

HAIL THE QUEEN!

Picked from among dozens of beautiful girls entered from every part of the country, Miss Myra La Teer of Saybrook, Illinois was named "Queen of Pyote." Best way to find out why is to turn the page and take a look at her picture.

Page 2

One Year Old!



Wm Lamar AAB-PYOTE

Miss Myra La Teer Awarded 'Queen Of Pyote' Title

Illinois Charmer May Visit; War Bond Goes To Muscle Man

Hail the Queen—Miss Myra La Teer, a lovely French-Irish girl from Saybrook, Illinois.

After considerable conscientious struggling of minds among the judges, Miss La Teer was named "Queen of Pyote" in the Rattler-sponsored beauty contest which ended last Saturday.

The winning picture, submitted by S-Sgt. Mason Parvin, a physical training instructor, was a snapshot two inches wide . . . but it was enough to convince all who have viewed it that the Queen was indeed well chosen.

Second place winner was Miss Julia Sanders, of Wau-rika, Okla., and third place was taken by Miss Marian Samuelson, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. As a result of a tie between the two, a coin was flipped and it gave second honors to the Oklahoma beauty. Her picture was submitted by PFC. Don R. Morris of Section D. S-Sgt. Gordon R. Larson, Finance clerk, entered the picture of Miss Samuelson.

It is understood that Miss La Teer, a cousin of Mrs. Mason Parvin, will visit in Monahans this summer. Needless to say, plans are already cooking to entertain her in a royal manner when she arrives.

"I knew she was about the prettiest girl in the United States—outside of my wife, of course," said Sgt. Parvin. "But I was bowled over when they told me she had won. It is going to make her very happy. I know."

The Queen of Pyote is "five foot two with eyes of blue," according to Parvin. She is 19 years old, weighs 118 pounds, and has chestnut brown hair to go with her blue eyes and fair features.

Around Saybrook she is well known for her occasional torch singing at public functions, and when not otherwise engaged she frequently handles the cash register at her father's cafe.

From Parvin's description of Miss La Teer, we judge that the voice is quite superfluous, but a request will be made that she appear on the weekly radio broadcast from this station during her visit.

The judges who handled the nerve-straining task were: Lt.-Col. John B. Nelson, Lt.-Col. William H. Cocke, Major Thomas D. Haigh, Major David R. Visel, Capt. Charles R. Herpich, and 1st Lt. Frank L. Orfanello.

PFC. Morris will receive the \$25.00 war bond for second money and Sgt. Larson gets \$10.00 worth of war stamps for third place. The prizes were awarded by Special Services.

Stephen Foster Songs In Festival Slated For May 3

Rehearsals for a county-wide Stephen Foster Music Festival, to be held in Monahans on May 3rd, are progressing under the direction of WO, Irvin E. Zimmerman, Pyote Station Bandmaster.

About 60 singers, and the entire 32-piece Pyote Army Air Field band, will present the chorus in the Monahans High School auditorium.

The beloved works of America's renowned composer will be sung as they were originally written by Foster. "Many changes have been made down through the years," said Mr. Zimmerman, "but we intend to sing the music exactly as Mr. Foster originally wrote it, remaining true to his purpose in writing the music."

'Happy Landings' From UP Newsmen

Willard C. Hazelbush, Southwest representative of United Press Associations, addressed the following communication to the PRO:

"The United Press is both happy and proud to extend to you, your staff and all the fellows at your field our sincere congratulations on the first anniversary of The Rattler.

"You have done a grand job in the last 12 months. As a matter of fact, the kind of job being done by The Rattler and by the other papers at the other fields and camps makes us proud of our profession.

"To The Rattler we wish many more swell editions. And to the boys who put it out—and to the lads who read it—our best wishes for "Happy Landings."

At Service Club

Thurs.—EM Wives Club Luncheon, 1200; German Class (At Courts and Boards), 2000.

Fri.—Dance sponsored by Unit B, 2100.

Sat.—Open.

Sun.—Coffee and doughnuts served, 1500-1600; Radio Hour, 1700-1800.

Mon.—Movies, 2100.

Tues.—Bridge and other games, 2030.

Wed.—Open.

The Queen



The Queen of Pyote, Miss Myra La Teer, of Saybrook, Ill., plans a visit to Monahans this summer. Arrangements are being planned whereby she can be presented to station personnel at the weekly radio show.

Second Place



Miss Julia Sanders, a Wau-rika, Okla., beauty, took second place honors in the "Queen of Pyote" contest. A war bond was awarded to PFC. Don Morris, who entered her picture.

Third Place



On the toss of a coin, third place went to Miss Marian Samuelson, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Miss Samuelson's picture was entered by S-Sgt. Gordon R. Larson, of Finance.

The Rattler Comes Of Age - - - One Year Old Today

Commandant Sends Greetings

236th
~~1944~~ COMBAT CREW TRAINING SCHOOL
ARMY AIR FIELD
PYOTE, TEXAS

22 April 1944.

Editor & Staff of "The Rattler",
236th Combat Crew Training School (H),
Army Air Field, Pyote, Texas.

I am reminded that the 27 April 1944 will be the anniversary of the initial publication of this Base, titled, "THE RATTLER".

It would be an omission on my part to pass congratulating the Staff of this fine publication for its successful editions in the past year.

Will you please extend to the persons contributing to The Rattler, my sincere appreciation for their success and I truly hope that it will prove even more popular to this and other commands in the future.

Bernard T. Castor

BERNARD T. CASTOR,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding *AFRC*

Enters Winner



S-Sgt. Mason (Lefty) Parvin, a former pro and semi-pro baseball player in the Middle West, entered the picture of Miss Myra La Teer which won the Rattler's Queen of Pyote contest. Sgt. Parvin is shown here stabbing a hot one at his first-base position in a recent practice session.

SAN FRANCISCO (CNS)—Fifty policewomen have been assigned to San Francisco's downtown night patrol to curb drinking by juveniles. "We seem to calm them down better," one policewoman said.

'May You Have More Success' Says AF PRO

Congratulations for the past year's work and best wishes for a more successful second year of operation were included in a letter received from the Public Relations Officer of the Second Air Force, Captain Stephen D. Donahue.

Capt. Donahue's letter read:

"Lt. Thomas F. McLaughlin, Public Relations Officer, Army Air Field, Pyote, Texas.

Dear Lt. McLaughlin:

The Rattler staff is to be congratulated on the first anniversary of its publication for having maintained a high degree of editorial sagacity in providing knowledge and entertainment for the personnel of the Rattlesnake Army Air Field, Pyote, Texas, this last year. May the staff's success of the past be eclipsed only by its attainments in the future.

Sincerely,

Stephen D. Donahue
Captain, Air Corps
Public Relations Officer

Weekly Paper Adds First 'Button'; Today's Issue Is No. 1 Of Vol. 2

Twenty one years, we understand, is the accustomed age at which the youth automatically drops his childish ways, stands up on his hind legs and proclaims to the world that he has become a man. That was, of course, a pre-war idea which applies to various domestic and political situations today but has little meaning to the 18- and 19-year olds we have with us in the Army.

But with Rattlers it is different. At the ripe age of one 366-day year the rattler has added his first button, which he takes great pride in showing off before the little rattlers who haven't yet reached the pinnacle of manhood.

And with The Rattler, the one you hold in your hands, today's the day. We're adding our first button—a complete string of 52 weekly papers published at this station during the past year.

Today's issue is No. 1 of Volume II. With it we start our second year of publication at Pyote.

The period since April, 1943, has been quite a spell, some of the old-timers around here will agree. Many changes have come into effect at the station . . . practically all the personnel that was here a year ago has moved on . . . the station has grown, each time getting better until now it is considered one of the best.

A year ago this month, a buck private, Tomme Call, late of San Antonio and at that time a close-cropped inductee, landed at this base. Tomme found they had quite a staff around the PRO—two officers and four enlisted men; but weren't yet putting out a paper.

This task fell into his lap. One day Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., Commanding Officer of the Base, walked into the PR Office. "I want a paper by April 27," he informed his audience.

They got it out . . . On April 27, Vol. 1, No. 1, hit the stands. At that time it wasn't a give-away proposition but cost each of its readers a five-cent piece.

The first six issues were 12 pages each, but three months after the sheet was initiated its features and organizational copy had expanded to the point where an additional four sheets were necessary. Since then The Rattler has been 16 pages each week.

The format, conceived by Pvt. Call, is considered one of the brightest among all camp papers and hasn't changed since it was initiated.

In its general purpose the Rattler has not changed either—it is a GI paper, intended primarily for the enlisted personnel and is subject to their wishes at any time. The minor changes made during the past year were in deference to these wishes. Criticism and help has been welcomed at any time by

the staff of the Rattler, which works out of the Public Relations Office.

In a large measure, the successive commanding officers of this station have been responsible in the long run for the work of the Rattler. Including the present Commandant, Col. Bernard T. Castor, they all have taken a personal interest in it and have cooperated to assure its existence.

The staff has had a full turnover, except for one man—Cpl. Hyman Brook, who started out as sports editor and circulation manager, still holds the double post.

Pvt. Call, a graduate of the University of Texas school of journalism, worked up to buck sergeant and finally, in February of this year, was appointed to OCS. He is now sweating out a set of bars at Miami Beach, and hopes to get into the same type of work when he graduates.

Indicative of the extent the Rattler has grown is the circulation mark. For several months 2,000 copies of each issue were printed, but eventually increasing demands boosted the mark to 3,000, where it now stands. It was in demand from the first, even when it cost money. When 2,000 copies were turned out weekly, around 1800 copies were sold in addition to the mailing list.

