

THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Army Air Field

VOL. 2, NUMBER 4 PYOTE, TEXAS MAY 18, 1944

FREE

BOMBARDIERS BLAST SHACK FOR PRIZES

TRIBUTE TO WIVES

Pages 8 and 9

Page 2



Bombing Contest To Be Held Each Saturday

Competitive bombing will be the order of the day at the Rattlesnake Field, starting this Saturday and continuing every Saturday when the nine best combat crews will soar over the Field and aim to blast the "Shack" skyward.

Flying at 10,000 feet indicated, each crew will drop ten bombs and the crew which first breaks the record of 140 feet converted circular error will be on the receiving end of weekly prize awards. According to Captain Ralph K. Watts, Assistant Director of Training, the winning crew members will be presented with wrist watches.

The nine best crews to participate each week are selected through a consideration of their converted circular error in dropping bombs and by the photographic scoring of bomb hits made at this Station to date.

Every time a new record is set by a crew, a new set of prizes will be presented. In addition to the individual prizes, plaques, with the names of the prize winning crews will be placed in the Service Club and Officers Club.

Pictures of the prize winning crews will be published in the columns of this paper.

Practice League Nearing End

In spite of highwinds and swirling dust, the Rattlesnake Practice Softball League continues on its merry way with hard hitting and some excellent submarine slinging holding the spotlight.

With the Static Chasers and Canadian Club setting the pace, the League is rapidly droning to a finish and from the appearances of things, the final game bringing these two clubs together will tell the story.

Monday night saw the C.N.T. Star Gazers overcome the Guards as Williams tossed smooth ball all the way to register a 4-1 victory. Ray was the losing hurler for the Guards. The second game Monday saw the Canadian Club thump the Crippled Commandos, 6-0 as Stan Ewald hurled one-hit ball. The Canadian Club's record looks very impressive but if the truth were known, the Clubbers are talking their way to more than their share of victories. Sartori handled the tossing for the Commandos.

The Static Chasers romped to a 7-4 win over the Weather Department in spite of the latter's fifth

Gene Raymond Visits



A few feminine hearts went flutter-flutter around here a few days ago. Reason: They recognized Capt. Gene Raymond, former movie star, shown climbing into a GI vehicle during a short visit to this station. Capt. Raymond dropped in to see his brother, who is a flier taking training here now.

inning surge. Daron was the winning hurler and Sykes took the loss.

The Hot Licks roamed high, wide and handsome in their game against the Bomb Bombers and tallied twenty-seven runs against one. Reese eased his way through the tilt while the Bombers put everyone and everything on the mound in futile attempts to stop the scoring barrage.

The Photo Lab Shutterbugs finally came out of the doldrums and scored a 12-5 victory over the hapless Guard team. Buchanan was the winning hurler and his teammates backed him up with plenty of well-timed blows.

With Joe Okenka on the mound again, the Medics clipped the Quartermaster 16-13. Okenka hurled for five innings and didn't allow a hit. He was replaced by Cummings who was greeted by the Q.M. like a long-lost cousin. He was pelted plenty but the Medics had a heavy lead.

Thursday night saw the Star Gazers come back and thump the Crippled Commandos, 20-7. Ten runs in a big fourth inning cinched this tilt. Williams took the vic-

Beer Bust Is Slated By Civvies

A suds celebration that is supposed to eclipse anything in the past—and that covers a lot of foam, brother—is being worked up by Civilian Personnel.

According to the grapevine sources that keep this sheet informed of such activities, the Civvies will have to go some to beat their own past record but that is just what they intend to do.

More and better details will be flashed to our public as plans take shape and more definite information becomes available.

WEEKLY TEA DANCES

Starting this Sunday, May 21, weekly tea dances will be held each Sunday afternoon in the Officers Club. The dances will be held at 4 o'clock every Sunday afternoon.

tory again.

Okenka came back Friday night and hurled the Medics to a 26-6 victory over the Hot Licks. Reese was on the receiving end for the Licks.

Essay Contest Is Extended To May 27th

Here's a chance to get a few pertinent thoughts off your chest and at the same time, knock down a little prize money. The Rattler-sponsored essay contest on the subject: "Why Am I Fighting?" is being extended to May 27th.

The contest is open to all soldiers, including Wacs, stationed here, and the three prizes are: ten dollars first money; five dollars second; and three dollars for third.

Essays may run from one to four hundred words, and as long as you put your ideas on the subject down legibly and concisely, we are not worried about the literary embellishments. In other words, we are more interested in what you say than how you say it. Entries will be submitted to the Public Relations Office, Station Headquarters.

So, if you're one of those fellows who occasionally asks himself the question: What the hell am I doing here? you can put your thoughts on paper and give us an idea of what goes on in the GI minds of the fighting men.

All entries will be welcomed regardless of whether or not they seem to us to be deathless prose, and will be adjudged on the sincerity, logic and conviction of the ideas expressed.

Formal Dance At USO Saturday

A formal dance will be held at the USO club in Monahans on Saturday evening, May 29th. The Pyote AAF Station Orchestra will play for dancing from 9 to 12.

Twenty four children from the Wickett school, under the direction of Mrs. W. L. Clark, will perform a May pole dance and present singing numbers.

The Conga line and Grand March will be led by Pfc. Gale Walter.

DESERT OASIS NOW OPEN

The oasis in the desert which happens to be the Monahans Municipal Swimming Pool has opened its doors and is ready and waiting for all hot and dusty soldiers.

Open daily from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., the Monahans pool is located two blocks from the County building in Monahans.

Admission charge for soldiers is thirty cents and if you haven't a bathing suit, you can rent one at the pool.

Consultant Service Remedies 'Unhappy Personnel' Problems

Aid Given In Making Adjustments Available To Officers, EM, Civvies

A Personal Consultant Service, open to officers, enlisted men and civilians is now operating on this base. PCS is located on the southeast corner of C and 8th streets, in the office that was formerly occupied by the Red Cross.

The multi-fold purpose of Personnel Consultant Service is outlined in 236th CCTS Hdq. Memo 35-3, dated April 28.

This service will work in conjunction with station physicians to assist them in helping certain genuine sick-book cases to make adjustments into Army life satisfactorily. These men have definite aches and pains for which it has not been possible to find a physical cause, i.e., disease of muscles, bones or nervous systems, bruises, tears, breaks and the like. This circumstance is not unusual in the armed forces as it occurs often when a person has had some difficulty in making the numerous and complete adjustments required in making adjustments to a completely new social environment such as joining the army.

Then too, some real nervous complaints develop shortly after a soldier has started in a new military occupation. As long as he stays in this occupation he can be expected to grow progressively worse. In such situations PCS will, after a thorough study of the case, make certain recommendations through the soldier's CO to the Classification Officer in an effort to alter his classification so that his complaints disappear and he is able to do a good job where the Army needs him.

Another instance of the cases in which PCS can be of service is in the case of soldiers recently returned from combat. Sometimes men are so emotionally upset that they cannot make the necessary readjustments. In such cases conferences between the returned combat men and consultant specialists are held and the matter is discussed objectively and intelligently. PCS has these specialists, and they are available at all times.

There are other men on this base who, although they haven't been overseas, also have emotional problems that they would like to talk over. The same service is available to them just as easily. The Red Cross, chaplains, Grievance Officer, and others work closely with PCS.

Another function of PCS is to investigate physical and neuro-psychiatric disturbances in certain cases now being considered for discharge from the Army. In many cases of this nature investi-

gation into the neuro-psychiatric phases of the incident may serve to straighten it out and assure a "square deal" for the soldier.

Appointments at the Personnel Consultant Service may be made through unit commanders, personnel and classification officers, school directors and instructors, the chaplains, inspectors and intelligence officers, legal officers, the Red Cross, dispensaries, Station Hospital and the office of the Director of Civilian Personnel. These offices give every assistance possible on such requests.

The need for such a service has long been recognized, and its inception at this station has been awaited with some interest. It is hoped that the personnel on this field will utilize it to the fullest advantage. In this way both the Army and the soldier will benefit immeasurably... the soldier will be better fitted for his job, and the Army will have a happier and more emotionally sound soldier ready to do his work.



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

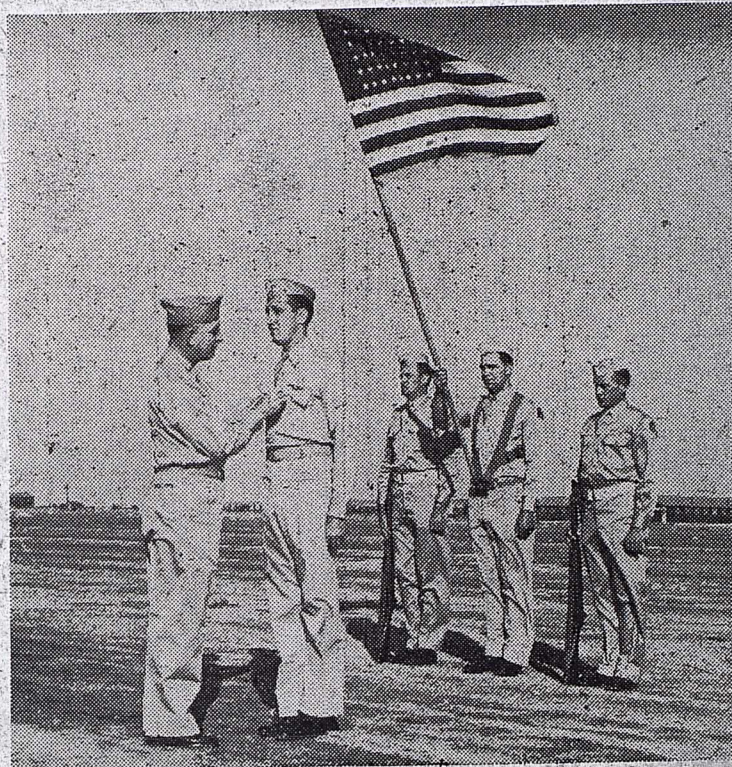
Friday and Saturday — "Between Two Worlds" with John Garfield, Paul Henreid, Dennis King and Eleanor Parker. Cartoon.

Sunday and Monday — "Pin Up Girl" with Betty Grable, Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye. News and cartoon.

Tuesday — "Days of Glory" with Gregory Peck — Toumonova, Teddy Powell's orchestra.

Wednesday and Thursday — "Up In Mabel's Room" with Dennis O'Keefe, Majorie Reynolds, Gail Patrick and Mischa Auer. Cartoon and News.

Award For Solomons Action



The Purple Heart, for wounds received in action in the South Pacific is awarded to Capt. Donald Eaken. Col. Bernard T. Castor, Station Commandant, pins the medal on the flier's chest in a recent review. Capt. Eaken, now a flying instructor stationed here, received a wound while on a combat mission over the Solomon Islands. The color guard is composed of (l to r): Pfc. Glenn Coughy, Pfc. Robert Renard, and Pfc. Ezzell Collums.

Dancing Classes Tuesday Nights

The art of "tripping the light fantastic" is being taught at the USO Club every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p.m. under the supervision of the USO staff.

Experts in the field of dancing, who will contribute their services voluntarily in an effort to teach the latest dance routines to service men, are service men's wives and junior hostesses.

There is also a class being formed for advanced dancers who will engage in more difficult steps. Square dancing is also being taught at these sessions.

MILWAUKEE (CNS) — A local resident, seeking an extension of time to fill out his income tax, explained his request: "I sent my wife \$150 to pay our taxes with and I haven't seen her since."

That nail standing up in the board may injure the man behind you. Bend the nail down or turn board over. STOP ACCIDENTS.

OAKDALE, TENN. (CNS) — The Depositors State Bank closed its doors for the first time since 1911 the other day when the cashier resigned. Directors couldn't find another one.

Picnic Tossed For AAF, Pyote Kids

Approximately 250 children, from this station and Pyote, were treated to a picnic on Friday, May 12, by Civilian Personnel.

All sources indicate that a fine time was had by all as the kids gathered at Monahans City Park for a festive day that included swimming, games, plate lunches, etc.

Civilian Personnel handled all arrangements for the occasion and footed the bill.

MAY POLE DANCE SLATED

A May Pole Dance will be held at the Monahans USO on Saturday night, May 20, it has been announced. Entertainment will be provided by the Wickett school students. The dance is formal.

