other departments of life, the mass is going to count for more and the

individual less, and if each and all are to enjoy a richer and fuller life, the level of the mass has to rise appreciably above what it is at present. It must either rise to a higher level of communal life or drag that life down to its own, in political leadership, and in the arts and letters . . .

If we are to make the dream come true we must all work together, no longer to build bigger, but to build better. There is a time for quantity and a time for quality. There is a time when quantity may become a menace and the law of diminishing returns begins to operate, but not so with quality . . . In a country as big as America it is as impossible to prophesy as it is to generalize, without being tripped up, but it seems to me that there is room for hope as well as mistrust. The epic loses all its glory without the dream. The statistics of size, population, and wealth would mean nothing to me unless I could still believe in the dream.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.
The American Dream

Mary has a little swing,
It isn't hard to find.
Everywhere that Mary goes,
The swing is right behind.

I'm glad I am an American
And I'm glad that I am free,
I wish I were a little pup
And Hitler were a tree.



The world has seen many "Best Sellers" come and go. Most of them enjoy a great popularity for a few months or years, and then we seldom hear of them any more. Tens of thousands of people read "Gone With The Wind" within a few short months. Reading of books such as these seems to be more or less of a fad. When everyone else is reading them, I must read them too.

There is one Book, however that has been, for hundreds of years, the best seller of all the Best Sellers. That Book is the Bible. It has year after year stood at the head of the list as far as sales are concerned. Its popularity is not for a day or a year. Today, when men are busily devising better methods of killing each other, the Bible is being read as never before.

Word has been received from England that there is a shortage of Bibles there. That doesn't mean that there are fewer copies, but that the people are reading them more. It seems a shame that it takes a war to make people realize that "Man does not live by bread alone." (Or by guns alone, either.) If this lesson will come out of the war, the suffering and death of millions of people will not have been wholly in vain. It will still be a high price, but every worth-while advance must be paid for.

The Bible is the most universal piece of literature in the world, too. It has been translated, in whole or in part, into about 1,200 different languages and dialects. A very large percentage of the population of the world can now read the Word of God in a familiar tongue. The value of this can be appreciated if we ask ourselves this question: "How much of the Bible would we read if we had to do the reading in the original Hebrew and Greek?" We are so accustomed to having the Bible in English that we sometimes fail to realize that it is a translation we are reading.

Did you ever wonder why it is that the Bible is an all-time best-seller? It gives men something they need, and something that they cannot get anywhere else. When men get the idea that there is nothing higher or above themselves, they get in a rut, and before long they get to the state where they are almost beyond help. Their morale gets lower and lower, until finally they feel that they just can't take it. Let's read this best of all best-sellers, and see what it can do for us.

Chaplain Edwin W. Norton.

PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday—0900, Aviation Squadron Service; 0900, 19th Group Service, 1030, Chapel Service; 1930, Chapel Service.

Wednesday—1930, Service Men's Christian League.

Thursday—1900, Chapel Chorus Rehearsal.

CATHOLIC SERVICES

Sunday Masses—0600; 0800; and 1615.

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

Weekday Masses—1830, daily except Thursday.

Communion—1700 daily. Hospital Mass—Thursday at 1430, in Red Cross auditorium.

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

Study Club—Monday, 1930.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Thursday—2000, Base Chapel Services, Mrs. Mabel New Homes.

JEWISH SERVICES

Friday—1930, Base Chapel.

G. I. Q.

By Camp Newspaper Service

1. A British government building in London which was hit recently by Schickelgruber's bombs is—

- A—Number 10 Downing Street ()
- B—The House of Parliament ()

2. A United States cabinet member, who is neither the secretary of war nor the secretary of navy, recently completed a tour of the Mediterranean area fighting fronts. He is—

- A—Henry Morgenthau ()
- B—Claude A. Wickard ()

3. The recent four-power parley involving the United States, China, Russia and Great Britain, was held in the Soviet capital which is—

- A—Leningrad ()
- B—Moscow ()

Answers: 1-B; 2-A; 3-B (CNS)

QUERIES IRK SOLDIER SO HE HAS ANSWERS PRINTED

LEAVENWORTH, KAN (CNS) —Six-Foot-Six · Pvt. Richard Claussen of Omaha has had to answer so many questions about himself since his induction into the Army that he now hands inquiring campmates a card which reads: "My name is Tiny Claussen—6 feet 6 inches; weight 270 pounds; wear size 15 shoes. Does that answer your question?"

Monahans USO

BY EDWARD A. PALANGE Director

Wednesday—Servicemen's Wives Club luncheon, 12:30. Pantomime quiz! (This will bring out that suppressed desire to act)

Thursday—Musical bingo. It's different. Junior Hostesses. Refreshments.

Friday—Party in honor of 73rd. Squadron. Junior Hostesses. Refreshments.

Saturday — Old-fashioned Box Supper—Boxes will be auctioned off at 9:00. (We give you the money to buy them). Then dancing and games.

Sunday—Read, rest and relax while you enjoy our donuts and coffee.

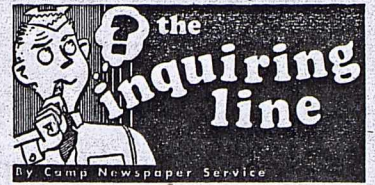
Monday—We'll do that sewing again. Bring in those extra sox, and we'll darn those too. Junior Hostesses.

Tuesday—Finger painting, bead-weaving or soap sculpturing. Try any you choose.

Keep All Letters Is Wise Advice

James L. Monahan, national commander of the Disabled American Veterans, has a good suggestion that you might pass along to the folks back home: tell them to keep all the letters you write to them.

Main reason is that the letters may be of great value in proving any disability claims; such was true after the first World War. They may come in handy for evi-



Q. Is it possible for soldiers stationed overseas to send war bonds home as Christmas presents?

A. Yes. Any member of the armed forces now serving abroad may buy war bonds and have them delivered to relatives or friends in the U. S. by Christmas. The bond sales are handled by the mail order gift section which the Army Exchange Service operates for overseas personnel. All the soldier has to do is buy a bond at the nearest Army Exchange which forwards the name of the recipient and the donor to a New York bank. The bank delivers the bond together with a gift card bearing the name of the sender.

Q. Are all men classified below the general service level automatically discharged from the Army?

A. Not at all. Personnel physically classified below the general service level may be assigned where their limited abilities can be used to advantage without retarding the training of combat troops.

dence along other lines after the war, also.

The Disabled American Veterans, with headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio, now is busy working on the problems of protective measures for men in the service and for those now being released because of disability.



MERGER PUTS MESSSES UNDER SING

When 9,000 Meals Are Dished Out Daily, Menu Planning Must Be Exact

Best Food, Enough Of It, No Waste Are New Base Mess Officer's Aims

Feeding the personnel of a military post is a far cry from hopping down to the corner meatery and ordering two pounds of round steak chopped with a piece of suet, to head home, knowing that you have plenty of vittles even if someone drops in unexpectedly for a meal on the cuff.

This so-called hand to mouth feeding would never do when more than 9,000 meals are turned out daily as is done here at the Base. To rustle up that much grub each day takes long-range planning, careful buying and preparation and strict supervision.

One of the most important changes under the reorganization taking affect here at the Base is the consolidation of mess supervision into the hands of one man and his well-trained staff.

Overseer of five mess halls is no part-time job as bespectacled Lt. J. C. Peoples, new Base Mess Officer, is willing to testify.

SANDWICHED BETWEEN FRYING PANS AND CANNED GOODS, WITH AN OLD REPAINTED MESS TABLE FOR A DESK, WE FOUND HIM WRESTLING WITH CHARTS AND MENUS THE OTHER DAY AND FROM HIM WE LEARNED WHAT GOES INTO THE MAKING OF AN ARMY MEAL.

