

May 11, 1944

## HOSPITAL OFFERS MATERNITY

### CARE TO G. I. FAMILIES

Page 3

Has your mother ever wondered what the man looks like who is tenderly administering to your every want and desire in the Army? Why not send this touching portrait of Tech Sergeant Louis Huffnagel home to the folks. "The Fattler" feels certain that once the folks at home see this fine, stalwart gentleman who is typical of our "G. I. Mothers", they will rest easy, knowing their boys are in tender hands. By the way, Sgt. Huffnagel was urging his "boys" to write home when this shot was snapped.

# A G.I.'s 'Mother-Away-From-Home'



## Paper Work To Take Back Seat As Personnel Sections Hold Picnic

If you have any business to transact in either Personnel, Classification or Statistical this Sunday, don't bother. Just take your troubles elsewhere for the boys who daily listen to you tales of woe just won't be there.

Shop will be closed tight as all personnel from these three offices hightail it, via g.i. transportation to the confines of the Fort Stockton Cadet Club where the only thought in their minds will not be of army paperwork.

A picnic, sponsored and financed by the men of the three offices has been brewing for a long time and it finally comes to a head Sunday. (What a pun!) The starting time for the clan to gather is a secret. It is a closed affair and the only guests will be those invited by the men themselves.

Swimming, eats, drinks, trees, green grass, flowers, no paper-work, will be the order of the day according to the committee in charge who have plotted all the details for the day's festivities.

The party is scheduled to start early in the morning and will run until the boys and gals want to head for home which has to be sometime that night albeit they might have different ideas.

Members of this committee include S-Sgt. Otto S. Rotzal, T-Sgt. Harry B. Moon, Sgt. Daniel E. Pittman, S-Sgt. Frank S. Safranski, Pvt. Mary E. Furey and Pvt. Virginia B. Hamilton.

Special invitations have been extended to Colonel Castor, Lt. Col. Cocke and Major Haigh.

### Classical Quotations

Lt. James Shannon, Station Weather Officer, who has just completed one year of service at Pyote and who, according to reports, is frozen here has made a classical statement which "The Rattler" hereby records for posterity.

When asked for any statement after a year at Pyote, Lt. Shannon, whose wit is as breezy as the winds of his native Chicago, growled, and we quote, "Pyote is a helluva place to freeze."

KANSAS CITY (CNS)—"Look", the bus driver pleaded as passengers crammed into his vehicle at a street corner, "please don't crowd me." The passengers paid him no heed so the driver slightly miffed, climbed out the window, locked the bus doors from the outside and walked away—never to return.

You can tell a roadhog even in the theater. He always takes the arms of both seats.

### Nothing Sacred On Radio Show

"Bombs Aburstin'," Pyote's radio show went over with a bang last Sunday at Theater No. 2 and according to the wizards of the ether, this Sunday's shindig will blister the plaster on the walls.

Broadcast over Station KIUN, Pecos, "Bomb's Aburstin'" proves that nothing is sacred, especially in West Texas. With Ed Koops and "Psych" Harty carrying the comedy load, "Bomb's Aburstin'" is rapidly developing into a case for a Section 8 investigation. Drop into Theater No. 2 Sunday and find out for yourself. Doors close at 4:45 p.m.

## WHY NOT



## SAVE your FACE

A man lost an eye because he forgot to wear his safety goggles. A woman suffered severe injuries while working on a plane because she insisted on wearing shoulder length locks. A man lost a finger when jumping from a plane because he neglected to remove the ring before he jumped through the bomb-bay.

None of these are pleasant to read and all of them could be true unless more attention is paid to Safety rules.

The best way to do a job is the safest way. An injured man or woman is of no use to the war effort so why not be smart. Think, Talk and Work Safely.

It will pay off in the long end.

### NEW CHAPLAIN HERE

Newly arrived at Pyote is Chaplain Milo L. Chapman, Protestant Chaplain, who will replace Chaplain Anderson. Captain Chapman comes here from Kearns Field, Utah.

Once knew a gal who was so cynical she didn't believe that storks brought baby storks.

### Mother's Day Editorial

This Sunday, May 14, is Mother's Day and to mark the been arranged for the weekly radio show, from Theater No. 2 at 5 p.m. Your attendance is also invited to the editorial on Page 10 on the subject of Mother's Day. We think you will find it interesting.

The front page shot was especially posed in order that you might have something to occasion a special program has send home to the folks so they would have a good idea of your "mothers-away-from-home".

### Entries In Essay Contest Disappointing

What are you fighting for is a pertinent question which affects every man and woman here at Pyote. In an effort to find out what the soldier or Wac believes they are fighting for, "The Rattler" has inaugurated an essay contest on the subject.

Essays may run from one hundred to four hundred words in length, covering the topic "What I Am Fighting For" and must be in the Public Relations Office by May 20th for consideration in the awarding of prizes.

Entries to date have been disappointing in number but powerful in thought expressed. The editors of the paper believe the soldiers relish a chance to put on paper the things they are fighting for and this contest is that opportunity.

So get your entries in as soon as possible. There are three prizes, ten dollars, first prize; five dollars, second prize; and three dollars third prize.

The three top essays will be printed in the May 25th issue of "The Rattler".

NEW HAVEN, CONN. (CNS)—Dr. E. EM. Jellinek is director of the section on Alcoholic Studies of the Yale University Laboratory of Applied Physiology but when a friend asked his 8-year-old daughter what her daddy did for a living, she replied: "He teaches the boys at Yale how to drink."

NEW YORK (CNS) — Mrs. Frances Sheldon Whitehouse, who died here recently at the age of 91, was famous the world over as the oldest woman ever to fly the Atlantic. She flew from Lisbon to New York by clipper in 1940.

## New Circular Bans Release Of Army News

### Public Relations Must Approve All Publicity

Release of military information to newspapers or other sources of public information by members of the armed forces is restricted by the War Department. War Department Circular 111 (1944) prohibits release of news by any military personnel other than Public Relations.

"No officer or enlisted man of the Army, active or retired, other than those authorized, will release information concerning the War Department or the Army for publication. . . This includes "Letters to the Editor."

"Newspaper and magazine articles will not be written; radio talks will not be given; comics and cartoons will not be drawn and similar activity will not be engaged in by a military personnel on a regular basis, for commercial enterprise, located within the continental limits of the United States."

No news from 236 CCTS, Pyote Army Air Field, can be released except by the Public Relations office. However, anyone can write news articles for hometown papers, provided they are sent to the field PRO for clearance and forwarding to the paper and no military to the publication exists.

### A Word Of Advice

No personnel, military or civilian, are permitted to have firearms of any description on this station, unless the same have been properly issued, or are required in the performance of an individual's duty. Any person having firearms on the station is directed to deliver the same to the Provost Marshal immediately. An inspection will be held in the near future, and any weapons found in violation of this order will be confiscated. Cameras are also included in this category.

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# Babies Become Government Issue At Pyote Hospital

## Maternity Aid Now Available To G. I. Families

As they say in the cigaret advertisements, "something new has been added" and this time it is the Pyote Regional Hospital which boasts of something new.

Maternity facilities, including pre-natal care, maternity ward and post-birth attention are the latest facilities to be available here. These facilities are provided for the families of all Service personnel who happen to be expecting an heir or heiress. This includes both enlisted and commissioned personnel. These facilities are not limited to families of personnel stationed here but are open to families of all servicemen.

The Pyote Maternity Ward, Ward Six, is now the proud possessor of the first baby born under its auspices.

Frederick Wildfong, seven and a half pound son of S-Sgt. and Mrs. Fred Wildfong, is holding forth as King and is receiving the attention and care which only a king deserves. Young Fred was born Friday morning at three o'clock and Major John M. Kenny had the honor of bringing Fred into this world. Both mother and child are doing fine and the Medics, accustomed to handling all types of situations with aplomb, also came through with flying colors.

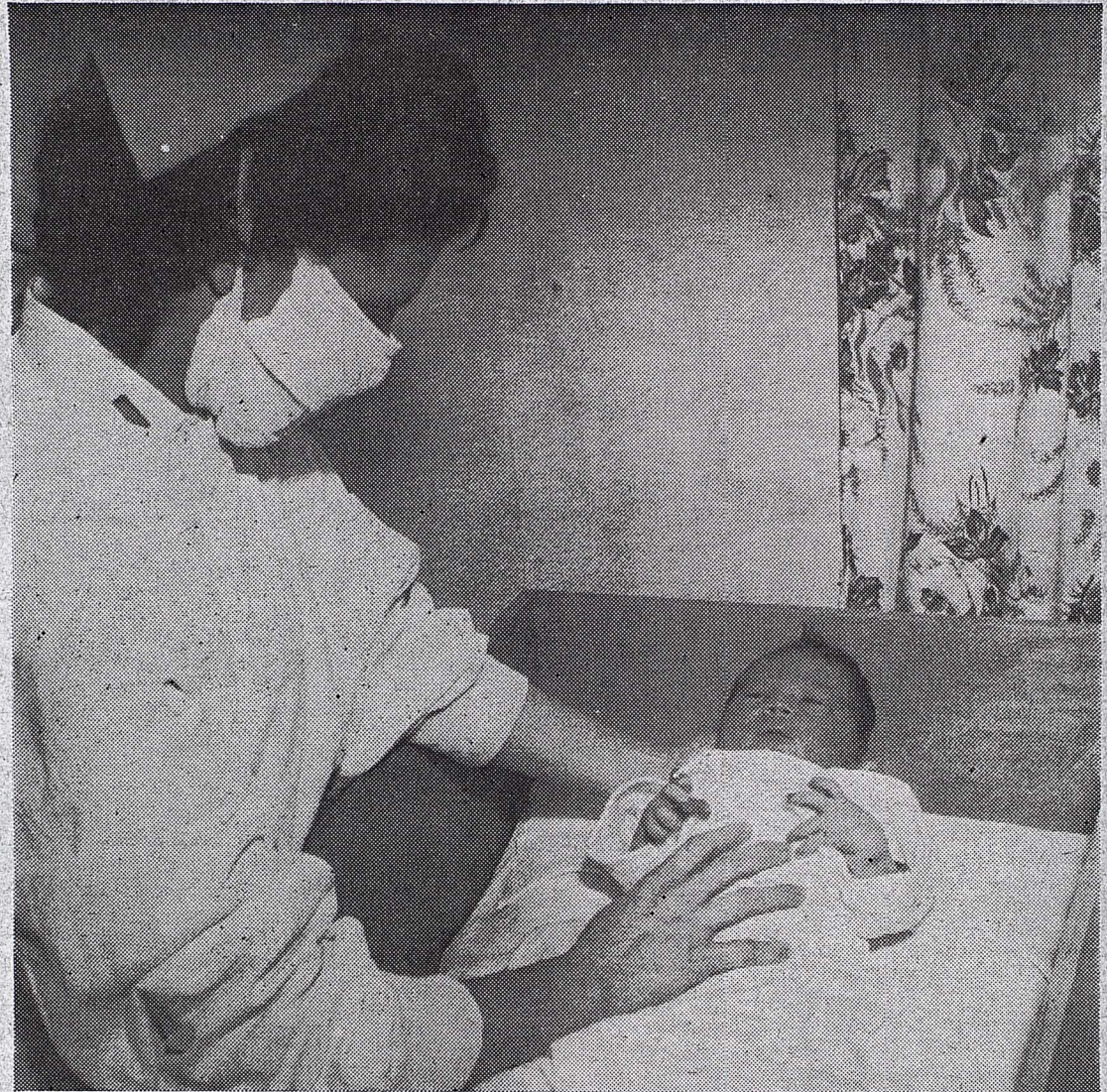
When the Pyote Hospital was redesignated as a Regional Hospital many additional facilities were provided and the maternity care is one of the most important from the standpoint of service to servicemen's families.