59 CENTS EACH DAY SPENT TO FEED GIs

NEW YORK (CNS) — It now costs 59 cents a day to feed a soldier, the WD has disclosed. To maintain a soldier for a full year the Quartermaster Corps now spends \$215.35 for food, \$173.70 for clothing, \$44.70 for individual equipment and \$31.31 for barracks equipment.

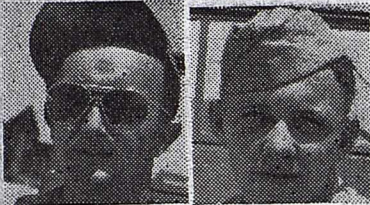
Mail Tops List, Entertainment Is Second As Morale Builder

Wide Variety of Choices Made In Poll, But 'Sugar Reports' Are Still Favorites

Mail from home and entertainment head morale-builders for GI's. Eight Combat Crew members were popped the question, "What do you consider the most important morale-building factor in the army?" in this week's roving poll, and came up with a variety of answers.

Here is what they had to say:

Cpl. J. F. Benning, Radio-Gunner, Sec. I, Flight C, from Teaneck, N. J. says: "Mail from home is something most soldiers look



forward to and those "sugar reports" don't hurt either."

Sgt. C. M. Adair, Tail-Gunner, Sec. I, Flight B, from Newport, Ark. says: "I'm in favor of more flesh and blood entertainment. More entertainment in general. Even amateur shows using amateur talent are good for a lot of laughs."

Cpl. F. A. Melchior, Engineer-Gunner, Sec. I, Flight B, from New York, says: "Well, to me, the thing I find the best, is to get with a bunch of guys who work together—really click, and still have some fun while you are on the job."

Cpl. Ed S. Fairclough, Engineer-Gunner, Sec. I, Flight A, from Cleveland, Ohio, says: "The best morale builder to me is something



which will divert your attention for a few hours. Movies fill the bill."

Sgt. R. L. Schmidt and R. L. Jr., Waist Gunner, Sec. I, Flight A from Peoria, Ill. says: "Mail is something that the average soldier, in fact, all soldiers think a lot of. Next, I think music is the most entertaining and morale building. I'd like to see some good minstrel shows, myself. They always pull a big audience."

2nd Lt. R. I. Evans, pilot, Sec. I Flight A, from Shirley, Mass. says: "Recreation facilities, to give you something to do, especially if you are not near a sizeable city seems

to me, to contribute a lot to morale. Athletic fields, equipment, gyms, swimming, whenever possible, etc."

Cpl. L. E. Lopez, Ball Gunner, Sec. I, Flight A, from Los Angeles, Calif. says: "Mail — It keeps you in touch with what is going on at home, as well as from your friends. It lets you know what people are thinking and doing. That is of interest to all in the Army."

PFC. B. D. Hogue, Tail-Gunner, Sec. I, Flight A, from New Bright-



on, Pa., says: "If the mail went haywire and nobody got any for a week, there would be a lot of moaning. It is the greatest morale building factor. Anybody who has friends or family overseas, ought to remember it means more over there."

USO SCHEDULE

Thursday, May 18 — Make your own ice cream. 8:30 p.m., Hobby Hour, Mrs. M. L. Baze.

Friday, May 19 — Informal Activities.

Saturday, May 20 — 9:00 p.m., Maypole Dance. Army Air Base Orchestra.

Sunday, May 21 — 11:00 a.m., Coffee Hour. 6:30 p.m., Buffet Supper. 7:30 p.m., Song Fest, Mrs. Wray.

Monday, May 22 — 8:30 p.m., Movie. Dancing, Music Box.

Tuesday, May 23 — Dance Class, 8:00 p.m. Private Secretaries Available. American Legion meeting.

Wednesday, May 24 — Photography Class, Mr. Pinkerton. 12:00 noon, Better Halves Club Luncheon. 8:30 p.m., Catholic Discussion Group, Chaplain Gannon.

Demonstration Of Proper Meat Cooking Slated for May 18-20



D. R. MILLER

A series of lecture-demonstrations covering various phases of the subject of meat, and designed for presentation at selected army air fields throughout the country, will be conducted at Pyote Army Air Field from May 18th to 20th. The program was arranged by the Meat Utilization Division, Air Quartermaster, Headquarters Army Air Forces.

These demonstrations will be presented by Mr. D. R. Miller, meat specialist of the National Live Stock and Meat Board, an organization which represents all branches of the livestock growers and feeders, live-stock marketing agencies, meat packers and retail meat dealers.

Mr. Miller will conduct two demonstrations during the time he will be here. The lectures will be held in Theater No. 2 all day Friday and Saturday morning.

Of special interest in connection with Mr. Miller's program will be his meat cutting demonstrations featuring methods of cutting beef, veal, pork and lamb, which have been developed specifically for Army use. Another interesting phase will center around the subject of meat cookery. The Board's representative will point out the importance of adapting the cooking method to the cut. He will also emphasize the value of low temperatures in conserving meat, and the fact that low temperatures also provide a juicier and more appetizing meat dish than when high temperatures are used.

Other subjects to be covered by Mr. Miller during the three-day session include the nutritive value of meat, the relation of menu planning to the efficient use of meat, the conservation of fats, carving and serving meat, refrigeration, sanitation, the storage and issue of meat, and the care of meat tools, meat blocks and cutting tables.

The program is being arranged especially for mess officers, mess sergeants and cooks, but will also be of interest to other officers and enlisted personnel.

Mr. Miller "knows his meats" from long experience in this field. His work has taken him over a wide area and before many types of audiences. Not only is he well trained to conduct such programs, but he also presents his subject in an interesting and entertaining way, it is said.

Sub-Depot Supply

Last week I wasn't over our party, so here goes for now . . . However, before forgetting the party, did everybody have a good time? And when shall we have another?

Yep, another week and another potential bride . . . Miss Shirley Meyers has a beautiful new sparkler and a new Jinx on her . . . When is the day to be? He must have been at the head of that line we were talking about a couple of weeks ago. Ask Letha why she was so Happy over that box of candy she got for Mothers' Day? . . . J. O. Donaldson is still giving out with "Fish Stories" . . . He went fishing last week, and really did catch the largest fish, said he had the time of his life . . . Why don't we all have a picnic and all go fishing?

Deweese says she got a new man on the string while home on her last leave . . . How about those telephone conversations with Joe? . . . They sure sounded more than platonic to me . . . What do you know Joe? . . . The newest addition to the front office is a very nice WAC . . . Sandy to you. That's what we got for going 313 days on AGP . . . "Bee" Lovell is out of the hospital now, and doing well. She had an operation and when she comes back we'll charge a nickel to see it. So hurry back, I've a business built up, and besides that we surely do miss you.

Warehouse Three gave a very nice farewell party to Virginia Wade last week at the home of Dorothy Abraham's house. Good-byes were very painful . . . There are still a few good old-fashioned

boys running around. We hear about a lieutenant who asked a girl's mother if he could go with her (the girl, not the mother, dope) . . . Mary Lou is pining away and says it is not her fault.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

Tender Tale Of Army Devotion: 'You Moron!'

War's End Only Will End Bitter Texas-Pa. Feud

One of them, to hear the other one tell it, is a broken-down bare-footed hillbilly from deep in the heart of Texas who never saw a pair of shoes until he came into the Army.

The other one, to hear Buddy No. 1 tell it, is a sway-backed miner from the hills of Pennsylvania who had to read his 1-A notice by the flickering light of a miner's candle and never saw any sunshine until he came into the Army.

It is one of those beautiful friendships that could happen only in the Army. Cpl. Buck Buchanan, of Sadler, Texas, Sec. A mailman, and Sgt. David L. James, of Minersville, Pa., a clerk, have been working together for 16 months and during that time they have developed a verbal duel from a puny weakling into a full sized and entertaining part of their daily life.

Working in the same orderly room, and living in the same barracks together, they continue to bounce vocal epithets off each other's heads with the joyous abandon that could come only from close association over a long period.

It's never too early or too late, with this duet, to sling an insult. Usually the day starts off like this. Buck, who is a clean-living kid and gets his beauty rest, is up early and out for roll call. The minute he misses James he starts.

"Get that stoop-shouldered moron out of his sack," he says tenderly. "Who does he think he is, anyhow? Get him out here."

Then he cocks an ear toward the barracks, and listens to the thin scream that pierces the air from the direction of James' bunk.

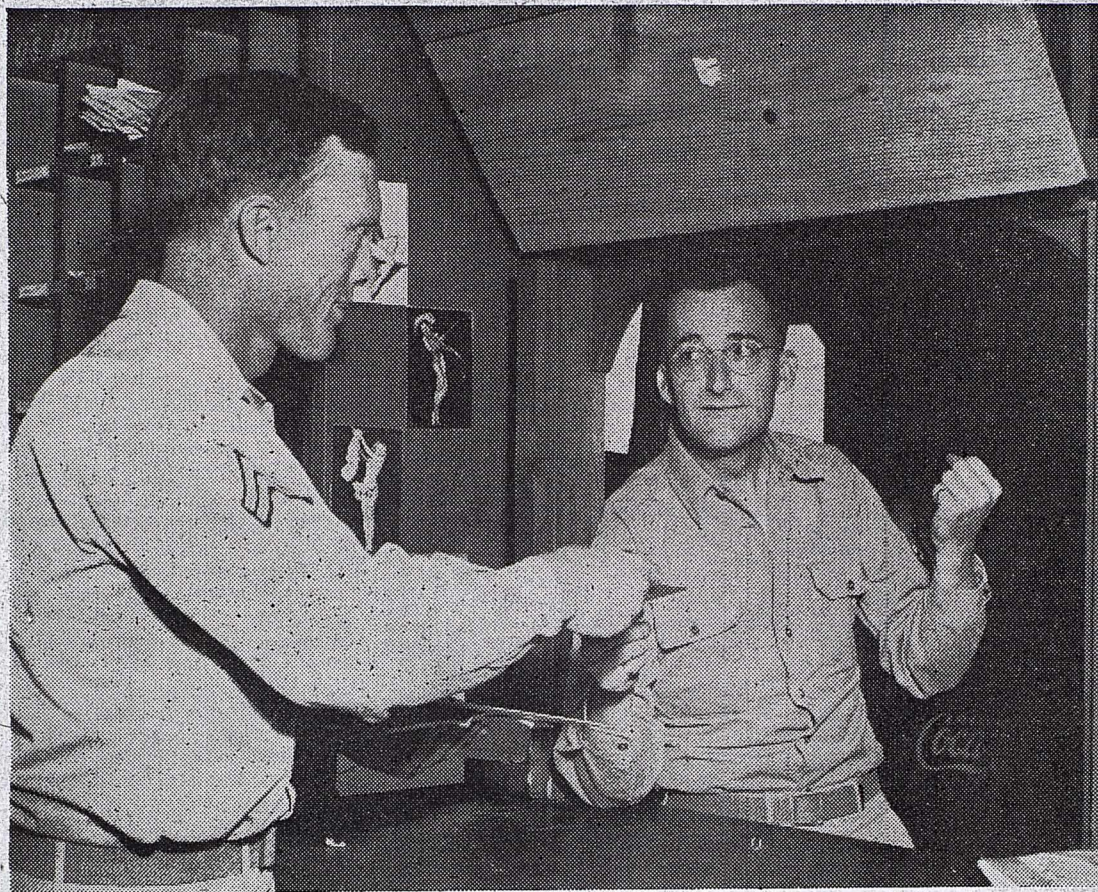
"Shut up, you thick-headed hillbilly. Why don't you come back and put your shoes on?"

In the mess hall the friendship blooms again.

"Holy Cow, look at him eat," says Buck. "He must be going on a furlough, the way he's putting it away."

"You got a nerve, talking that way," answers James. "You know you found a home in the Army, bub. You never had a decent meal in your life until the draft board took pity on you."

Who Do You Know That Can Write?



Threats and violent abuse descend on the rugged shoulders of Cpl. Harvey B. (Buck) Buchanan, mailman for Section A, as Sgt. David James wants to know why For Pete's Sake he hasn't had any mail lately. "Shut up and take it easy, you

boneheaded coal-digging Welshman," retorts the mail man. "Anyhow, who do you know that can write?" This sort of greeting is exchanged daily by the pair, who have been waging a hot word battle for 16 months. They're going to continue to

trade insults until the day the war is over, they say, and then they'll forget about their mythical differences and celebrate the occasion together. James is from Minersville, Pa., and Buck is from Sadler, Texas.

