

SEC. C GETS SERVICE CLUB

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STORY OF SUPER-FORTS

Pages 8 And 9

BUY THAT EXTRA BOND

"That's the way I like to see them", said Gen. M'cArthur when he saw the rows of dead Japs in the Admiralty Islands. In this war—the costliest, cruelest war of all time—kill or be killed!

You might ask: "Well, I'm in the Army, isn't that enough?" The answer is NO. The only guys who're giving enough are the ones directly facing the enemy.

Resolve now to at least double your bond buying in the Fifth War Loan Drive.

DRIVE IT HOME!



BOND RALLY SATURDAY

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RALLY LAUNCHES DRIVE FOR RECORD QUOTA

\$121,000 In Purchases Is Goal For 5th

Commandant To Buy \$1,000 War Bond Saturday

The Fifth War Loan Drive will be on the receiving end of a gigantic boot in the right direction Saturday morning at 8:45 a.m. when a huge bond rally, complete with all the trimmings, will be held on the ramp in front of Station Operations. All Sections on the Field will participate in this rally and all civilians who wish are welcome to attend.

This rally takes the place of the weekly parade and is destined to start Pyote rolling along at top speed towards its quota of \$121,000.

With bands blaring, flags waving and bonds being bought, this show will mark a new high in Pyote history, according to Capt. Jerry A. Hrdlicka, War Bond officer.

Rumor hath it that Col. William W. Jones, Station Commandant, will set the pace when he steps up to lay down enough dough to purchase a \$1,000 War Bond. If there's a g.i. on the Field who can match that, "The Rattler" will be only too glad to take his picture and hang it in our private Rogue's Gallery. Just phone number 11 and tell us you'll buy a thousand dollar Bond.

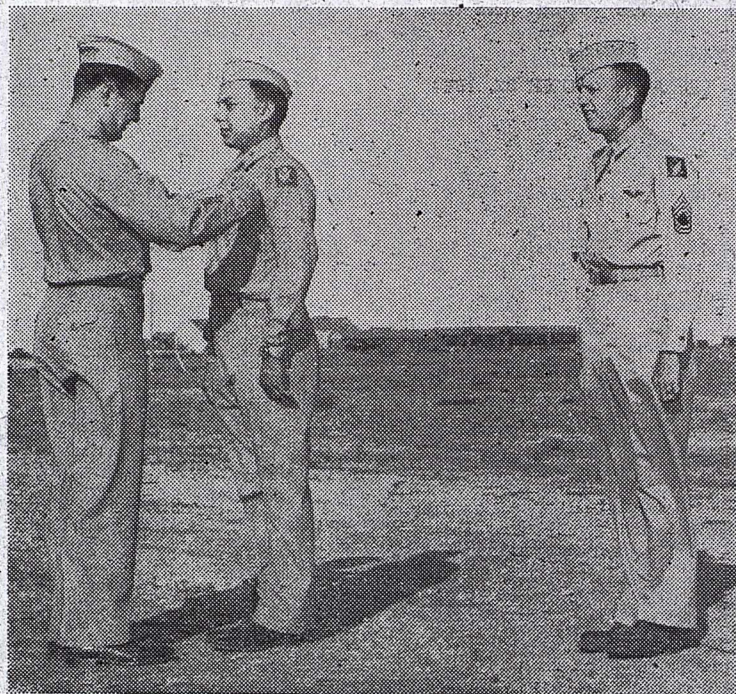
For a Field the size of Pyote, a quota of over one hundred twenty thousand dollars seems a bit steep but it can be easily reached if everyone here, soldier and civilian digs just a little deeper and buys that extra bond this month.

Saturday morning's show will also give the service personnel their first opportunity to make out pledges for the new G. I. Bond which sells for \$7.50 and is worth ten dollars. Available only to military personnel here, this Bond is expected to prove a prime favorite with the Bond-Wise G. I.

As this is being written a huge thermometer, registering the day by day progress of Pyote towards its quota, is being built in front of Headquarters and hopes are high with Bond officials here that Pyote will go over the top before the middle of next month.

Each Section on the Field has a definite cash quota allotted and the Section selling the most Bonds on a percentage basis will be on the receiving end of \$50 in cash. The civilians are in on

Awards Made At Review



Col. William W. Jones pins an Oak Leaf Cluster on Capt. Leslie W. Felling in last week's presentation ceremony. T-Sgt. Bruce Alshouse (right) received the DFC.