Not only is the best equipment and finest medical care provided but quite a load is lifted from the well-rounded shoulders of military personnel here who might find themselves in the predicament where they are shipping and their wives expecting.

No longer will the men have to worry about such a situation. Their wives may remain here and be assured of excellent treatment and care during this important time.

Full and complete pre-natal care and treatment is now available each Monday and Thursday at the Hospital Dispensary. Post-birth care will also be provided by the Hospital.

While the maternity ward is still lacking all its equipment, the doors are open for business and it is expected that the ward will be equipped completely in a short time. Bassinets now in



First child to be born at the Pyote Regional Hospital was Frederick B. V. Wildfong, son of S-Sgt. and Mrs. Fred Wildfong. The baby, delivered by Major John M. Kenny, was born at three o'clock Friday morning and weighed seven and a half

pounds. Sgt. Wildfong formerly was attached to the Chemical Warfare Section here but was transferred before his son's opening performance and consequently has yet to see his infant son in action.

Both baby and mother came

through in excellent shape and the proud Medic personnel also bore up bravely during the crisis. Reports have it that the second child to be born at the Regional Hospital's latest addition is due to arrive shortly if he or she hasn't already arrived.

use were made by military personnel here.

Captain Ward A. Peterson, pediatrician, is in charge of post-birth care. He advises formulae, regulates feeding schedules and provides new mothers with full and complete information for the care of their children. Major George W. Caldwell is another member of the staff.

Visiting hours to Ward Six, the maternity ward, are the same as for the rest of the Hospital, 2-4, and 7-8:30. No one will be permitted to visit in this ward at any other hours.

Rumor has it that the second arrival here is expected momentarily if she or he hasn't already put in a squawling appearance by the time this reaches your hands.

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (CNS)—Tom O'Toole, who had been sipping potheen all night long, didn't like the murderous look on the character who was staring at him through the window of Mulligan's Grill. O'Toole squared off and belated a challenge. The other fellow squared off, too, and said nothing. O'Toole let fly a left hook, broke Mulligan's window, cut his hand, vanquished his own reflection. The one-round bout with himself cost O'Toole \$10 for the window and 15 days in the pokey.

These new facilities are a welcomed addition to the Pyote Hospital and will boost morale nearly as much as a thirty-day furlough once a month.

It Ain't No Lie, Either

The man was applying for a job with a large firm.

"You say you've never had any experience selling in our line?"

"That's right."

"What selling experience have you had?"

"None."

"Have you ever studied advertising or salesmanship?"

"No, sir."

"Then why did you come in here and ask for a job?"

"I've got a brand new set of tires."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place. When do you want to start? How would West Texas suit you?"

## Why Annoy the Chaplain? IS YOUR HEAD BENT WITH WORRY? TAKE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS TO YOUR C.O.

### Commanding Officers Just Thrive On Daily Dish of Tough Ones

By PFC. ED KOOPS

I took off my cap, twisted it shyly in my pink little hand. "Sergeant, may I see the Commanding Officer?" I asked respectfully. He looked me over carefully, made sure my ears were clean, checked my shot record, and glanced at my Mess Pass, and finally barked his permission.

I knocked slightly on the door to the C.O.'s office.

A loud voice screamed out from behind the door, "Don't want any!"

I rapped again.

The door was flung open and there stood the C.O.—his dogtags, belt buckle, and one gold tooth gleaming in the bright nonday sun.

"Now lissen," he yelled at me, waving his finger under my nose, "For the last time I don't want to subscribe to the Saturday Evening Post!" (This was as a result of my earlier meetings with him, prompted by the ads in that magazine, wherein they say that I might win a hunting knife, a bee-bee gun, or a Gilbert Magic Set, by selling only five subscriptions.)

"This is something different, sir," I said respectfully, giving him a low salaam from the waist and bouncing my forehead off the waste-basket. "You see, sir, I have a problem."

"A problem, a problem!" And saying that he clapped his hands gleefully and skipped around his desk. I was in! "You know, my boy, that's what I'm here for. My problems are your problems—or is it the other way around? Anyway, whenever you have a problem I want you to come to me with it. I love problems!"

And saying that, the door banged open and the duty Sergeant, the Sergeant Major, and two Typist Clerks began singing in harmony. "We have a problem. Goody, goody gumdrop. All God's chillun got problems!"

The Commanding Officer sat behind his desk, gathered me up onto his lap, reached into his desk drawer and fished out a huge lollipop. "Now, that's for you," he said, tickling me under the chin, "if you've been a good little boy." I said I had been. "And you haven't been annoying the First Sergeant, have you? You know, he's a busy little man all day long, and has so many of you youngsters to look after. And there he sits the whole day, sweating over a hot typewriter." I assured him I had not been bothering the First Sergeant, or as we call him, "Our little mother in the Service."

"Very well then," said the C.O., "and now, my son, just what is your problem?"

"Well, sir, I've been stationed here almost a year now, and I've been wondering, sir, just exactly what, sir, is the meaning, sir, of the word Pyote, sir. Do you, sir, know, sir?"

(We always call our Commanding Officer "Sir." I think it's his first name.)

"Well, now, is that all? Well, dry your big brown eyes, my son, because your old Commanding Officer will settle that problem for you in a jiffy. Won't we boys?"

And here the orderly room staff again came in, grouped around the desk in quartet-fashion, and hummed while the First Sgt. blew B flat on the pitch-pipe.

"We've got a problem! A problem! A problem!

But he'll solve it in a jiffy, that we know.

For he'll never get to Captain, if a problem he's not wrapped innnnnnn . . .

Oh, he'll solve it in a jiffy, our C. O.!"

(The last C. O. line was sung by the bass and sounded strangely like the foghorn on the Lifebuoy radio ads.)

"What does Pyote mean, me lad?" and the C. O. used his best Lionel Barrymore voice, "It's an old Indian word meaning champagne. It was an old herb grown around these parts which the Indians used to concoct to make into spirituous liquor."

I thanked him, and ran out of the orderly room, in a flash. It wasn't long before my detail of two Tech Sgts. and three Staff Sgts. returned with their pockets crammed with every weed and shrub in west Texas. We took the weeds and shrubbery to the Mess Hall, and soon had cooking a big vat full of "Pyote." Somebody helped matters along by throwing in an old gas mask and two tennis-shoes.

At last we were ready for the great experiment. I dipped a ladle into the vat and drank deeply of this time-honored potion.

"Ahhhh," I said satisfyingly. Slowly my head began to rise,

and bounced lazily along the ceiling like some giant balloon. My feet snapped in opposite directions, and though we captured the left foot under one of the tables in the dining room, old right foot wasn't located until it was picked up in Monahans for not saluting a commissioned officer.

The climax to the whole evening was when my teeth fell out, lined themselves up on the floor to spell "Portage High School, 1930." And everyone agreed that it was quite the nicest party ever attended. We intend to market the stuff as soon as we can find a man brave enough to sell it.

You see, fellas, just like it says in the Basic Field Manual, whenever you got a problem, just take it to the C. O.

"I know a woman in St. Louis who had quadruplets, and she named them Eenie, Meenie, Minie and Charles."

"Why Charles?"

"Cause she didn't want no Mo!"

"Is that girl's dress torn or am I seeing things?"

"Both."

### VETS ASSURED U. S. AID IN JOB PLACEMENTS

WASHINGTON (CNS) — War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt has assured discharged veterans that specific information on job opportunities in all the principal cities of every state will be made available to them in the government's efforts to place them in these jobs.

Mr. McNutt said this information will be available at the United States Employment Service offices and will be revised monthly to indicate the expected labor demand six months in advance.

The National Association of Manufacturers also is speeding a plan whereby preparations by individual companies for re-employment of returning servicemen will be stimulated throughout American industry.

### Ode To A GI's Wife

I want to be where yo is  
Instead of where I be,  
For when I are, where you am no,  
That ain't no place for me.  
I used to think the world was great,  
But now I know it isn't,  
For I have gone where you are  
And left you where I ain't  
not,

Girls whose sweaters are worn too tight,  
Usually go wrong instead of right.

Sign in a real estate office:  
"Get lots while you're young."



"And here's another spot you didn't clean."



A radio operator-gunner on a submarine is as unusual as trees in Pyote but that's the situation in which T-Sgt. John Labreche found himself. Forced to evacuate the Philippines by overwhelming Jap odds, Sgt. Labreche was one of a group of 24 enlisted men who made an eight-day trip by submarine, to

Java, through Jap-dominated and infested waters. While on the sub, Labreche met a hometown buddy of his and between chiseling smokes, the Pyote Radio Operator instructor batted the breeze around hometown news. To state the obvious, "it's a small world."

**MEET YOUR BUDDIES:**

**Ups And Downs Of Radio Operator: Meets Hometown Buddy on Sub**

The last place in the world where a Radio-Operator Gunner would expect to find himself would be on a submarine.

However, that is just the experience which Tech. Sgt. John Labreche, Radio Operator-Instructor on duty with Training Sec. II, here had in the Philippines.

Overwhelming Jap odds, immediately after Pearl Harbor, forced evacuation of crew-members from the Philippines to Java, and Labreche was one of a group of 24 enlisted men, who made an eight day trip, by submarine, to Java, through Jap-infested waters, immediately before the Japs' treacherous invasion of the Philippines.

Labreche, who was attached to a group in a jungle-cleared air-base, flying B-17Cs and B-17Ds said, "When we left, we hadn't had any cigarettes to smoke for days. The submarine crew treated us swell and I met a home-town

buddy of mine who was one of the crew on the sub. On the way to Java, we rode the surface at night and went down in the day time. It was plenty crowded, with 24 extra men and we had to make two crash-dives to avoid the Japs. We got there O.K."

After reaching Java, Labreche flew a couple of missions, there, in Flying Forts. He seemed destined to be among those who were forced to fall back, in the face of the early Jap sneak punches, and his bunch was sent from Java to Australia.

By the time Labreche and his group had reached Australia they were plenty sore at being pushed around and were ready for a crack at the Japs.

They were assigned to B-17's and flew 37 missions around Rabaul, New Guinea, the Solomons, etc.

On one mission they scored two direct hits and two near misses on a Jap battleship.

Air Corps Reconnaissance had reported the location, by radio, of the location on the Jap task force, in Tonolei Bay around the Solomons.

There were about 25 boats in the task force, throwing up heavy anti-aircraft fire and the bomber Labreche was on, let go at the Jap battleship from about 6,000 ft., with flak popping all over the place. Damage to the battleship was estimated to be considerable, undoubtedly laying it up for major repairs.

Knowledge of the operation of all the communication system on a bomber is important according to Labreche. You never know what will come up. Flying over distances, ability to shoot bearings, is an important navigational aid. Also maintenance and pre-flight checks of equipment play their part, and at the present time Sgt. Labreche is busy, as an Instructor flying with and checking out future Radio Operator-Gunners.

Sgt. Labreche is 24 years old and comes from Carrollton, Michigan. He volunteered for the Air Corps in November, 1943, seeing service in Hawaii with Medium Bombardment, flying B-18's. Later he transferred to the Philippines and was there when war with Japan was declared.