Napoleon or one of his ghost writers is credited with coining the cliché that "an Army travels on its stomach." The Infantry has, at times, been known to doubt its veracity but be that as it may, the fact is that a well-fed Army is a hard-fighting Army and that's the kind Uncle Sam has and wants.

Under the former setup here, each of the five main mess halls did their own procuring of food and their own preparation under a Mess Officer's supervision. Today the five messes have been put under one officer and all the procuring of food and pre-cooking preparation is housed under one roof.

How does the Army figure out what Joe Soldier will eat, say next Tuesday. It's easy. Somewhere up in Washington, a master menu is planned for the coming month. It's a well-balanced diet and while not as fancy as the grub the Waldorf might turn out, it is by no means repulsive.

THIS MASTER MENU IS PASSED ALONG TO THE VARIOUS SERVICE COM-

MANDS, WHO LOOK IT OVER, GO INTO A HUDDLE AND COME UP WITH THEIR OWN VARIETY FOR INSTALLATIONS UNDER THEIR JURISDICTION. CHANGES OFTEN HAVE TO BE MADE BECAUSE OF SHORTAGES IN CERTAIN TYPES OF FOOD IN DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

But basically the menu is the same. These menus are, in turn, passed along to the installations and are followed as religiously as possible.

Sometimes it is a wonder what civilians are doing for butchers and bakers for it seems that all the good ones are in the Army. This is true at least here at Pyote. Men who have been wielding meat cleavers for anywhere from ten to twenty years as civilian butchers are doing the same for Uncle Sam. And when these men get a side of beef, they know which are the best cuts and they know how to strip a bone as clean as the proverbial whistle.

Here's a condensed line-up of the men who swing the meat cleavers and saws in Mess Hall No. 5 where all the meat for the five mess halls is handled. Sgt. E. E. Walden of Bristol, Virginia, ran his own meat shop for more than seven years before his greetings arrived. PFC A Maggi ground round steak in foggy San Francisco for sixteen years; Sgt. M. H. Ford sold sirloins in Portland, Oregon, for seventeen years, and Cpl. L. Lewellen kept the populus of Oklahoma City happy with his meat cuts for more than twenty years. There are others whose experience runs along the same lines. These men know what butchering is and the fact that Pyote is able to boast of such a competent staff is quite a feather.

Reports and surveys to the contrary the Army likes its deserts, especially pies and cakes, and when it comes to the latter, Pyote doesn't have to take a back seat to anyone. The bakers and pastry cooks here are among the best in the Army and as soon as a production line for

2nd Lt. John C. Peoples, Base Mess Officer (center), and his well-trained staff supervise five mess halls under the new consolidation setup. Others left to right are M-Sgt. B. F. Rostick, S-Sgt. V. E. Bundy, T-Sgt. C. R. Whitney, and Mr. W. B. Cuffel (WO). Planning some 9,000 meals a day is their considerable task. (Photo top center.)

S-Sgt. Jessie Y. Scarborough (supply sergeant) smiles approval of the handiwork of two of the bakers working in Mess Hall No. 5, from whence will come the best pastry in

Uncle Sam's Air Forces. Chief baker is Sgt. Edward J. Gmach, left, and his assistant is Cpl. Cecil Olmstead, right. (Photo lower center.)

These butchers know what they are doing, for each has 10 to 20 years experience in civilian meat business. It takes a lot of beef to feed thousands of soldiers here, but each cut gets expert care; conservation is the watchword. Left to right are Pvt. Carl Kerenan, Sgt. Clifford A. Young, Sgt. Frank E. Walden, Sgt. Merridith A. Ford and



BAKING STAFF

PFC Alfred F. Maggi. (Photo top right.)

Mass production baking is now the rule here, with desserts for all Base messes prepared by a skilled staff. Putting the finishing touches on a batch of delicious-plus pies above are, left to right, S-Sgt. Charles E. Roberts, Sgt. Eddie Gmach, Cpl. Cecil Olmstead, Sgt. Mickey Cupito, S-Sgt. Wm. M. Robinson, and Pvt. Howard F. Rose. Equipment here rivals that in any civilian shop. (Photo lower right.)



baking swings into operation in Mess Hall No. 5, this Base will be gifted with an ample supply of desserts.

According to Lt. Peoples, this assembly line for pastry will rival any setup ever found in a civilian shop. It will start with the mixing of the dough, the proofing, sweating out the rising, the moulding, shaping of the dough, the baking, storage and then issue.

Sgt. E. J. Gmach swings the head rolling pin in the baking department and his love for the oven goes back three generations. His family always has been bakers and when Sgt. Gmach joined the Army he immediately found his slot in front of his favorite cake pan. Those of you who frequent

the U.S.O. know what kind of cakes he bakes and when the new U.S.O. building opens sometime the first part of December, he promises to outdo himself.

An old time Army man, Cpl. C. L. Olmstead was a pastry cook for twenty years in Spokane, Washington, and as he said, he can't remember the first day he baked. His uncle ran the shop and from the time he was knee-high to a pan of dough, he's been working in bakery shops.

All the experienced help in the world wouldn't be worth much unless competent men were in charge and Lt. Peoples has gathered a staff around him which knows mess halls from

sink to main entrance.

Base Mess Sergeant is M-Sgt. B. F. Rostick and what he doesn't know about a mess hall can't be found on an Army Post. He has served all over the world during his sojourn with the Army and in his nineteen years of service he's worked in mess halls from Hamilton Field to China.

T-Sgt. C. R. Whitney is the Mess Inspector. His job entails frequent, almost hourly visits to the Mess Halls to see that the high standards of sanitation required are maintained in all instances. It is an important position and is in capable hands.

M-Sgt. H. A. Wheeler is an
(Continued Next Page)

As Good As Mother Made



The Army likes its desserts, and Pyote soldiers will have their sweet tooth satisfied fully when the consolidated bakers production line gets in full swing. Working with one of the big ovens over here are, left to right, Sgt. Mickey Cupito, Cpl. Harold Stickney, S-Sgt. C. E. Roberts.

MERGER—

(Continued From Page 9)

other old hand at Army messes, having served ten years as a cook and Mess Sergeant, and he and his staff will see that everything rolls according to plan. General all around assistant, bookkeeper and chief bottle washer as he himself said is S-Sgt. V. E. Bundy whose primary concern is the inevitable paper work.

One other change not so important in itself but nonetheless far-reaching will be the new system of procuring the poor old K. P. Heretofore they have been taken from Squadrons but in a very short time, all departments on the Base will be obliged to furnish their share of k. ps. This will all be done on a proportion basis and the men will serve three-day tours. Corporals on down will be honored.

Some people find it hard to realize that the Army doesn't get all the food it wants. Like all others, the Army, too, has its ration worries and the inevitable points rear their ugly heads to confuse and confound an otherwise perfectly normal person. Back home your folks may have trouble getting an ample supply of some food but when it is realized that just for the troops in this country, a 90-day supply of food is required for each man to assure the necessary uninterrupted flow of food to each soldier, perhaps the reasons for rationing and ration books will be a little clearer.

The Army is big, its problems are bigger and one of the greatest is the food problem. But through

390th Aviation Sq.

Dear Pop,

Another week has rolled around and your favorite son is again giving you the low-down on the old 390th. You know, Pop, how hard we tried to win the review ribbon. Well, we tied for first place last Saturday, and is the CO proud.

Our inter-barracks volley ball competition is in full swing with Barracks 1 still holding the lead. Pop, remember how I said it never got cold in Texas? Well, I take that back. The old woogens would have felt mighty good these past few days. Yep, Pop, Sgt. Frederick F. Smith and Cpl. George W. Brown have finally returned from Physical Education School and, boy, have they got ideas. Those guys know an exercise for every muscle in your body—and, Pop, they don't miss one.