Shoulder Patches To Be Changed

Unofficial reports have it that the present shoulder patch in use throughout the Second Army Air Force will be discarded shortly and that a new one will be introduced.

This new patch is said to be the old Army Air Forces patch with the number two embroidered on it.

Although this report is unofficial, there seems to be sufficient grounds to warrant a cessation of purchases of the square patches. As further news of this is received, "The Rattler" will carry it in its columns.

STORY OF RATTLER: It's An Army Labor Of Love

It Isn't A Topsy Affair: Paper Must Be Carefully Built Weekly

In case you've ever wondered: "How come the Rattler?" we will pause a moment to thank you for the notice and then try to take you behind the scenes and show you how this weekly journal is produced.

Putting out papers is a deeply ingrained habit with the American people, and a fellow doesn't change his reading habits when he puts on the uniform. With this in mind, it is the policy of the War Department to allow, wherever practicable, some sort of publication to be issued. Most camps, posts and stations in the Continental United States have them and many organizations put them out while overseas.

About all you need to put out a GI paper, especially those in battle zones, is what the old-time newspapermen used—a shirt-tail full of type. Provided, that is, that the shirt tail belongs to somebody who's willing to toil a little and work a few nights, maybe, or even sweat a little blood, so that he and his fellow soldiers can have a few lines of type tailored to their taste. At infrequent and sometimes highly sporadic intervals they perform that soul-satisfying operation known to the trade as "putting it to bed", or going to press. Then, a few hours or a few days later it gets to the GI Joes who will read it and cuss it a little in what are facetiously known as "hours of leisure."

But here in the States—and back to the Rattler—it is different. This paper is printed in the office of the Monahans News and it is the product of both military and civilian labor. We have the facilities of a modern engraving plant—the News Engraving Company in Abilene—which assures us good cuts to use each week. The local art is one of the strongest features of the Rattler.

It takes two days at least to make up and print the Rattler each week, after the type is set, due to limited press facilities.

Two soldiers stationed here, Pfc. John Scofield and Sgt. Frank J. Comyns, set most of the type that is used. Scofield formerly was linotype operator on the Kodiak Bear while stationed in Alaska.

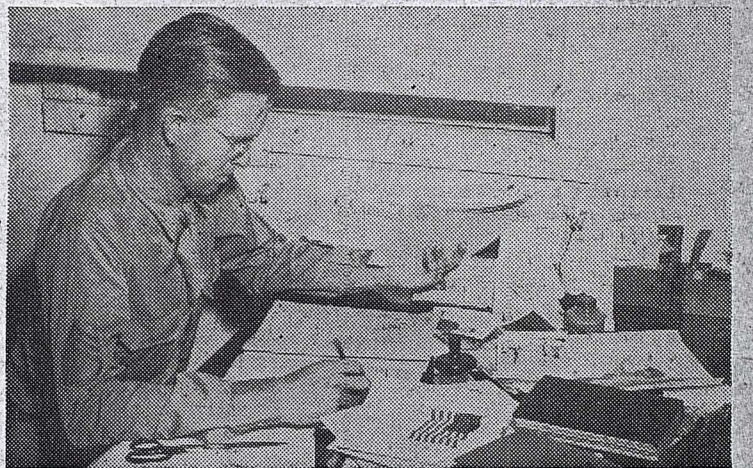
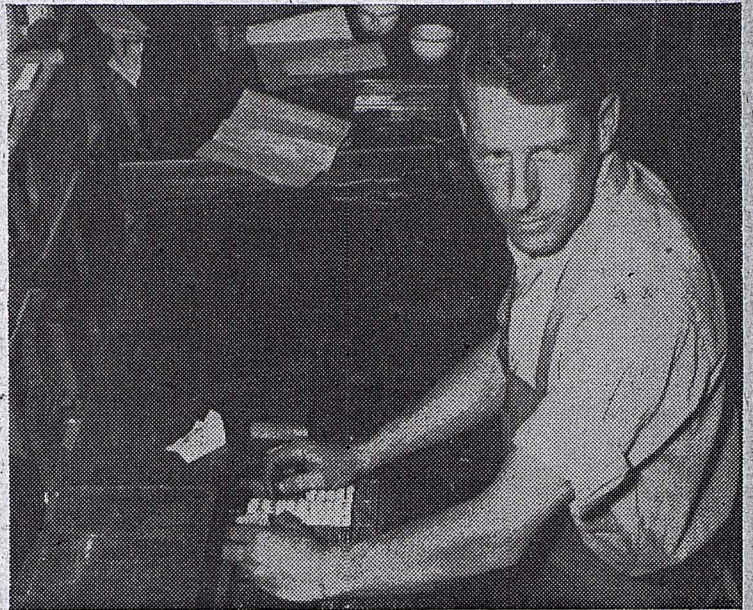
Sometimes, as on the famed Kodiak Bear, the newspaper that was put out by the boys in the Aleutians campaign, air transport is used to bring the men in the front lines the news. The Kodiak Bear was printed in the shop of the Anchorage Daily Times, in Anchorage, and then flown to Fort Greeley on Kodiak Island for distribution. In other places, the news-gatherers and printers operate much closer to the front lines. But

(Continued on Page 5)

Transforming the deathless prose of khaki-clad columnists into reading matter is the job of Edgar (Curly) Sprinkle, top. Monahans printer who turns out the Rattler. Curley is shown making up a form while keeping an eye on the press which is running.

No sooner is one Rattler out before ye old editor has to sit down and sweat out the plan for another. Right, Sgt. Nash is trying to dream up something for a future issue.

When ideas are scarcer than rain in Pyote, and when the deadline draws near, the thing to do is call an editorial conference. Bottom, 1st Lt. Thomas F. McLaughlin, Public Relations officer, Sgt. Nash, and Cpl. Hyman Brook chew the rag concerning next week's copy. As soon as new ideas are hatched the boys go out and beat the bushes for information and pictures.



Story of Rattler

(Continued from Page 4)

they all serve the same purpose and have the same problems.

The Rattler is off the press and ready for distribution by Wednesday night each week . . . which means that the shop work must begin Tuesday morning. This mostly consists of sweating out each press run, making proper corrections, and tending the Little Giant.

The Little Giant, about which you've probably never heard unless you're a printer, is the press. The Little Giant is designed primarily for job work (commercial printing) and when it turns out the 11 X 18-inch sheet you're now reading, it is working at capacity.

The Little Giant is more temperamental than a jealous woman, more obstinate than a determined donkey, and as fickle as West Texas weather. She has to be wooed in the old peace-time style—slow and easy; must be cajoled and entreated with all the blandishments due a first sergeant when looking for a pass; must be pampered and petted and plied with oil, ink, paper, and sundry other items at psychological moments. Finally, sometimes The Little Giant has to be threatened and bulldozed. When all else fails, a few well-chosen words taken from Page 59 of FM ZB 30-192 (A Guide to Practical Profanity) will do the trick. Shocked into compliance, the Little Giant will run smoothly for as long as 20 minutes on the stimulus.

Edgar (Curly) Sprinkle, manager of the Monahans News print shop, is the boy who coaxes the Little Giant. In addition, he is his own stereotype man and floorman. Curley makes up each Rattler run while keeping a wary eye cocked at the press.

Getting the copy with which the pages are filled is a job requiring some ingenuity. The pictures are taken usually on Friday and Saturday, and must be in the mails by Sunday afternoon in order to reach Abilene in time to make engravings.

The Station Photo Lab, under the guidance of Lt. John E. Stine, produces the photographs which go into the Rattler. The pictures made by the Photo Lab are considerably above par and a lot of credit is due the enlisted staff of the Photo Section for the fine art work that the Rattler has run during the past year. Most of the pictures are taken by Sgt. Joe McGrath, Cpl. Harry Englesman, and Pfc. James Bressman, and the entire Photo Section staff has contributed to this work.

Squadron correspondents are urged to submit their copy to the Rattler. We have several "old faithfuls" who each week labor-

Hollywood Reader



Joyce Reynolds is merely one of the thousands of reasons why Texans like to boast about the pulchritude of their women. A San Antonio girl, she broke into movies when Mike Curtiz noticed her and signed her to a part with Jimmy Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy". She has discriminating taste in her reading matter, as is evidenced by this shot caught as she was scanning The Rattler. "It's a keen Army paper," she says. "I like to read it regularly and find out what the fellows in the Army are doing." Her next picture is "Adventures of Mark Twain."

ously pound out material. Pictures of some of these correspondents are being carried in this issue.

Theoretically, the Rattler is inclined along the same editorial lines as YANK. The funds that pay for the printing come out of the Post Exchange profits, in line with Second Air Force policy. And according to army regulations these profits must be used for the benefit of the enlisted men.

There being no other publication for the station, and as the Rattler intends to give a well-rounded presentation of the news, its columns are not shut off to either officers or civilians' activities which need to be publicized. But, understandably, most of the copy is written about enlisted men. In the long run the paper is being paid for by them, so naturally their desires are considered and most of the play goes to them.

The format of the Rattler has not been changed from its basic design which was started a year ago this week. It's not because we're in a rut and like it, but because this format is among the most attractive of any type of the

camp papers that reach the Public Relations Office.

Most of the editorial work is done in the Publications Office, although strictly according to the book the publication of a camp organ is a Special Services function, and the PRO is supposed to be a censor for the news.