He has received his share of the famous 19th Group's decorations having been decorated three times. Also received a letter of commendation signed by General MacArthur for work in the Rabaul area.

**Top Yank Airman Takes No Chances With Foe, He Says**

By Camp Newspaper Service

When Maj. Richard Bong shot down his 27th Jap plane, thereby passing Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's World War I total of enemy aircraft destroyed in the air, Rickenbacker announced that he was sending the new champion a case of Scotch.

"I'm delighted," the old title-holder remarked. "I hope he gets 27 more."

Earlier, Rickenbacker had predicted that his record of 26 planes downed over Germany would be trebled by some U. S. flier in this war.

"Before the war is over, one of our fliers—if not five or six of them—will down 50 to 75 planes," he said.

Although Rickenbacker's 26 was the top score compiled by any U. S. flier during the last war, his record wasn't even close to that of Maj. Edward Mannock, of the RAF, whose World War I score was 73, one more than that of Capt. Billy Bishop, the famed Canadian ace. Ace of aces in the last war was Germany's Baron Manfred von Richtofen, who downed 81 Allied planes before he was shot down by a Canadian rookie flying in his first combat formation.

**Tax Exempts for Servicemen To Continue in the New Plan**

The armed forces will continue to receive the benefit of the special \$1,500 tax exemption, despite overall changes in individual income tax laws provided in the new Tax Simplification plan, Congressional tax experts asserted this week.

The way the new law works out may be illustrated by the case of an unmarried naval lieutenant (jg) with a base pay of \$2,000 and no private income who would pay no income tax because of the \$500 personal exemption and the exclusion of \$1,500 from his gross income.

An unmarried full lieutenant, with base pay of \$2,400, would have to pay a tax of about \$74. An unmarried civilian with similar earnings, will have to pay \$384.

**Monahans USO**

Thursday—Fortune telling, 8:30 p.m., Hobby Hour, Mrs. M. L. H. Baze.

Friday—Informal activities. Saturday—Mother's Day dance. Air Base band.

Sunday—11 a.m., Coffee hour. 6:30 p.m., buffet supper. 7:30 song fest.

Monday—8:30 p.m., movie.

Tuesday—Dance class. 9 p.m., bingo. Cigarette prizes.

Wednesday—12 noon, "Better Halves Club luncheon. 8:30 p.m. Catholic discussion group, Chaplain Gannon.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK SOLDIER? When and Where Will Allies Land? CCD Men Have Definite Opinions

"When — and where — do you think the invasion will start?"

This burning question, the most discussed topic of the day, was shot at six Combat Crew Gunners last Friday in the weekly Poll which is designed to prove nothing and reveal all. What is your guess? Here are the answers of those questioned:

Cpl. Fred Hinderschied, Upper-Gunner, Sec. II Flight A, from Kent, Ohio says: "About May 8th. I think it will start from three different points, to split up Ger-



man opposition. Germany is jittery, and has a good reason to be."

Cpl. J. N. Mayers, Engineer-Gunner, Sec. III Flight A from Baltimore, Maryland says: "I look for D-Day—the invasion—to start in 6 or 8 weeks. The Allies are cooking up some surprise package and might pull some kind of end-run through the Balkans. Of course I am just gussing, like everybody else."

PFC Kenneth Oliver, Career-Gunner, Sec. II Flight A, from Azusa, California says: "Early in



the fall is my guess. Along the first part of September. I believe they are going to pound Germany and France more, before they invade Europe. When the attack starts it will be from the South and they will use lots of paratroopers."

Cpl. Louis Larson, Waist-Gunner, Sec. III, Flight C, from Moberg, South Dakota says: "May 10th, early in the morning. I don't pretend to be a psychic but that's

### COME ONE! COME ALL!

ITALY (CNS)—This advertisement was posted on a GI theater near Naples:

Tonight Only! First showing in Italy!

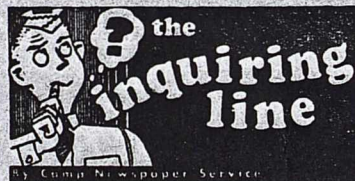
"Birth of a Nation."

my guess. I think the Allies will strike across the Channel at two or three places. Maybe Calais."

PFC R. O. Gritter, Career-Gunner, Sec. III Flight C, from An-



derson, Indiana says: "D-Day looks close to me. I say May 15th. The channel tide will be at low ebb along then and it looks like everything is ready for an attack. Weather will have a lot to do with it. I think the invasion will be a series of feints—like a boxing match—so the opponent won't know where the blow, or blows will land."



**Q.** Last week I asked you if it is OK for me to designate my girl friend as beneficiary of a Class "E" allotment. You said it was. My CO says you are all wet. Who's right, you or my CO?

**A.** Your CO of course. The Inquiring Line was in error last week when it said that Class "E" allotments may be made out to benefit your girlfriend. The correct dope is that these allotments may be made out only to banks, insurance companies, families and dependent relatives. Sorry.

**Q.** Hey, look—enlisted men are permitted to wear shoulder loops on their blouses, jackets and overcoats. Why can't we wear them on our shirts?

**A.** That's simple. Shoulder loops on shirts are "for officers only." See AR 600-35, Par. 15.

**Q.** I've been in the Army a month. When I was inducted I took out \$5,000 in National Service Life Insurance. Now I want \$5,000 more. Will I have to undergo a physical examination in order to receive this?

**A.** Under the regulations concerning National Service Life Insurance, no physical examination is required if the application is made within 120 days after induction.

## THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

Once upon a time (and this is not a fairy tale) there were two soldiers. One of them went to PT, ate the right kind of food, and didn't abuse his body with alcoholic drink. The other ducked out of PT every time he had a chance, took no exercise of any kind, ate any old thing at any time, and drank like the proverbial fish.

The time came when both men went overseas. One had a strong body, was alert and on the job. The other one was short of breath, short on endurance, and found that combat conditions were too tough for him. You're right, the one who came through with flying colors was the one who had prepared his body through exercise and wise living.

There were two other fellows, too. One of them took spiritual exercise. He had a Testament that he read. He attended the services in the Chapel, and prayed regularly and sincerely. The other one had a different idea of living. On Sunday he would be far from Chapel, having a "good time." He had a Testament, but it was clear at the bottom of his barracks bag. He didn't pray because he "didn't take any stock in that stuff."

Those two men also were sent overseas. The first one had some harrowing experiences. Enough to turn a man's hair gray. All during the hardest part of the campaign he remained cheerful, with a reserve of strength sufficient to pass on to some of his buddies in their time of testing. The other man "went to pieces." He had no Higher Strength to lay hold upon, and, like so many others, he found that his own strength wasn't quite enough.

Such things really happen. If God, and His Son Jesus Christ, can bring such strength to us for emergencies, just think how much our every day lives will be benefited by permitting Christ to dwell within us.

Chaplain Edwin W. Norton

Beckley, W. Va. (CNS) — Arrested here as a phoney "apple-sauce and preserve tester," a local resident admitted to police that he went from door to door in this district, testing the preserves of housewives. He would then declare the preserves too sweet—a violation of rationing rules—and collect \$25 to guarantee the housewives' appearances in court, he admitted.

## WD Favors Army, Navy Air Merger

WASHINGTON — Secretary of War Stimson Tuesday asked Congress to decide "as soon as possible" to merge land, sea and air forces of the United States under a single Department of the Armed Forces.

Once the decision is made, Stimson asserted, "even though not carried out until after the termination of hostilities (at least in the European theater)" many present military questions could be more easily resolved.

### Proposal Outlined

The proposal as outlined by Lt. Gen. Joseph T. McNarney, Deputy Chief of Staff, includes:

**A Secretary of the Armed forces, under whom Under-secretaries of Army, Navy and Air would function;**

**The addition of a common supply services department;**

**A U. S. joint chiefs of staff organization headed by a chief of staff to the Constitutional Commander in Chief and including the Chiefs of Staffs of Army, Navy and Air Forces. A director of common supply services, subordinate in rank would be added to the group.**

### Duplication

Sec. Stimson revealed that despite the efforts of the two services there were many duplications of time, material and manpower with resulting loss of effectiveness, resources and power.

Stimson warned that although the actual changes could not be made in the critical period of the war, it is "of the greatest importance that the general principle of consolidation be determined as soon as possible."

General McNarney stated that the consolidation was needed not only to increase effectiveness in war, but in the coming peacetime demobilization.

Brig. Gen. John M. Palmer, recalled to active service about two years ago to study demobilization and postwar problems, urged the nation to remember Washington's advice which called for universal military training so that a "citizen army" of substantial size is always ready.

Brig. Gen. William F. Tompkins told the committee that he has "yet to find" an officer in the War Department who does "not believe that a single department of the armed forces is the best solution to the problem."

He gazed admiringly at the beautiful dress of the leading chorine.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."

## Paper Stack 10 Feet High Is Quiet Day

If you see a slightly harassed Tech. Sgt. opening and closing doors, dashing around with a handful of papers, in the Combat Crew Detachment office, you can take odds that it is Tech. Sgt. F. L. Brown, chief clerk, under the Adjutant's Section, CCD.

A lot of enlisted men and officers of the C.C.D., undergoing training at Pyote, apply for separate rations, three day passes, emergency furloughs and leaves. These are prepared through the C.C.D. and Brown aids in seeing that they are made out okay, and clear proper channels. Furloughs—that most



elusive of all animals, receive preliminary preparation under Sgt. Brown.

A good many humorous incidents occur daily, what with the flow of Combat Crew members in and out of the office. One of the stories Brown recalls, went like this:

A Tail-Gunner in one of the Sections applied for a 3-day pass. "My pilot's wife is going to have a baby and it's got both of us nervous!"

It turned out to be a case of sympathetic nerves—and when last heard of the pilot and gunner came through nicely!

Sgt. Brown is 22 years old, single and from Missouri Valley, Iowa. He attended Business School before he joined the Air Corps, December 28 1941 and went to Australia with the old 19th, returning to be stationed a Pyote.

Brown is taking time out from his regular duties to act as Treasurer and Secretary for the newly formed N.C.O. Mess Club.

## Foster Festival A Hit

Last Wednesday and Thursday witnessed something new in the field of entertainment when the Pyote Band and a mixed choral group from Monahans presented a Foster Festival, featuring the music of Stephen Foster, one of America's best loved composers. Presented for the first time at the Monahans High School Wednesday evening, the same program was offered at the Service Club Thursday night before a capacity audience.

Individual star of the production was Chaplain Edwin W. Norton (right) who sang "Old Black Joe" for his solo and later joined in a mixed quarter for another Foster favorite.

Center shot shows Sergeant Connell Zerman, trombone-playing member of the Pyote Band, who doubles in brass as a vocalist. Sgt. Zerman sang "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" to Miss Betty Neblett, who enacted the role of Jeanie. PFC. Bernard Tipple accompanied on the violin.

Bottom photograph, taken Wednesday at the Monahans show, gives you the choral group and the Band as they prepared for the Grand Finale. This program was sponsored by the Monahans Chamber of Commerce and the chorus was directed by WO Irvin E. Zimmerman.

It is contemplated that these musical festivals will become a regular feature both in Monahans and here on the Field.