Cpl. Brown's command of attention sounds like that old door on the garage that never got oiled. Before I forget it, Pop, you ask how good our food is; well, conservatively speaking, it is the best on the Base and, boy, do the guys wade through it. Why, even the

efficient management and supervision it is being licked. The battle against waste is unending and extends beyond the kitchen and to the men themselves in the mess-halls. Every man is given all the food he wants to eat. But he is expected to eat all he takes on his plate and brother, what a mess sergeant can do if you fail to obey his plea: "Take all you want, but eat all you take."

QM Sees

By CPL. HAROLD MELVIN

Something for nothing, fellows, something for nothing. Now there is no excuse for every man in the company not reading our "Rattler." Whether your name is in the headlines or has been unjustly used in vain, you are still limited to one copy. Remember, too, when you collect your friends' old copies, that more than ten makes a cumbersome package home.

Filed away in the Dewey Decimal system of the Purchasing and Contracting department was a very stiff and very dead little mouse. It so happened that Rachel Covington unfiled this pitiful object, and the resulting scream rocked the office. It has been reliably reported that it even tore the boys in the office from their 8 o'clock lethargy and wiped the early-morning mist from their eyes. Our only question in the matter is, "How could you, Gehlhaart."

The front end of Barracks 2 has had even less resemblance to a Miami Beach scene lately. It seems that Ladner, Melvin, Falkman, Hazinski, and Adlin and Adlin, Inc., have been waking up these frigid mornings with the ventilator fans blowing out cold air at them. Sleeping right next to the ventilator and because of numerous requests between 4 and 5 o'clock to fix the d— thing, Cpl. Ladner finally got busy and "fixed" it. It takes a meteorologist to tell the difference.

A word to the wise—think of Sgt. Pernicairo if you think you feel cold falling out for roll-call in the morning. He's out there freezing the oil in his hair while you fumble around for that lost

cooks themselves go back for seconds. Pop, those men I told you about who were always absent from formation, well, we finally found their hiding place. Where? In the officers' swimming pool (tsk, tsk). We have no trouble finding them now. Reason: check with the extra duty sgt.

No, Pop, no one has claimed the reward for the recapture of our Badger, but to hasten the recapture the reward has been upped a couple bucks to make the grand total of 4 whole dollars—boy, what a pile! By next week I'll be able to tell you about that boxing team. Well, maybe I'll give you the names now. They are Sgt. Benjamin Hughes, Pvt. George W. Brown, Pvt. Isiah Robinson, Pvt. Thomas Sophus, Pvt. Leonard Robinson and Tommie Free. So long, Pop, I hear the chow whistle, and you know I gotta go.

Your Son,
E. Z. Breezy.

Jouncing Jeep: Jitterbug Jalopy After The War

The jouncing jeep may become a jitterbug jalopy after the war if Congressman Holifield has his way.

He has introduced a bill (H.R. 3521) that would give servicemen first chance to buy surplus military equipment after the war, with price figured on a basis of depreciation of 25 per cent per year, and 10 per cent discount for purchases made with War Bonds. Thus, the quarter-ton spine-shaker would be on the market to ex-soldiers—first come, first served.

shoe. Come out on the double and roll-call shouldn't take five minutes.

FACTS AND FIGURES: The Sad Sacks hold the high team bowling total 2032, against their nearest competitors, the Yardbirds, with their score of 1696. Pretty weak competition so far for the SSs. Add Cpl. Eisinger and S-Sgt. Bodde to the company, subtract T-4 Gagnon and PFC Singer (for two months only) and subtract Chester Marzec (to the Signal Company). Four faces carried no smiles when the company picture was taken outside the office a week ago. Reason was that the dentist had removed ivory from Sgts. (H) Adlin, Cannon, and Wilder, and Pvt. Friend's mouths at the physical examination the morning before. Three men were needed to fill our quota for furloughs, Nov. 15. (the "ketch"—eligibility requires six months between furloughs.)

On Wednesday nights a small group gathers in the Chapel to discuss a topic of the week. Often ending with spirited discussion on anything from the price of ostriches in Australia to man's relative place in the universe, this gathering will welcome interested Quartermaster men. Those who don't attend the Wednesday night bowling and who would like to give their ideas a dusting can find out the particulars from Lt. Nelson.

SOLDIER FLIES TO WEDDING OF BROTHER—ALMOST

DENVER, COL. (CNS)—PFC Stan Greenspan got a 48 hour pass to attend his brother's wedding in New York. He caught a bomber at Lowry Field which took him to Wichita, Kan. Then he air-hiked to Kansas City and shunted to Chicago. There he was advised to give Salt Lake City a try. After a 24-hour stopover in Utah, Greenspan caught a bomber ride back to Denver arriving just as his pass expired.

A kiss that speaks volumes is seldom a first edition.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By T-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

"Who did it?" Yes sir, that is the paramount question of the week. That notorious Barracks No. 1 is again the scene of much discussion and plotting. Don't forget, fellows, no more than three in a crowd! First the "Quarantine" and now the "Blockade." Remember sentimentalism means submission, you must answer the avenger blow for blow. Consolation—"Detective" Pierre Bloom is hot on the trail; first, foot prints, and the latest clue was a thread. What progress! "Rookie" McBride doesn't seem to mind too much, for his social obligations have been carried on per usual. And now on into another week with their theme song, "Who Broke the Lock on the Hen-House Door," still the rage.

Again it's Au Revior to six fighting warriors who have met the challenge and who soon will be "Pistol Packing Papas." First, there is T-Sgt. Rayfield, that "Garbage King" of pioneer Pyote fame, and S-Sgt. Sprague, the "General Hatcher" and close associate of his new Captain. In close alliance, S-Sgt. Liddle, the former "Minister to Supply" without portfolio and ardent advocator of stronger wheel-barrow, also is departing. The last of the Campbells from the hills of Tennessee hopes that wherever he goes he will find hills. Both "T-6" Nido, who will now be able to make good use of his "tough" maneuvers, and Sgt. "Greasy" Garcia, the famous originator of foreign service "P" and "M" philosophy, are ready to exchange their good home for a fox-hole. Good luck, fellows.

Cpl. Dwyer, it seems, has been restricted TO the WAC day-room, or is it because he now is giving 10 easy lessons on how to become an expert pool player. Ah, Sgt. Duncan, what an apt pupil you make! Incidentally, Greg, your costume at the Sadie Hawkins Party unofficially took first place. What a time the WACs and Medics had that night, remember? That versatile character, Mercer, had extreme difficulty in several instances to prove that he was himself. Anyway, the whole affair was a howling success.

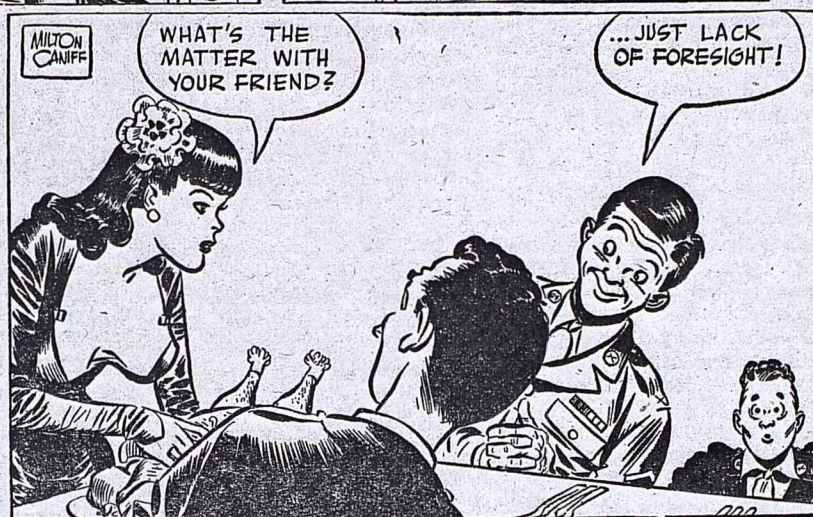
The problem that weights heaviest on our heads at this very moment is: What would be the most advisable, start issuing Davy Freier "K" rations or have him pack his lunch at breakfast time? Now wouldn't that be just the thing on the line—"every day a picnic and every night a party." How would that meet with your



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MALE CALL

BY MILTON CANIFF



requirements, Davey?