Monahans USO

Thurs.—Lions Club Night, old-fashioned spelling bee.

Fri.—Informal activities.

Sat.—Mid-summer dance.

Sun.—Coffee hour, 11 a.m.; buffet supper, 6:30 p.m.; songfest, 7:30 p.m.

Mon.—Movies, 8:30 p.m.

Tues.—Wiener roast; dance class, 8-9 p.m.

Wed.—Better Halves Club luncheon, 12 noon; Chinese checkers and ping pong during evening; Catholic Discussion Group.

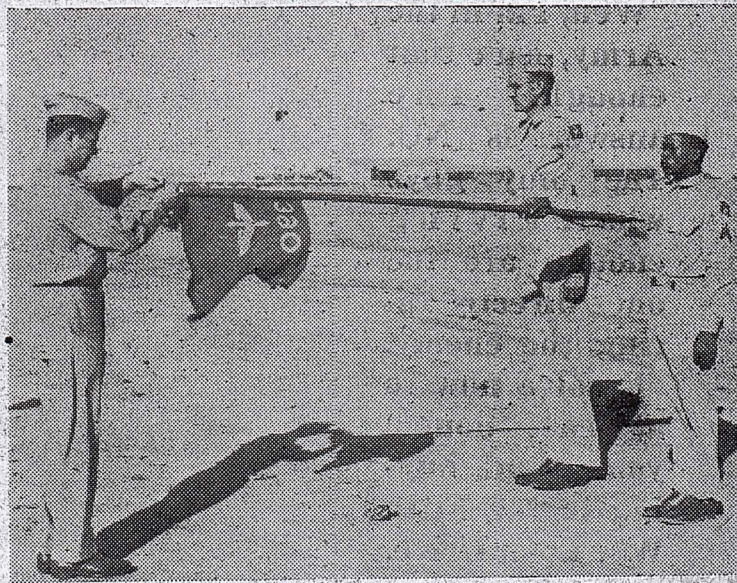
this bond selling competition and the only stipulation is that Bonds be bought through one of the numerous facilities here on the Field. Bonds purchased in town cannot be credited towards the quota, the War Bond Officer told "The Rattler" this week.

War Bond officers and noncommissioned officers will be making their appointed rounds during the coming weeks, contacting each person under their jurisdiction to see that every man on the Field purchases at least one extra Bond in this Invasion Bond Drive.

A meeting of these War Bond officers is scheduled for this afternoon at Theater No. 2 where they will receive final instructions before hitting the selling trail.

NAPLES (CNS)—Wacs in Naples prefer dates with frontline combat soldiers.

Section C At It Again



The ribbon signifying the best-marching unit in the weekly parade and review is pinned on the guidon of Section C by the Station Commandant. Section C has been carrying off the laurels with monotonous regularity in the past few weeks—and one reason is their smart guidon bearer, Pfc. George W. Brown. Acting Corporal Brown gives some of the other guidon bearers on the field something to shoot at when he carries the Section banner. On his right is Lt. Charles Gabler, Section C commanding officer.

AT THE THEATER

Thurs.—MAKE YOUR OWN BED, with Jack Carson, Jane Wyman and Allen Hale. Army-Navy Screen magazine and Paramount News.

Fri.—SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD, with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields. Mexican Sports and "The Green Line".

Sat.—JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE, with Simone Simone and James Ellison. Shorts.

Sun. & Mon.—THE EVE OF ST. MARK, with Michael O'Shea, Anne Baxter and William Eythe. Paramount News.

Tues.—THE SCARLET CLAW, with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. And CALL OF THE SOUTH SEAS, with Allen Lane, Bill Henry and Adele Mara.

Wed. & Thurs.—THIS IS THE LIFE, with Donald O'Connor, Susanna Foster and Peggy Ryan. Plus "Memphis Belle" and Paramount News.

More World News, More Stories Of Boys On Line Needed, Say Readers

Want Rattler To Cover Globe, Poll Indicates

"What would you like to see changed or added to 'The Rattler'?"

This was the question of the week, and we asked nigh unto thirty G.I.'s and WACs, and found that the majority wouldn't change any part of 'The Rattler'. However there were some who thought a few changes could be made.

Cpl. Joe Scully, ass't. crew chief of Dearborn, Michigan, says: "I think there should be more world wide news and less chatter about the people on the base."

S-Sgt. Wilbert Voshell, flight chief of Baird, Texas, says: "More world wide news. The paper covers the activities of the base very well, but it neglects the boys on the line."