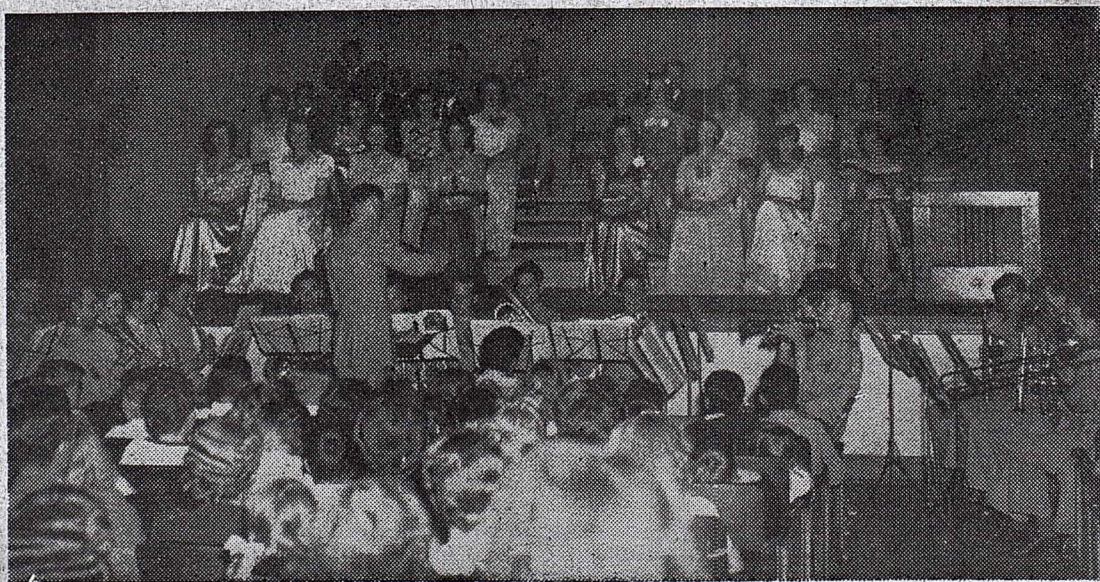
## "Old Black Joe"



## Sergeant Croons To Questioning 'Jeanie'

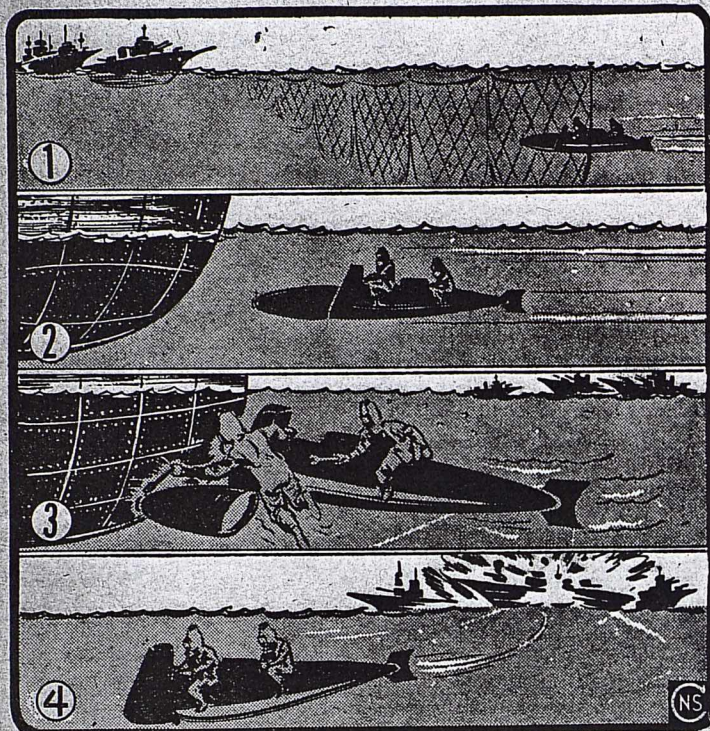


## Band And Chorus Ready For Opening

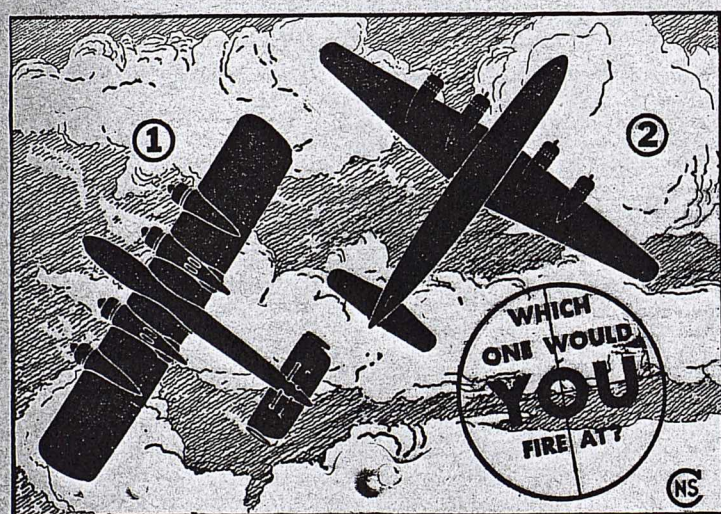


# "RATTLERS" OPEN HOME SEASON

## How Human Torpedo Works



These sketches show how two British divers operated the Allies' new human torpedo to destroy an Italian cruiser in the harbor of Palermo, Sicily. The tiny sub, operated by two men in diving suits, is shown at top approaching enemy net defenses. Because of its small size, it slips easily through the nets, then speeds toward an enemy ship where the two-man crew attaches the warhead of the torpedo to the ship's hull just below the surface. Then a time fuse is set and the men speed away on their electricity-driven craft. In a few minutes the enemy ship blows up. What a lovely way to spend an evening!



**FIRE AT NO. 1!** It's the German Blohm and Voss Ha. 142, a four engine low-wing troop transport. The "inverted gull" wings are rectangular and untapered. The two inner engine nacelles extend behind the trailing edge of the wings. The rectangular tailplane has twin fins and rudders.

**NOT AT NO. 2!** It's the U. S. C-54, a low-wing transport powered with four radial engines. The nose of the deep, oval fuselage extends well ahead of the engine nacelles. Both edges of the wings taper equally to rounded tips. The tapered tailplane has rounded tips and a single fin and rudder.

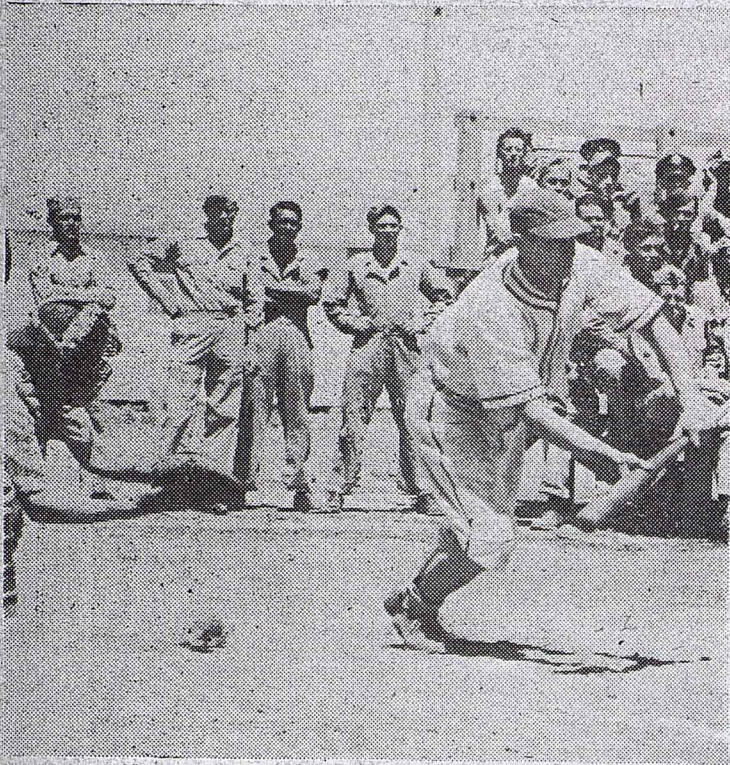


## TEAMS SPLIT TWO GAMES





# IN 2AF LEAGUE AGAINST CLOVIS



Lt. Hal Glucksman, Pyote coach and backstop and member of the Canadian Club softball team, is shown laying down what he described as a "perfect bunt". This action occurred in the opening game in the first inning when Pyote scored one of its two runs. The coach was forced to leave the game a short time later due to an injured hand but continued his masterminding from the bench.



On the left, Lt. Col. William H. Cocke, Station Executive Officer, bites his tongue as he prepares to bear down and toss out the first ball to mark the opening of the baseball season at Pyote. According to all impartial judges, the first pitch was a ball, high and inside to a right-handed batter. The Colonel explained that his arm hurt. He promises to do better if the Pyote club wins the championship. Top photograph shows a Liberator going down before the slants of chunky Johnnie Moran for the first strike-out of the game.

The first batter, left, to face the Pyote hurler in the opener, Behrens, Clovis left-fielder, let the count go to two and two and then lifted a long high fly to right which was easily gathered in for the first out. Left, Robertson, Clovis chucker, trots down to first base, only to find the ball there ahead of him as he grounded out to second in the sixth inning. Wynn is covering first base for the "Dusters." Hampered by a bad ankle the elongated Pyote first-sacker, had an afternoon which proved a bit rough in spots.

Top photograph shows Johnnie Moran as he attempted to score on a smash to left. A powerful throw by Behrens nipped him at the plate for the out. The opener saw Clovis come out on

top but Sunday's game went to the "Rattlers" for their first win of the season.

To mark the opening day ceremonies the Pyote band was on hand and played the National Anthem while members of both teams stood at attention along the foul lines.

Ideal weather prevailed for Saturday's game which, incidentally, witnessed a scene dear to the heart of all Flatbush fans. A long chinfest, revolving around the rule book, held up action for a short time as both teams huddled in front of the Liberators' bench. As with all baseball arguments, this one got nowhere. When it was all over, the boys were exactly where they started. Too bad we can't show you this in a picture but someone lifted the only copy some where between here and Abilene.

Coach Glucksman has issued a call that anyone wishing to tryout for any position on the "Rattlers" is welcomed to do so merely by appearing at one of the daily practice sessions which are held on the Athletic Field, opposite the Hospital, every afternoon, starting at three o'clock.

This weekend the team travels to El Paso to meet the Biggs Field nine in two games. On May 20 and 21st, the Rattlers will hit the trail for Almagordo.

## E ENCOUNTER



## EDITORIAL

# Mothers Day -- 1944

Sunday, May 14, is Mother's Day.

"So what," echoes some of the gentry. "This is a helluva place and time to remind us of it."

In fact, some people say they don't believe in such poppycock for the simple reason that the day has been so exploited and commercialized that it has lost its true meaning. Granted that it has been commercialized and granted also the fact that to some it is just another opportunity for making an extra buck selling some woebegone greeting cards.

But does that mean the true spirit of the day is gone?

If that's true . . . why bother celebrate Christmas? That day too, has been commercialized, but still to the great majority of people the world over, the Day Our Lord was born is still a day of reverence and is celebrated as such.

The logic behind such argument is fallacious. If it were true we would then mark Christmas, not by attending religious services and exercises, but just by sending telegrams, greeting cards and trading gifts. What a mockery.

Perhaps it is difficult for us situated here to realize just what this Sunday means. To us, it's just another day. Some will be off, as per usual, others will work, also as per usual.