On the staff are: Cpl. Hyman Brook, a Cleveland, Ohio, boy; and Pvt. Sterling Conrad, a recent addition, from Mass. A member of the Combat Crew Detachment Pool, Sgt. Bill Lamar, of Corpus Christi, Texas, is at present turning out copy and cartoons for the office in his spare time. He it is whose cartoon adorns the cover of this issue. S-Sgt. Robert Nash, another Texan, sits in the editor's uneasy chair.

Camp Newspaper Service, both news copy and feature cartoons, are used. Usually the first thing a Rattler reader turns to is Miss Lace, and the second is the Wolf.

As much as possible we try to stray away from "canned" or prepared, copy, but when the news has enough widespread interest we use it.

'Ten Best Of Year' Picked

The ten biggest stories of the year carried by the Rattler were:

April 27—Growth of base since it opened four months before covered; several thousand acres that were once inhabited by coyotes, cactus, mesquite and rattlesnakes yield to hands of builders and become one of nation's largest bomber installations.

June 9—Col. Louie P. Turner, veteran of military aviation and a pioneer in heavy bombardment, becomes new CO of famed 19th Bomb Group, coming here from the Alamogordo, N. M., air field.

June 16—The Wacs, who then spelled their name WAAC, marched their way into ribbon-holding first place at the first monthly inspection and review held on the base.

Oct. 6—A red-letter day was marked up as the long-awaited Enlisted Men's Service Club opened its doors. A formal dance marked the occasion.

Oct. 27—Probably the most important story of the year came with the announcement of the new reorganization of the field, consolidating group and base functions. New name of the school was the Bombardment Crew Training School. The organization was first headed by Col. Turner.

Dec. 8—With a parade, barbecue and dance, the new USO in Monahans was thrown open for the soldiers of Rattlesnake Army Air Base.

Jan. 19—The weather broke into the headlines this week with a severe eight-inch snow storm. Back home for most of us, this would be a light snowfall, but here it was one of the biggest in several years. Entire personnel of the base had fun tossing each other into the soft flakes. Only ones who took a beating were the Texans who had been boasting continuously about their fine weather.

Jan. 20—Col. Turner, who won the admiration and respect of every man on the field while here, left for a new assignment.

Jan. 27—Col. Bernard T. Castor came here from Harding Field, Baton Rouge, La., to take command of the station. A veteran of the first World War which saw him win his wings at Ellington Field, where he was commissioned, Col. Castor has commanded several stations and has served in the Hawaiian Islands.

April 5—All previous records were smashed by the Pyote Field during the month of March, as 11,457 hours of flying time was hung up on an 18-hour schedule.



CONGRATULATIONS
 to
THE RATTLER
 ON YOUR
1ST ANNIVERSARY
 and *BEST WISHES*
 to the gang at
AAP
PYOTE, TEXAS

from.....
Lace, WOLF

Lace, WOLF  CAMP NEWSPAPER SERVICE,

Cpl. Sansone 

Jimmie Fidler In Hollywood

The following column was forwarded to "The Rattler" by Jimmie Fidler, ace Hollywood reporter for use in the anniversary edition. Along with the column, Fidler sends his best regards to all here at Pyote. As he said, "I served with the Marine Corps during the last war, so my wishes for your and their 'good luck' come from the heart."

By the way, if there are any autograph collectors on the Field, we have a few at the Public Relations Office which might prove of interest. Drop in and look them over. They're yours for the asking.)

HOLLYWOOD—I never pick up a hitch-hiking service man without asking him questions about his movie likes and dislikes. Most of them talk glibly, and from their conversation I've gleaned at least one fact that should be seriously considered by Hollywood. The boys in uniform, almost without exception, are grateful to the stars who have visited their camps and put forth extra effort for their entertainment. But they actively resent the fact that many stars haven't carried their share of this load.

Considered as a group, screen celebrities have done a swell job. Top-notchers like Bob Hope, Kay Kyser, Jack Benny, Nelson Eddy, Joe E. Brown and dozens of others have traveled thousands of miles and made great sacrifices to bring entertainment to outlying posts. But there are dozens more who have dodged camp tours.

Undoubtedly many of them have excellent reasons. I know of several who have wanted to make tours but have been prevented by picture assignments, poor health or business commitments.

But the service men—10,000,000 of them by the end of this year—have no opportunity to hear such explanations. Unfairly in many cases they are going to judge screen stars on the basis of actual performance. Their judgement, after the war, is sure to make or break many a player.

IDOL CHATTER: Anyway, Hollywood glamour girls can be glad Uncle Sam hasn't rationed divorces. In-a-phrase description of Basil Rathbone: Sneer perfect. The man who started that rumor about Englishmen lacking a sense of humor should have known Cary Grant. Orson Welles would feel at home in any Army Camp—with Mrs. Welles' photo on most bunkhouse walls. You can't blame Dixie Lee Crosby if she regards Bing as a "boy" wonder. With that eternal glow, why not call him "Ruddy" Vallee? Carmen Miranda puts into a rhumba what Will Hays won't allow in sweaters.

The day before she trained for New York, Ann Southern received a letter and a package from her in-the-Army spouse, Robert Sterling. The letter read as follows: "Ever since I went into the service, you've been saying you'd like to share the full hardships of war. Remembering that laudable statement, and realizing how difficult it is to get meals on the train, I've thought of a way to kill two birds with one stone—and I do mean 'stone.' Open the accompanying package—and thank Heaven for your wonderful digestion." In the package was a tin of Uncle Sam's regulation "K" rations.

QUOTES AND COMMENT: Frank Sinatra: "I eat like a horse." So will we all if the meat shortage continues! . . . Margo: "A soldier's greatest delight is a letter from his sweetheart." Correct, girls—so put that e-pistle down . . . Magazine: "Susan Peters, suddenly offered a screen test, was astonished, amused, revolted, apprehensive and intrigued." If her expression showed all that, no wonder they signed her! . . . Column: John Ridgley will go far in Hollywood because he's as typically American as apple pie." Yeah, this business takes plenty of crust . . . Column: "The outstanding features of Paulette Goddard are energy and ambition." They look nice in a sweater, too.

No actor working in "Marine Raiders" will forget the experience. The majority of scenes were filmed at a Marine Corps training base, and the actors underwent the same training as actual Service Men. On the set one day, I asked Russell Wade what one incident stood out most sharply in his memory. "That is easy," he answered. "We were shooting scenes which required us to crawl through barbed wire and under a barrage of machine gun bullets, aimed about four feet above the ground. A Marine officer gave us final instructions. 'I know you customarily film each scene several times,' he informed us, 'but I want to emphasize that the bullets you'll hear whistling overhead are real. If anyone decides to stand up, this scene will undoubtedly be re-taken. But not until another actor is brought here from Hollywood.' We got the point!"

A Short Order Of Beef

(The one man who has done most to increase the sales of encyclopediae is undoubtedly silver-thatched John Kieran, star of "Information Please" and author of the sparkling column which brightens the otherwise staid pages of the New York "Sun". Mr. Kieran has established an enviable reputation both as a scholar and, in our books, as a humorist. Added to this is the fact that he is a Fordham U. alumnus and you have a thumbnail sketch of our favorite present-day author.)

Asked to contribute to this issue of "The Rattler", Mr. Kieran dashed off the following short opus and although he may not have known it at the time, it is indeed a touchy subject he skims through.

Our thanks to John Kieran for taking the time to bat out this column for us and here's hoping you enjoy it.)

By John Kieran

Is this the Complaint Department? I'd like to complain about some things in this army and I'm a little shy of getting lost in the Judge Advocate's quarters. I'd rather leave it here if you have room.

It's a technical point—all this stuff about technical sergeants and corporal technicians and whatever else may have sprung up in ranks since I last looked. What's going on in this man's army? I'm an old soldier myself and it has me buffaloed and hog-tied and botched—look out there, printer!—and bewildered.

We had corporals and sergeants in our army of 1917-1918 but there was nothing technical about those old birds. They were very realistic. Sure, we had buck sergeants and top sergeants and battalion and regimental sergeants and also some !!%‡||\$*-*! sergeants if you consulted some of the rear rank privates. But these technical non-coms are out of my world and I feel sore about it. Maybe the next move will be to have Clinical Corporals and Theoretical Sergeants.

What I would like to know is who tampered with the ancient and honorable Tables of Organization in this fancy fashion and was it the same guy who drew up—in another governmental field—the famous document known as Internal Revenue Department Form 1040 (Victory and Personal Income Tax Return for 1943)? Anyway, I'm agin it. Put this down at a protest from ex-Sergeant 160638, 11th U. S. Engineers.

Governor Boosts Rattler



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
AUSTIN, TEXAS

COKE STEVENSON
GOVERNOR

April 13, 1944

S/Sgt. Robert H. Nash
Editor, THE RATTLER
Army Air Field
Pyote, Texas

Dear Sergeant:

My heartiest congratulations to THE RATTLER on its first publication anniversary, April 26.

Yours is a responsible task which you have carried on admirably. Yours is a difficult mission to fulfill and you have accomplished it in the finest manner. As a morale builder, as a medium for keeping the spirit of Pyote Army Air Base at the highest level, THE RATTLER plays a vital role. Civilians also benefit from your publication. In them it arouses a keener and more heartfelt interest in the cause of Democracy and Freedom.

Texans have a special interest in the men of that great training center, as well as in other army fields in our State, where men are being trained and conditioned to carry out successfully gallant exploits that will live forever in history.

My hope is that your publication will continue to carry its vital message so long as necessary to overcome the common enemy.

Sincerely yours,

Coke Stevenson
Coke Stevenson

EDITORIAL

Where Do We Go?

Each birthday is usually a time for taking stock and asking the question: "Where do we go from here?"