"Hm, Lt.—26—wonder how tall he is," said Cpl. Zentz at the information desk but never did she realize the patient she was referring to was standing directly before her. Was her face red! Now, Bobbie, is that the way to treat your fellow Pennsylvanian, Cpl. Lesho, who was so loyal on that trip to and from that great State? And, Cpl. Doherty, just where do you come into the picture? Reports say there was a one hour argument and in the meantime—off to the movies with someone else! Tough luck, chum.

Have you heard about the Veterinary-Sanitation Outfit, Inc.? It's "Boreski-Maleski-Kluczycski-and McPhail." Tell us, just where does the Irishman fit in? Our other "step-children" of the Altitude Training Unit, are really to be pitied, for they are working entirely too hard. Due to this "unjust condition" the Medics have decided to take off from duty hours next Saturday at 1130 for 30 seconds of silence. Let's not say any more!

"You too can be a hero," says Sgt. Garcia, and "I'll find a way or make it." He did! "Who put the wheel-barrow and 'glass-ware"

in my bed?" yelled "Rookie" McBride! Well, at the time of this writing it's still a deep secret to that old-timer. Fellows, in the event Cpl. Rowland wakes up some night and yells "Butcher-knives" don't be startled, because there's really an unbelievable true story behind that deal. T-Sgt. Schurr, could you tell us of the whereabouts of 1-Sgt. Bollmans' attractive sister? A secret? —OK.

Bowser-Bruske perhaps should be one name because where you find one you will always find the other; it makes no difference whether it's in Monahans, on the bus, or at work. There's nothing like it and do we ever get our money's worth!—first the parade and then close order drill. If you should see Miss Wanda Fehl gazing into space you can rest assured that it's "Alabama" she's thinking about and not Texas. Remember? After nearly putting a hole through the outer wall of the PX with our own bicycle, T-Sgt. Schurr has learned that brakes were placed on the velocipede for a purpose. So "12" is PFC Gaffney's lucky number; tell us about it pal. If it's the latest "reading material" you're interest-

AIR CREW TRAINEES GET ANOTHER BREAK

Word from Washington comes to the effect that if you have been eliminated from air crew training by physical disqualification, but are now physically qualified to perform flying duty, you can be reinstated.

An October 28 circular states the authority, and requests for such authority for physical re-examination and for reinstatement should be directed to the Commanding General, Air Forces Training Command, Fort Worth, Texas.

Horse sense is something that keeps a horse from betting on people.

ed in, see Pvt. Sarni. Right, barracks 5. Dalhart is so far and yet in Texas, isn't it, Miss —? Oh well! Soon "Frenchie" will confess—about the finger, of course. What's the deal on laundry—X-ray Vs. Surgery. Now who's framing who? Concerning the score of the football game—EM vs. Officers—don't be askin', for the answer would be a positive and determined "Don't Ask."

Five Big Boxing Matches Scheduled At Rec. Hall Thursday At 8:15 PM

390th Free-For-All Is Feature Attraction; Tickets Now On Sale

Tomorrow night at 8:15 p.m. five big boxing matches will be held at the Base Recreation Hall and when the night is over there will be a few unbowed heads or bloodied noses. Admission, 15 cents for enlisted men; all others, twenty-five cents.

Heading the fight card, will be Eddie Ownby of the heavy-weight division. Before entering into the Army, he was Golden Gloves champ of 1939 in Texas, and later State Pro Champion.

Other contenders on the card will be Kenneth Maynard of the Lightweight class, who will tangle dukes with his contender Danniell De Pippa. Tony Sarni of the Medics, also a lightweight, is scheduled to go against Luther H. Dadson of the 410th.

In the middle-weight, two of the tough looking scrappers, Clifford T. Weiss of the 435th Sqd., and Frank Oleksowicz of the 93rd Sqd. will match blows.

The 390th Aviation squadron will be well represented at ring time, and all indications point to a good show. Leonard Robinson, Thomas Free, Thomas Sophus, Benjamin Hughes, Richard Smith, and Eddie Gwin, will be there with the gloves on ready for action. Heading the list for the 390th boys is Isiah Robinson, who was Golden Gloves champ of Detroit, in 1939. Robinson is a Flyweight, and it has not yet been disclosed who he will fight.

Feature attraction of the evening will be a "Free-for-All" by the boys of the 390th, and this in itself will be something to see.

Tickets for this big event are on sale at your squadron mail rooms, Service Club, Special Service Office and Public Relations Office at Base Headquarters.

Soldier Sports

Cpl. Sam Nahem, bespectacled barrister who used to left hand for the Cardinals, Dodgers, and Phillies is a sportswriter now on America's Alermen, published by the Eastern Anti-aircraft Command.

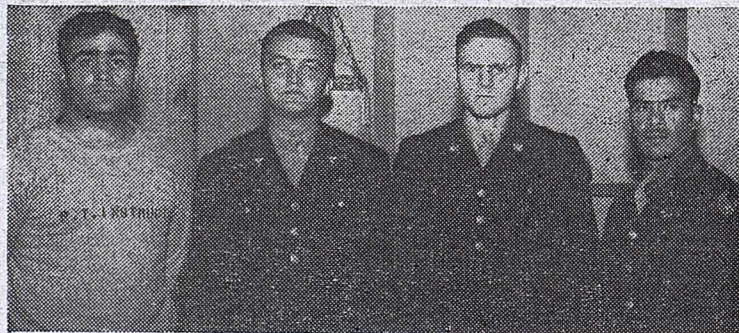
Guests at a recent sports forum held for men stationed at the municipal airport, Memphis, Tenn. were Bill Terry, former manager of the New York Giants; Lou Chiozza, ex-Giant infielder; Jimmy Brown of the Cardinals and Maj. Walter Stewart, former New York sportswriter.

Lt. Col. Wallace Wade, famed Duke University football coach, now in command of a Field Artillery battalion at Camp Butner, N. C., is in the station hospital with a broken leg. Col. Wade was injured when a jeep in which he was riding overturned.

Seductive Hips—Loosen Lips—Sink Ships.

A good line is the shortest distance between two dates!