Pvt. Robert Braff, communications, from Rochester, N. Y., says: "I think that the combat crews should be given more publicity. After all they are the prime factor on this field. How about a good cross-word puzzle?"

Pvt. Alice Kent, communications from E. Providence, R. I. says: "More world news and pictures of people at work."

Cpl. Irving Marder, 728th Band,



TOUGH BABIES . . . S-Sgt. Henry Cooper, 27-year old Canadian-born gunner, says the boys in the Eighth Air Force are a pretty tough outfit. Cooper should know, for he was in the Eighth long enough to pull 25 missions over Europe during which he shot down one ME-109. Cooper is an instructor at this station.

New Rochelle, N. Y., says: "Illustrate columns with cartoons. More 'dirt' about the post in general."

Pfc. Thomas Lydon, from Philadelphia, Pa., says: "More news about the invasion and world news. All fighting fronts should be covered and I think there should be more cartoons."

Sgt. Julian Moore, machinist, from Sacramento, Calif., says: "There should be at least two pages of world wide news."

Cpl. Louise Rider, communications, from New Philadelphia, Ohio, says: "'The Rattler' is pretty much all right. The editorials are a little dead, but the pictures are good. How about more of them?"

Cpl. Morris Walk, altitude training unit, from Brooklyn, N. Y. says "More world news, much more and I think a couple of columns of anecdotes and jokes would help."

Pvt. Alfred Freeman, message center, from Jackson Heights, Long Island, says: "Koops should have a full page to register the gripes. Best G. I. paper I've ever seen."

Sgt. William Reque, engineer, from Wayne, Illinois, says: "The Rattler could use at least two pages of world wide news, particularly about the invasion"

S-Sgt. Charles Hollis, engine crew chief, from Pine Bluff, Ark., says: "I'd like to see more written about the activities of the boys on the line. I think that the editorials are swell, and there could be more news of the world."

S-Sgt. George Bryant, mechanic, from Chicago, Ill., says: "It's the best paper I've seen, but how about giving the boys on the line a break?"

Cpl. Marvin L. Fishman, Bendix chin turret instructor, from Milwaukee, Wis., says: "The paper covers everything, but there should be quite a bit more world coverage. Many of us don't get a chance to read a newspaper every day, and 'The Rattler' is one paper where we can get the news."

Pvt. Joseph J. Muraca, mail clerk in Section A, from Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "There is nothing that I would like to see changed in the paper, it's the best I've seen. Maybe some more news of the world."

MOHAWK INDIAN PRINCESS FIRST TO JOIN WAC

CAMP SHANKS, N. Y. (CNS)—Princess Scattering Flowers, a full blooded Mohawk Indian, was the first Rockland County recruit in the new WAC recruiting drive here. A resident of the St. Regis Indian Reservation, the princess is the wife of an Army private serving overseas.

Section C's New Service Club



Their new club completed, the members of Section C are now sweating out a super-duper opening night shindig that will give the building a send-off. Above, one of the boys taps out some piano tunes on the club's piano.

Some high-powered politicking is transpiring between Pyote Army Air Field and Midland Army Air Field in connection with the opening night festivities. Section C men want to invite some of the group of colored Wacs who are stationed at Midland Field to be their honor guests for the occasion. So far the plans have gone forward slowly but our boys are still in there pitching.

Pfc. Francis Teagle (right) was so pleased with the looks of the new service club that he broke into a fancy jitterbug act. Pfc. Teagle can really shake a mean leg; he was once a hooper at the Savoy in Philadelphia.

The club offers complete off-hours recreational facilities, with a library, snack bar and pool room.



Monahans-Fort Stockton Bus Line Started; Buses Run Twice Daily

FORT STOCKTON—A Monahans-Fort Stockton bus line began operation on June 20th. Two round trips daily are made out of Fort Stockton.

The schedule: Leave Fort Stockton 7:40 a.m., arrive Monahans 9:40 a.m.; leave Monahans 11:30 a.m., arrive Fort Stockton 1:30 p.m.; leave Fort Stockton 2:30 p.m., arrive Monahans 4:30 p.m.; leave Monahans 5:15 p.m., arrive Fort Stockton 7:15 p.m.

Two 14-passenger busses have

been put into operation by the line, which is run by W. R. Moore and Marcus Fury.