In the evening, between supper and lights out, the duel reaches its daily climax. When the thoughts of the other occupants of Barracks 1 turn to important and interesting subjects like home, letter-writing, the Dodgers, seven-card stud, etc., these two boys are busy exploiting the basic differences between the states of Pennsylvania and Texas.

"How'd you make a living, before the Army came along and rescued you?" inquires James with affection in his voice.

"My gosh, I stayed above ground to do it," yelps Buck. "I didn't have to go diggin' coal to make it. How does it feel, living above the ground for a change? . . ."

And so on, far into the night. The two have built up a blue streak between their cots that is being used by twin-engined mosquitoes for a landing strip.

Like everybody else, they're waiting for V-Day. Then, they say, they are going to bury the hatchet . . . and not in each other's neck. They intend to drop their feud and celebrate

the occasion together if they haven't become separated.

Peculiarly, the Pennsylvanian is more of a cowman than is the Texan. Sgt. James, although born in the heart of the mining district, never cared for this work and finally bought himself a little ranch out at Oshoto, Wyoming. After he had worked it for several years, a drought hit him in 1930 and forced him out of business. Then he went to Philadelphia and obtained a storekeeping job in the Navy yard. That's where he was when his "greeting" card reached him.

The other half of this battling team, Cpl. Harvey B. Buchanan, was employed in a grocery store before donning the khaki. In high school Buck played quite a bit of basketball and in his spare time he officiated at cage contests in nearby towns. He tried his talent at raising plants for a wholesale plant farm but found the grocery business better. While peddling prunes one day he reached in the mail bag and pulled out that certain notice.

The two first met at Boise,

Idaho and were shipped to Pyote, in 1942.

This war had better hurry up and end, before they come to blows.

OCS PROGRAM SLASHED AS THREE SCHOOLS CLOSE

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Not more than 11 of the original 26 Officer Candidate Schools will be in operation this fall, according to the War Department.

Latest OCS courses suspended were those at Ft. Riley, Kans. (Cavalry), Ft. Monroe, Va. (Coast Artillery) and Camp Hood, Tex. (Tank Destroyer). Soon to join them are the MP OCS at Ft. Custer, Mich., the Antiaircraft Artillery OCS at Camp Davis, N. C., the Chemical Warfare Service OCS at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., and the Armored Force OCS at Ft. Knox, Ky.

Pedestrians are still being injured or killed in traffic. Walk on the left hand side of the road facing traffic. Look for approaching traffic before crossing the road. STOP ACCIDENTS.

All for the Army



She just loves to dance for service-men audiences, says Maclovía Ruiz, colorful little Spanish dancer. USO Camp Shows grabbed her and now Pyote soldiers will have a first-hand look at the fruits of the Good Neighbor policy. Miss Ruiz will appear here in "Brazilian Nites," an exciting new revue, on Friday, May 26. From the classical favorites of Old Andalusia to up-to-the-minute swing, she tosses a mean torso. Before working with USO she made shorts with the orchestra of Xavier Cugat and appeared in films.



Q. I'm in a post hospital where I have been confined since contracting venereal disease. My pay has been stopped, of course, but I'm worried about my wife's allowance. Has that been stopped too?

A. No. Loss of pay during absence of duty caused by a venereal disease does not stop allowances of pay to dependents under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act. The same applies to insurance payments, which are continued by the Army and later collected from the GI when he is restored to duty.

Q. Can you give me some dope on the Armed Forces Institute's "accreditation" service, whereby soldiers can be aided in securing post-war employment in the Federal Civil Service?

A. Well in a nutshell, this service is conducted by the AFI to help GIs who are seeking Civil Service jobs. By putting their Army training or experience on record now, veterans who later apply for Federal jobs will be able to receive full credit, in appropriate Civil Service exams, for skills acquired in the armed forces. To be accredited, these skills need not be acquired in connection with an Institute course but may be the result of any Army training or experience. For more data on this service, write to the Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wis.

FOR SERVICEMEN ON LEAVE

NEW YORK (CNS)—In order to assure servicemen of adequate hotel accommodations on leaves, hotel men have urged GIs to make their reservations well ahead of time, stating the hour of their expected arrival, the length of their stay, the number in their party, the type of accommodations desired and the hour of expected departure.

No Rookie That Downed 'Red Knight': Marron Finds Error

Behind the 8 Ball

By ED RAFTERY

The smoothly operating system of mail boxes now used in our mail room deserves as much praise as can be given. The sugar reports can now be checked in nothing flat and at a glance you know whether you have news from home, the girl friend, or a former buddie. There was a time when it took twenty minutes and more to check your mail but now it's a breeze. The 056 boys (mail clerks to you) claim that its the best and most efficient mail room on the base and we are inclined to agree with them. Sorting letters for as many boxes as they have takes a little time so if you find it necessary to wait a few minutes 'til the doors open don't be impatient. Your cooperation is as necessary in the matter as is the mail clerks. Be a sport and "sweat" a few moments.

The bowling league that the boys from Hangar No. 1 formed got off to a start Friday evening. The league games will start this coming Friday and from there on out the boys will be really in there pitching. The first night was more or less just a warm up session, this Friday starting the real competition. Good luck, fellows, we hope your league inspires others to follow suit.

It seems that when yours truly started rassling with this little ole, nonsensical, section of a good publication it was to be a pinch-hitter's job but it has panned out that Cpl. Thompson, who originally batted out this column, is so engrossed with his GI duties that he cannot resume the responsibility. We hope there are no objections to our continuing and all donations of orchids, sticks and stones, and vegetables, can be deposited at our doorstep, mostly sticks and stones, and vegetables.

T-Sgt. A. G. Hlavaty and his boys are to be congratulated on the swell "GI" job they did on their barracks Friday night. They went over it with plenty of good elbow grease, soap, and water to make it shine and it sure looked spotless after they finished.

The only report we have this week on persons taking "the fatal step" is that covering the marriage of S-Sgt. George C. (Wee Willie) Williams. Wee Willie finally dood it and he stuck to a home town gril too. Best wishes to you both George, may you both live long and happy.

Capt. R. Brown, Canadian Flier, Got Richtofen

Who shot down Baron von Richtofen, the Red Knight of Germany?

Last week Camp Newspaper Service stated that von Richtofen was downed "by a Canadian rookie flying in his first combat formation." This piece of misinformation was published in the Rattler.

To S-Sgt. James L. Marron, Headquarters clerk who handles ration headaches for civilians and soldiers alike in these parts, we owe our thanks for calling our attention to this grievous error.

It seems that Baron von Richtofen, in case you're interested, was shot down by one Capt. Roy Brown, a Canadian ace and certainly no rookie. At the time he downed von Richtofen he had put in 14 months of combat flying and was officially credited with 12 German planes. Records indicate that Capt. Brown had actually shot down many more planes without ever reporting them. Most of his credits were the results of some other flyer's reports.

Incidentally, at the time he lowered the boom on the famous German, Capt. Brown was a sick man. He had subsisted on a steady diet of brandy and milk for a month. Between patrols he rested and tried to compose his nerves for more battle.

In the Station Library there's a book, "The Red Knight of Germany," written by the one and only Floyd Gibbons, that tells all about it. It describes his long string of victories that ended on April 21, 1918, in the clouds above Saily-le-Sec, France. Just before his fatal duel von Richtofen was the object of a feverish celebration of his eightieth victory.

It's right there (Chap. XI, pp. 346-64) if you want to read about it.

Okay, we're biting the hand that feeds us our weekly stipend of news copy, but we're mean little rascals and we just love to correct Camp Newspaper Service.

How about it, CNS?

NEW YORK (CNS) — When a magician brought home a 2,600-year-old mummy he had bought at an auction, his wife threatened to walk out. "I don't mind living with rabbits," she said, "but I don't want any mummies around the house." The magician preserved the peace of his home by storing the mummy in a neighbor's cellar.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Raps On Closely Guarded Latrine Door Mingle With Cries Of Frustrated G I

Mean Old Orderly Keeps Our Hero From Reading Latest Comic Mag

By PFC. ED KOOPS

"I'm afraid that when you rescued me from that cave-in at the mine, that my blouse got ripped." And I gazed at her through my clear, midnight blue eyes, as she wrapped her tepid fingers through my curly, bronze locks.

"Never mind, my own darling Jane Russell," I said in a masculine, throaty baritone, "Quick as a little beaver, I shall sew it up for you."

I get just about to that stage in my dreams when some playful little c. q., in an over-friendly mood, tips over my bunk and sets me sprawling into four crap games and a bucket of water.

So, with the day well started, I pick up my sliver of soap, an old shoe rag that now passes for my towel, and make my way to the latrine. Sometimes I even whistle a little song as I go my way.

I approach the latrine door. I turn the knob. Locked! Undaunted, I clench my pink little fist and rap again. This rapping generally produces a hollow sound and I discover I am beating a Tech. Sgt. in the nose.

"Good morning, my friend," I call gaily, and proceed to walk past him to partake of my morning ablutions. I pick myself out of the trash can where he has thrown me, and walk back to him, slightly angry.

"Now, look here, Snooks, I don't like to make trouble. But where I come from—," and here I draw myself up to my full 5 foot 2 inch height, "something like that means hayhem. Now, did you mean to throw me in that trash can, pard?"

"I sure did!" he says.

"All right," says I. "I just don't like anybody to do that and be kidding about it."

"And furthermore," says the T-Sgt., "I'm gettin' sick and tired of throwin' you outa here every mornin'. This latrine is closed from 7:30 'till 10:30 while we clean it, see?"

Does that stop me, though (Yes). Oh well, I figure, I can stick around 'till 10:30. I'm in no hurry. So, I spend the next few hours sauntering around the field and meeting some of the other latrine orderlies. And what a jolly crew these boys are. They all played fullback for the Chicago Bears, I believe.

By 10:30 I am back at our latrine. Well not exactly. I'm in a line waiting for the doors to open. My place in the line is approximately a quarter of a mile from the latrine.

By noon, the dust has quieted down enough for me to be in view of this unattainable building. And

by three o'clock, with the help of a few well-placed bribes, I am at the door again. I swing my towel gayly over my shoulder, and slapping it in the face of a Master Sergeant who used to spar with Jack Dempsey. They bring me to about five-thirty.

"Look, brudder, like I told ya before," the Tech. Sgt. is saying, "da latrine is closed. We close from five to eight to repair da water mains."

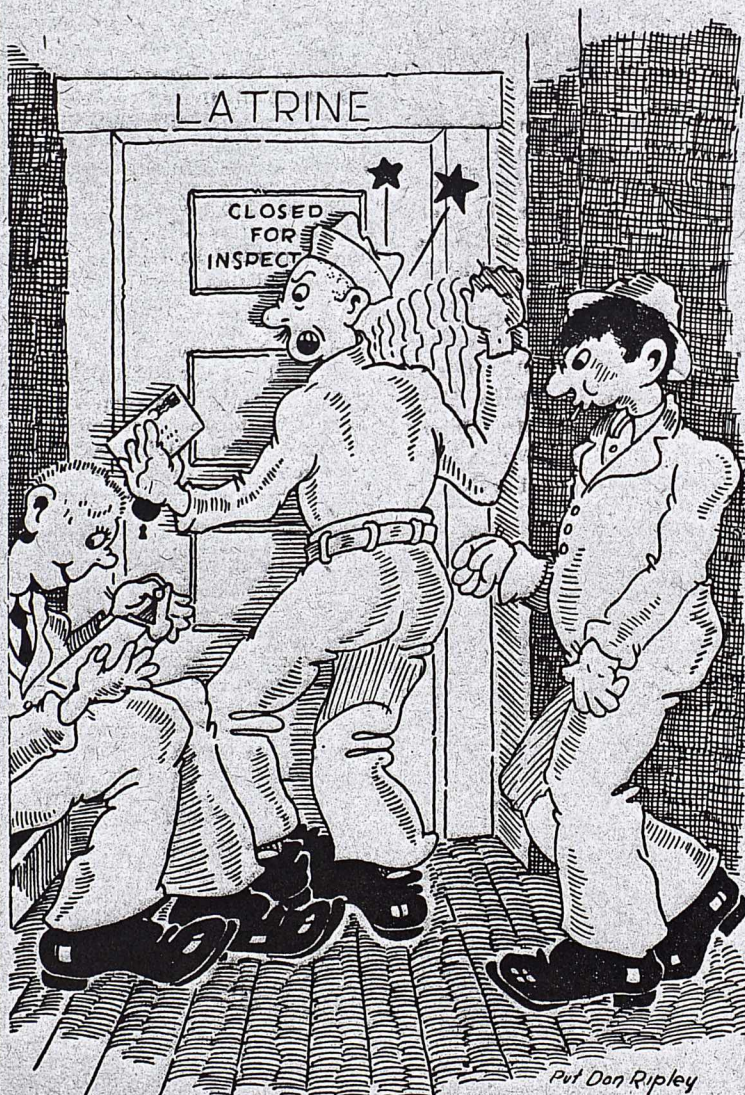
I thank him kindly, and spit out the loose teeth he has given

me. Again I make the rounds of the other latrines, and this period is spent in playing pleasant games with the orderlies. I close my eyes and count to 20, and then one of them sticks a knife in my back, and then I'm supposed to guess which one did it. And oh the laughter that goes up when I guess the wrong one.