But in homes, scattered country-wide, there are mothers who remember this particular Day from other years. They remember boys and girls who would go out and scarp up a few pennies just to buy a plant . . . a bunch of flowers . . . or a grimy greeting card. Or they'd remember the Day as the one Day in the year when they would reign as queens. The rest of the family would do all the work while Mom would sit back, smile and thank her lucky stars for such a family.

No, it wasn't the flowers, the cards, the plants, the service that brought these smiles to mothers. It was the fact that her boys and girls, realizing how much they owed, took this one special occasion to show their love and devotion.

Today many a place at the Sunday dinner table is vacant. Some of them forever. In many homes, there won't be any celebration to mark Mother's Day. To some will come tersely worded War Department telegrams telling that her boy, the one she cried over when he got his first haircut, won't be coming back since he has given his life for his country.

This Sunday, more than ever, the day will have a special meaning. We, away from home, realize that but even more to mothers will it be a special day. They look with dread and terror on the coming months. They realize deep in their hearts that perhaps their boys won't come home. They're praying for us, day and night. The least we can do is say a prayer for them, this Sunday, Mother's Day, 1944.

## THE RATTLER

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

COL. BERNARD T. CASTOR  
Station Commandant

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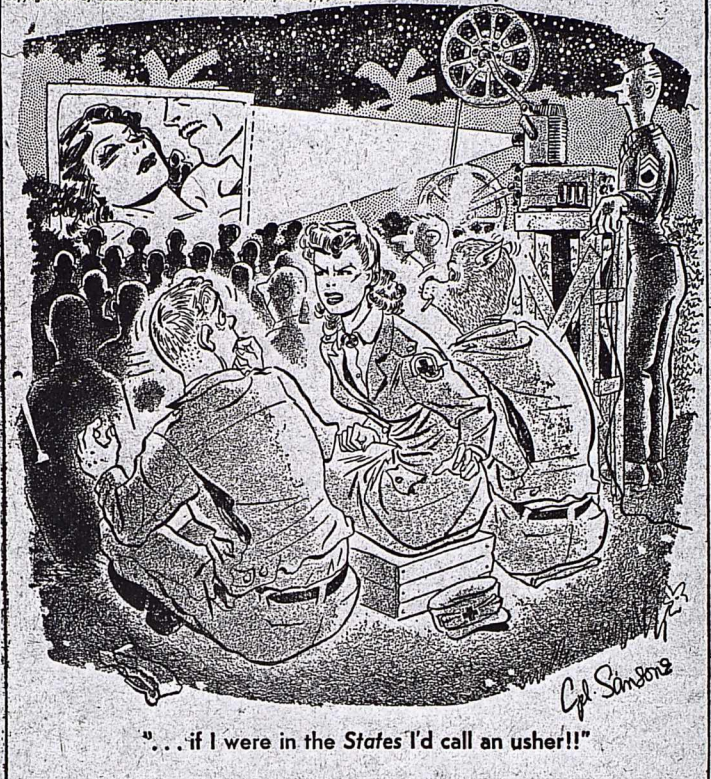
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## The Wolf

by Sansone

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### THOUGHTS OF OTHERS

## Begged, Borrowed Or Stolen

Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is a brave man, who has written a brave book called "America Unlimited". His courage lies in the fact that he has dared to be "average" and unoriginal without apology.

Johnston confesses that his book is the outgrowth of hundreds of conversations with all sorts of Americans in the last few years. He has dared to put down his distillation of these average thoughts of an average man in defiance of the jibes and anger which it is bound to draw from the far right and left of public opinion.

One does not often find a writer on present-day economics who will admit to being an optimist; who will "plead guilty to sharing all the sins of extrovert good-fellowship self-improvement, and community spirit which so-called intellectuals love to harpoon"; who will speak of private enterprise and initiative and capitalism without quote marks, without sneers or smugness.

Johnston does all these things and more. He even dares to defend the Horatio Alger sagas of "little tykes who grow into big tycoons." He finds them to be symbolically if not, literally, true. And he feels that they are deeply American, "as near as anything we have to a body of folklore."

He surveys unblushingly and with pride the boy who traveled the road from log cabin to White House. He happily notes that the American boasts of being "self-made", where the European boasts of his forebears. In both he finds proof that "Americans have not yet become accustomed to looking upon poverty as an insuperable, or even serious, obstacle.

Now that is not a fashionable way of thinking or of writing. But unquestionably it happens to crystallize the thinking of millions of independent-minded, moderate-income farmers and workers and business men—people who are reasonably inarticulate and not given to writing books, but who wield influence and decide elections and come to mind when someone speaks of the "backbone of America".

They are people at once progressive (since they do not think this country perfect or bristle at recent social and economic reforms) and conservative (since they do not feel that improvement demands a complete scrapping of the American way of doing things).

To these people we commend Johnston's Book as we commend Johnston for having digested their best thinking so clearly and persuasively.

Editorial

Midland Reporter-Telegram

## 3rd Echelon

By SELMA LANE

Ah yes! This good Ole "State of Texas." The state that stands alone and asks support of none. Even to the slams and slurs she gets, she still remains "Good Ole Texas."

One two two, ring two, one two two ring three; say, when is one two two going to ring. Patty is ready to answer.

Well what do you know, we even have a pool player in our midst. Except for one thing she uses the wrong end of the stick. So much the better she says.

Mr. and Mrs. Beavers spent Friday in Pecos. There won't be any prowlers around Pete's house, he now has Cactus flower beds all over the yard.

Fabric is glad to welcome Mrs. Gentry back after an illness.

Say what goes on behind closed doors—All you see after walking in is props, props. Oh there they are way back there. That's alright Mr. Norcross, they are good workers even when you have a day off.

This department sure misses Inspection Department, now that they have made a departure to another department. Some reason Kathryn just remains with us. Even Mr. Dempsey can't persuade her to go.

So-o-o you won't talk, we'll fix that little red head in Woodmill. All she says is, "I don't know" "I can't say," "I'm a complete blank." Get me a work order and I might.

From all appearances the gang must of had a busting good time at the last dance Thursday Night. By the time they recuperate from that one, we will have another one, I hope.

Well, any how Tuesday night will be calmer and you can come over and rest your nerves over a game of Bingo or Pool or Dominoes at the Civilian Recreation Center.

## At Service Club

Thursday, May 11—8:30, Music by eight of the Band. Soldier Show. Hostesses from Wink and Kermit.

Friday, May 12—Dance.

Saturday, May 13—Open.

Sunday, May 14—Coffee and doughnuts served from 3 o'clock to 4 o'clock. Gypsy Ensemble: 8:30.

Monday, May 15—Movies, 9:00.

Tuesday, May 16—Mending, 11:30 to 5:30. 8:00, Hostesses in Club from Monahans. Informal Dancing. 8:30, Bridge Party.

Wednesday, May 17—8:00, Informal dancing, Hostesses from Wink, Kermit and the Base.

## AT THE THEATER

Thursday—"Follow the Boys" with George Raft, Vera Zorina and All-Star Cast. Paramount News.

Friday—"Moon Over Las Vegas" with Anne Gwynne and David Bruce. Person Oddities and Cartoon.

Saturday—"Girl in the Case" with Edmund Lowe and Jennie Carter. Night in Mexico City and Jungle Thrills.

Sunday and Monday—"Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" with Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and Bonita Granville. Paramount News and Cartoon.

Tuesday—(Double Feature) "Charlie Chan in the Chinese Cat" with Sidney Toler and Russell Hyden. Wyoming Hurricane.

Wednesday and Thursday—"Her Primitive Man" with Louise Albritton and Robert Page. March of Time and Paramount News.

### NON-SALUTING SOLDIERS FINED \$2 IN ITALY

ITALY (CNS)—A large billboard at an MP station along the road to Garigliano Front, bears the list of standard fines for various violations:

"Failure to wear helmets, \$2; speeding, \$15; overcrowding vehicles, \$3; blackout violations, \$10; failure to have vehicles mounted with machine guns ready to fire, \$5, and failure to salute \$2.

These fines are for enlisted men only. Officers must pay double.

## At The Chapel

### PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday, May 14, 1944

0915—Chapel Service, Section C.

1030—Base Chapel Service.

1130—Civilian Housing Service.

1930—Vesper Service.

### CATHOLIC SERVICE

Sunday Masses:

0800, 1615 and 1745

Weekday Mass: 1830 (except Thursday)

Communion Distributed between 1630 and 1830.

Hospital Mass: Thursday at 0930.

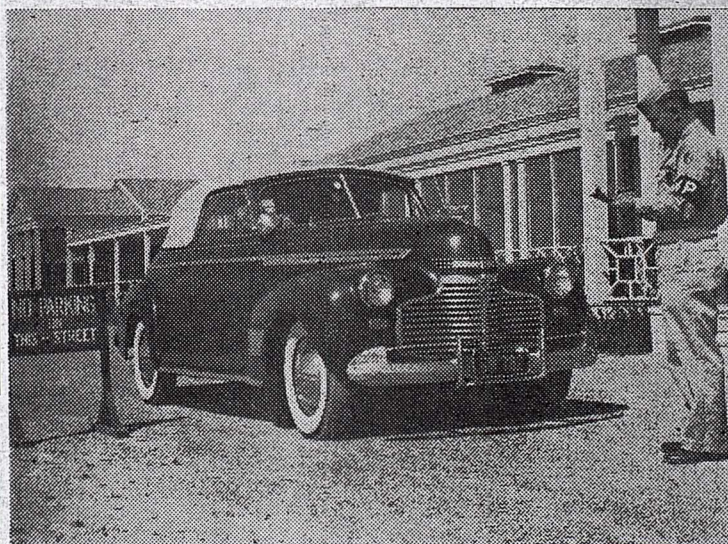
Evening Devotions: Tuesday at 1900, Friday at 2100.

Confessions Saturday: 1500 to 1830; 2000, 2100; and before all the Masses on Sunday.

### JEWISH SERVICE

Friday at 1930: Sabbath Evening Service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICE  
Thursday at 2000: Led by Mrs. Mabel New Homes.



Someone once said that an army air field is just like a small city in itself. That being the case, our city must necessarily have its police department and that's where the Security Detachment and MPs come into the picture. Where there are policemen, there are traffic rules and regulations. The accompanying shots show three violations of "no parking" rules here on the Field which will be greeted with the perennial ticket. Top, the No Parking area

in the civilian housing district. Occupants of the civilian houses should use the park-lot in front of the trailer houses on Fifth Street and the parking lot on the north side of the Provost Marshal's Office. Center photograph is a shot of a No Parking area from corner of Seventh and "E" St. to the west end of the loop drive way entrance to the Officers Club. Bottom, another area which is not to be used for parking cars, except in cases of loading or unloading riders.

# MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By T-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

Then comes the sudden awakening that "21-days" are over and again one must face reality—you're in the army again! For several days those old familiar faces and the hospital look so different but soon a state of normalcy returns. The thought that "Nothing ever happens here" certainly vanishes for it takes a week to catch up on activities.

It may have looked like a Circus Wagon but here is what Lt. Igou saw the other evening: Slowly a Lincoln Zephyr was coming down the street and Cpl. McCarty was at the wheel. Sitting on the front fender was Sgt. "Shorty" McTigue clad only in fatigue pants and shoes. But here was the pay-off—occupying the entire back seat was PFC. Mercer fiddling away to his heart's content. No, Lt., it wasn't an illusion, it was the real thing.