Stops are made at Royalty, Grandfalls and Imperial. The terminal in Monahans will be the Greyhound Bus Station. The busses make connection at Fort Stockton with the Baygent line running to San Angelo, and also make San Angelo train connections and connect with the Kerrville bus for San Antonio.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:**When Is A Flyer Not A Flyer?
When His Papers Incomplete****Some Must Prove
Their Citizenship
To Keep Status**

Wearing the khaki for a year and a half, during which time he attended two AAF technical schools and became an aerial gunner, and then being grounded because he was not a citizen—that is the experience of Sgt. John Sing, of Irvington, N. J.

Sgt. Sing is today sweating out the arrival of his parents' citizenship papers which will clear him for flying duty again. He was forced to see his crew, with which he had trained for three months, take off without him when he was grounded.

Sgt. Sing was born in Germany and spent seven years of his life in that country before his folks moved to the USA. As soon as they arrived here they took out citizenship papers, which automatically made John a citizen too, but on the records he is listed as an alien by birth and it is this discrepancy that has to be cleared up.

He is anxious to get into action, having been in training since March 10, 1943. Sgt. Sing said he had no preference but "just as soon" take a crack at Germany when his citizenship problems are straightened out and he is allowed to rejoin a crew.

The 21-year old assistant engineer was a tool maker before his induction notice reached Irvington. He entered the Army at Fort Dix and got basic at Miami Beach. He was classified as a machinist and later sent to mechanics school at Amarillo, Texas, following



Sgt. John Sing, grounded because of foreign birth, is awaiting arrival of his parents' citizenship papers from New Jersey before re-joining a crew.

which he attended gunnery school at Kingman, Arizona, and came too Pyote for his crew training via Salt Lake City.

His biggest disappointment came when his crew shipped out and he learned he'd have to stay behind.

**Gunner Born In
Mexico Also Has
'Paper Troubles'**

Another boy who had to see his crew go ahead while he waited around to straighten out a similar problem is Sgt. Leonard A. Garcia.

In January, 1943, Garcia quit his job as a clerk in a grocery store in San Diego, California and volunteered to become one of Uncle Sam's fighting men.

Leonard was born twenty two years ago in a town, that even he can't spell, but it's in the state of Jalisco, Mexico.

He and his family arrived in San Diego in 1927 and the only time he left there was to take basic training in Kearns, Utah. At Kearns he was classified as a "pill-roller" and came down to Pyote in March, 1943. For a short time he worked on the wards and then went to work in the pressure chamber as an instructor, remaining there for ten months.

One day something bit Mr. Garcia and he decided he wanted to become an aerial gunner, which he did, going through all three phases here in Pyote.

By this time brother Garcia was Sergeant Leonard A. Garcia, his five foot four being used as a ball turret gunner. Came the fatal day and Sergeant Garcia found that he was grounded and could not leave with his crew. Why? Because he was not a citizen. The Sergeant didn't waste any time in making application for his papers and now he has a couple of weeks to go before he gets them.

We asked him if he thought he was losing anything by not being able to go out with his crew.

"Losing anything? Why hell, I'm gaining everything. I'm going to be a citizen of the United States."

Good luck to you, Sarge.

MINNEAPOLIS (CNS)—An elderly man dashed into police headquarters. "I've been robbed," he told the desk sergeant, "of \$309 on Washington avenue." The sergeant looked up from his blotter. "When did it happen," he asked. "Ten or twelve years ago," his visitor replied casually.

Maj. TenHouten, Mrs. Penry Wed

Major and Mrs. Charles TenHouten cut their wedding cake with the sabre presented to Col. William W. Jones, Station Commandant, when he graduated from West Point. Capt. Charles P. Ripley, the best man, is at left, and Col. and Mrs. Jones are at right of bridal couple. The bride is the former Mrs. Estelle E. Penry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Eastham of Fort Worth. The ceremony was performed by Chaplain Norton last Saturday in the Station Chapel. The reception was held in the Red Cross Recreation Building, where Major and Mrs. TenHouten met when she was a member of the national staff of the American Red Cross.

**Qualified EM May Be Selected
Candidates for USMA Training**

Enlisted men who possess the necessary qualifications and who make application in writing for appointment and United States Military Academy preparatory training, are eligible for selection as candidates for the United States Military Academy, the War Department announced last week.

Quotas will be allocated by the War Department in a separate communication to the commanding general of each service command and theater of operations. The next regular West Point entrance examination on March 6, 1945, will be conducted at each of the educational institutions designated for United States Military Academy preparatory training.