By eight p.m., I've had my blood transfusion and am back at the latrine line. Really, I had no idea this latrine business was so popular. It seems to be THE thing to do, these days.

By 10:30 I do get inside, only to be thrown out by three tough-looking Staff Sergeants who have a fast game of Down and Go going on.

"Wait'll da game is over, bub, before you go buttin' dat Lantern beak into our game." They then



"Aw, c'mon, fellows, please let me in. I have a letter to read!"

At Service Club

Thurs., May 18—Jive Concert, 2030.

Fri.—Dance; Junior hostesses in club.

Sat.—Open; USO Dance in Monahans.

Sun.—Bingo, prizes, 2030.

Mon.—Jam Session, Main Lounge, 2030.

Tues.—Bridge party, prizes, 2030; hostesses in club from Monahans.

Wed.—Informal dancing on patio if weather permits; hostesses from Kermit, Wink, and the field.

A good mechanic is of no use to the war effort if he is a patient in the hospital. STOP ACCIDENTS.

STONY POINT, N. Y. (CNS)—Walter Goss, 15, was told by his parents to wash the family car. He didn't feel like doing this, so he drove the car around the block and rammed it into a fence instead. Then he telephoned police. "When my father hears about this," he explained, "I'll need protective custody."

LOS ANGELES (CNS) — Mrs. Jennie Reese, who weighs 300 pounds, was gossiping over the back fence with a neighbor when suddenly she disappeared. The neighbor found her, unhurt, at the bottom of a long-forgotten well.

cut to see who has the honor of bouncing a wash-basin off my head.

Sometimes, when there's no moon, I sneak over to the latrine about 2:30. The inside of it looks very nice. I was really surprised. Of course, there's no water, and no lights. But there is some satisfaction just in getting through the door.

Of course, they throw me out at 3 o'clock when they close the latrine to change the foot-bath.

There are rumors floating around that the latrine is open from 0652½ to 0701, and I'm going to check it tomorrow morning.

But someday, ah someday—I'm gonna have an army of my own. And when I do, I'm gonna get these Latrine Orderlies, line em up in front of my latrines and never—never, not once, let 'em close the doors. Oooo, they'll go mad, mad! I'm a cruel, cruel man.

Anyway, if anybody does happen to get through the doors sometime this month, will you check a "Tip Top Comic" magazine on the floor in there, and lemme know how Abbie 'n' Slat's made out with that German spy? You can contact me any evening, mending Jane Russell's blouse.

GI Wives Help To Keep Home Front Wheels Turning



T-4 Robert Gehlhaart, QM property clerk, was a happy man the day this picture was taken. Mrs. Gehlhaart (right) had just arrived from Milwaukee, Wis., to be with him. They are shown here being served their first meal together. Right after the meal they got busy on the housing situation, trying to arrange for living quarters before using up the three-day limit of stay in the field's Guest House. Serving them is Lorraine Parish, a recent bride.

These girls have all taken jobs in the Service Club cafeteria in order to be with their husbands who are stationed here. They come from all sections of the country. Left to right: Mrs. Phyllis Zirhut, Mrs. Lorraine Parish, Mrs. Helen Corridge, Mrs. Galen Capper, Mrs. Mary Lou Eblery and Mrs. Marjorie Salsbury.



Problems, Difficulties Face Wartime Wives As They Aid Husbands' Efforts

They tell the one about the GI who was home on furlough and wired back to his CO: "Whosoever findeth a wife findeth a good thing." Proverbs 18:22. Therefore request five-day extension. My confidence in you tells me you'll agree." Whereupon the CO replied, "Parting is such sweet sorrow." Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 2. Extension denied. My confidence in you as-

sure me you'll be back in time." This little story illustrates better than any picture the story of marriages in wartime. Many institutions, services and conventions have fallen victim to the "exigencies of the service" but the old process of boy meets girl goes on despite the upheaval all around it.

The Bible-quoting soldier had, it seems, stumbled onto this vital fact and figured out a novel way of asking for more furlough time. His CO was in all probability aware of the connubial attraction that inspired the message but the demands of the military intervened, and his Shakespearean quote was the easiest way he could devise to let the soldier down.

Nothing, it seems, this side of the POE, is too great an obstacle for the couple that is bound to be together. The wise old bird that first remarked "Love conquers all" must have seen this mighty and mysterious force at work during a war.

All this is, by way of introduction to a little piece devoted to those feminine soldiers in mufti who're backing their husbands' war efforts with everything they have—with their labours, saving, patriotic endeavors, and whenever possible, their companionship.

In particular it is supposed to be a tribute to those married ladies who are helping out here at Pyote with their work and

their presence. Most of them are doing so at great personal cost to themselves, and their contribution to the war effort is immeasurable, if for no other reason than its morale value.

All sorts of problems have to be faced and overcome. Most couples discussing the situation manage to give their ideas a whimsical appearance, but underneath them all is the pressing demand of war and war conditions.

Some of these "war wives" are getting in just as much travel time as their husbands, particularly during the months of training when they move from one camp to another in the wake of their busy husbands.

Housing problems, and the question of arranging hours together, are probably the two biggest worries that face the couple. Particularly in places where demands of the military have made heavy inroads on civilian housing facilities does the question become of major importance.

Usually the wife must arrange her working hours, if she can, so that her hours off will coincide with those of her husband.

At this station, an effort is made to give housing facilities to families of military personnel whose wives are employed here. In this manner, the problem of overcrowding a community with transient residents is somewhat offset by the contribution the wife makes to the employment situation. For usually housing situations are a reflection of business conditions in the community generally.

Some of the wives here at Pyote are doing everything from slinging hash to repairing planes flown at this station. Some of them have husbands overseas in combat, and they are staying here to add their bit in the hope it will bring them both home a few days sooner. In this capacity they do important work as machinists, welders, mechanics, drivers, etc. Many of them have gone back to secretarial work which they performed before marriage, and are rendering valuable service to the war program.

Some others, feeling that they could do more by joining a branch of the service, are ser-

Cover—

Cpl. and Mrs. Harry McCoy, of Detroit, Mich., are really working together to bring an earlier end to the war. Cpl. McCoy is a radioman-gunner in a Fortress crew now in training here, and Mrs. McCoy is an inspector of B-17 elevators in an aircraft factory in Detroit. The couple is shown drinking a wedding toast—in cokes—at the Service Club a few minutes after their wedding last Saturday morning at the Station Chapel. When Cpl. McCoy goes overseas, his wife will go back to Detroit to take up her defense job. She is the former Miss Helen Baker of that city.



Mrs. Adella Mahler is the general secretary at the Sub-Depot. From White Fish, Mont. she is here with her husband, S-Sgt. Charles H. Mahler, an instrument man on the line. Toughest part about being a soldier's wife, she says, is arranging their hours together. Sometimes Sgt. Mahler works nights and makes this difficult.

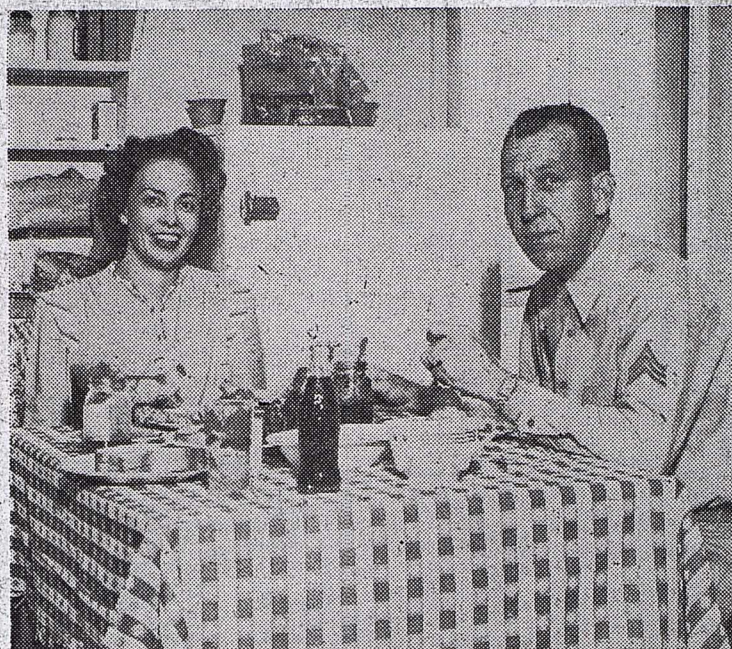
ving with distinction in various women's branches . . . The Air Corps, Army, Marines, and Navy all have their share of women members now. They have long since proven their value to the service.

The Rattler does not attempt to endorse or to criticize marriages in general, or any in particular. Goodness knows, that is too touchy and personal a subject for us to bandy about in any but the most serious manner. But we know there are many women just as fine and courageous as their husbands, serving on the home front, and we wish to recognize them.

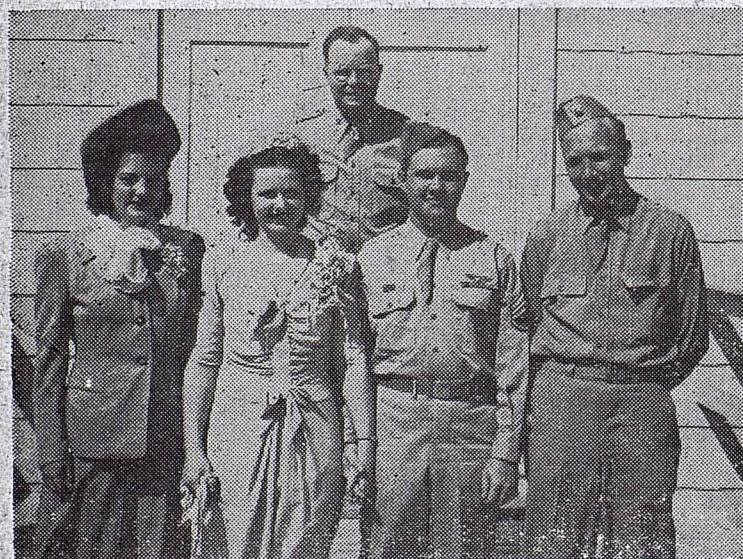
With us they share a common hope for early victory and lasting peace. Like us, they did not ask for this thing to happen but they're doing their best to see it through. When it is over, it will be a pleasant thing for them to say: "We also served."

PINEHURST, N. C. (CNS) — "George", the ever-reliable Pullman porter on the Seaboard Air-line Railway train, saved the lives of nine of its customers recently when gas escaping from a break in the air-conditioning system threatened to asphyxiate the entire car near the station here. George awoke, smelled gas, stopped the train, aroused the passengers and had them removed to a hospital where all recovered.