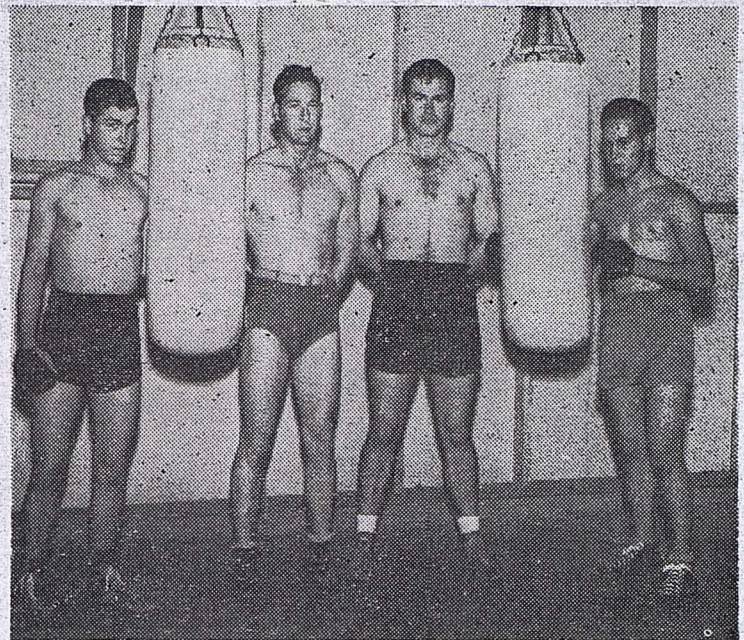
They Will Keep It Clean



Above officials have been named to see that tomorrow night's fights go smoothly and according to Hoyle. Left to right they are Sgt. Shipley Farroh, referee; Lt. Otto Krousharr, medical advisor; WO Thomas

Kleppe, judge, and M-Sgt. George Villa, time keeper. Not in the picture is the other judge, Lt. Frank Orfanello. All have had extensive experience in the fight game.

Stand-Outs On Boxing Card



To highlight the fistic fun at the Rec. Hall tomorrow night will be these ring-wise soldiers who will figure in the five big bouts. Left to right they are Pvt. Kenneth Maynard, 410th, light-

weight; T-Sgt. Clifford T. Weiss, 435th, middleweight; S-Sgt. Eddie Ownby, 28th heavyweight, and PFC Danniell DePippa, 410th, lightweight.

All Set For Free-For-All



Six of the 390th Aviation Squadron huskies show that they are primed and ready for come what may in the free-for-all bout scheduled at the boxing show tomorrow night. Standing left to right are PFCs Leonard Robinson, Thomas

Free, Thomas Sophus, Pvt. Richard Smith and PFC George Brown. In foreground are Coach Pvt. Geo. W. Brown and Pvt. Isiah Robinson, the latter 1939 Detroit Golden Gloves champ in flyweight division.

THRILLED BY CAPT GABLE

WASHINGTON (CNS)—Female employees of the Pentagon Building became excited the other day when Capt. Clark Gable came to

call. Gable, once one of the biggest stars on the silver screen but now only a bit player in the U. S. Army, recently returned to operations abroad.

A A B SPORTS

Warmin' The Bench—

Brooklyn Breathless For The Dope: 'What Bum Don't Lippy Leo Like?'

By SGT. FRANK DE BLOIS
CNS Sports Correspondent

Back of Ham Healy's saloon on New Lots Avenue, there's a tree grows in Brooklyn and if you just sit under it long enough why sooner or later a fellow is almost certain to come up to you and say: "Who's the guy that Lippy Leo doesn't like?"

He will be referring, no doubt, to the celebrated remark made by Leo Durocher, the big bell cow of the Brooklyn Dodgers, on the happy occasion of his reinstatement as manager of the Bums for the coming campaign. On that day the Lip said that—despite some ugly rumors he had heard—he really loves every last Bum on the team "with the exception of one man."

Well, who IS the guy that Lippy Leo doesn't like?

This, of course, is the burning question of the hour along Montague street. It is also being asked between sips of potheen on New Utrecht Avenue, on the Parkway, up and down Myrtle Street and in the public baths at Prospect Park. You can even smell it mingled with the herring scent in the evening breezes that waft up from Gawanus and hear it in the thunder of the waves that beat on Brighton's noble shores. It's on every lip in Brownsville and every ear in Greenpoint is flapping for the answer all Canarsie wants to know.

WHO'S the guy that Lippy Leo doesn't like?

Speculation runs high on this question among the clan of faithful that gathers every afternoon around the old hot stove in front of Left Field Louie's chestnut stand at the corner of Flatbush and DeKalb. There every effort is made to get to the nub of the problem, as the saying goes.

"All I gotta say is," says Dan Parker's friend Jeremiah Francis Looney, the three button elevator man with hash marks under each of his eyes, "is that it better not be Dixie. If they let Dixie go, it'll be the rawest deal they ever done in Brooklyn."

Jeremiah speaketh of Dixie Walker, first in the hearts of all Flatbush, who has been mentioned most prominently as the man that Lippy Leo doesn't like. It is

reported that bad cess developed between Dixie and his manager during the season.

Bad cess, for that matter, developed between the Lip and quite a number of his athletes during the season. One day Bobo Newsom squawked when Durocher dressed him down while Bobo was dressing up to go out. The Lip then suspended Bobo and the whole team went on a strike. Branch Rickey, the Number One man on the Dodgers, fired Bobo and ended the strike, sending Arky Vaughan, leader of the insurrection, back to third base where he performed with alacrity and dispatch for the remainder of the season.

Rumor hath it that the Lip doesn't like Vaughan, for sticking up for Bobo; that he doesn't like Billy Herman, because Billy wants his job; and that he doesn't like Luis Olmo, the Puerto Rican outfielder, because Luis doesn't bring him pretty flowers.

The boys at Left Field Louie's chestnut corner can't figure it out and Left Field Louie himself is as befuddled as the best of them. As a matter of fact, he has put his lament into verse. To-wit:

Is it Hoiman, Vern, or Erlmo, boys?

Coit Davis, Bordygary?

Is it Mickey Owen's brother, Or is it Typhoid Mary?

Is it Joe, the popcorn salesman, boys?

Or the goober vendor, Mike? Is it babe the batboy,

Praet the fratboy?

Hey, WHICH bum don't Lippy like?

Billy Hillenbrand, the Hoosier All-American, is back at the scene of his gridiron glories—the University of Indiana—as an Army trainee. He's not allowed to play football.

Know The Game

By CPL. HYMAN BROOKS
Sports Editor

This is just to remind all that yours truly, in writing this column, is not an expert, nor do I know all of the answers to the games of chance. This is the first of a series on various sporting games that are so popular in the Army, and we will try to explain the different games, the odds and percentages.

We'll start off with the most popular game "Craps", and point out the basic principals of the game and carry through next week on different ways of betting and system players.

Some players like to play with the dice or shooter, and this is known as "betting right". Others prefer to bet against the dice or shooter and this is "betting wrong". The most important feature in doing any kind of betting at all is knowing the actual and correct odds on the game. I've seen many men lay and take odds that would be a catastrophe to anyone's pocket, in the long run. Naturally if some one could get what is known as a "sucker's bet", all the more power to him, but be sure that you aren't one of the suckers.

Here are a list of odds on points which you should get and take no less.

10 or 4 _____ 2 to 1
5 or 9 _____ 3 to 2
6 or 8 _____ 1 for 1

In a regular gambling establishment you can get 6 to 5 on a 6 or 8, but being in the Army, it is quite all right to take even money, as the percentage is not much either way.

28th Ties League With 14-6 Win Over 435th Sq.

Whipping together that old spirit to win, the 28th Bomb Squadron Thursday trounced the 435th by a score of 14 to 6. The 28th's win ties the league and leaves another game to be played by these two teams.

The game got underway by the 435th winning the toss and receiving. The first score was made when Mindel of the 435th intercepted a pass behind his own goal line and was caught by the fast 28th team before he could bring the ball out. This made the score 2 to 0 in favor of the 28th.

Determined to make up this loss Challenger of the 435th intercepted a 28th pass on his own 5 yard line and ran 40 yards for a touchdown. This was the first touchdown of the game, making the score 6 to 2.

In the second period the 28th began to click. The 435th was bowled over by the 28th's Edge to Blair combination, Blair receiving two of Edge's passes to roll up a score of 14 to 6.