1-Sgt. Schurr and Sgt. Howard are desperately attempting to begin a new fad of smoking corn-corn pipes. Their progress is slow.

However, they did succeed in getting our innocent mascot "Lady Bernice" slightly inebriated at the P.X. Patio the other night. Could that have been the cause of all the laughter as late as reveille next morning?

With Cpls. Ransom and Tomczak on DS in Monahans and PFC. Timmons on furlough, Barracks No. 5 is actually a different place. Challenge: Try and name any three fellows on that base that can make more noise than the above mentioned trio. Have you heard the story about "Tomcat" talking to himself for 3 hours and 50 minutes? PFC. McCune will vouch for that. Here's the deal: at 2200 one night this friendly chap began talking to McCune (then Mac fell to sleep) and at 0150 the latter happened to awaken and "The Tomcat" was still talking—and not Polish!

In the event you should see Cpl. Doherty coming down the corridor with something that resembles a baby in a blanket, don't be alarmed. It isn't that. Carefully wrapped in that bundle he is carrying what he terms his own "Secret Formula" for the EKG machine he is now operating. Let's hope he doesn't give that machine a beating like he does a typewriter.

Barracks No. 2 really must have been a riot the night they celebrated Sgt. Cains' promotion because that hasn't happened too

many times in "Sugar Cain's" 18 years of army life. The Ward Men are really happy over their new 8 hour shifts; that should call for a celebration too!

Last Friday in the Station Chapel at 0830 S-Sgt. Bankers of the Flyers Dispensary was joined in wedlock to his very attractive bride from North Dakota. Little is known of this affair at the time of this writing but wait until he returns. Then we have Mr. Walter Oglesby in the Laboratory who married 1st Lt. Elizabeth Volski, ANC, in Clovis, New Mexico. Heartiest congratulations to both of these couples.

The big issue at last weeks Local 237 meeting was: "Who borrowed Cpl. Noreck's cap?" Incidentally, the meeting was right up to par and the cap was recovered. Everyone had a wow of a time; even the two M.P.'s who were our guests. Remember?

## Behind the 8 Ball

By ED RAFTERY

Now that the bowling alleys are open some of you maple topplers can strut your stuff for the boys in the onlookers seats. Because the slides are new, you should have no complaints so get out and do your best. We'll tell you though that we found them a little slow but if you know anything about bowling, and we hope you do, you'll realize that all new things have to be broken in. Once the newness is worn off though there should be some high scores. Surely some of you doggies were good bowlers at home and with a little practice should be able to turn in some scores around your old averages. It'll take time so don't get discouraged.

Some of the boys in No. 1 Hanger have already started to plan a league and have hopes of putting it over. They have six teams lined up and are just putting the finishing touches on it before starting off. There should be a number of good teams submitted if we could plan on having two or three leagues and at the end the leaders could roll off a bracket of games for the Field championship. They could be run in regular league fashion and prizes could be awarded the winners out of a prearranged pot. There is food for thought in case some ambitious laddie cares to do a little extra work to start the ball rolling.

This week we're being short because no one parts with any news but in closing we'll tell you that a couple of WACs, Jean L. (Hanger No. 2 Supply) and Betty W. of the Provost's office are recent additions to the Chug-A-Lug Club. You have to be on the ball to belong too and we don't mean perhaps.

That is another 30 for now. Will see you-all around.

## Melody In 'F'

This week's mystery: Whatever happened to those noon news broadcasts that were loud-speakered around the base? We could never hear them very plainly, because we seemed to be caught always halfway between four loud-speakers which were not any too well coordinated, but now that we don't hear them anymore, we miss 'em.

We see that strange building directly south of our orderly room is to be a bank. Now we are not one to question the judgement of the power-that-be, but nevertheless, it does occur to us that there might be a sheaf of memos posted regarding what the well undressed GI will wear when passing said bank en route to the L----e (oh, what we said). Never let it be said that we were one to offend the sensibilities of a bank teller. No ma'am!

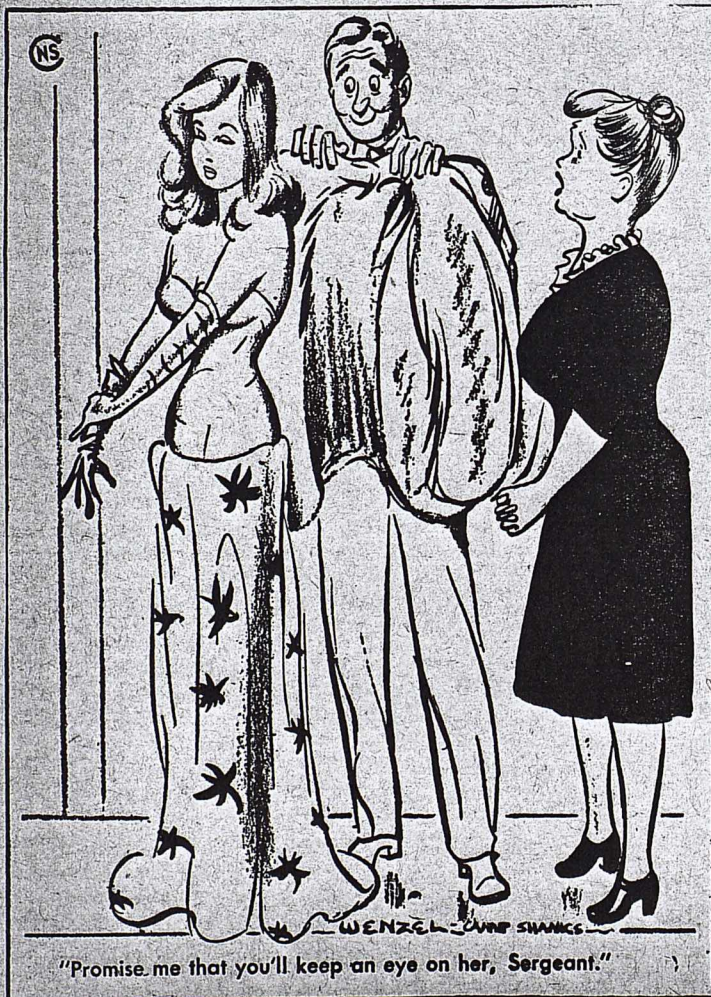
What's this we hear about some waitress at the Service Club bawling out a G.I. because his uniform wasn't according to regulations? Maybe the G.I. was wrong, but we haven't reached the point where we have femme-civilian MPs yet—or have we?

Cigars were in order last Saturday ayem when S-Sgt. Dominic Buffamonte became a proud papa. It's a boy—7 lb. 1 oz.

We like this story. It makes us feel good all over. We don't know why, except that it's the Sad Sack in reverse. Seems a couple weeks ago one of the boys didn't salute a commissioned officer; so he got his comeuppance in the form of extra duty. His particular detail was watering the lawn. He hadn't been at it ten minutes before he found a dollar bill. As we say, that's the kind of story that restores our faith in the Army, the American Way of Life, and anything else you want to name.

Some GIs, who shall go anonymous here, are taking issue with some of the statements made at Orientation Lectures. At times, opinions have been delivered as facts, and at other times, facts have been misquoted. As a good Wisconsin Progressive who will argue far into the night on politics, the war, or anything. We again put up our original suggestion: That the orientation lectures might be more profitable, more interesting, and more educational, if they were a little more open forum, and if you disagreed you had a chance to say so.

To combat absenteeism in war plants, we hear, somebody devised a new slogan: "You can't raise a hangover in a Victory Garden." To which we hastily amend, unless you're growing Four Roses.



# WAC Flak

By CPL. EDNA COLLINS

We wish to thank the committee of the N.C.O.M.C. for the honorary membership to the new club. We are looking forward to the opening and will try to give all the feminine cooperation that is needed to make it a success.

Never a dull moment with the WACs. Recently we were entertained at mess with a little performance by Sgt. Margaret Nugent and Cpl. Althea Wagner. A sister act, washing windows in ten easy lessons. Ask them how they stumbled across this little act and they will explain it all to you.

PFC. Edwina Mazzel, that little bundle of personality, who works at the Station Hospital, without knowing it, gave away some of her romance secrets. She said her latest one started with the taking of a pulse, the one before when she washed his back. Gosh Edwina, how would one go about it when they punch a typewriter all day?

WAC of all trades is Cpl. Margarite Erksen; she can do almost anything, from taking care of our orderly room to doing a good paint job. (Not necessarily the face either.) Margarite with the help of Pvt. Hannah White painted Lt. Haslam's office a heavenly shade of blue. Now Major Sponable, Director of Aircraft Maintenance, has nothing on us with his green room.

That twinkle in PFC. Violet Jacobs' eye isn't there only because she recently visited her folks at home but because of her coming marriage too. Jackie surprised us all with the good news that her "future" has returned from overseas and as soon as possible they are going to take that final step. We are all happy for you, Violet, and you know we wish the best for you.

Who is this S-Sgt. at Sub-Depot that has all our girls agar over him. Why not let us all meet you Sargie; come down to our Day Room some time.

1st Sgt. Vincent received a very novel V-Mail Letter the other day that might interest some of the old Pyotens (don't mean in age, just in stay.) It was from some boys "over there" who were stationed at Pyote at one time. They mentioned that they had received the "Rattler" and had enjoyed reading about dear old Pyote Army Air Field, even though they were far away. Their names: Cpl. Dexter DePalm, Sgt. Victor Newberg, Sgt. Chester Bricko, Sgt. Waldo Ximenes, Cpl. Charles Van Pembroke, Sgt. Mike Bisek, and S-Sgt. George G. Andra. Probably some of you old timers remember them and would like to drop them a line. Sgt. Vincent will give you

# MALECALL

BY MILTON CANIFF



the address if you just call her.

Message Center at Headquarters is at a loss these days without that little live wire, PFC. Vera Hrevus. She is now working at Flight Control. Their gain is Headquarters loss. Lots of luck in your new assignment, Vera. We are sure you will do a good job as per usual.

Only one little WAC to add to our list of names this week. Pvt. Sallie A. Donnally of Charleston, W. Va. Welcome Sallie, Pyote isn't too bad and when you are here as long as some of us are you will get to love it too???

Pvt. Barbara Kzaley is a show in herself. If it wasn't for her wit and amusing songs, Barracks three would be a dull place at times. Special Services if you are looking for a good entertainer look her up.

Cpl. Margie Schneider, PFCs Helen Wagner Smith and Mildred Pavel Brown are back from furlough. Did you have a good time girls? Whata question to ask, eh.

Ward Howell, don't you think your new title would be more fitting for the WAC Flak? Ahhhh Men?

Pvt.: "Will you marry me?"

Heiress: "No, definitely not!"

Pvt.: "Aw, come on now. Be a support."

## "A" Men

Back again with the Buzzard's Weekly Blast. First off, let's out with a hearty welcome to some newcomers to Section A. M-Sgt. Bob Hawkins, S-Sgt. Clinton Chittock, M-Sgt. Howard Randall, T-Sgt. Francis McGee, Cpl. Charlie Maxwell, S-Sgt. George Morasci and S-Sgt. Lloyd Black are all from Section D and pretty well known here.

May we take this time to extend our sympathy to Mrs. Lucy Lankford who was injured in an accident at the Service Club last week. Our sincere wishes for a speedy recovery, Mrs. Lankford, as we really miss your skilled hand when it comes to turning out those eats.