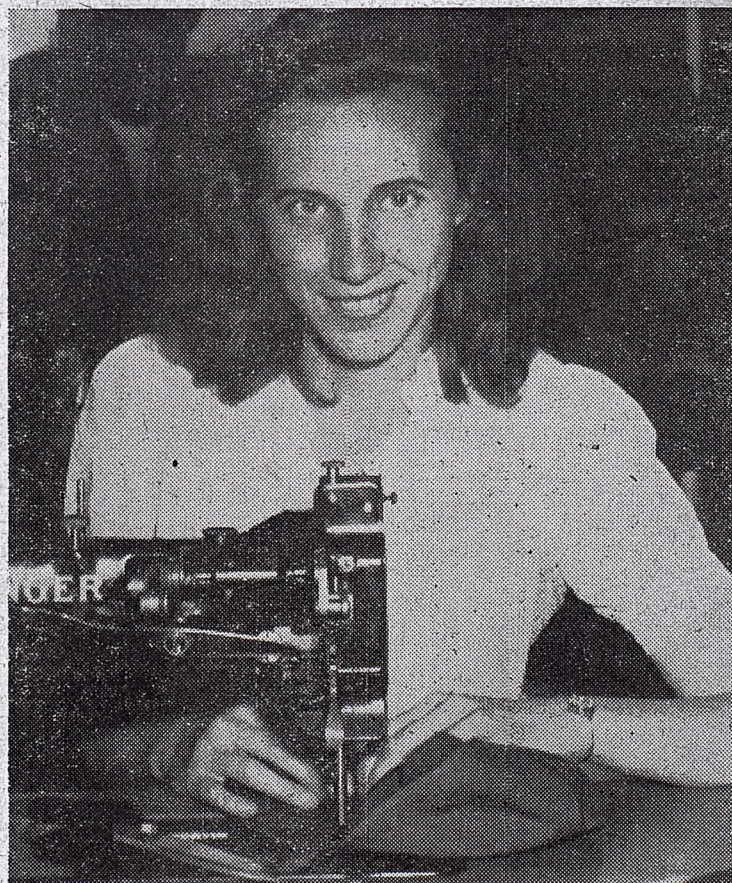
Who Cares About KP?



Grabbing a quick lunch, Sgt. and Mrs. Albert (Judge) Bagby are shown in the din-ette of their small apartment on the field. As long as the two work the same shift, they can have almost as much time together as they did before he started tucking in his tie. Sgt. Bagby is a photographer at Station Photo Section and Mrs. Bagby works at Sub Depot.



Here's how an Army marriage starts. Chaplain Anderson (in back) has just joined in marriage Miss Winifred Jean Bullard (second from left) and S-Sgt. George C. Williams (next to her). Mrs. Williams is a home town choice, hailing from Spiceland, Ind., also S-Sgt. Williams' home. At left is Miss Virginia Riedel, the bridesmaid, and at right is S-Sgt. John A. Carlson.



Mrs. Anna Mae Matalavage, shown here operating a sewing machine in the Leather and Canvas department, is an L & C worker who came here from Pottsville, Pa., to be with her husband, a private in the Reclamation Department.

EDITORIAL

Our Tender Comrades

Respectfully and sincerely, the Rattler takes this occasion to pay a little homage to a generally overworked and widely misunderstood group . . . those ladies known as GI wives. When the final account of this war is written, you won't find them mentioned either individually or collectively but their contribution to our nation and to the present war effort is incalculable.

Many persons take a horrified view of marriages in wartime. While not seeking to endorse or encourage hurry-up weddings (of which there are certainly plenty) it is our feeling that without the elements of faith and courage that go into war-time weddings this country or any country would amount to very little indeed.

Admittedly the stress of war is used to cover up many off-color actions which have no justification. But, like so many other things, many of the persons making the most critical remarks do not know what they are talking about. This army is composed of boys and men who a year or two ago were plowing the fields and keeping stores and running factories and going to school and doing what every good American wants to start doing soon—living in peace and happiness.

And helping them beyond measure in the performance of their duty are the girls and women who a few years ago were also living in peace and happiness. Most of them were already established housekeepers, many of them had their homes and business built. They could have stayed at home to enjoy ease which becomes luxury when compared to the lives most soldiers' wives must live.

Instead they spoke as another great lady named Ruth did long ago: "Whither thou go I will go." And as long as conditions permit they stay near their husbands and when this is not possible, go home to sweat out the war's end or the day when they may be re-joined.

By handling innumerable tough angles that continually complicate their lives and, when all else fails, by laughing away their woes, they mark off each day that separates us from victory. To most members of the armed forces they are a flesh-and-blood answer to that vital question: "Why Am I Fighting?"

They don't ask a lot . . . just to be around and share GI Joe's joys and troubles, to wait out the day when their men folks quit fighting and go back to real living. And no one except the men and women themselves know what this costs.

That's why the American woman is held in reverence by the male citizenry, and why the women of all other nations envy and respect them. This country was built by men and women working together, and it will continue or fall in the same manner.

So, to the wives of the men in service: We Salute You.

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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The Wolf

by Sansone

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THOUGHTS OF OTHERS

Begged, Borrowed Or Stolen

"Morale?" said a brave Cockney in a play about the London blitz. "Morale is a dirty French word and I never use it at home." Combat crews of the AAF show equal contempt when some amateur general 3,000 miles from the war defines morale in terms of heroic speeches and that mythical thin red line of heroes dashing against the cannons with happy cheers.

The honest soldier knows that war is a laborious process of breathing interrupted by curses. A good fighting outfit grouches and gripes and bemoans its nasty job. War is hell. GI Joe is too tired, too hungry, too cold for poetic blather about the sanctity and dignity of his mission.

What, then does he mean by the word morale? Why, good sirs, morale is the shivering in a slit trench and the will power that moves you when a sergeant yells: "Air raid's over. Come on, we've got planes to patch!" Morale is the flinching of flesh when the flak bursts bloom too thick and the voice that says: "Fly on!" Morale is the well-timed corny joke before the take-off.

Morale is friendship—man for man—when the bomber has to be ditched. Morale is loyalty to the crew, to the combat team, to the squadron. Morale is fear overcome, panic fought down. Morale is the second pass at Focke-Wolfs when cloud cover beckons temptingly—the long sweat home on

three engines—the turning back to protect a limping comrade. Morale is all those desperate, unseen, unsung triumphs of Man's spirit conquering Man's fierce lust to live.

Morale is love—love of comrades, love of homefolks, love of country—a passion seldom admitted and rarely expressed. But greater love hath no man than this grumbling, grouching, cursing devotion of GI Joes.

—From AAF Blue Network
Broadcast "Wings of Victory"

A crew chief platform is a handy piece of equipment to work on but a hazardous one for the careless worker. A fall from it may cause a broken leg or arm. STOP ACCIDENTS.

Aleutian Islands — Clad in a parka and an old sweater, Vice Adm. Frank J. Fletcher, Chief of the Northwestern Sea Frontier, and a visiting congressman were strolling on a beach when a tough old seabee drove up in a truck.

"Hey, you," he yelled at the admiral. "Where can I dump this stuff."

"Suit yourself," replied the admiral.

"Okay," said the seabee, unloading his cargo. "I thought maybe you worked around here."

"No," Adm. Fletcher smiled. "I run another department." And off he walked.

USO To Elect 'Queen of May'

An election of major importance is scheduled for the USO Club at Monahans on Saturday, May 20.

Junior Hostesses are candidates for the title, "Queen of the May." Ballots are being distributed among service men frequenting the USO in an effort to elect the "Queen of the May" and her court of honor to grace the May Day dance at the club on Saturday evening. At that time the winning candidate will be crowned with a wreath of flowers and led by her ladies in waiting to the throne, from which she will "smile upon the dancers."

The USO arrangements committee have arranged for a large May pole, which will be in the center of the social hall, bedecked with varicolored streamers around which a May pole dance will be conducted.

The dance conducted on this evening shall be a formal except for those Junior Hostesses wearing colonial costumes and engaging in the May pole festivities.

Melody In 'F'

By PFC. ED KOOPS

Front Line Reporting from the PX: For the past few weeks we have, from time to time, mentioned the PX clerks in this column. We have commented on the efficiency of some of them, on the superior attitude of some of them, and until this past week, we did so cloaked in obscurity. But somehow the fair damsels over there have discovered our identity, and now we sally forth to purchase our cigarettes and comic magazines under a barrage of nasty glances and furtive whispers.

Believing in the right of both sides of the story to get into print, we shall quote herewith a few of the comments that the girls have made to (and at) us. "We all don't like some of the things you've been saying about us." "Who do you think you are? Our press agent?" "What have you got against us, anyway?"

Nothing, girls, nothing at all. Except somehow the idea of standing 20 minutes (by actual count) waiting with 13 (actual count again) other people to buy a package of cigarettes isn't our idea of how to spend a three day pass.

Nor do we like to be barked at as though we were asking a great favor when we come to shop at the PX.

Don't get me wrong, though. Some of you are swell. One of you—I don't know your name, Miss—is my idea of the perfect dream clerk. And even those who have been a bit sullen and lazy seem to have gotten out of the doldrums. We thank you for such small favors. And now, until latrine comment brings the matter up again, we'll consider the matter closed.

Paging Ellery Queen: We have a mystery, posed by sharp eyed Ed Craig. Out on the main stem, about 100 feet west of the library, right in the middle of a street, is a rubber heel from a man's shoe. Yup, there it is—imbedded in the tar. Now, there'd be nothing mysterious about this at all, except that the heel is upside down! (And you can easily see a heel from a shoe, if merely lost en route, wouldn't be upside down. Craig's theory is that there is a body attached to that heel, dangling head downward into the sands of beautiful, beautiful Texas. Can anybody pass along any information?

Last Wednesday's El Paso Times again brought up the soldier situation in the editor's column "Every-

day Events." Seems that some soldier stationed in El Paso was getting burned up at the way GIs were treated, and wrote some Chicagoland civilian about it. The civilian turned around and wrote the Times a letter, inquiring why didn't the Texans take a lesson from Chicago in hospitality to the soldiers. We didn't read that letter but we did read the answer to it, written by the Public Relations Officer from Biggs Field. He knows what he's talking about, we imagine. And he says the boys down El Paso way are being treated just jim-dandy. That, in proportion to the size of the town, El Paso does more for the soldier than Chicago does. Well, that is just ducky. We don't know much about El Paso, except what we read in the Times or Herald-Post; but we do know that we go stuck for 55 cents when we went to a movie in Ft. Worth last summer, at four o'clock in the afternoon. And the last we heard from the Windy City they were still (among many other wonderful services) making the movies cut-rate to servicemen. But, who are we to butt into the El Paso Times' private argument. We are just happy that they realize there IS a war on.

Attention Theater Officer: A bunch of us eggs were sitting around the barracks t'other night and we got talking about the movies. In general, we have no complaint. The latest movies are always here, and as long as Rita Hayworth keeps her figure we shall have no kick.

But, about those revivals—seems to me as long as they do have a revival movie once a week or so, it would be a great idea to dip way, way, way back into the movie files and bring out some of the older movies that were worth seeing back in 1935 or so, and are still good. For example, the Thin Man movies, any and all the Marx Brothers' movies, or anything W. C. Fields ever appeared in. Anybody can add to that list.

When we hung around the popcorn stand at cinema palaces in civilian days, the theater managers told us they didn't ever bring back those older films because the percentage of profit to the booking office was too slim. But now that the Army Motion Picture Service is running our shows, we don't see where that's any argument against bringing back some of those top-notch films like "It Happened One Night," "The Awful Truth," "Rasputin and the Empress," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Crusaders," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," etc. So, next time you get a chance will you mention that to the proper guys? Thanks.

Loose sleeves are cool in summer but a healthy arm is better. Don't have loose sleeves around machinery. STOP ACCIDENTS.

M A L E C A L L

BY MILTON CANIFF



MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By T-SGT. L. H. SHIPP

"Every day a picnic and every night a party" has been the key-word of the Medics during the past week. Most everyone complied. The parties were not the ordinary, however, for too many buckets and brooms were involved. The potential "fire-man" really made good use of the garden hose and as a result last winters dust went out the door as violently as a Kansas flood. In one instance a goodly number of Pill-Rollers proceeded to the Patio and per usual "Took Over"—at least a great number of the tables. The noise certainly spoke for itself.

All previous records were broken last Wednesday night (you know what that night stands for) when Pyote citizens again decided that it wouldn't be such a good idea to go to bed early. It was at this gala occasion that a real pal of the Medics, 1-Sgt. Vincent was tendered a very fitting farewell token. In spite of her leaving many fond memories of good times 'here and there' shall linger for a long time to come.