And as today is our birthday, we look back with considerable pride on the progress made by Rattlesnake Bomber Base since April 27, 1943. The question, "Where do we go from here?" is perfectly natural with so many great events impending. The pages of history keep turning faster and faster—some of its greatest chapters are being written today.

With the greatest conservatism, we can say that a year from now we will be much nearer to victory than we are today, just as we are today a great deal closer than we were a year ago. In the spring of 1943, when this station was still in its formative stages, the total air warfare now being wielded on the Axis was an unproven idea. The thousand-plane-plus formations of Fortresses that have since strewn havoc over the Continent then existed only in the minds of our leaders.

The pilots, navigators, bombardiers and crewmen who were to man them were still training at technical schools and flying fields. The planes they have flown were being assembled in airplane factories.

Bringing the crews together at Pyote, introducing them to their ships, and teaching them to fly and fight as a unit, has been the work done in the past year. No one, outside of the men on the fighting fronts, has made a greater contribution to the war than the personnel of this station. Today results of their work can be seen written in the headlines of the daily papers and heard over the air. Hundreds of crewmen who have trained here have distinguished themselves in aerial combat.

It has been the prideful task of The Rattler, during the past 12 months, to record many of the outstanding happenings incidental to this great training operation. As time for the anniversary drew near, some nice remarks were tossed in our direction.

But we feel that any credit coming this way goes to the entire station personnel, from the Station Commandant on down. The accomplishments of the past year were made possible only by the sincere cooperation of all personnel.

"Where do we go from here?"

The answer is, we keep going forward . . . keep the planes up there for the trainees and keep the ground training program going and keep our own work going and keep on setting the kinds of records that made news during Volume 1 of The Rattler's publication.

Keep on doing that, and we'll get to Berlin and Tokyo a lot sooner. And after all is said and done, Berlin and Tokyo is where we are going from here.

THE RATTLER

Published Each Wednesday at the Rattlesnake Army Air Field
236TH COMBAT CREW TRAINING SCHOOL
Pyote, Texas

COL. BERNARD T. CASTOR
Station Commandant

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Lt. Thomas F. McLaughlin, Public Relations Officer
Lt. George A. Hoffman, Special Service Officer

S-Sgt. Robert H. Nash, Editor

Cpl. Hyman Brook Sports Editor, Circulation
CORRESPONDENTS: T-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp, PFC Ed Koops, Cpl. Edna Collins, Sgt. Jack Cannon, PFC John R. Scofield and Sgt. W. H. Lamar.

PHOTOGRAPHERS: Sgt. Joseph J. McGrath, Cpl. Henry Englesman, and PFC. James Bressan.

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The Wolf

by Sansone



Banana-Nose Hope Tells You Why He Goes All Out For Red Cross

Shortly after Bob Hope returned from his recent tour of the fighting fronts, entertaining G.I. joes and gals, the editor of this sheet wrote to the madhatter of Hollywood with the ski-run snoot and asked for a few well-chosen words on one of the things which impressed him the most while on the other side of the pond.

Without a doubt the work of the American Red Cross must be all it claims to be for Bob Hope is very earnest in his indorsement of its work.

We take this opportunity to thank Bob Hope for his courtesy and thoughtfulness in sending us this short squib and also the classic shot which accompanies it.

Hiya fellows:

I guess we're all mighty proud of our Red Cross because we realize what an important part it plays in our fight to victory.

Yes sir, plenty of pilots and gunners and leathernecks and doggies are alive tonight just because of Red Cross blood plasma . . . and kids sweating it out behind Nazi prison wire saw a little of American sunshine today because of Red Cross food and medical kits. And the Medics worked miracles again today partly because of nurses recruited



by Red Cross . . . and there's hot coffee and doughnuts in Italy now because of pretty Red Cross Girls . . . and laughter in the jungles because of Red Cross Service Clubs.

And I could go on for some time telling you of the work of the Red Cross . . . but you all know how important it is. That's the reason we're going all out for it . . . 100 per cent . . . until this war is won.

Sincerely,
Bob Hope

Greetings To A Year-Old Rattler!

(We are happy and proud to present the following editorial in this week's issue of "The Rattler". It was written by Mr. Frederic Nelson, associate editor of the Saturday Evening Post, who, incidentally, writes most of the editorials carried in that national weekly. Our thanks to the Saturday Evening Post and to Mr. Nelson. His words have done wonders for our morale.)

Whatever else you say about the United States of America, it is certainly the publishingest country in the world. Where two or three American males are gathered together, up pops a new magazine. That the Army Air Force at Pyote Field could produce as neat and finished a job as The Rattler is a tribute to the genius of the American, who can utilize the scant spare time they are now issuing to airmen to print the news of what goes on.

And don't think that people on the outside are indifferent to what The Rattler and hundreds of other service papers have to say! We in the magazine business look over scores of them for stories, ideas, cues as to what people in the service would like to read in the periodicals they buy. After all, the subscribers of the Rattler et al are going to do most of the reading, writing and buying of the future. Your tastes and ideas are going to be Number One in the Post War World, when, as, and if issued; so it isn't just morbid curiosity when an editor or a publisher is found reading the news and gags in The Rattler.

But neither is it just commercial instinct. The truth is that editors, like most civilians, look upon men in the services a little wistfully. You've heard about the "gap" between soldier and civilian. Perhaps the soldier thinks he is more conscious of it than the civilian is. But the civilian feels self-conscious, too. He may look pretty smug to men in uniform, but ten to one he feels very humble indeed. Sometimes he bursts out with something like "I certainly wish I was out there with you fellows." To the G.I., this sounds hypocritical, but lots of times it isn't. The Rattler and its esteemed contemporaries gets some nostalgic readership where the editors wouldn't look for it.

The editor who handles a lot of the letters that come to us here in Philadelphia reports that men who write in about their families usually say "my son" when they're speaking of the junior partner or the husband of a daughter-in-law, but, once the son puts on the uniform, he becomes "my boy." That's how it is on the sidelines, and maybe it's a thought for editors of service men's magazines.

Congratulations, in any event, to The Rattler on its first anniversary. And good luck to its able staff and gallant readers on all their missions!

Free Ride On Merry-Go-Round

THE DAILY
WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ROBERT S. ALLEN
1035 TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET, N. W.

DREW PEARSON
1315 TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET, N. W.

February 22, 1944

Lt. Thomas F. McLaughlin
19th Combat Crew Training School
Office of Public Relations
Army Air Field
Pyote, Texas

Dear Lt. McLaughlin:

May I take this opportunity of extending my congratulations and felicitations to the staff of the Rattler for the swell job it has been doing. I have known a whale of a lot of newspapers published with all of the modern methods of civilian newspaperdom and some of the best writers in the country, which haven't looked as snappy, as bright and as constructive as the Rattler. More power to you and long may you wave!

Very sincerely yours,

Drew Pearson
Drew Pearson

EP:4

*Happy Birthday to the
"RATTLER"*

*from the
"SAD SACK"*



Sgt. George Baker

New Method of Smothering Fires to Death Put Into Use at This Field

How to fight fuel blazes has been quite a job all along for firemen, whether civilian or military, but with the aid of some new machinery the task has been simplified a lot.

The new equipment, designed to smother a fire to death in a matter of seconds, has been installed at this station and is now ready for use. Several demonstrations have been run to accustom the firemen to using the equipment.

Roughly, the idea is to apply some liquified carbon dioxide, commonly known as "dry ice" to the blaze. If the fire can be completely enveloped in the foam, it will "smother" to death. Equipment used for this purpose consists of a large truck carrying 3,000 gallons of the mixture, with a boom mounted overhead which can point down at the fire and flexible lines leading from the sides which can be directed at other parts of the fire.

When the truck arrives at a fire the smoke eaters really have to get their job done in a hurry—for it takes only 58 seconds to empty the large tank when all hoses are working, and it takes about a half hour to reload again.

Recent demonstrations given here have shown the Pyote firemen, as well as visitors from Midland and Pecos fields, how to use the equipment.

Outstanding States SSO

A pat on the back for the Rattler staff came from the office of the 2nd Air Force Special Services Officer in the form of an anniversary greeting. The message, addressed to the Commandant, follows:

"The Special Services Office, Headquarters Second Air Force, expresses its sincere congratulations to you and the entire staff of the publication, "The Rattler," on its forthcoming anniversary. The Rattler is one of the outstanding base publications in the Second Air Force, complete, informative, and entertaining.

"The entire Staff is to be highly complimented."

Bernard J. Regan
Captain, Air Corps
Ass't. Spec. Serv. Off.

"Bombs A' Burstin", New Radio Show, Takes To Air

Hour Program To Be Presented Sunday From Theater No. 2

Sixty solid minutes of music, fun and information about the Army went on the air from this station last Sunday, when Radio Station KIUN of Pecos carried "Bombs A' Burstin", the first of a series of weekly shows of a similar nature.

The Station Band furnished musical backgrounds and a pleasing variety of hot and sweet music that went over big with the audience. The show was presented in the Enlisted Men's Service Club before a packed house.

Next Sunday's broadcast, starting at 5 p.m. or 1700 Army time, will be presented from Theater No. 2 on the post, it has been announced. The change was necessitated due to the acoustical difficulties encountered in the Service Club.

A quartet of colored soldiers provided several good harmony numbers which were well taken. Cpl. Irv Marder of the Station Band sang two popular ballads.

T-Sgt. George A. Burke, a much-decorated member of the 19th who fought as a bombardier in the early stages of the war, was interviewed and told a few of his experiences.