Lt. Pykosz—"Caldwell, it gives me great pleasure to bestow upon you these corporal stripes." Cpl. Jack Caldwell—"Then why not give out with three, Sir, and really enjoy yourself?"

For an evening of real entertainment, catch the show given by local radio G.I. talent at Theater No. 2 on Sunday evenings from five to six. This is to be every week from now on and is really

worth struggling through Pyote sand and wind to see.

A word of appreciation to the ladies in the Post Office for their friendly attitudes and willingness to help out in whatever the situation may be. From the wrapping of sizeable packages to filling out money orders, they are always ready with a smile and kindly word for every G.I.

Here 'n There: Sgt. Sam Frankrich is back in the old hangout again after having spent several luscious weeks deep in the sunshine of Florida... Sgt. Fred Smith has also returned to join the contented ranks of Pyote. Smitty has been recuperating at home, Baltimore, after an operation... PFC. Ray (Jitterbug first class from Fort Worth) Hornsby Base Telegraph, says one fellow who can't be blamed for picking a soft spot is a paratrooper PX Barber—"Haven't I snaved you before?" "Oh no," argues Pvt. Ted Sparks, "I got that scar in the Aleutians."... It never fails to happen. As Sgt. David James bellows at mail call "letter for Winczkiewzowski," a meek voice from the rear inquires "what initial?"... Sgt. Gerald Finn is marking days off the calendar until his wife from New York joins him.



# RATTLER SPORTS



## NEWS OF YOUR OWN HOME TOWN

CLEVELAND (CNS)—Two girls in bobby-socks peeked at the headlines on a newsstand. "British Bomb Sumatra," one headline read. "Gosh!" one of the girls exclaimed, "why are they picking on poor Frankie?"

EDGEWOOD, Iowa (CNS)—Don Arnold saw a stranger leading his stolen dog along the street. He accosted the fellow and demanded the dog's return. "Prove it's your dog," the stranger challenged. Arnold struck a match, held the flame in front of the dog's mouth and said, "Blow it out." The dog blew it out. "Your dog," said the stranger, walking away.

ELMHURST, L. I. (CNS)—Policeman Bill Baumann spotted four youths carrying a bathtub along a darkened street. He stopped them. "Ha ha, officer," they said. "We're just carrying this home for a friend." Their story—like the tub—didn't hold water, so Baumann pinched them on charges of breaking and entering.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich (CNS)—Hughbert Williamson, who in 1942 was fined \$8.75 for calling Adolf Hitler "a nasty name," has asked Judge Edward E. Bureson for a rebate. "You should realize by now," he said, "that I was right about the guy."

HOLLYWOOD (CNS)—Errol Flynn was minding his own business in a Hollywood night spot when Toby Tuttle, an entertainer, hit him on the head with a soft-boiled egg. She did it, she explained, because Flynn "just sat there" while another woman insulted her.

KANKAKEE, Ill. (CNS)—Police Sgt. Bert Luckey was lindy-hopping around the floor at the annual policeman's dance when suddenly his wooden leg, which is equipped with ball bearings at the joints, fell off and rolled across the ballroom. Four women fainted.

TOLEDO, O. (CNS)—Three-year-old Billy Roberts was hungry. So he ate all the pink pills he found in the family medicine closet. Doctors say he will live.

## Canadian Club Sets Pace In Softball

The Flight Control Static Chasers met the Crippled Commandos last Monday evening and gave the Commandos a 18 to 10 beating. Static Chasers were hot from the beginning of the game and pitcher Eldridge of the Commandos couldn't hold the boys down and took the loss. Brock and Hughes hurled for the Static Chasers.

Second game on Monday night's card brought the C. N. T. Star Gazers and Base Shutterbugs together the latter taking the loss by the score of 9 to 0. Shutterbugs were outclassed in every sense of the word and were unable to make any headway whatsoever against pitcher Hughes of the Star Gazers. The game was called at the end of five innings of play because of darkness. Stewart was the losing hurler.

All games were called Tuesday because of high swirling Pyote dust.

The commandos came back on the field Wednesday evening this time taking their game over the Brown Bombers of Section C by the close score of 10 to 9. It was anyone's ball game up until the 78th inning when the Brown Bombers outfielder muffed a pop fly, two men scoring on the error.

Thursday the Canadian Clubbers met the Guards and took them to the cleaners 14 to 1. Little more need be said about the game. Ewald chucked for the winners and Ray was the hurler for the Guards.

Base Shutterbugs were whipped again Friday night 13 to 8 by Quartermasters. The Shutterbugs tried desperately to break their losing streak without any success. Smith hurled for the QM's and Lee for the Shutterbugs.

This past Monday night saw the Canadian Club chalk up another victory, behind the slants of Stan Ewald. Holding the Crippled Commandos to one blow, the Canadian Club scored a 6-0 victory for its third straight win. In the past three games the C. C. has scored thirty-six runs while limiting the opposition to two tallies.

Girls who like to show their knees, Know all about the birds and bees.

## Second Air Force To Field Top Notch Football Team

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—Second Air Force, which produced a Sun Bowl championship team in the Fall of 1942, will field an eleven this year, according to announcement of Brigadier General U. G. Ent, Second Air Force commander.

The team will be trained in Colorado Springs and will play in key cities of Second Air Force base areas where a maximum number of servicemen may witness a first class football game. It will provide diversion and entertainment for men in service, as well as recreation for team members and the public.

**With the tremendous amount of work facing all personnel of the Second Air Force in accomplishing its operational training mission, it is apparent that**

**each group and air base cannot spare the time or personnel to produce a number of top flight football teams. It has been the decision of General Ent that all groups and bases have equal opportunity to contribute to the support of one team representing the entire Second Air Force.**

## Boxing Show At Rec Hall

After long months of hard work by the Physical Training Department, the boys have finally cooked up another boxing show which will be presented at the Recreation Hall on May 23rd. This will mark the first boxing show for this year and promises an evening of real slugging and fast action.

Advance dope points to some swell bouts, five matches, of three rounds each or less and as a special added attraction, two grunt and groan artists will exhibit their wares and skills in a wrestling bout.

The feature bout of the evening will show John Komlo of Section F who will tangle with John Henry Williams of Section C. Both boys tip the beam at 160 and promise to come out slugging.

Other bouts on the fight card are: Tom Sophus, (Section C) versus Clifford Weiss (Section F) in the 147 pound class; Melvin Wilderson (Section C) versus Eugene Denckler (Section F), also at 147; Ben Hugh (Section C) versus Charlie Bush, Wickett, 135-pound match; Richard Smith (Section C) meeting Bill Flowers (Section F), at 160 and the main bout.

The wrestling end of the card which should provide the evening's best entertainment will see "Muscle Man" Greco attempt to outgrunt and outgrimage "Strangler" Brown.

These two men tip the beam at over two hundred pounds and if nothing else, they should make a loud noise when they hit the canvas.

The team will be formed chiefly for the purpose of morale building, as was the 1942 eleven, which proved to be the undisputed West Coast Army champion and only undefeated major service team of the season.

The Bombers did not play last season, but in 1942 were undefeated in 12 starts and tied only by Washington State, 6 to 6. They played the top college and service teams in the West and Southwest and won over Hardin-Smimons, 13 to 7, in the Sun Bowl championship game at El Paso, Texas.

This year a similar ambitious schedule will be arranged against the highest caliber opposition from colleges, universities and service teams in the Second Air Force area.

**Second Air Force, which is the largest in the United States, will have more than 40 bases from which to draw material in the territory from the Mississippi River to the Pacific slopes and from Canada to Mexico. There has been no coach assigned for this year's Bombers, nor game scheduled. Arrangements will be begun immediately by Major Claude F. McGrath of Spokane, Washington, former Gonzaga University player, coach and athletic director, who supervised them in 1942.**

Major McGrath played four years at quarterback for Gonzaga and later returned to his alma mater, where he was freshman coach for nine years, varsity basketball coach for six years and director of athletics for four years before coming into military service.



Any member of the Ft. McPherson (Ga.) baseball team can get a three-day pass if he wallops a ball through a window of the commanding officer's quarters.

This offer was made by the CO himself, Col. Frank K. Ross, whose quarters are just behind the right field fence of the ball field, 340 feet from home plate.

Ernie Lombardi, the man behind the nose, is faster than ever this year. In the first five games of the season he hit into five double plays and "stretched" two terrific blasts against the left field wall into singles. Lombardi remains one of the most potent long distance hitters in the game, however, as well as one of its most powerful snorers. So tremendous are his nightly nasal serenades, in fact, that no one on the Giants will room with him, despite the fact that old Cyrano, as usual, is the most popular guy on the club.

Greg Mangin, former national indoor tennis champion, is a Flying Fortress gunner over the ETO. He has had 1,000 hours in the air and his "service" is still as good as it ever was.

**HOCKEY ROUNDUP.** The Montreal Canadiens, only real big league team in the NHL this year lost only four games in the regular season, dropped only one in the Stanley Cup playoffs, won the Stanley finals, 4 games to 0 for Chicago. Star players of the year were Montreal's rookie goalie, Bill Durnan; Babe Pratt, Toronto defenseman, who won the coveted Hart trophy as most valuable to his team; Bill Cowley, Boston's great play-making center; Boston's Herbie Cain, who set a new league scoring record with 73 points, and Chicago's Clint Smith, winner of the Lady Byng trophy for clean play.

Danny Litwhiler, Cardinal's outfielder, Mel Ott, Giant's manager, and Beau Jack, former lightweight champ, have passed pre-induction physicals. Litwhiler picked the Navy and Beau chose the Army. . . . Wilbur Moore, Washington Redskin's back, has joined the Marines and Frank Leahy, Notre Dame coach, has applied for a Naval commission. . . . Al Gerhauser, Phillies' young pitcher, is 4F. And so is Andy Pafko, Cubs' rookie gardener. . . . Sgt. Barney Ross has been discharged from the Marines with a CDD.

# Rattlers Split Two Games With Clovis Drop Opener, 11-2: Take Nightcap 11-7

## Dusters To Rattlers A Quick Change

Some of our readers may wonder about our brand of marijuana since last week "The Rattler" called the Pyote team, "The Dusters" and this week, we come out and call them "The Rattlers". The story behind the change in name is this.

Disgusted at the three game losing streak, the boys put collective heads together and decided that perhaps a change in name would help the cause. Look at the Phillies or Blue Jays as they should now be called. It worked there, to a certain extent.

After due deliberation of approximately five minutes, the baseball team tagged itself the "Rattlers" and henceforth shall rattle itself down the road to victory. We hope. At any rate it helped in Sunday's Clovis game.

## Team To El Paso For Two Tilts Against Biggs

With one win under their belt, Pyote's "Rattlers" will attempt to make it three in a row with a double victory against Biggs Field this Saturday and Sunday, at El Paso.

A decided improvement has been noticed in the team and a twin-killing against Biggs Field will put the "Rattlers" in the runner-up spot in Area VII of the Southern Section.

Although there may be some last minute changes, practically the same team that scored the 11-7 victory over Clovis last Sunday will start the first game at El Paso.

Either Mike Fedor, expected back from furlough today, or 'Jay' Moran might start the opener. Ward, because of his hitting power will probably draw the left-field assignment. George Masi, injured in the Tucson game, will be on the receiving end.

Practice sessions are held every afternoon at three o'clock and newcomers still have an opportunity of making the team.

They tell about the limited assignment GI who got shell shocked eating peanuts in bed.