Now that many of our new men are recovering from the original siege of "Desert Shock" their true personalities are coming out. There is that most interesting life of Pvt. Charles Riggs who was born in China and was tutored by his own mother until he was 17; incidentally, 'Chuck's' parents are still living in China. In the Mess Hall there is that youthful Oliver Harvey who seems to have a mania for Tumbling Weeds. The tumbling part shouldn't be so difficult for you, Oliver! Remember? Then in the Dental Clinic we have that "Bashful Bronx Kid" who just doesn't talk. Right, it's Pvt. Landau.

A "No Vacancy" sign is hanging in front of Barracks 5 and how true—there is no more room in the inn! It is there that the Mid-night USO" show occurred when "Donald Duck", (It's Cpl. Schreckengost—not Mete!) softly serenaded by Mercer's fiddle, really made the rounds. The imitator of the 'Duck' is really outstanding and can really lay them in the aisles. What does sleep mean to two Romeos like "Johnnie Weismiller" Gaffney and his true pal Cpl. Oakley? They've really been Odessa-bound of late! Then there was Timmons who was still 'able' to write from St. Louis. Remarkable, isn't it fellows? And who might say? "OK, quiet fellows, I want to repose."

Those "Desert Rats" living in Barracks Six are very easily

Name It And It's Yours



If you think this is a beyootiful picture, you ought to see the original glossy print from which the reproduction was made . . . and if you want the print, all you have to do is guess the identity of the above Hollywood lovely. Besides appearing in the dreams of a few million servicemen, she is also currently appearing in Universal's "Weekend Pass." First one to call by the Public Relations Office, Station Headquarters, will be presented the 8 by 10 inch print. It's an Irish name and that's all we'll tell you.

distinguished since the Bowser-Bruske decree on haircuts has been enforced. You can't miss them for they are all wearing the "Heinie" style. Now they want to go even further—two teeth out in front!!!

Pennies were being thrown at "The Two" dancing and it seemed to come from the general direction of Sgt. Biondo, Bradley and Shaffer. Now what could their ulterior motive have been. The Flyers Dispensary reports that Sgt. Sandoval has gone in for real body building exercises and finds loading bombs just about his speed. Brave man, isn't he? Then there is the "Pyote Pill Pusher" which is something new that has been added; but just what does that have to do with "The Inner Office" in the CTP office? Now that is a big story!

In an article last week about "Trees in front of Gunnery Instructors School" it was pointed out that they were the only sizable trees on the base. We heartily disagree. Here at the hospital we have a virtual forest in comparison. Come over; we'll prove it to you!

If Cpl. Barber doesn't answer don't be alarmed for she's thinking of her many babies. That popular WAC will not refrain from letting you know that "They're all mine too!" It wasn't a crash on the highway that Lt. Ripley saw, nor was it an illusion. Anyway there is the Mother-in-law deal that made the Lt. say, "now I've seen West Texas at its best." Attention for the latest dope on Monahans H. S. activities see PFC. Nassif. That Boston Romeo will give you the answer. Yes, "School Daze," George! And until next week and perhaps longer may Baracks 1, 2, 3, and 4 enjoy those "Super-duper Beauty Rest mattresses."

ICE CREAM SPREE SLATED AT USO

By popular request of the service men and service women a program of "Make your own ice cream" shall be conducted at the USO Club. Ice cream freezers and the necessary equipment for the making of ice cream has been loaned by the various residents of Monahans.

3rd Echelon

By SELMA LANE

If all the news that was gathered could be published this would be rather a long column. I'd like to draw a picture of some of the things that I see around here and put them in this paper . . . Something like the next few days after a trip to Juarez made by three girls in Production and Control. Oh yes, Sylvia's on the job, period. But Patty? Oh, here she is. She just walks around muttering something about Tom Collins—suppose that is some fellow she met while there? Patty says that place is all right but—stay on the right side of the road. If you want any further information about this Juarez trip just ask Sylvia. She can keep you laughing for an hour about the things she saw and did. How about that, Rossi?

About the time this is being read, Kathryn White should be ready to start out to Stephenville, Texas, to take up college life. Typical coed.

Some folks are wondering just where the pretty honey suckles on Mrs. Gambell's desk came from. Just ask her.

T-Sgt. Robinson, a new Inspector, has become very sedate and retiring. He's letting the wheels turn slowly over and wondering if he can find a place for his wife when she arrives.

An inspector is something we can't get along with and certainly can't get along without. We are getting the whole gang around us so here is a little poem to all of them. It was lifted from the "Trouble Shooter."

Ode to the Inspector

Bring back again the happy days
Of Caesar, Brutus, Hector.
They fought and sold, they
lived and died
With never an Inspector.

In cave man days, to get a wife
Upon the beam you cracked her,
Then dragged her home; but
nowadays
Both first see an inspector.

The little hen once laid her eggs
As nature did expect her.
But now each step, from nest
to nest,
Is checked by an Inspector.

The cow must not give her
milk;
For beef you can't dissect her,
Unless each of her many parts
Suits some darn fool Inspector.

Wanted: One each tennis partner. Qualifications: Female, nice ankles, tall and lanky, wields wicked backhand and likes to argue points. Anyone knowing of whereabouts of above, please notify Art Schoenbert, 3rd Echelon Maintenance Inspection Department.

"A" Men

By SGT. WARD HOWELL

Laff of the week: Setting "S-1; Scene Service Record safe; background about 40 eyes anxiously concentrated on Cpl. Ralph Bass and Miss Vivian Stout as the latter visited him "on the set" in S-1. Result — immediate surrender as Bass reached for the sky—or was it the light cord directly above?

The grassplainers have been rewarded for their toil in front of Headquarters. Take a good look at the green haze beginning to stretch out across the yard. Also check the flagstone and cement base for Vesuvius Jr. Little by little improvements are beginning to show around here.

More power to Cpl. Leonard Leavitt and his troupe of Eager Beavers who so patiently struggle away with their oh so good looking fir trees across the street from the Chapel. That's surely an exhibition of individual enthusiasm.

Thumb-nail sketch of the week: PFC. Bill Key, of Finance, keeps officers pay straightened out. Married since 1931, he and his wife live in one of the Base dorms. As a civilian, Key was a bookkeeper, and his home is Wichita Falls, Texas. Favorite pastime is having a glass of beer with his wife.

Question of the Week

Cpl. Sammy Kaplan: "We've several very good cooks in Section A."

S-Sgt. Willard Gassel: "Really, what are they doing?"

"Hot Licks," Section A softball team, cleaned up Section C's Brown Bombers with a score of 27-1 last week. "A" led by home runs with bases loaded by Lane, Despart and Benenson.

Forming of new hard ball team is underway. Initial tryouts were held Thursday. Anyone interested see S-Sgt. Douglas Pilcher. Nucleus of team is composed of pro and semi-pro ball players such as Gamble, Pittman, Stover, Stewart, Despart, Safranski, Rotzal, Rhodes and Simpf.

Here 'n There in "A"—Jack Robertson and wife are proud parents of a daughter christened Jerrie Dian; and to even the score, T-Sgt. and Mrs. Vernon Elder were presented with a son and have named him Kenneth Dean . . . T-Sgt. Calvin Whitney returned from home with a good enough reason for deserting Barracks 3—his wife and family . . . Who is this Mohican who runs amuck among us? That haircut would put a GI special to shame . . . Food for Thought is the lecture given by Capt. Gronich, Station Intelligence Officer, accompanying the film on safeguarding MI . . . There will be plenty of news emanating from the picnic given by S-1, Stat and Class at Ft. Stockton

WARMIN' THE BENCH



The latest pseudo-legendary sporting figure of the late, lamented Roaring 20s to join the armed forces is Shipwreck Kelly, world's champion flagpole sitter, who is going to sea again with the Merchant Marine.

Kelly, an ensign in World War I, once sat atop a flagpole for 45 days, eating practically nothing but bananas. On another occasion, he sat on a pole in Madison Square Garden throughout the six-day bicycle races, looking with disdain on the pointless proceedings below him.

"Them bike riders is buggo," he said at the time. "Imagine spending a week riding around in a circle. They're all crazy as coots."

Those two old beak-benders, Coast Guard Cmdr. Jack Dempsey and Navy Cmdr. Gene Tunney met recently at Jack's New York hotel. They hadn't seen each other in years.

"Gene!" shouted Dempsey waving his big paw, "You old son of a gun!"

"Jack!" replied Tunney. "Charm-ed."

According to the National Boxing Association, these are the top fighters now out of uniform: Heavyweights—Lee Savold, Joe Baksi, Tami Mauriello, Lee Q. Murray and Turkey Thompson; Light Heavys—Lloyd Marshall, Eddie Booker; Middleweights—Jake LaMotta, Holman Williams, Steve Belloise; Welters—Tommy Bell, Ralph Zanelli; Lightweights—Juan Zurita, Slugger White, Ike Williams, Tippy Larkin; Featherweights—Sol Bartolo, Willie Pep, Chalky Wright, Phil Terranova, Harry Jeffra. Have you ever seen a sadder looking list than this?

last Sunday and next week you'll get the blow by blow account . . . T-Sgt. Joe Gianetta has left Pyote after a year—for Cadets . . . Welcomes are flying from the local pole this week to PFC. James Harty, newcomer from "F", and Pvt. Roy Rundgran, new to Pyote . . . A gain in personnel also means a loss—so it's so long to Pvt. Bob Bizzell and best of luck to Lt. George Hoffman, Special Service Officer . . . Cpl. Al Allen and his wife spent a merry three days in El Paso and Juarez over the week end, as did S-Sgt. Larry Gerst . . . Congratulations to Edward Gmach and his wife who were married at Sheboygan, Wisconsin . . . Next week—Back in a flash with more trash.

QM Sees

By CPL. HAROLD MELVIN

If anybody reads this far in the column, he may notice a small change under the title—namely, a new writer. Here's wishing orchids to Sgt. Jack Cannon, former deadline-meeter, for doing a fine job keeping the column moving along for five months.

The QM ball club had a change of luck a while ago. With Cole pitching in Smith's absence, the QM lost a close one to the Medics in a 16-13 slug-test. Even so, with three wins under the belt, the boys feel they can afford to drop a game to a crack bunch like the Medics. The only worry at present is whether the Canadian Club will appear on the day scheduled with the odds so obviously against them. The C.C.'s reputation is good, but the Quartermaster has a rising team.

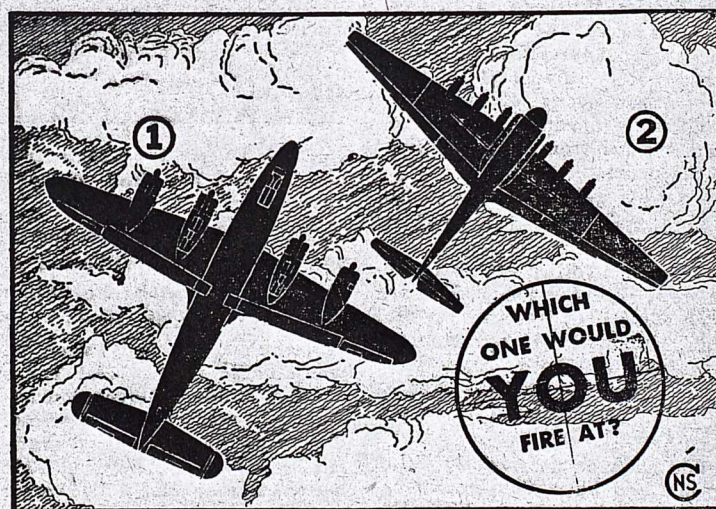
Lt. Stanley Ewald, C.C. pitcher, is reportedly going about O.P.A.-fashion, trying to set a ceiling on QM runs for the game and we hear that the QM manager, Shorty Wilson, intends to show up with a pad of Form 489's, the Quartermaster tally-in sheets. At any rate, the game should prove interesting and well worth the watching.

At this point we should take the belated opportunity to welcome Staff Sgt. McLoughlin and Staff Sgt. Schultheis, Sgt. Clardy and Sgt. Hinton into our midst. With your official welcome, fellows, we ought to add that Pyote isn't as

bad as it might first seem. It is scientifically untrue that sand runs through a Texan from his nose to his toes and highly improbable that everybody here is slightly heat crazy. They do say, though, to be careful of an fellows sitting on cacti talking to the rattlesnakes going by. They probably got that way from counting the sand particles in a dust storm—or the requisitions in a QM basket.