Pvt. Bill Woolsey was announcer for the show. Most of the script work was done by Pfc. Ed Koops.

Another new feature will be some hillbilly music presented by a group of the boys from the Guard Squadron.

Here's Chance To Get Yank And Help Unit Fund

This pay day soldiers stationed here will have a chance to buy a year's subscription to Yank, the Army Weekly, under a special offer that will benefit each subscriber's unit.

Here's the deal. In every orderly room an enlisted man or clerk will be appointed by the CO to enter Yank subscriptions as men leave the pay table. At the special Yank table, subscribers' names will be listed as they peel off a buck or two, depending on how long they want their subscriptions to run. The rates are \$2.00 per year (52 issues) or \$1.00 for six months (26 issues).

In any language it's a bargain at these rates, with its pin-ups, and news from the fronts.



Pvt. Bill Woolsey, left, and PFC. Ed Koops, right (above) discuss the vital question of calisthenics as "Bombs A Burst-

in", new radio show, gets underway. Pvt. Woolsey emceed the show and PFC. Koops turned out a large part of the script.



The Charioteers, colored quartet, presented several numbers on "Bombs A' Burstin" last Sunday. Left to right: Pvt. Preston Crawley, Cpl. Daris L. Morris, Pvt. Percy Mays, and Pvt. Calvin C. Mayo.

Major Cocke Is Made Lt.-Col.

Major William H. Cocke, Station Executive Officer, has swapped his gold leaves in for a pair of silver ones with announcement of his promotion to the grade of lieutenant-colonel.

Lt.-Col. Cocke, a Texas oil man, is a West Point graduate, class of 1918. Following the First World War he returned to civilian life where he remained until called to active duty at the outbreak of the present war.

He was formerly Commandant of Crews, Combat Crew Detachment, before becoming Station Executive officer.

INS Editor Lauds 52 Past Issues

The following congratulatory message was received by Public Relations Officer Lt. Thomas McLaughlin from the INS:

"Congratulations to you and the staff of The Rattler, on completion of your first year of publication. From and including the first issue, you have put out one of the best, most interesting, and best balanced camp newspapers. Its appeal to readers is not confined to Rattlesnake Army Air Field. You have set a high standard at which to aim in your second year."

When You Say That, Mister, Smile! Frontier Axiom Gets Yankee Dusted

Soldier Gives Snake's Eyeview Of Pyote After Year Spent Here

By PFC. ED KOOPS

While I was on furlough—furlough, that's GI for two weeks on borrowed money with bad booze and good women—a babe of my acquaintance put her soft, curly head on my rough, khaki-clad shoulder, sighed, and then looked into my big brown, bloodshot eyes. She spoke. "Waldo"—Waldo being a 4F civilian she goes with the other 50 weeks of the year. Gad, a girl can make a mistake, can't she? "Waldo", she said, purring happily, "Texas must be wonderful. Tell me about Pyote." Well, we just laughed good-naturedly, spit in her eye, and threw her out in the snow. But it has occurred to me that many a sweetheart or mother back home doesn't know about Pyote. Pyote shouldn't happen to a rattlesnake, we've always said.

And yet, when all this is over, and we go trotting merrily back to our homes to find it burned to the ground, or our job taken over by some Amazon, and our wife gone off with the butcher—then, ah then, we shall sit down and think back glowingly, sentimentally of our dear old days in good old, fine old Pyote. Oh yes we will! Lykell! Lykell! Lykell!

I remember so well the day I came here from Salt Lake City. I was dozing in the day-coach, dreaming up a pleasant little plot about Texas, The Law West of the Pecos! And me, my pony, and my guitar!

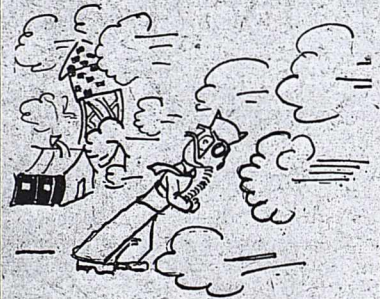
I was ridin' herd on a bunch of cattle-rustlers who had made off with Jane Russell, a noticeably forward young miss. I had just traced them to their hideout where they were torturing that lovely young lass by . . . when the conductor woke me up. And I saw Pyote! It was then and there that I decided to sign a separate peace with the Axis and go home quietly.

I got off the train and saw the town. Nothing! Nothing at all! (It appeared I was facing the wrong way. I turned around.) Then I saw it—the Aztec Cafe, the Only One of Its Kind. I thanked God for that small favor. Just then a great brown cloud appeared in the sky. It whooshed its way

toward us, a juggernaut whipping into its maelstrom telephone poles, filling stations, and the right wing of the T&P railroad. It hit!

Two weeks later we arrived back at Pyote, footsore and weary. That, we were later to discover, was one of the soft spring zephyrs that blow through West Texas.

We had another joy in front of us. The beds! There's so much sand in them, it's like sleeping in a bag of gravel. It's . . . sh-sh D-U-S-T. (No loyal Texan will admit that it's dust.) We shall play it safe and say that every evening the land of Oklahoma drops in for a visit and blows back the next day going home. But it drops in so often! We don't need furloughs here. No sir. You just wait long enough and the whole U.S.—grain by grain—flits right down

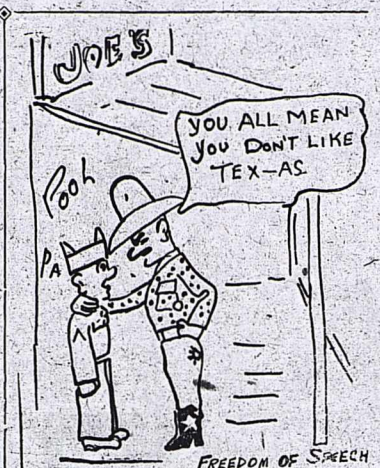


THE WIND AND DUST.

on the barracks floor.

We had the foolish nerve to approach a Native of Texas (you can recognize these Natives. They have a Lone Star branded on their forehead, spit to the windward, and have the foolish idea that we damYankees are down here because we LIKE it!) I went up to one of them and said: "Hey, why dontcha do somepin' about the dust?" Well, we must admit he was courteous about it. And besides, we never used that eye much anyway. All they will say about the dust is "It's clean dust". That's true. Yup, it doesn't stay in one place long enough to get dirty.

Then, you want a big evening with bright lights, song, laughter, wine, and what the French refer to as "women"—you hit the trail to Monahans. As we have said be-



fore, the only difference between Monahans and Pyote is that Monahans is on both sides of the street.

Pyote itself? Well, just picture a ghost town, multiply it by Sodom and Gomorrhah after the retribution, add the Scorched Earth Policy, and you have some conception of it.

It's the only town in the U.S. A. that uses the sign "You are now entering Pyote" on the same sign that says "You are now leaving Pyote". There are no wolves on the street-corners. In fact, there are no street-corners. There's a rumor flitting around town that indoor plumbing and talking pictures are here to stay. Any loyal Texan will tell you, though, that's damYankee propaganda.

But we're happy here. Oh yes, what would we do without our cactus? Our winds? Our loyal Texans? And the sandpiles in our shoes? The rattlesnake that warms our pillow for us at night? And Pyote—with its solid business district (4 walls and a spittoon)? Ah, yes, what—what have you to match such grandeur? Fah! Fah to you and your neon signs, and paved streets, and orchid bathrooms, and trees—trees—you hear me, trees! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Trees! Trees, I said! Big, leafy, shady trees! (HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER WAILS BRIGHTLY UNDER THOSE BIG, BRIGHT, TEXAS STARS.)



Non-Coms Start Club With Col. Castor's Backing

Officers Named; Group Limited To Top Three Grades

A non-commissioned officers club, complete to the last detail for increasing the morale of the striped clan, was approved by Colonel Bernard T. Castor, Station Commandant, at a meeting held Tuesday morning. Work on the proposed club which has the Colonel's enthusiastic backing is scheduled to start immediately.

Plans are being made for a membership drive to be held on payday when all prospective members will be invited to join this new organization.

This club which will prove or disprove the theory of community cooperation will be created entirely by the members. According to plans, the old Guard Squadron mess hall will be turned over to the members for use as a club-room. The work of renovating and improving the site will have to be handled by the members themselves. All improvements which are planned by the charter members will be paid for out of the club's own treasury.

It is contemplated that membership in this organization will be limited to the top three-graders: master sergeants, first sergeants; tech sergeants and staffs.

At this writing, the monthly dues and initiation fees were not available for publication but it is expected that further details on this phase will be available for next week's paper.

Arrangements have been made to procure a bar for the new club and beer will be served. No hard liquor will be allowed.

Temporary officers were elected at Tuesday's meeting and it is expected that these men will form the backbone of the new organization.

The Rules Committee includes: M. Sgt. Robert L. Davis, M-Sgt. Lawrence Villa, M-Sgt. Jarves F. Faulkenbury and S-Sgt. Clarence L. Bernstein. The House Committee includes: M-Sgt. Alvin H. Vincent, 1st Sgt. Gerald L. Blank, T-Sgt. Buford C. Potter, M-Sgt. Morris E. Taylor, S-Sgt. Theodore H. Benson and M-Sgt. Glenn W. Phillips.

The work of turning a mess hall into a non-com club won't be an easy task. It will call for plenty of hard work on the part of all members and "The Rattler" hopes that each and every man approached by the committee will signify his intention of pitching in and doing his share.