## Errors Pave Way For Clovis Victory; Ward Hurls Pyote To First Triumph

What happened to the Pyote Rattlers in their opening home game last Saturday against the Clovis Liberaors shouldn't happen to the Dodgers.

Opening day ceremonies were over. Lt. Col. William H. Cocke, Executive Officer, had tossed the ball in the general direction of home plate and the ball game was rolling along smoothly.

### The Box Scores

PYOTE				
	AB	R	H	E
Tabacchi, ss	4	1	2	1
Glucksman, c	1	1	0	0
Gahan, c	2	0	0	1
Wynn, 1b	4	0	0	0
Matalavage, 3b	4	0	2	0
Cruz, lf	4	0	1	1
Mitchell, 2b	3	0	0	0
Saraille, rf	2	0	0	1
Roberts, rf, cf	1	0	1	0
Corpening, cf, rf	2	0	0	0
Cargile, rf	1	0	0	0
Moran, p	1	0	0	0
Hogan, p	1	0	0	0
Ward, x	1	0	0	0
	31	2	6	4

x Batted for Moran in 5th.

CLOVIS				
	AB	R	H	E
Behrens, lf	5	1	2	0
Menendez, cf, 3b	5	0	0	0
Santi, c	4	2	1	1
Dobbs, ss	5	3	3	1
Robertson, lb	3	0	0	0
Circhio, lb	2	1	2	0
Bidlock, rf	5	2	2	0
Robb, 2b	4	1	2	1
Coricia, 3b	2	0	0	0
Schneider, cf	2	0	1	0
Rushing, p	3	1	1	0
	40	11	14	3

CLOVIS: 0 10 112 033-11  
PYOTE: 1 01 000 000-2

PYOTE				
	AB	R	H	E
Tabacchi, rf	3	2	1	0
Kleppe, 2b	3	4	2	1
Ward, p	3	2	2	0
Matalavage, 3b	3	2	2	0
Gahan, c	4	1	3	0
Cargile, ss	3	0	0	0
Emmert, cf	3	0	0	0
Wynn, 1b	4	0	0	0
Roberts, lf	3	0	1	0
Corpening, x	0	0	0	0
Paret, lf	-	0	1	0
	30	11	12	1

x Ran for Wynn in 6th.

CLOVIS				
	AB	R	H	E
Wilkie, c	4	0	1	2
Menendez, c	2	2	1	0
Behrens, lf	3	1	1	0
Dobbs, ss	3	0	0	0
Robertson, lb	4	1	1	0
Bidlock, rf	4	0	0	0
Circhio, 3b	2	2	2	1
Robb, 2b	4	1	1	1
Thomsonian, p	2	0	0	0
Raffa, p	0	0	0	0
Edinger, p	0	0	0	0
	28	7	7	4

CLOVIS: 1 10 012 2-7  
PYOTE: 4 40 111 X-11

We had netted one run in the first on an error, sacrifice and Matalavage's single to right. Clovis tied the count in its half of the second when Saraille took time to look for the handle while chasing a pop-up which consequently went for three bases and knocked in a run.

A single by Tabacchi and two Liberator errors gave the Pyote team another run in the third but that was all, brother. From there in it was Clovis all the way.

One in the fifth and two more in the sixth for the Liberators gave them a 5-2 lead but Pyote was wasting time at the plate and only fanned the air as they went down before the slants of a tobacco-chewing curevball artist, Jim Rushing.

The Pyote outfield had a rough afternoon trying to judge the bouncing of a baseball as it came rolling down the ruts. As a result many a blow which should have been a single wound up as a two-base, three-base and home run.

Clovis wasn't bothered in this respect since the Rattlers weren't hitting.

Sunday's story was a different tale. A revamped Pyote team hopped all over the Liberator hurler and dumped four runs over the plate before he had time to hitch up his low-slung trousers.

Tabacchi opened with a walk and went to second when Tom Kleppe, bespectacled peppercorn, looped a single into short center. Robb's error on pitcher Walt Ward's roller loaded the sacks and all came home when Matalavage blasted out a two-base bingle. "Mat" scored on Graham's single before the side was retired.

This set of Pyote players accounted for four more tallies in the second to give Ward, a chunky right-hander, a good margin to work on during the game.

As things developed, he needed the margin. The Liberators pumped away, with one run in the first, second and fifth and two more in the sixth while Pyote added three more in the fourth, fifth and sixth. In the last inning, seventh by agreement, Clovis rolled up two more but the fire died before any further damage could be done.

May 11, 1944

# Invasion Sword To Pierce Heart Of Nazi Empire

## Air Attacks Continue To Smash Nazis

### HOW INVASION LOOKS TO ALLIED AIRMEN

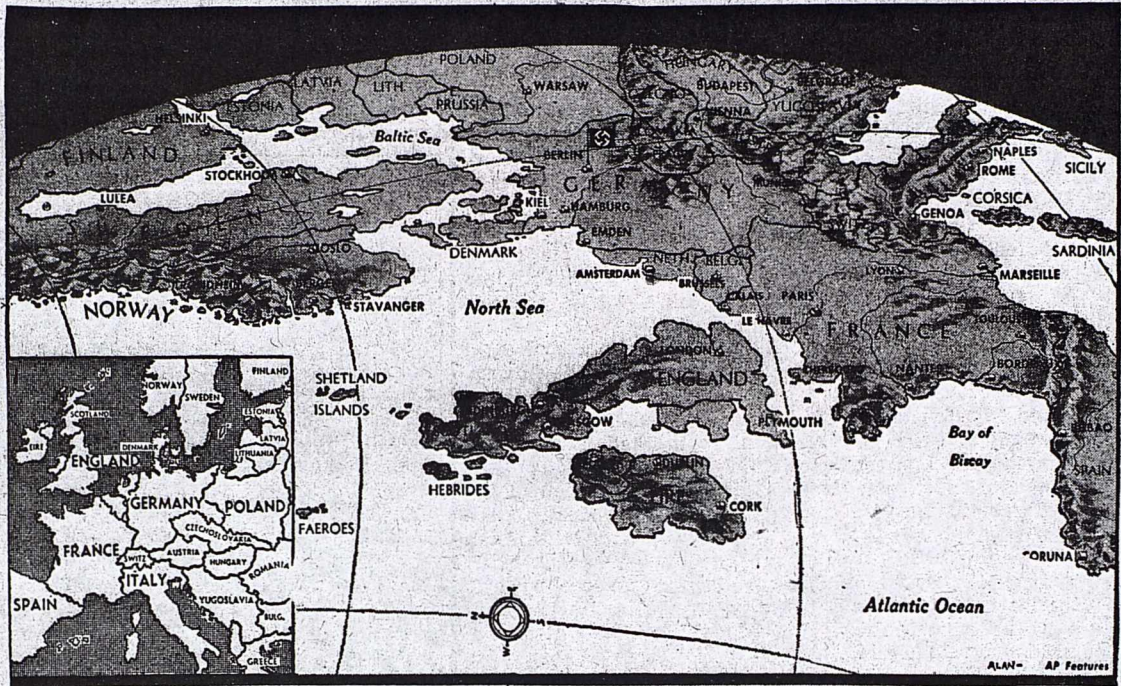
The sword of invasion hangs heavily over the battered heart of Germany and all signs point to an early severing of the cord. When and where the Allies will land are two questions uppermost in the mind of the world. The answers to those queries are locked deep in the hearts of a few men.

Many are the possibilities but most suggested is a straight drive across the Channel against the Nazi Atlantic Wall. Invasion-jittery Germany continues to rock and roll under tremendous Allied air attacks.

Called prelude to ground-force action, these mighty bombing forays have spread ruin, death and destruction throughout Hitler's tottering Fortress.

For twenty-five straight days, as this is written, forces of Allied planes, ranging in the thousands have streamed out over the Channel, Germany-bound. Opposition on the most part has been negligible. That is, aerial opposition. A nfi-aircraft fire has been heavy and has taken a toll of American and British lives.

Herman Goering's once vaunted Luftwaffe is either so shattered, it can't oppose the Allied air armada or else the Nazis are laying low and just striking back when the occasion warrants. Monday's opposition by the Nazis seems to bear out this latter theory. After days of no aerial opposition whatsoever, German fighter planes rose to the attack. We lost 36 bombers and 13 fighters but the dwindling Luftwaffe was further decimated as 119 planes were destroyed. Desperation seems to mark the Nazi aerial activity. A desperate man is dangerous and the Luftwaffe is still dangerous. Any airman who has ridden the flak-pocked trail to Berlin will tell you that.



For twenty-five straight days, huge Allied air armadas have roamed far and wide over Hitler's European fortress, blasting and bombing their way as a prelude to the ground force invasion. Astronomical figures tell of the bomb loads dropped on the tottering Nazi empire but still the Allies go back and drop some more. The above map gives an idea of what the airmen see as they soar far

above the English Channel on their way to leaving calling cards at the Nazi capital, goal of the invading forces.

Scattered far across the map of Europe are desperate Axis forces, steeling themselves for the Allied invasion. Germany hasn't yet fought on its own home territory. What will happen when she is forced to the fight within the borders of Germany itself is a story as yet un-

finished. If previous action is any indication, all Europe, now Nazi-dominated, will lie in ruins. They have destroyed everything in sight. When forced to flee from Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, and Poland, will these nations suffer the same fate as previously-evacuated Nazi-dominated territory? Time alone will tell but in the past, it's been a sad story.

In Italy, strange things are happening. After a month's long lull on the Adriatic front of the Italian line, Germans are slowly withdrawing to the north. Some believe this withdrawal was due to the recent blasting of the Pescara River Dam while others are inclined to believe that the troops, being withdrawn, are being rushed to the Atlantic Wall.

Action in Italy has been sporadic at the most. When the Allied forces on the Anzio beachhead can take time out from fighting to hold a rodeo, then it might be said that things are quiet.

In Russia where the Red drive has momentarily stopped while Red leaders regroup their forces for the march through Poland, Sevastopol, bomb-shattered Black Sea port, has fallen to the Reds. This gives the Russians full command of the rich Crimean Peninsula and straightens out the Red lines from north to south.

The capture of Sevastopol completes the liberation of one of the richest areas of all Russia. The Germans invaded the Crimea on October 29, 1941 but failed to control it completely until July 5, 1942 when they captured Sevastopol after a 250-day siege which cost them 300,000 men killed, wounded or captured.

Proof that even heavier blows are being planned for the immediate attention of the short sons of the Mikado is found in the announcement by the Navy Department of a series of conferences recently held in San Francisco by three top admirals. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Pacific Fleet chief met with Adm. William L. Halsey, South Pacific commander and Admiral Ernest J. King commander-in-chief of the United States Fleet.

Even while the battle for Europe approaches, the Pacific fight must be pushed to the limit.

The main line of strategy of

naval forces seems to be obvious. The aim is to open a central supply route to the Philippines for Gen. Douglas MacArthur's amphibious legions advancing from the south and already in possession of a new jumping off point at Hollandia, New Guinea. This can be accomplished either by assaulting Truk Island in the Caroline Island group or, bypassing Truk, seek to establish one or more bases in the Marianna Island chain running north from the Carolines to Japan.

Whatever the strategy finally decided, it still will be a case of the Navy moving forward, blasting a path for the army and looking for the Jap navy.

In the jungle fastness of Burma and India, the enemy invasion forces in eastern India have been repulsed with heavy losses, according to communiques from Lord Louis Mountbatten's headquarters.