A number of the fellows feel that they are pretty important pre-invasion cogs nowadays. Instead of relieving a WAC for overseas duty, some of the men in warehouse 6 are doing even better—they're releasing a mule. And according to "G.I. George" Salato a milk horse winked at him the other day. Salato said the horse, thinking his relief had come, actually tried to get out of the harness.

On the record: Miss Lily Roper's transfer to Fort Worth last Thursday left the civilian chief clerk's job vacated. She will be especially missed among the old-timers here. The table now in Barracks 1 practically walks by itself. It's last "visit" lasted a month in the upper end of Barracks 2 . . . Harry Rapley has been on furlough a week now. Got it for setting some sort of a new record stacking apricots, some say. But, for every furlough starting there is one that ends. Sgt. McCurdy is back in his old warehouse 4 haunts after a long session in the hospital and on convalescent furlough . . . Story listener: "Boy, what a smart dog to be able to play chess like that," George Mahaney: "Smart nothing, I beat him four out of five games."



NOT AT NO. 1! It's the U. S.'s C-69 "Constellation," world's fastest transport plane. This four engined speed boy is designed for stratosphere flying. The nose of the long, rounded fuselage projects well ahead of the engine nacelles. Its low-set wings are swept back on the leading edge and swept forward slightly on the trailing edge to pointed tips. The rounded tipped tailplane has triple fins and rudders.

FIRE AT NO. 2! It's the German Me-323, a huge high-wing transport powered with six engines. The nose-heavy fuselage tapers sharply past the trailing edge of the wings. Both edges of the wide-spanned wings taper to small square tips. The tapered tailplane has square tips, a cut-out section in the elevator and a large single fin and rudder. This flying monster is a powered version of the ME-321 glider.



RATTLER SPORTS



Ring Card Tuesday Night Flashes Top-Notch Talent

Komlo-Williams In Feature Go At Rec Hall

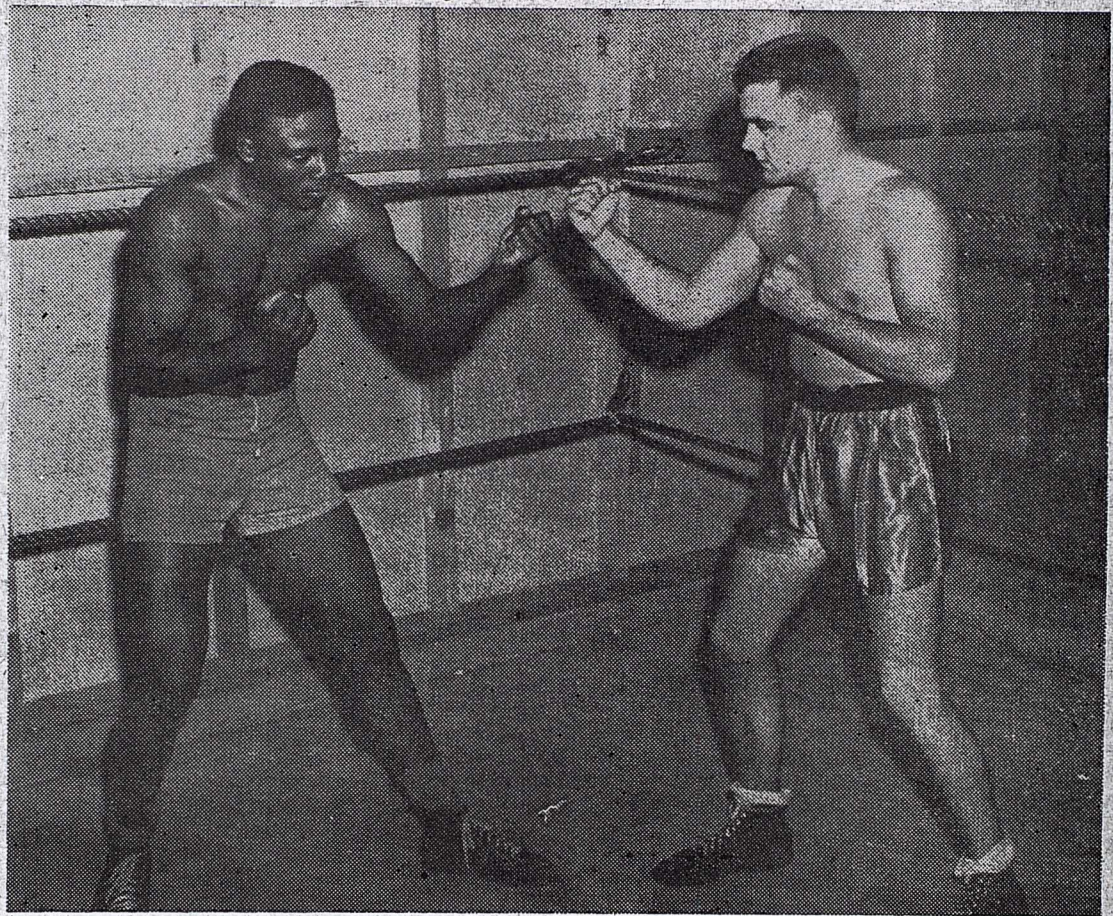
Are you worried over where to spend next Tuesday evening? You can stop right now as ye old sports editor has the spot all picked out for a perfect night's entertainment. Just get yourself out of the old sack and head right over to the base Recreation Hall and see five fast bouts of boxing, plus an added attraction, a couple of first class wrestlers from way back. The bouts will start at 2030, and the charge will be 15 cents for all G.I.'s and 25 cents for officers or civilians. Tickets may be purchased at the door as you go in.

The feature bout of the evening will be between Johnny Komlo of Section F and John Henry Williams of Section C. Komlo is a Pittsburgh Kid and tips the scales at 164 pounds. Fred Root, boxing coach, believes Komlo to be one of the smoothest boxers who has yet hit Pyote. Williams also tips the scales at 164 pounds and packs a mean wallop in either glove. Both Williams and Komlo have had about 40 amateur bouts each so you can see these boys are far from being rookies at the game.

In the semi-final bout Bill Flowers, a stocky lad from Camden, N. J., from Section F will tangle with another of the Colored Boys from Section C, Richard Smith. This promises to be a real thriller when these boys step into the ring as both boys have plenty of class. Smith scored a T. K. O. the last bout he fought at Pyote last November.

The show is not strictly G.I., no sir: We have Charles Bush, a civilian lad from Wickett, Texas who will step into the ring with Benny Huger of Section C. Both men weigh in at 135 pounds.

The second bout will be between two novices, Curtis Le Dour of Section D and Otis Delce of Section C. Both men are green and will be putting out for their first ring appearance. Le Dour comes from Sour Lake, Texas, while Delce comes from Washington, D. C.; both men weigh in at 147.



Meeting in the semi-final bout at the Rec Hall Tuesday

night are Richard Smith, left, Section C boxer, and Bill Flow-

ers, right. Smith has appeared in the ring here before.

Clifford Weiss of Section F will meet Melvin Wilkerson of Section C. Weiss is one of the old timers here at Pyote and represented the field when he was entered in the West Texas District Golden Gloves tournament and made a good showing. Wilkerson has all the confidence in the world and this match should really be worth watching.

During the intermission "Muscle Man" Greco and "Strangler" Brown will put on a grunt and groan exhibition that is guaranteed to be worth the price of admission itself.

A lot of credit is due Cpl. Dahl of the P. T. dept and other members of his staff for getting this up. The boys have really worked hard to assure a good night's entertainment. Let's all turn out so we will have more boxing shows.



London — American authorities wrote to the British requesting thousands of hot water bottles. In time, they received a big batch of thermos bottles.

When they protested the British explained:

"We puzzled for a long while over that one. Frankly, we never heard of them."

In Britain, hot water bottles are called "stomach warmers."

A GI went into a hotel lobby with a femme and registered.

"I'll have the boy carry up your bag for you," the clerk said.

"Never mind," said the GI gruffly, "she can walk."

FASHION SHOW IN NEW GUINEA

NEW GUINEA (CNS)—GIs at a New Guinea base were asked by Red Cross girls what sort of a show they would like to see. "A fashion show," was the reply. So, wearing everything from bathing suits to evening gowns, the girls gave them a fashion show under the New Guinea moon.

Rings are nice things to have but so are fingers. Before ditching or abandoning ship remove your rings so that you will have your fingers when you land. There may not be a doctor near. STOP ACCIDENTS.

They tell me I snore
But I don't hear it;
I think that's odd,
When I'm so near it.

Rattlers Win Opener, 9-8, At El Paso; Drop Nightcap, 8-7

Game Forced Into Extra Innings By Four-Run Rally In Seventh

By PVT. CARL LAMKE

El Paso was the scene of two well played and hard fought ball games last Saturday and Sunday May 13th and 14th, the Rattlers taking the first 9-8 in a regulation nine-inning game and dropping the night-cap 8-7. The latter was a scheduled seven-inning contest which went into extra innings when our "Rattlers" came back fighting hard to tie the score at seven-all with a 5-hit, 4-run onslaught in their half of the 7th.

Pyote's "Murderers Row", Kleppe, Ward, Matalavage, Masi and Cargile were the 'big guns' that kept the "Rattlers" battling in both games. The five of them accounted for 19 of the 22 hits and scored 13 of the 16 runs in the two-game series, Kleppe helping himself to two triples and a single, Ward getting a single, double and triple, Matalavage a triple and two singles, Masi, two doubles and three singles, and Cargile whamming two triples, a double and single.

Biggs Field started off with a rush in the first game by scoring four runs on four hits in the 1st inning. Robert's scratch single and Masi's double in the 3rd got one of them back for the "Rattlers" and in the 6th they picked up two more on Masi's single, Cargile's double and Levingood's error on Wynne's grounder.

With the score 4-3, the boys came back strong in the 7th to go ahead 5-4 on Kleppe's long triple to deep left, Ward's triple to the same spot and Matalavage's perfect squeeze bunt. Biggs Field tied it up in their half of the 7th on Bock's double which got by Roberts allowing the former to score tying it up again.

In the 9th our "Rattlers" really went to town. Ward singled, Matalavage drew a walk and Masi pushed one in with a well placed single. Gargile's triple drove in two and he in turn scored on Emmert's long fly to left. Biggs tried hard to tie it up again in their half of the 9th and managed to get two across with the help of 3 errors and a hit.

After the 1st inning Moran pitched great ball for the "Rattlers" turning back 16 out of 17 batters before Bock's double in the 7th. He struck out 10 and didn't issue a base on balls.

In the second game Ward struck out 14 while walking only two. He was strong with men on base leaving 11 stranded there.

Behind 7-3 going into the 7th and final inning the "Rattlers" put on a batting spree which tied the score. After pinch-hitter Gahan struck out, Glucksman and Kleppe both singled. Ward popped up for the second out but Matalavage came through with his third

hit, a triple sending two runs over the platter. Masi's single scored Matalavage and Cargile's tremendous triple to right tied it up. A triple by Jorgenson and a double by Davis sacked it up.