IN TOWN — FUN AND LAVONS



M A L E C A L L

BY
MILTON
CANIFF



Station Band Has An Anniversary: 1 Year Old Today

Organization Grew From 1 Member To 33 In Past Year

By CPL. GLEN BOOTH

Today seems to be the day for birthdays. Along with the Rattler the Station band is celebrating its first anniversary.

One year ago WO Irvin Zimmerman arrived here to start a military band for Pyote. He had one member at that time. It was Pvt. George Masur, now a sergeant, and in the past year the band has increased to 33 pieces.

For the first reviews that the band played for, there were men imported from Pecos plus what few men could be found around the home base.

By September of 1943 there were 20 men in the band and their work was beginning to be noticed. The men were secured by letter to musicians unions and Colonel Bronson in Washington, D. C., and letters to the 18th Replacement Wing. There were several of the fellows that requested transfer to the Pyote band, so you see it was no easy task to build a band.

If there could be an estimated figure on the number of engagements the band has filled in its year of existence, it would be a figure hard to believe. And that does not include the retreat and reviews.

Since the band was originally formed it has been known as the 428th Army Air Force Band, the 728th Army Band and now the 728th Army Air Force Band.

Here's hoping there is no second anniversary, but good luck is the wish for the band so long as it is an organization.

"Jack, dear," said the bride "let's try to make the other people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey, "but do you think you can carry both suitcases?"

John A. Yoder, Russell C. Bentley, Frank E. Charles, Walter Dmotsak, Cecil E. Elsmore, William H. Kelley, Ernest J. Wertemberger and John W. Zirhut.

Section M—Roy V. Abel, Warren C. Benney, Jerome F. Gable, Joseph A. Getti, Joseph A. Lonergan, Frank Marcello, Peter L. Missick, Ellis E. Petherbridge, Robert S. Allan, Henry Browarek, James H. Gaffney, Victor R. Hall, George Lucas, Daniel N. Minyon, George S. Moore, James L. Morris, John M. Noble, Arthur E. Noreck and Elmer E. Ransom.

Drouth Broken As 156 Ratings Are Announced

Promotions Go To Static EM In Lower Grades

The long drouth was broken this week with the announcement of a long string of ratings at this station. One hundred and fifty-six names in all were on the special order, and of these all but five were promoted to one of the lower NCO grades.

The list follows:

Technical Sergeant: Walter Pagley (Fin), and Frank Kuna (Sec. M).

Staff Sergeant: Euel A. Smith (Fin), Thomas F. Knight and John H. Lesho (Sec. M).

To Sergeant

Section A: Alfred J. Allen, Byron R. Boyer, Paul W. Hallissy, Clyde King, Clarence D. Weir, Robert Choate, Ralph Bass, Theodore Bramorski, Frederick W. Johansen, Wesley W. Nail, Herbert M. Williams, and Sylvian

Crole, Francis L. Luppens and Charles F. Strader.

Section M: Gregory J. Dwyer, Robert E. Rowland, Walter H. Pietrusinski, Robert W. Irwin, Francis W. Bennett, Stephen T. McTigue.

Section D—Theodore A. Benson, John W. Casey, Anthony J. Clemens, Everett Dooley, Ernest L. Hayton, Neal B. Manning, Cecil Olmstead, Anthony V. Soltysik, Mark V. Bruhn, Lowell F. Caulkins, Oliver H. DeLong, Henry A. Frederickson, Joseph G. Klein, Joseph E. McCully, Victor E. Schafer, and Blaine Walter.

Section E—Louis W. Cardoza and Jack N. Hancock.

Section F—Richard C. Bell, Robert E. Bynum, James K. Forrester, Walter L. Greer, Robert M. Hetherington, Loris M. McKenney Jr., Otis T. Summers, Paul V. Burchard, Alphonse V. Caruso, Clayton H. Gates, Edgar H. McAllister, William B. Miller, Merrill F. Powers and Clarence C. Zimmerman.

To Corporal

Section A—Bruno A. Manhemier, John E. Caldwell, DeWitt Crow, Thomas W. Floyd, Ralph J. Holmes, Orie Kramer, Herbert Pflugrad, Alfred Weber, George L. Pinnell, Daniel J. Bordanski, Johnnie Camp, Robert J.

Davis, Roland E. Hale, Alexander Kramer, Herbert L. Pierce, Chester I. Zebrowski, and Edward Witbeck.

Section D—Bernard L. Andelman, Harris E. Bagwell, Paul A. Baxter, Louis V. Bedard, Harlan G. Brooks, Robert L. Cooper, Herbert Finkelstein, Otto H. Gnauck, Edward B. Huber, Howard L. Kirchner, Jerome J. McGraw, Robert G. Noel, William H. Roegner, Anthony S. Romano, George E. Yiengst, Horace E. Aylor, Walter Balcerzak, Thomas Z. Beason, Donald R. Blanchette, Thorvald V. Christensen, Shirley E. Cowles, John A. Fulton, Gilbert B. Hendricks, Jacob J. Ibach, Carl I. Keranen, Robert L. Larsen, Edward L. Meurer, Alex N. Narva, James L. Robinson, Wilbur J. Reman, Charles H. Rosenbauer and George H. Wynne.

Section E—John A. Bossany, George R. Heilman, Robert E. Hyink, Thomas J. Lawler, Frank A. Rasmussen, Lewis E. Thompson, Lowell E. Wurm, Emil J. Erickson, Walter P. Hojnacki, Frank Kaprinski, Emil Persyn, Nick J. Richardi and Owen P. Wisley.

Section F—Lloyd A. Linebarger, Raymond H. Routin, Luther K. Christopher, Benjamin F. Dudley, Clyde M. Glenn, John R. Scofield,

KEYBOARD COWBOYS BRING YOU THE NEWS



It takes a good man to keep up with all the capers of the live-wire Medics, a bunch that never quits. And T-Sgt. Lawrence H. Shipp, who is now furloughing, is that man. Sgt. Shipp is one of the Rattler's most faithful columnists.



Sgt. Ward Howell is the writer who covers Section A doings for the Rattler. His weekly opus, "Fifth Column," gives the low-down on Section A personnel.



The personnel of Sub Depot Supply turn eagerly each week to the account of their activities, turned out by "Catty Chatty." Here's Catty Chatty, or, as she is known in private life, Mrs. Virginia Janeski.



When she took over the column vacated by the great Bledso-Saidso, Cpl. Edna Collins of the Wacs doubted she would fill Bledsoe's empty brogans. But, after a couple of months at the job, her "Wac Flak" is one of the best-read columns in the paper.

AAF DOWNS 9,364 PLANES

WASHINGTON (CNS)—During 1943, the United States Army Air Forces destroyed 9,463 enemy aircraft in aerial combat and 1,579 more on the ground, the War Department has disclosed.

DENVER (CNS)—Cass Cassell was jugged by authorities after he drove a tractor, with a plough attached down Denver's main street, ploughing a deep furrow in the pavement and crashing into a traffic signal. Police said there was "considerable evidence" that Cassell had been drinking.

'ACHTUNG!'

LONDON (CNC)—The RAF now is known in Germany as the Royal Achtung Force, according to a report that has reached London. Every time RAF planes approach the Reich, cries of "Achtung!" are heard over the radio. The word means "Attention".

HOUSTON, Tex. (CNS)—When a couple of prisoners escaped from the city jail, the warden sent a guard and two bloodhounds after them. He hasn't seen the prisoners, the guard or the bloodhounds since.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

Lost ground is bad news. Bad news to the side that loses it. The high command may explain glibly that they are consolidating their lines, or that they are retreating to more impregnable positions. But nobody is fooled: lost ground is bad news.

Through Holy Week and Easter we gained ground spiritually. Reminded in those great days of the magnificent truths of Christianity, we were rejuvenated in our faith. If the Son of God, the God-Man, died on the Cross to pay humanity's debt to the Father, then humanity cannot be so badly off after all.

We cleansed our consciences by humble acknowledgement of our sins and negligences, and strongly resolved that with the help of God's grace, earned for us by Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, we would not return to those sins.

A great advance, this: but now to hold our ground! Many an army has surged forward on the high tide of emotional excitement. Then when it came to the dull, dogged business of holding on in the face of blistering counter-attack, has folded up and fallen back to a worse position than they held before.

Spiritually, we are up against the same thing right now. We surged forward under the emotional stimulus of the Death and Resurrection of Christ. Now we face the counter-attacks: the wearing strain of the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

Without reinforcement, we will not be able to hold our ground. Be sure of that! Never overestimate your own strength! And never underestimate the strength of the enemy.

The reinforcement we need is ready at hand; but we must reach out for it by daily prayer. Like Peter trying to walk on the waters of the lake, we haven't a chance: unless, like Peter, we cry out: "Lord, save us, we perish!"

The holding of the ground we have gained is as simple as that. God's ear is attuned to our tiniest turning toward Him. If we only make the move, He will meet us more than half way.

—Chaplain Bernard J. Gannon

An Irish drill sergeant was putting a squad of recruits through their paces. Try as he would, he could not get a straight line. Finally in exasperation he shouted: "What's the matter wid yez? Can't ye line up? All of yez fall out and take a look at the line yez made!"



Q. If I was on KP and inadvertently broke a few dishes, would I be required to sign a statement of charges for them and pay for them out of my Army pay?

A. A tough question, but according to AR 35-6640, a statement of charges is issued only if the party charged with losing, breaking or otherwise impairing government property is guilty of carelessness or willful neglect. So, unless you broke those dishes on purpose or "through carelessness or neglect," you probably won't have to pay for them.