Selection of candidates will be confined to enlisted men who possess all of the following qualifications:

The candidate must be a citizen of the United States; must have reached his 19th but not his 22nd birthday on July 2, 1945, the date of admission to the United States Military Academy. He must be unmarried and must never have been married, and must have attained an AGTC score of 135 or higher.

The candidate must have graduated from high school or achieved the equivalent education.

The candidate must have excellent character, and must be considered to possess the capacity for leadership required for an officer of the Army. The record of the

applicant's military training and any subsequent performance in campaign or battle will be carefully explored in judging his ability to lead others. Where opportunities for demonstration of such ability have been limited, consideration will be given to the judgment of the applicant's immediate superiors as to his latent capabilities and to his record as a student, an athlete, or an employe prior to entering the military service.

The candidate must have completed one full year of active enlisted service as of July 2, 1945, the date of admission to the United States Military Academy and be in an active enlisted status on that date. Prior enlisted service may be considered in determining an applicant's eligibility.

Additional information may be obtained from company commanders.

PHILADELPHIA (CNS)—Mrs. Rachel Walker's cat Tabby has solved its personal meat shortage problem. Each night Tabby brings home a nice big mole for dinner.

Coronado's Kiddy Gets Stung—

Thar's Gold In Them Thar Pyote Hills! What Hills?

Fabled LaFitte Treasure Lures Our Hero Away

By PFC. ED KOOPS

It was sitting in a chair outside the tap room of the PX, hoping someone would stop by and buy me a brew, and passing the time in my own innocent little way by making a slight survey on the number of women who wear stocking seams perpendicular, when it happened.

A seedy old gent wheezed alongside of me. His face was sun-beaten and wind-burned; a long white beard stained with tobacco juice, and parted in the middle, hung from his chin and was tucked in between the 2 and 3rd buttons of his khaki shirt.

"Pull up a rattlesnake and sit down, padner", I said with that nasal Texan accent that wins me so many friends east of the Pecos.

"Thank you, stranger," the old coot replied. "I'm an old weary prospector, son, spendin' my last days out here in Pyote. Just me, my burro, and my pick axe. Prospectin' for treasure—hidden treasure!" And he cackled gaily.

I asked him where he parked his burro, mentioning that the MPs might give it a ticket, if he had left it near a no parking sign.

"My burro, sonny?" and he cackled again. He began to sound like the introduction to Information Please. "My burro got drafted last April. Last time I heard from him he sent me a post card from Miami. He's down there sweatin' out an OCS appointment."

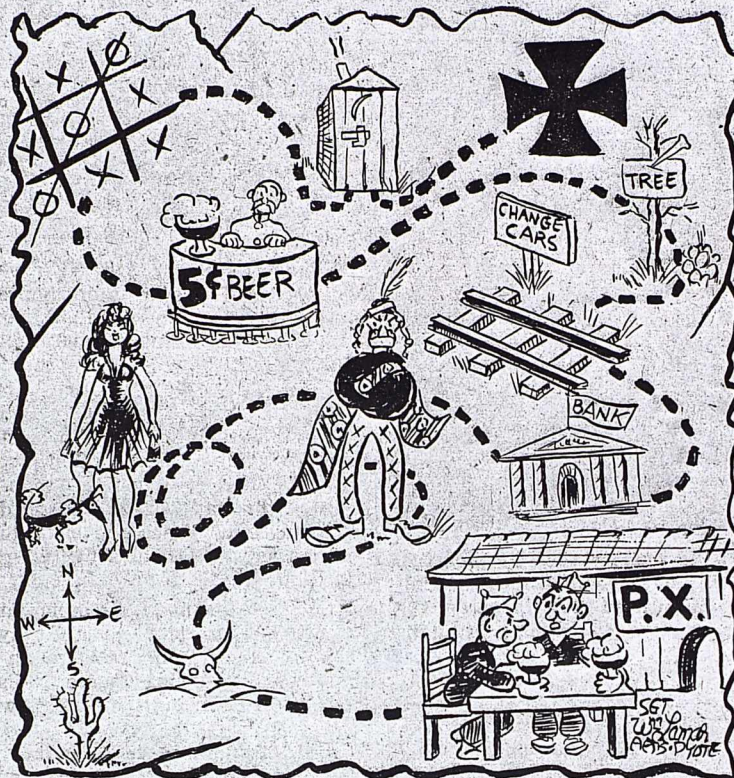
And then the old codger pulled his chair a little closer to mine. A fanatical gleam grew in his eye.