LINE UP

435th	Pos.	28th
Garrison	LE	Cargile
Brown	LG	Wolf
Mindel	C	Tamburino
Smith	RG	Weitekemp
Kamen	RE	Cervantes
Challenger	QB	Brown
Smithers	LH	Ownby
Karas	RH	Feldman

Officials: Sgt. Smith, 28th; Sgt. Parvin, 410th.

Captains: Tamburrino, 28th; Karas, 435th.

Soldier Sports: War Takes Top Men

By Camp Newspaper Service

Nov. 1 graduations of Navy and Marine Corps V-12 students weakened some of the most powerful football elevens in the country. Notre Dame, for one, lost Angelo Bertelli, Coach Frank Leahy's good right arm, and four other players. Bertelli was called to report for Marine training at Parris Island, S. C.

The University of Pennsylvania, powerhouse of the East, lost Fullback George Veling and End Ben Celian by transfers. Yale's scrappy team lost its sparkplug captain, Pvt. Timmy Hoopes and Princeton lost Bill Miller, speedy back who scored six touchdowns against the Lakehurst Naval Training Station early this fall.

Southern California had a tremendous blow dealt its Rose Bowl

hopes when Quarterback Mickey McCordle, Capt. Ralph Heywood and Pete MacPhail were transferred. Tony Butkovich, Illinois fullback on loan to Purdue played his last game for the Boilermakers Oct. 30. Mighty Michigan lost Bill Daley, top back in the nation; Capt. Paul White, another fine back, Mervin Pregulman, a great tackle, and three other men.

Chunky Steve Filipowicz, ex-Fordham fullback, is throwing his weight around for the Georgia Preflight football team.

Ens. Joe Stydager, former All Pro League tackle of the Chicago Bears, recently completed training at gunnery school. Now he's stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard armed guard center.



Supply

By **LOW SCORE FOUR**

Lieutenant Frisinger is kissing the girls good bye as we understand that in the very near future there will be bells ringing for him and his gal. Congratulations, and worlds of luck (These days you need it.)

Conley Colburn was so enthused over his trip to San Antonio that he was acting like a two-year-old kid. According to Brown's story he even tried to run out on the wings of their ship while in flight. He flatly stated he, quote, "wouldn't take a month's pay for that experience." And how about the two blondes, the brunette and the cute little Spanish-French waitress in the Cafeteria? Kinda cute, huh, Conley? Mrs. C. should look into this.

On this same trip they visited "Our Major" Saenger, who greeted them all with his familiar Pyote WHOOOOOOOOooooo. He asked about everyone, and said that he would soon pay us a visit. Hope it's not an official inspection tour. He knows all of our faults, only too, too, well.

Reports of the party over at Civilian Personnel all state that everyone had a "stinking" good time. J. O. Donaldson really let loose, as he knew he had a good supply of Bromo Seltzer on hand. As this was a well known fact the line formed to the left of his desk the morning after. We thought for a minute he had a supply of tires or some nylon hose.

Janie Blackburn was there with bells on . . . and is she ever a publicity hound! Had her picture took and everything.

That Janeski mix-up turned out to be fun . . . and a good time was had by all.

Did you know that inter-office communications are now signed "Love Letha"?

Lola Gentry is going around starry-eyed these days as her husband—a member of Pyote's first service squadron—is home on furlough. Welcome home, Gentry. Pyote has grown up, hasn't it?

Apologies to Milton Eckerman, as there should have been a fourth very good reason for the opening of Civilian Recreation Center. He had a birthday that day.

LONDON (CNS)—David Lloyd George, 80, British prime minister during World War I, was married here recently to Miss Frances Stevenson, 55, who has been his secretary since 1913.

Party Opens Civilian Rec. Hall



Enjoying the game room facilities in the Civilian Community Center's Recreation Wing, left to right, are J. O. Donaldson, Mrs. Hellen Reese, S-Sgt. Alfred Janeski, S-Sgt. Harry McDougal, Miss Jane Blackburn, and Geo. B. Heckman. Other civilian employes and their guests danced in the new ball room, played pool, downed refreshments and generally had a swell time at the grand opening Thursday night. Civilian worker morale soared at the prospect of off-hour fun in the new building which will contain a cafeteria and PX branch in addition to the Recreation Wing's game room, library, ball room, and lounge.

Signal Section

By **BETTY SHOEMAKE**

A sunny hello to everyone! This department has been very busy remodeling and getting settled again—to the ole routine! The carpenters created a wonderful change, and we shall have a house warming soon with Sgt. Bayse donating fudge candy. Right, Sarg?

Miss Mary Baldwin spent last week in El Paso, and from all accounts had one perfect time. A sailor and a diamond on the left hand could have been the reason . . . smart kid. We have a new Sgt. now . . . no one else but Ungs . . . he is proud of his new stripes and we are proud of him.

Pvt. White has been transferred from this base . . . our loss and someone else's gain. We shall miss his sunny smile every day. Sgt. Cushing is welcomed to this department, and we hope he feels at home by now. Carberry actually writes Uncle Sam, but we don't think he is very happy about the matter. Eh, Carberry? A letter from Denton seems to do his morale better!

The opening of the new Community Hall was a huge success Thursday night. Am I right, Lt. Jacobs? Jack Drake underwent a very delicate operation this week . . . losing his valuable tonsils . . . maybe he won't be so prissy from now on. How is it a guy called "Tiny" can beat a doctor's time . . . would Helen Baldwin know?

Headquarters

By **WANDA STRICKLIN**

One of the most outstanding characters in Sub-Depot Headquarters is James T. Page, training coordinator. His grand sense of humor, ability to get along with his subordinates and his willingness to admit a mistake, are just a few of the qualities that add up to make that likable personality.

Mr. Page received his education in Temple, Texas. All the positions that he has held heretofore have included association and working with numerous people, which no doubt partly accounts for the grand job he is doing here.

His favorite recreations are baseball and bowling. He came here in July from Kelly Field, Texas.

Miss Pinney returned to work Thursday morning after spending a few days in Dallas with friends.

Headquarters was well represented at the dance Thursday night. Helen Reese was there, wishing the dance would last until 7:30 a. m. . . . Mr. Page

Could you be frightened of doctors, Helen? We will stop this nonsense now and hope to see you again soon . . . in the meantime, keep 'em smiling! Oh yes, P. S., one of the proudest and happiest men in our department is Mr. James R. Watford who is now a father . . . a little black headed girl will brighten his life now. Congratulations from us all.

Parachute Patter

Whee! School is out, examinations are over and all the girls in the Parachute Department are as happy as larks. And why? Well, the final exams are over and on November 15th we will be awarded our hard-earned certificates. All the girls came through with flying colors, and I guess Ruth, our secretary who typed out the questions, must have had a heart and given us the answers. But I guess you know that Tex Harding wouldn't allow that.

Eddie DeMello wants the ladies in fabric to make him an apron so he can untie his own apron strings. He is afraid that he is imposing on the ladies in the Parachute Department. Mrs. Huffman has designed one with strings on all sides. The girls are stringing him along; now DeMello doesn't get high strung over it.

We thought that Mrs. Huffman was a good supervisor and parachute rigger, but we also found out that she has domestic abilities as well. Why? We had some apple pie she baked. The pan was very clean after we each had a sample.

Miss Ball is the quiet little woman in the Parachute Department, but she certainly did let herself go at the dance and showed everyone that she isn't as quiet as she appears to be. Nice going, we like to see people full of good clean spirit like that.

The girls are planning a big feast for Thanksgiving; it seems that we are going to go hunting one of these fine days to find our fine feathered friend, the turkey, and bring it to the department and have a nice big party.