Q. Where does the Air Medal rank in the order of precedence of awards made by the War Department?

A. Ninth. The Air Medal has been placed above the Purple Heart by a change in Army Regulations. It is preceded by the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit, the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Soldier's Medal and the Bronze Star Medal and is followed by the Purple Heart and the Good Conduct Medal.

Q. Men who have been promoted to staff sergeant since Nov. 1, 1943, have been told they have no choice between an allotment and separate quarters, but must keep the allotment. Is this ruling right, or should men promoted to staff sergeant be given a choice of quarters or allotment?

A. No, the men you mention are given no choice. They must accept the allotment.

College By Mail

Eighty one noted colleges and universities have made available extension courses to the enlisted personnel of the Army through the Armed Forces Institute.

All fields are well covered, and you can pick any of the courses offered. A few of the many courses available are: accounting, business, economics, engineering, English, history and languages.

The university or college which you want to "attend" is selected by you. Schools participating are a cross section of the finest schools of the land. All the courses count as college credits which may be applied toward a degree.

For further information inquire at the Special Services Office.

The United States marine corps was formed by the continental congress of November 10, 1775.

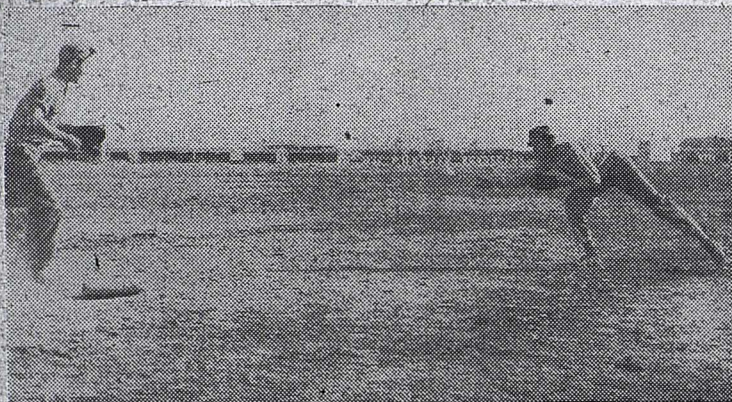


RATTLER SPORTS



'Dusters' Invade Tucson In Opening Tilt

Classy Keystone Combine



Pyote's Dusters, now trying to trim their list of candidates down to a traveling roster, have plenty of talent in the infield. Here the second-sack combination of Mitchell-to-Paret is working to start off a twin killing. PFC. Albert Mitchell, second baseman, throws to S-Sgt. William Paret, shortstop. Both are Section D Players.



Pvt. George Wynn, former hurler for Norfolk in the Piedmont League, takes a cut in practice. Behind the plate is Cpl. George Masi, former semi-pro catcher on the Pacific Coast.

Pitching Duel Looms As Flag Chase Unfolds

By PVT. CARL LAMKE

Pyote's "Dusters" will open the Second Air Force Baseball League Pennant Chase on Saturday, April 29th, at Tucson, Arizona.

Two games will be played, the teams meeting again Sunday.

At this writing not much is known about Tucson's "Davis Monthan" Air Field's ball club but latent reports indicate a pitcher's battle can be expected.

From the following players who have been practicing for the past two weeks, fifteen will be selected to make the trip to Tucson:

Section A—Moran, Cruz, Shank, Lane, Vergez; Section D—Hedges, Mitchell, Paret, Perry, Saraille, Lombardi, Gahan, Curl, Wynn, Garcher, Hanygi, Abrams, McLaughlin; Section E—Cross, Tabacchi, Fuiano, Masi, Palumbo, Gerrard, Matalavage; Section F—Hogan, Aucern, Grove, Myers; Physical Training Dept.—Fedor and Parvin.

In addition to the starting lineup, three pitchers, along with a utility outfielder, catcher, and infielder will be selected.

The Second Air Force League Schedule is as follows:

April 29, 30—Alamogordo at Clovis, Pyote at Tucson.

May 6, 7—Clovis at Pyote; El Paso at Alamogordo.

May 13, 14—Pyote at El Paso; Tucson at Clovis.

May 20, 21—Tucson at El Paso; Pyote at Alamogordo.

May 27, 28—El Paso at Clovis; Alamogordo at Tucson.

Billy Herman, veteran second baseman of the Brooklyn Dodgers, has begun his boot training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

When the patient bared his chest for hospital examination he revealed tattooed portraits of Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt. "Want to proclaim your patriotism eh?" said the doctor. "Right," was the reply. "And you should see where I've got Hitler."—Russell Record.

WARMIN' THE BENCH

By SGT. FRANK DEBLOIS

HOW ABOUT THAT?

Well, anyway, one day just a little while ago there was a piece in the papers all about how that hard riding torero, Senor Rogers Hornsby was the hottest tamale in the Mexican League where he was engaged in the profession of running the Vera Cruz baseball team.

It seems that Rog rubbered up to the plate that day to assay a pinch hitting role and golfed a cripple over the centerfield wall and into the tropical reaches beyond to win a tight one for his side.

Well sir, the fans and aficionados from Vera Cruz all fired their revolvers into the air and then they carried the Rajah from the field on their shoulders, shouting "Bravo!" and "Olal!" withal. After running all the bases, the 48-year-old Rog felt grateful, forsooth, for the lift.

From this dispatch you judged that Hornsby was all set for a lifetime of ease south of the border, down Vera Cruz way. But a couple of days later there was another piece in the papers about Rog, this time from St. Louis, where he was holding down an armchair in the middle of a potted palm at the Hotel Coronado. Seems he grew tired of all that Mexican idolatry, quit his \$10,000-a-year job and is now scouting around for a major league berth.

Say, how do you figure a bozo like that?

Thornton Lee won 22 games for the White Sox in 1941 but the next year he came up with a sore arm and won only two. Last year his arm was still sore and he won exactly five more. But during the off-season he had his throat slit and now he feels fine once again.

Lee explains that a faut tendon in his neck was the cause of all his trouble. The tendon was removed in an operation and now he says his arm feels as porous as a first sergeant's nose.



CAUGHT BOAT IN HURRY . . . After 11 months overseas and 15 months at Pyote, T-Sgt. Buford C. Potter, Station Personnel Sergeant-Major, is awaiting orders to report for administrative OCS. Sgt. Potter was on an Australia-bound boat two months after enlisting in the early days of the war.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

Sergeant-Major Enlisted To Fly But Found Himself Wielding Pen

He 'Flew'—But Figuratively—To Australia For Service With 19th

T-Sgt. Buford C. Potter, a Kansas City boy who holds one of the key jobs on the base—personnel sergeant-major—thought he was going to fly when he got into the Army.

Flying Cubs and Porterfields around over the front yard back home gave Potter the idea, but after looking over his qualifications the Army decided he would be more valuable in administrative work. And Mrs. Potter's little boy Buford didn't have time to discuss the case—for two months after he donned khaki he was on a boat headed for Australia.

After 11 months in Australia with the 19th, our hero returned home . . . or rather, to the States. He's been stationed here 15 months, and is now sweating out an imminent appointment to administrative OCS. Sgt. Potter's work overseas was in group headquarters as personnel clerk. Later he was sergeant-major of the old Gypsy 93rd Squadron, and has been Station Personnel Sergeant-major for several months.

Our hero found Australia a lot different in many respects from home, but on the whole there were good points. "It wears on your nerves a little at first, trying to drink tea every afternoon," he says. "But in about a couple of months you get used to it. After you've been around there a while you want that tea like a Cajun wants his coffee.

"The Australian women are lovely," states the sergeant major. "Very lovely indeed. In fact they are so nice they remind you of the States." There was a reminiscent light in his eye as he spoke. How-

ever, the boys in the 19th at that time didn't have too much time to spend on strengthening international relations, for they were pretty busy. In his 11 months in the country Sgt. Potter was stationed at Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville and Mareeba.

In civilian life, Sgt. Potter was employed in the installation department of a telephone company's Kansas City commercial engineering office.

OFFICER TO WED GIRL HE MET AT VESUVIUS

MT. VESUVIUS, ITALY (CNS)—An AAF officer and an Italian girl brought together by war and an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, will be married here soon.

The officer, Lt. Robert W. Bussmann, of St. Louis, and the girl, Signorina Tina Scafora, an 18-year-old school teacher, met during rescue work on the slopes of the erupting volcano. They will be married within a month, he said, and honeymoon.

"Money is the root of all evil" . . . That's why we have to dig to get it.

Weathermen Take Opening Tilt 7-5 Over Shutterbugs

The Rattlesnake Softball League got off to a slow start but the games which were played showed that there were many more good games to come.

Wednesday night brought together the Base Photo "Shutterbugs" and the Weather Department's "Cyclones," only to find that it's rather tough to corner a Cyclone. The Weather boys came out on top, 7 to 5. Sikes, the Cyclone pitcher, came through in the fourth-inning with a homer to put the game on ice, and did a swell job of hurling. Reid of the Shutterbugs also banged out a trip around the bases in the third-inning.

Sikes was the winning pitcher and Perk took the loss for the Shutterbugs.

Thursday the C.N.T. "Star Gazers" and Flight Control "Static Chasers" played to a 14 to 14 tie. Darkness brought the game to a halt.

The Medics met the Guards last Friday in their first appearance of the year and played a nip and tuck game. The Medics once again got off to a fine start, taking the better of a 5 to 3 score. Cpl. Bill Ray held the Medics batsmen scoreless for four innings. Solick of the Medics came up in the 6th inning and banged one out to left field for a trip around the bases. Boreski was the winning hurler for the Medics and gave four bases on balls and struck out eight. Ray was losing hurler giving eight bases on balls, while fanning nine.