"Look, sonny," he whined, "I ain't had a square meal in all of three days. I ain't got many more years to live. My time is gettin' nigh. Could you—would you—help out a poor old prospector?"

"I'd be glad to, sir, but—you see it's been almost three weeks since pay day so—but wait! Here! Borrow my mess pass. Just ran your spindly shanks over to mess hall No. 4, show this to the guy at the door, and eat all you want."

"God bless you, sonny," said the old man, his wrinkled hands shaking with glee, as he grabbed for the mess pass. "Such goodness will not go unrewarded; Look!" And he reached into a shirt pocket and pulled out a yellowed, dog-eared bit of paper and waved it under my sunburned nose.

"See this paper, sonny? It's a map to buried treasure! It was given to me by an old friend



FATAL MAP . . . Our itinerant correspondent Ed Koops was a good boy, rosy-cheeked and dewy-eyed, until he listened to the tale spun by an old-timer one day. A tale that told of a vast amount of gold buried by Jean Lafitte's partner in the vicinity of Pyote. This map, traded for a hand-out, drew Koops away from the safety of camp life and into the surrounding desert where he found, not the vast treasure he had supposed, but an irresistible summons to a fate worse than death.

of mine. And now I'm—I'm too old and weary to make the expedition to claim this gold. But because you've been good enough to loan me your mess-pass, I'll—I—well, I just want you to have it!"

And the character shoved the paper into my hands. I was stunned. Gold? Buried treasure? But where?

As though he had read my thoughts, the prospector said, "Buried treasure—right here outside Pyote. The map will show you how to get there. Gold! Gold! More wealth than you ever saw in your life. Did you ever hear of pirates around here?"

I started to tell him that I had, and the trouble I have with the barber shop, but he kept right on speaking.

The upshot of the thing was that he gave me the map to this buried treasure. Right outside Pyote, he said. Pirate loot hidden for centuries, and I—a poor, but honest, Pfc. had the map to it all.

It was but the work of an instant to get a three day pass. Well—maybe four or five months, then. But I got the pass, and set out to claim my fabulous

treasure. For equipment I had a can of sauerkraut juice, a pen-knife, and a coin good for one beer at the Jungles Tavern in LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

(In order that you might follow the trail of Koops, a staff artist has drawn a facsimile of the treasure map the old prospector gave our reporter.—Ed. Note.)

According to the old codger, a bad hombre named Wesley T. Farraday served under LaFitte, the pirate. When the pirates killed each other off in a duel—nasty faces at fifty paces, that ole dabbil Farraday absconded with the mazuma and came here to Pyote. He buried the treasure and drew this map, intending to return one day. Farraday however answered the call to colors in the civil war and shot himself one night when he forgot the password. The map was passed on from Farraday to Farraday. It was just one d—n Farraday after another.

It wasn't long before I had left the PX, the starting point, traversed past the cow-skull, the Last National Bank, and the other land-marks on the map. Success was practically mine, I thought. A wealthy man! I would have gold!



"Ladies and gentlemen in America," the Berlin shortwave radio blared, "we have sensational news. Stand by for it later in this program. But first—today's war news in brief."

NBC monitors sat tense and white-faced, awaiting the "sensational news," while Berlin droned through a highly colored and inaccurate account of the war in Italy. Then the great moment arrived.

"And now"—Berlin was obviously excited—"for the sensational news we have promised you. In just a few minutes you will hear a very talented Berlin artist play on a violin that was made in 1626!"

gold!

Finally, I reached the spot indicated by the cross on the map. And sure enough, there was this large cross painted on the ground. A large neon sign flashed overhead, showing an arrow pointing to the spot, and saying: "Buried Treasure Hidden Here!" Gad, I thought, but these Farradays were creative people.

Nearby I found a small sand-pail and shovel, left there by some small tot probably. The shovel had inscribed on the handle: "Souvenir of Atlantic City." I grabbed it and began digging.

Digging, digging, digging. The sand flew in all directions. The hot Texas sun beat down on my big, strong back. Sweat began to drip from my brow. But I would never say die! No, no, not when all this wealth would be mine—mine—mine!

Just as I was beginning to despair, the shovel hit something buried in the sand. There was a queer metallic ring to it. I worked like a madman, and finally a large, ancient trunk was in view. The gold hinges had turned to green from the exposure. The lock had rusted and corroded.