FIRST GAME

Pyote	AB	R	H	E
Roberts, lf	5	1	1	1
Kleppe, ss	5	1	1	1
Ward, rf	5	2	3	1
Matalavage, 3b	3	1	0	1
Masi, c	5	2	3	0
Cargile, 2b	4	2	3	0
Emmert, cf	4	0	0	0
Wynne, lb	5	0	0	0
Moran, p	4	0	0	0
	40	9	11	5

Biggs Field	AB	R	H	E
Levingood, 2b	3	1	1	1
Rowland, 2b	2	0	0	0
Di Terro, cf	3	1	2	0
Beauchamp, cf	2	0	0	0
Jorgensen, 3b	4	1	1	0
Davis, lb	4	1	2	0
Rigney, c	4	0	0	0
Miller, 2b	3	0	0	2
Bock, rf	4	1	4	0
Shadich, lf	4	1	0	1
Camalucci, p	4	0	1	0
Tyle, x	1	1	0	0
	38	7	11	4

	AB	R	H	E
Pyote	001	002	204	9115
Biggs	400	000	102	7114

SECOND GAME:

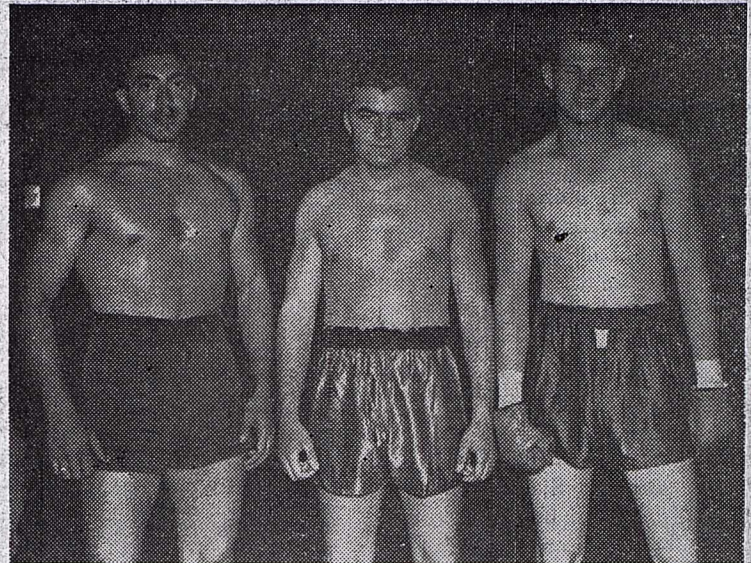
Pyote	AB	R	H	E
Glucksman, lb	5	2	1	0
Kleppe, ss	5	2	2	0
Ward, p	4	0	1	0
Matalavage, 3b	4	2	3	1
Masi, c	4	1	2	1
Cargile, 2b	3	0	1	0
Emmert, cf	3	0	0	0
Paret, rf	4	0	0	1
Roberts, lf	2	0	0	0
Tabacchi, lf	1	0	1	0
Gahan, x	1	0	0	0
	38	7	11	3

x Batted for Roberts in 7th

Biggs Field	AB	R	H	E
Rowland, 2b	4	1	1	1
Di Tirro, cf	5	0	0	0
Jorgenson, 3b	4	5	3	0
Davis, lb	5	1	4	0
Rigney, c	4	0	1	0
Bock, rf	4	1	1	0
Beauchamp, lf	4	0	1	0
Miller, ss	4	0	1	0
Sanchuck, p	1	0	1	0
	38	8	14	2

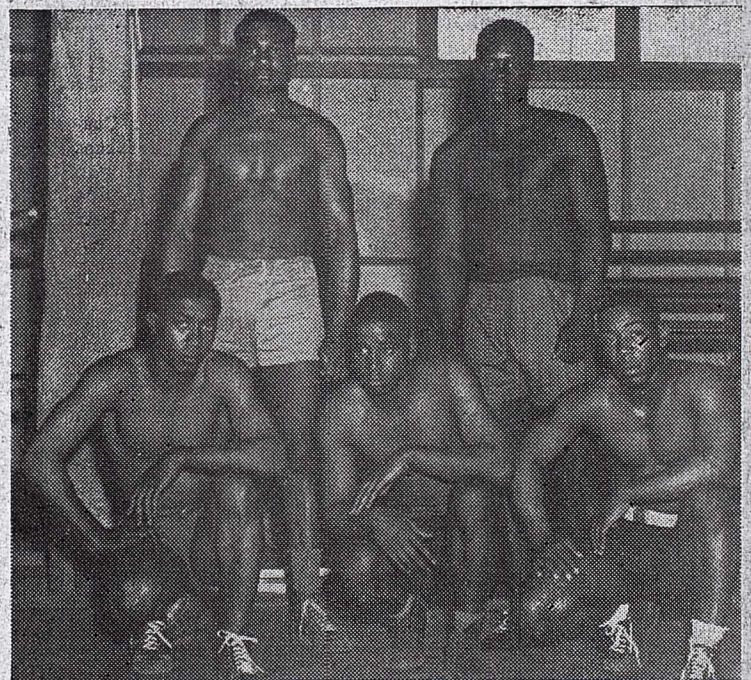
	AB	R	H	E
Pyote	102	000	40	7113
Biggs	111	301	01	8142

In Feature Bouts



This terrific trio will carry the burden of attack for S-Sgt. Fred Root's boxing team in next Tuesday night's ring card at the Recreation Hall. Pfc. Muscle man Greco, left, is slated to tangle with "Strangler" Brown in a wrestling match highlighting the evening's entertainment. Pvt. Bill Flowers (middle) will meet Richard Smith in the semi-final bout. Johnny Komlo (right) goes in against John Henry Williams of Section C in the main event.

Section C's Leather Pushers



This quintet of GI biffers from Section C, coached by Pvt. Eddie Phillips, will tangle with a picked team of swat specialists under the tutelage of S-Sgt. Fred Root in the Rec Hall next Tuesday night. The card looks good, as both teams have been working out in earnest for several weeks, and a high degree of rivalry now exists. Standing: Richard Smith, John Henry Williams; kneeling: Otis Delce, Melvin Wilkerson, and Benny Huge.

The best glass eye made will not help your sight. Protect your eyes. Use your eye shield or goggles around machinery. STOP ACCIDENTS

NEW UNIFORMS FOR WACS
WASHINGTON (CNS)—Enlisted Wacs will be issued summer uniforms of khaki tropical worsted, the War Department disclosed.

May 18, 1944

Italian Push Seen As Part of Master Invasion Plan

French Army In Vanguard Of Attack

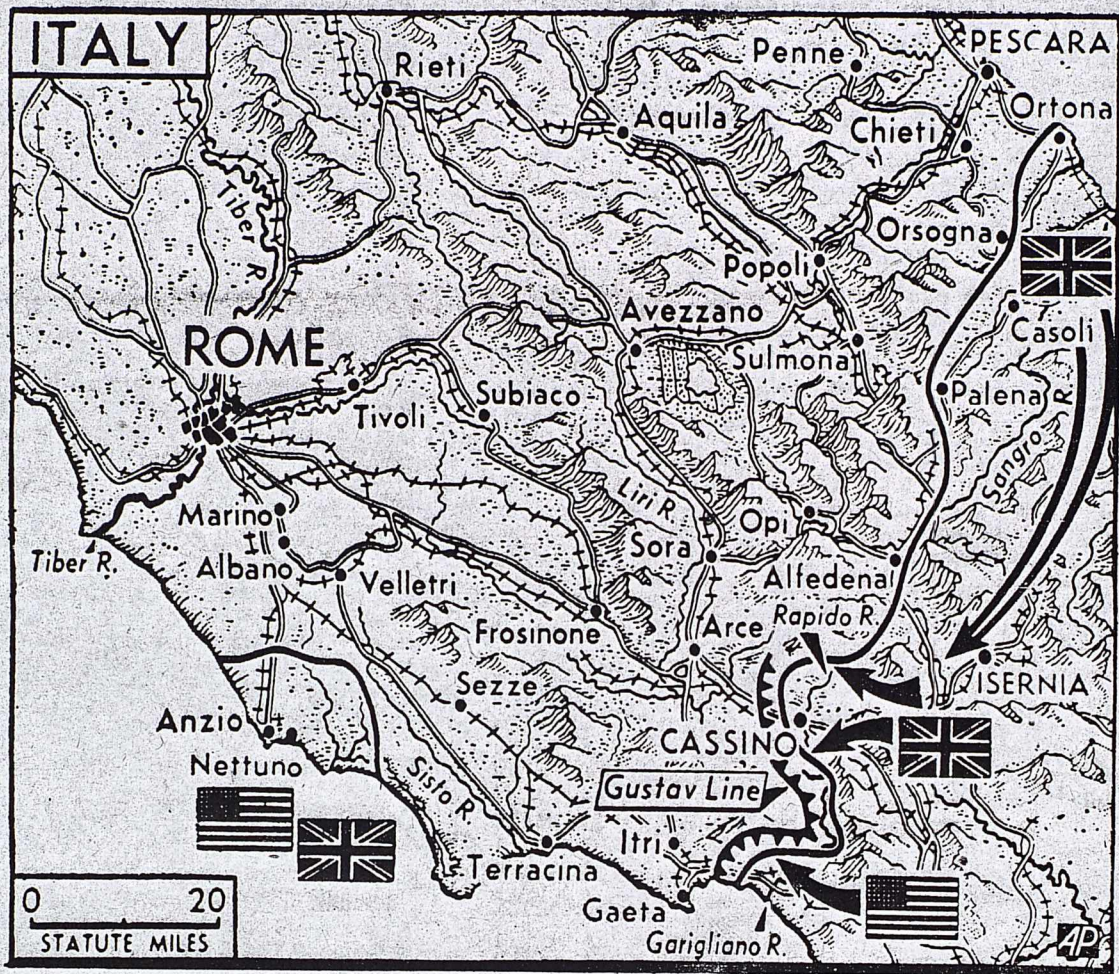
Sanguinary fighting across the Gustav line in Italy is an indication to most observers that the master plan of United Nations military action against Germany has more than one check mark opposite the list of pre-invasion "requirements."

One requirement would be, naturally, that maximum damage be heaped on Germany from the air. Another is that Germany's troops be engaged to the maximum extent at as many strategic points as possible before D-Day comes.

The first of these actions is being carried out by the thousands of bombers and fighter planes which soar out daily from Britain to pester the Hitler-held continent. American medium and heavy bombers, carrying their sustained offensive through its 31st straight day (Monday) pounded coastal defenses without meeting any air opposition.

American warplanes are mainly engaged in wrecking the German transportation system as much as possible so as to snarl reinforcements when D-Day comes.

The extent of such damage is not known exactly, but an idea can be drawn from the reports trickling through neutral countries that Naziland's food distribution system and other vital civilian functions are being torn to pieces by the continual bombings. Reports say that the people are so accustomed to heavy bombing casualties that the threat of death sentences for looting and other violations of "siege" regulations have little or no effect on them. Life in Germany and in the conquered lands is becoming a "dog eat dog" affair, although most of the Germans continue to eat as well as ever due to their stock of stolen foodstuffs.



Threatening to outflank Cassino, British 8th Army forces have deepened their hard-won bridgehead across the Rapido River south of Cassino. Their drive is coordinated with actions of the Allied 5th Army which sparked by the gallant

Fighting French have breached the powerful Gustav Line. In three days of fierce fighting the 5th fanned out over 60 square miles of heavily defended tableland and flat river valley areas. The Germans have been forced to switch some troops hurriedly

by the unexpected gains, which were probably expected to cause just such a situation. The Germans now say they are expecting "fresh operations" by the Americans on the eastern side of the Anzio beachhead.

Troops of the Allied 5th and 8th Armies, in a fierce new drive that is believed to be an integral part of the master strategy for bringing Germany to her knees, breached the vaunted Gustav line and spread out over 60 square miles of bitterly defended territory, capturing over 2,000 prisoners. The Fighting French under Gen. Alphonse Juin were out in front during the first stages of the new Italian offensive.

Cassino may be outflanked by the move, but the Gustav line is preliminary to the far stouter and deeper Adolf Hitler line. Therefore, the offensive in Italy is interpreted as a strategical move designed to tie up German ground forces and spread out her air strength.

It must have soaked through the head of Jap Premier Hideki Tojo that he is "saving face" at

the expense of the Germans, for he got on the radio and gave the Nazis a pep talk. They are "confident and ready," he said for the impending invasion.

He and Dr. Goebbels should get together on their stories, for on the same day a Berlin commentator stated: "When the battle starts, the fighting will not be limited to the divisions on the Atlantic Wall, or to points under attack, but small waves may reach far beyond. Then Germany will be called upon to stand her greatest and most dangerous test."

That Nazi nerves have been scraped red and raw by the propaganda barrage from allied sources is shown by the alternate realistic and rosy pictures with which the government views the picture. One day they say the "hardest fighting" is ahead and the next day they boast about their supply of new

weapons and general all-around defensive strength.

In China the first general offensive in seven years was unleashed in the western Yunan province of Southwest China. Hoping to cut through upper Burma and Ledo roads, the ultimate aim of the drive is to break the Japanese blockade.

Indications that America may have a new bombing base within range of the Japanese homeland and the Philippines were given in a Tokyo radio broadcast. The broadcast said that Nipponese planes had hit Suichwan, 225 miles northeast of Canton, and termed Suichwan "the advance base of the American Air Force." The report wasn't commented on by Allied sources, but if the part about Suichwan is true, the Japs are in for more rough times.