The girls have their fingers crossed for Ruth and Leo not to get their furloughs turned down. She promised to bring back some of her mother's famous studel that we all had a sample of when she received her package. Then we will all be licking our fingers for the important goodie from New York. Not that we want to rush you, but hurry and get on that train.

and wife enjoying themselves as usual . . . John Bogard and Deane Blakney doing the usual thing — they're poker players from way back . . . Everyone reported a swell time, and a lot of thanks goes to Major Visel.

The boys of Sub-Depot have been wondering why little Maurine won't date them. Well, I couldn't blame her, and here's the reason why: she is patiently waiting for that twenty-year-old Lt. Colonel who is in the Aleutians. How 'bout that?

Mrs. Batchelor, Drafting Department, is resigning, and Selma Lane, who was transferred from AAB, Abilene, will take her place.

WAC Flak

"Speed them Back — Join the WAC." We finally heard from Sgt. Deason, one of the girls from this station who is on the alert for every girl with the Star Spangled Heart. Having the importance of the campaign impressed on them in Denver, they went to Minneapolis for instructions and to be divided into groups. Sgt. Deason is working with a group in Duluth, one of thirty such teams recruiting Air WACs in the 7th Service Command. In her group are an army captain, a WAC lieutenant, a corporal and Deason writes, quote: "A M-Sgt., seven years in the army, decorated for action on Guadalcanal, is the hero of our team."

The WACs in Pyote, who are trying to do their part, attended the showing of the movie about WACs, "Women At War." Sgt. Vincent and other WACs present spoke to the audience in regard to the recruiting drive now on. We are awaiting word from Lt. Marjorie Stewart and Sgt. Sylvia Wexler. They have promised to fill all these empty bunks with expert typists, financial wizards, mechanics, sopranos and altos—also some good dancers so everybody will be happy.

The Chapel Chorus is gaining volume all the time. Goody, Goody. Several civilian girls came last Thursday to aid Miss Robb (from the Service Club) and the WACs in making themselves heard above the men.

Birthdays of the Past Week: The versatile Lee Assante, good-natured and hard working, the ticket taker at the Base Theater and cook in the WAC Mess Hall received really lovely gifts on her birthday. Charlotte Gold celebrated her anniversary in Odessa, aided by Edna Collins, Rose Daly and Althea Wagner. Now Charlotte is wondering who gave her the bottle of Dorothy Gray cologne. Probably the next celebration will be for Edna Collins, who is our newest corporal.

Have you seen Cpl. Roden limping around since the Sadie Hawkins party? She didn't break her leg trying to get her man but simply hopped off the elephant wagon without first lowering her landing gear. Cpl. Melba Yost is missing from Locator File in Base Headquarters and we really mean missing; but aren't they lucky to have those big brown eyes down at HBC Locator File now? Have you ever watched Melba dance at the Service Club? Looks pretty good, doesn't she?

Cpl. Ruth Tucker spent a day or two in the hospital. We know you had the grippe, Tuck, but could the ride home in the truck from the big affair at a not too

Expert On Love Offers Service



MISS' SHEILA MAPLEBOTTOM

Is Cupid overlooking you as he shoots forth his little darts of happy love? Are you languishing alone on the flat Texas prairie without someone to listen to your troubles? Have you heartaches or any other ailments which come from unrequited love? If so, just sit yourself down and drop a note to "The Rattler" explaining your problem and surcease from worry and care will be yours, absolutely without charge.

Through the cooperation of a local Lonely Hearts Club, this paper has been fortunate in securing the services of Miss Sheila Maplebottom to furnish free heart advice to all personnel on this Base.

Miss Maplebottom has been answering heart problems for more than thirty years and has wide and varied experience in affairs L'amour (that's French, wrong no doubt, but it means love) and is well suited to handle all the problems of the men and women of the Base.

Her first column will appear in next week's issue of "The Rattler." If you are troubled in any way and need expert advice, drop a note to The Rattler office, outlining your problems and Miss Maplebottom will be glad to assist you. Letters do not have to be signed.

distant metropolis on Monday night have been the cause? Anyway you won't need many guesses to find out who is happiest to have you back at work in Locator File.

PFC D'Eustacio is back at work after spending two nights in the hospital. "Just something I ate," said D'Eustaccio.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Ryan from San Antonio, Texas, spent a few days with Cpl. Margie Snyder last week, and if you saw a blonde image of Margie it could have been her sister Layne.

The rumor that certain soldiers

SPECIAL SERVICE ACTIVITIES

SERVICE CLUB SCHEDULE

- Wednesday — Record Club, 7:30 p.m.
- Thursday—Russian Class; Boxing Show, Recreation Hall 8:15 p.m.
- Friday — Dance, Sponsored by Wives Auxiliary.
- Saturday—Open
- Sunday—Open
- Monday—Musical Show from Pecos Army Air Base, Recreation Hall, 8:30 p.m.
- Tuesday—Sing-Sing, 7:30 p.m.

JAL SHOW A SUCCESS

As far as Jal, New Mexico, goes, Pyote is now definitely on the map. Last Wednesday evening, our entertainment crew presented a bang-up musical variety show which held the audience enthralled. To quote one spectator, "I didn't believe it was possible for you to have so much fine talent. Believe me, your show was a real treat."

Participating in the production were Chaplain Norton with four grand songs (boy, did he get a hand); Bernard Tipple, concert violinist; Charles Lotitto, popular songs; Joe Bruno with his popular strip-tease number, and, of course Mr. Zimmerman with his Pyote dance band. Producing, and emceeing the show was Cpl. Ralph Braun, and doing a fine job, too. And fellows, when these variety shows become a weekly feature of the EMC, we hope you'll be right on hand, having a grand time.

EM WIVES SPONSOR DANCE

At 5:30 this coming Wednesday evening, the Wives Auxiliary meets in the EMC. Purpose of meeting: to plan humbug and shananigans for this week's Friday night dance, which is being sponsored by the EM Wives.

But if you don't have a wife, or even a prospect (think twice, brother), we still urge you to attend. The usual crop of local beauties will be on hand to dance

are "sweating out" an invitation to our next Day Room party has reached us. That makes us very happy and although nothing is percolating at this date, you may be sure there will be another party, and if you all cooperate as you did for our Halloween party it will be a definite success.

Bledsoe Said So.

with you, and (ahem!) entertain you. See you then!

The regular EM Wives Club weekly meeting will be Thursday at 7:30 p.m. at the club. All wives are urged to attend to get organization underway for social activities.

DON'T MISS IT!

Don't miss it! What? Why, the musical comedy being presented by the Pecos Air Base Special Service Department, Monday, November 22, 8:30 p.m. at the Recreation Hall. Don't miss it, because usually reliable sources have reported that it is a whiz-bang.

This Pecos show is part of the new policy of our Special Service Department to have exchange shows with all of the neighboring bases. In other words, they bring a production to us, and we, in exchange, send them a program.

If any of you fellows or gals would be interested in participating in these shows, get in touch with the EMC Entertainment Director, immediately.

DANCE OF PIN-UP BOY

Last Friday night's dance was sponsored by the 93rd Squadron on the theme of a Pin-Up Boy. The dance hall was fairly spotted with huge photos of a luscious GI, resplendent in a form-fitting sarong. All the girls at the dance were given an autographed photograph of "The Tempter" at the conclusion of festivities.

Highlight of dance was very delicious punch served out on the porch during intermission.

"PYOTE BINGO" BECOMES INSTITUTION

"Pyote Bingo", known commercially as Keeno, proved to be a huge success when presented at the EMC Sunday night. Those people who were old Bingo fans, and even a lot of newcomers, enjoyed the game as presented by Sgt. Lewis. And, quite a few of the luckier ones stalked away with well-chosen and welcome prizes.

Pyote Bingo is here to stay!