In a nervous frenzy, my pink little fingernails ripped the lid off. Gold! Gold! Mine! Do you hear me? Mine!—Mi—wait a minute. There was no gold. No gold at all. Just a scrap of paper. I picked it out of the trunk and read:

"Pfc. Koops will report to Mess Hall No. 4 for three days of K.P. If he fails to show up, disciplinary action will be taken!"

Oh well, easy come, easy go. Anyway, the mess pass I gave the old coot was for last month. Serves him right.

Section II Has Farewell Party



When quitting this locality's rustic scenery for fairer climes, members of Section II tossed a farewell party in which they officially said adios to Pyote. Above, a group of enlisted crew members file past the refreshment counter, which was a most popular spot at the Service Club that night.



The orchestra had just finished a torrid swing number when this shot was made at the dance for the enlisted crew members which climaxed their end of the celebration.



A similar celebration was held at the Officers Club in honor of the departing officers of Section II. Some of the Section II flyers are shown (above) at the farewell dance.



KOOPS' KORNER

BY PFC. ED KOOPS

Today, according to the Dr. Miles Almanac, is the longest day of the year. There are more hours of sun on June 22nd than any other day this year. Sunlight, however, is of no great import to the GI. What he wants is an ample armful and puh-lenty, puh-lenty of moonlight!

WATCH THE CARS GO BY: We have been informed of a most sorrowful tale. It seems that not many of the auto-drivers are stopping at the gate, or on the road to town, and offering a ride to the perspiring GI hoofing down the highway.

It is the good-neighbor policy at its ultimate to pull up and say "hop in, soljur," and you are undoubtedly restoring some GI's faith in the saintliness of his fellow man.

So, brother, if the Finance Company or the Morris Home Loan still lets you drive that car, you can make it do double-duty by giving the less-fortunate a ride. You'll be giving them a lift in more ways than one.

PYOTE QUOTES: . . . Overheard at Theater No. 1: "Tough? I'll say he is. He's so strong he can hold an Esquire magazine with one hand!" . . . Eavesdropped in the PX patio: "That ain't no barber shop, doc, that's the original clip joint!" . . . Relayed from the Friday night swing-ding: "No ma'am, I don't dance, but I know all the holds!" . . . Overheard at the Service Club: "Charming? Why shouldn't he be? His granpa was a snake!" . . . Overheard in the Theater line: "That invasion is moving right along. Looks like Adolf got caught with his France down!" . . . —Eavesdropped at the PX cafeteria: "My brother is only 6 and he's in 1-A! Yeah, next year he'll be in the second grade!" . . . Relayed from the Day Room: "I got the finest wife and sweetheart a man ever had, and I hope they never meet!"

IN THE MORNING MAIL: "My congratulations for your work in trying to get the PX "barbers" on the ball . . . How about giving the PX cleaning shop a little "ride" and find out why that independent individual refuses to accept a tie or cap for cleaning unless we bring along a shirt or a pair of pants to be cleaned, too."

We checked up on that story and find it's quite the awful truth. No ties, no caps will be accepted

for cleaning unless you make it worth their while.

Apparently, dear Anonymous, the only solution to these and other PX profiteers is simply take your trade elsewhere. That seems to be the only way of hittin' 'em where it hurts, right in the pocketbook!

SAD, SAD STORY

She looked at me with misty eyes. This lass I love so well. And with a voice of anguish cries: "Say, ain't these grapefruits hell?"

MONAHANS MURAL: Maybe you've heard this before. It's about the guy who put the Wolf act on a paying basis. He bought a beautiful 5-karat diamond engagement ring, and then ingratiated himself into the affections of the town's belles, and when he tired of them, asked for the ring back and went on to greener pastures. One of the girls got off this nifty: "Boy, what a snake he is. Giving us a line and then asking for his ring. That's what you call a diamond-back rattlesnake!"

GRANDSTAND GRIPE

I don't know if you've noticed it or not, but when the Pyote Baseball team has a league game here, most of the bleachers' support seems to be for their opponents.

Far be it from us to try to tell anybody who to cheer for in a ball-game; but it certainly doesn't look very good for any of us when we don't even support our own club.

Any big-league ball fan'll tell you that the only kind of support to give a club is 100 per cent support. And any Giant fan or Pirate fan or any of 'em, will root just as hard for their ball club, whether they're in the first division or in the cellar.

And plenty of support can be a big help to a ball club when they're out to win ball games. So, how about it, gang, how about givin' the Rattlers a break and a little support?