TEAM STANDINGS

	W	L	Pct.
Medics	1	0	1000
Cyclones	1	0	1000
Brown Bombers	1	0	1000
Hot Licks	1	0	1000
Q.M.'s	1	0	1000
Guards	0	1	000
Shutterbugs	0	1	000
Canadian Clubbers	0	1	000
Buzzers	0	1	000
Crippled			
Commandos	0	1	000



WEST AFRICA—The mess sergeant walked up to one of his mess hall patrons and, waving a hammer under his nose, spoke.

"Get up, please," he said. "I think you're sitting on a nail."

The GI obliged. The sergeant removed a wicked looking nail from the bench and the GI resumed his seat.

Mechanics Turn Back Section E Commandos 10-8

In a close and hard fought ball game Section D's 'Aircraft Mechanics' took the measure of Section E 'Crippled Commando's at Civilian Personnel diamond by the score of 10-8.

The mechanics drew first blood when Perry homered with Mitchell on first. The 'Commando's came back in their half of the first to score one run on an error, walk and two force plays.

The Mechanics' big inning was the 2nd when with two singles, a double by Sarraille, triple by Wynn and home runs by Abrams and Paret five runs were earned. However, the Commando's came right back to tie up the game scoring six times. Gerrard and Matalavage walked. Cross beat out an infield hit and Tabacchi's single thru short scored the first two runs of the inning. Fulano walked to load the bases again and Masi's home run cleared the sacks for another four. The Mechanics went ahead again in the 4th with one and sewed up the game in the 6th with two more. The Commando's last tally came in their half of the 6th when with the aid of two walks and a passed ball they made the score 10-8.

Score by innings: R H E
 Mechs 250 102 0 10 16 3
 Soms 160 001 0 8 5 1
 Wynn, Moran (2nd) and Lombardi, Gahan (3rd); Matalavage and Maso.

Top U. S. Air Ace Isn't Satisfied Yet

England (CNS)—The first man to break Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's record of 26 enemy planes shot down in World War I is Capt. Don Gentile, Ohio-born saloon-keeper's son, whose World War II bag of Nazi planes now is 30.

Earlier in the war, two Marine aces, Maj. Joe Foss and Maj. Greg Boyington, equalled Rickenbacker's mark. Their targets were Jap fliers over the Pacific, Gentile's were German planes over occupied Europe.

Gentile, a 23-year-old Mustang pilot attached to the Eighth AAF downed his 28th, 29th and 30th planes early in April, shortly after he had passed Capt. Rickenbacker's total by destroying five Nazi planes on the ground. Of his grand total, 23 planes were destroyed in the air and seven on the ground.

"It's not good enough," Gentile said after he had broken Rickenbacker's record. "I'll never be satisfied until I get four more in the air—making 27 destroyed upstairs."

April 27, 1944

Sustained Air Blows Continue Against Europe

Denmark Cut Off After Sabotage Incidents Mount

Close to 2,000 American bombers and fighters roared over the Channel Coast Tuesday to pound Luftwaffe airfields in France and Belgium, coastal defenses in France and industrial targets in Southwestern Germany. The action followed the greatest fire raid in history when the RAF spilled half a million incendiaries on the Reich in one night.

Thus the greatest sustained air bombardment in history went into its ninth straight day as invasion tension and sabotage in occupied countries kept the Germans busy.

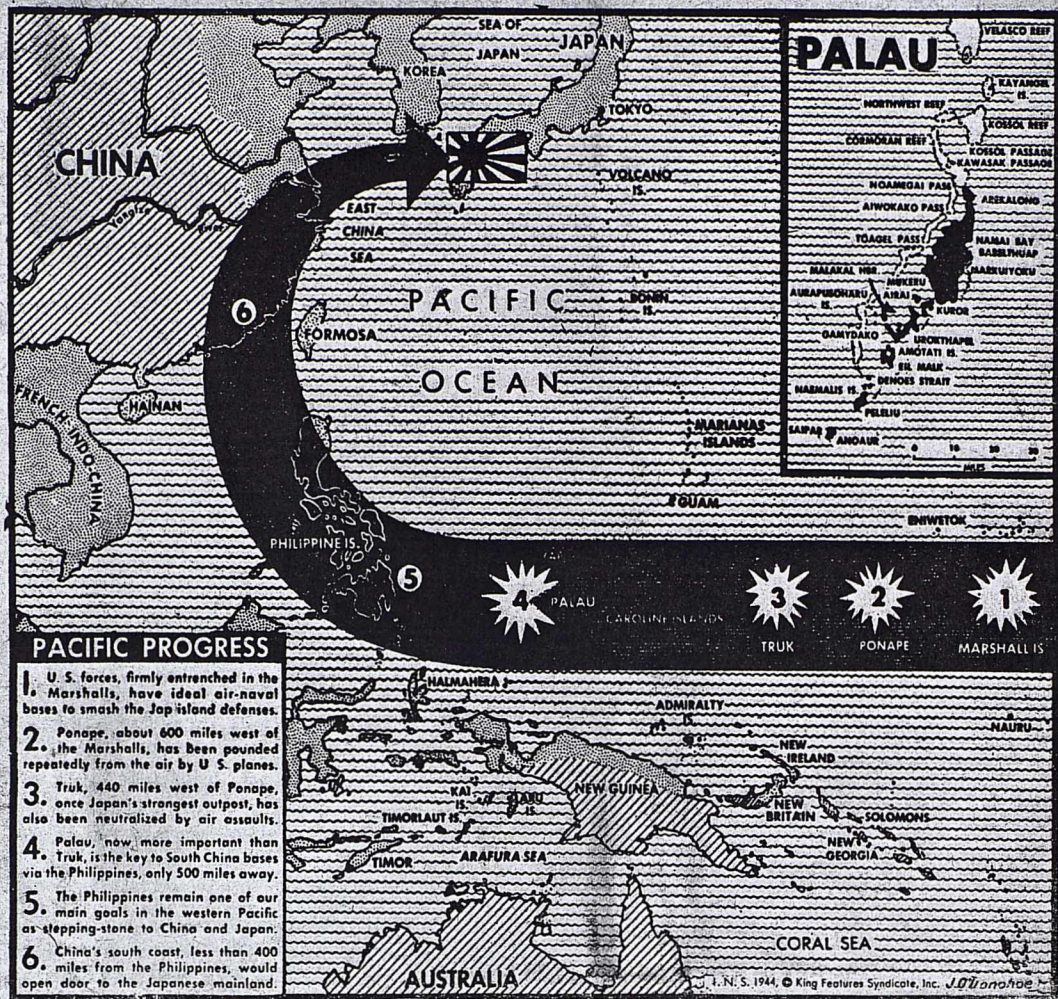
Werner Best, special deputy of Hitler in Denmark, moved speedily to cut off a rising tide of sabotage and underground activities which might provide the Allies with a crumbling breach in the Atlantic Wall.

Summary execution was in store for saboteurs and others acting against Germany. Denmark was isolated as travel and communication from Sweden were cut off.

At long last having presumably reached the end of their supply line extending ability the Russians announced for the fourth successive day that the long Eastern front has been static. The Germans told of furious Soviet attacks before Sevastopol and heavy fighting in Southeastern Poland on the road to Lwow.

A campaign by the defenders of Imphal to clear the invading Japanese from the 80-mile road which was cut several weeks ago was begun.

Attacking British and Indian troops captured the village of Kanglatongbi, 22 miles north of Imphal, after hard fighting in which they overcame a road block held by the Japanese forces. Two Japanese counterattacks were thrown back by Allied forces striking out from Imphal.



Nazi Jitters Mount As D-Day Nears

Germans Told 'Hardest Battle' Ahead This Year

The most fateful moment in history appears only a few days away—D-Day, when American and British plunge against the Western wall of Europe.

Pre-invasion nervous tension in German and occupied Europe has reached a high pitch and the Nazis, in their efforts to prepare their people for the worst, have warned that "the Anglo-American invasion will probably have a different result than at Dieppe."

Adolph Hitler has been reported giving his Atlantic Wall defenses an 11th hour inspection, following an inspection four of the same defenses by Field Marshall Erwin Rommel, who has already forfeited one continent to American-directed forces. And Gen. Eisenhower,

supreme commander of the invasion, has been joined in England by tough, gruff Gen. Patton, the slashing tank commander responsible for much of the American success in Africa and later, Sicily.

With the entire world kibitzing, Hitler is trying to re-shuffle his forces to strengthen his chances. The most exact picture obtainable from neutral sources indicate the following distribution:

Norway, six German divisions—approximately 50,000 men; Finland, 12 divisions; the Balkans, including Hungary but not Hungarian forces themselves, 12 divisions; Russia 175 divisions; Italy, 25 divisions; Mediterranean coast, five; Atlantic Wall, 30 divisions and a mobile reserve of 60 divisions garrisoned at strategic points in France, Germany and Central Europe.

Using a "scare" technique to

needle the bomb-battered German populace into frenzied defensive activities, Hitler's propaganda machine has warned the people they will be confronted by the hardest and bloodiest battles of history this summer or even this spring.

After stating that some territories "must be held at any price," Adolph Hitler's newspaper *Voelkischer Beobachter* gloomily predicted: "This summer may be the last bloody war summer."

Considerable attention was given the forecast of Bjorn Bjornson, NBC reporter in Stockholm who broadcast a prediction that the Allied invasion will come before the first of May. He based his forecast on the fact that favorable invasion tides exist now, and that there has been a lull in ground fighting, while the Russians mass new forces on the Eastern front.