CIVVY DONS KHAKI; TAKES \$166 MONTHLY PAY CUT

FT. LOGAN, COL. (CNS)—Before Irving Gold was drafted he was a civilian instructor at the Army Air Forces clerical school here. His salary was \$216 a month. After his induction as a private he was assigned to his old job. His salary—\$50 a month.

Russians Drive Toward Polish, Rumanian Borders

Allies Struggle Slowly Along Road To Rome

By SGT TOMME CALL
Rattler Editor

Spurred by strategic agreements of the Moscow Conference and by recapture of Russia's ancient capital—Kiev, "Mother of Cities"—the Red Army last week drove forward into a new phase of their summer-fall offensive on the Eastern front. Perhaps it was the final phase in the liberation of Soviet Union territory.

The Germans' final great stand along the strategic Dnieper River had failed. They could hold awhile perhaps on the Bug and the Dniester, but neither offered the defenses lost along the Dnieper. Russian penetrations had begun to sever communications between vast sections of the Nazis' possible winter lines.

By this week the Red Army had by-passed Gomel, lower anchor of the Germans' line across White Russia. Farther south, Gen. "Lightning" Vatutin's forces had sped from Kiev to Zhitomir, 85 miles, in a week. At this writing he was within 35 miles of the pre-war Polish border and little more than 100 miles from the Rumanian border.

The Germans were fighting desperately in the Krivoi Rog area—where they had staged 100 counter-attacks in 10 days—in an effort to save units almost trapped in the Dnieper bend. Cut off from all land escape, the Germans continue to fight in the Crimea—but that struggle was just a matter of time for the Red Army.

In Rumania and Bulgaria—and probably in underground Poland—political elements prepared frantically for the forseen arrival of the Russians. Hitler's hold on his Balkan satellites had become very shaky indeed; almost anything now could happen in that nervous region.

Americans' smart attack on Sofia, Bulgarian capital, added more pressure, demonstrating—as had the earlier raid on Rumania's Ploesti oil fields—that the Balkan fellow-travelers were subject to imminent attack.

Taking the cue, the German high command launched a firm effort to put down the Yugoslav patriot armies along the Dalmatian coast, used surprisingly large forces in the attempt to capture and strengthen island outposts around the Balkans. Furthermore, Berlin's propaganda machinery slipped into high gear over the Lebanese-French trouble in the Middle East, desperately hoping to disturb relations among Turkey, the Soviet Union, France, Britain and the United States, all of which have interests in the region.

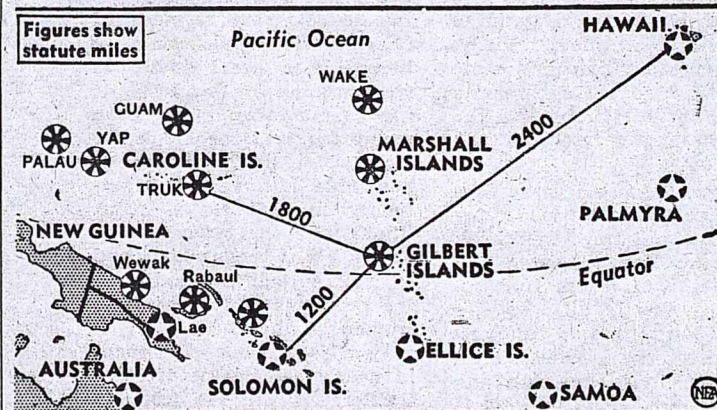
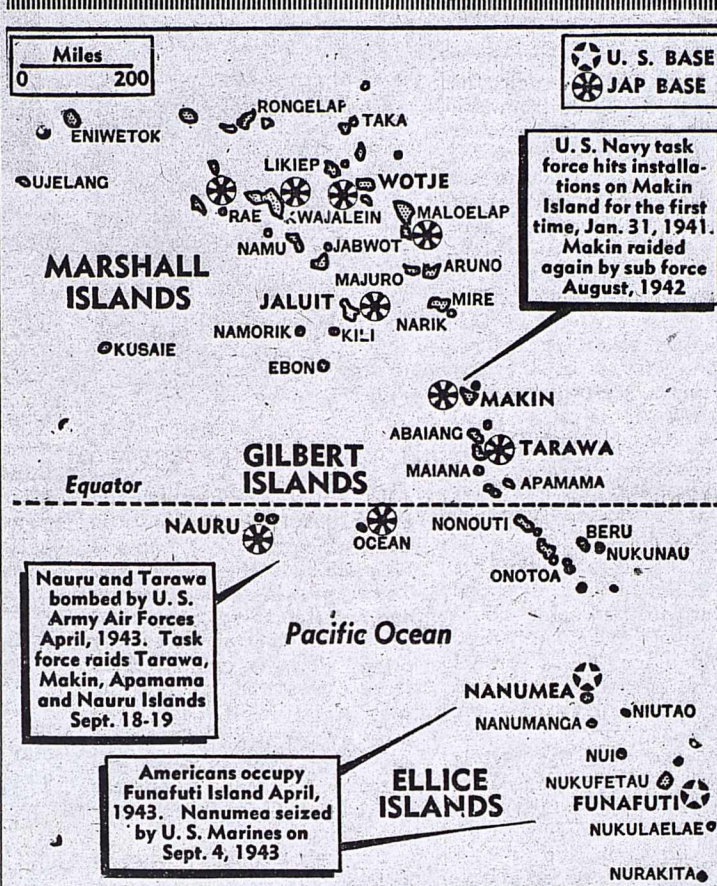
In Italy, the Allies and the Germans sparred last week in see-saw fighting, extremely heavy in half a dozen localities, while bringing up reserves for the anticipated great battle to break the Nazis' "Winter Line" across the mountain-studded shank of the peninsula. German defenses during the past 10 weeks have been a nightmare of mines, shattered communications and entrenched positions to the British and American fighters.

The Germans realize the great value of holding Rome at this time, the morale disaster of having to retreat on two fronts simultaneously. The Allies, however, moved forward relentlessly, if slowly. Improved weather to release airpower was the Allies' most immediate need.

A reasonable explanation still remained why Allied strategists have not yet thrown larger, overwhelming forces into the Battle for Rome: all ready reserves may be concentrating for another, even greater offensive. Possibilities: invasion of the Balkans, landings farther north up the Italian coast, the Channel crossing. However, weather, terrain and the Germans' necessity for a desperate defense were reasons enough for the slow progress by present Allied strength in Italy.

Most significant news from the Pacific theater last week was further attrition of Japan's seapower, naval and merchant marine. Still more dents were made in the enemy's battered lineup of cruisers and destroyers, so necessary to protecting their strained overseas supply network.

Additional sinkings by U. S. subs brought their toll of Jap ships to 346 sunk, 36 possibly sunk and 114 damaged—losses that are beginning to hurt.



Longest Front: The Pacific

United States forces are getting into position on the global war's longest front; Admiral Nimitz, Pacific fleet commander, last week said "our time has come to attack".

The Aleutians have been cleared of the enemy; his Kuriles put on the defensive. The above maps recall several stinging attacks naval and air forces have made on the Japs' mid-Pacific outposts during the past year. Similar raids subsequently have been reported, as at Marcus and Wake.

Lower map section outlines the enemy's nest of naval and

air bases above Rabaul, main objective to be taken before that section of the Pacific can be cleared. Perhaps the outer enemy-held mandates will be first after Rabaul—the Gilberts and Marshalls, probably more difficult to acquire than were the Ellice Islands.

Truk, the Jap's "Pearl Harbor" in the Carolines, is the greatest barrier to a return to the Philippines. Naval fighting in this area is greatly influenced by who holds the most strategic "island aircraft carriers".