It'll make for a better ball-club and a better atmosphere all the way around.

EDITORIAL

ASCTP Is Cited

In many respects the Army's care of its manpower has resulted during this war in the considerable advancement of scientific care and treatment. Notable among the steps thus taken, outside the realm of the various 'wonder' drugs that have made spectacular appearances, is the Air Surgeon's Convalescent Training Program.

This program, which was initiated by forward-thinking minds among the Army Air Forces shortly after the outbreak of the war, has been cited by the American Academy of Physical Education. The citation reads:

"Shortly after the entrance of our country into this war, the Office of the Air Surgeon took the initiative in organizing and promoting a Convalescent Training Program in the hospitals of the Army Air Forces. With disregard for precedent, they pushed this program forward rapidly and effectively; they engaged in pertinent experimental work to clarify some of the more debatable problems relating to reconditioning of the ill and injured, and pioneered the establishment of this movement in this country.

"For making available to the sick and disabled of our armed forces the latest discoveries and the finest services of both medicine and physical education, the American Academy of Physical Education takes pleasure in citing the Convalescent Program of the Office of the Air Surgeon."

The AAF Convalescent Training Program is designed to restore soldier-patients to duty in top physical condition and to increase the soldiers' military and general knowledge through classes, lectures, discussions and training films while they are in the hospital. The program takes the soldier-patient out of bed as soon as possible and starts him on the road to recovery with bed exercises—in many cases as early as 48 hours after an operation.

In addition, the AAF has established seven convalescent centers for the reconditioning and rehabilitation of casualties returning from overseas. At these centers, soldiers are taught the latest methods of overcoming disabilities, are given refresher courses for return to military duty, and are given orientation and guidance before being discharged to civil life.

Many a soldier today is on his feet and doing his job again to help speed the war's end, solely because of the new method of treatment worked out by the ASCTP. This is another innovation, the use of which is not confined to war conditions alone. The knowledge gained will mean a saving of many man-hours lost due to industrial accidents when applied in their connection.

THE RATTLER

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Pyote, Texas

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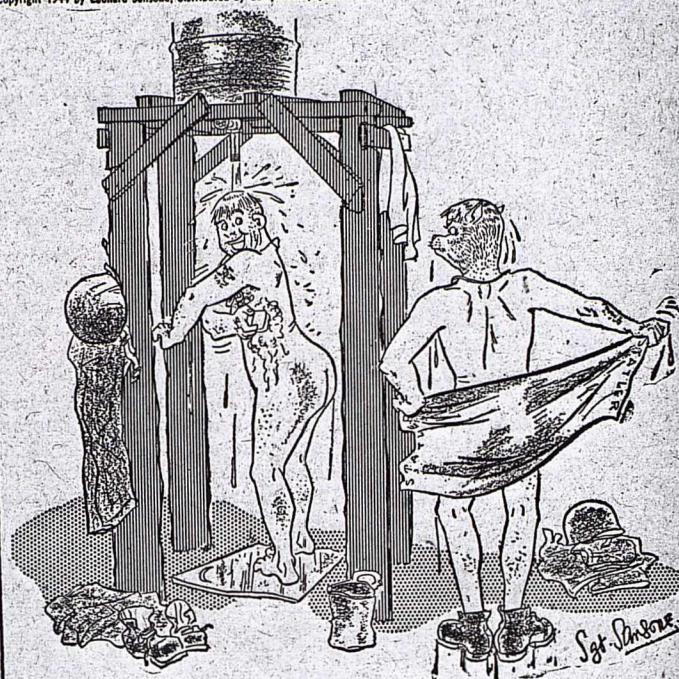
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The Wolf

by Sansone

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"H'lo dearie! Wanna wash me back?"

POLICIN' UP

By S-SGT. ROBERT NASH

A tough jolt for our colleagues who had their eyes turned to Mexico for a place in which to catch up on their post-war sleeping has arrived in the shape of news bulletin from our below-the-border correspondent. That country's government, apparently taking the war in dead seriousness, has outlawed their ancient siesta.

A citizen caught sleeping during the forbidden hours can be fined from one to 1,000 pesos.

Another dream shattered.

HORRORS OF WAR

One of the most embarrassing moments of the war was suffered by an Englishman in Leeds who picked up a girl in a blackout. When he took her to his apartment house she said: "Why, I live in this house, too." It developed that she lived on the same floor. In fact, in the same room. In fact, she was his wife.

The clerks who handle allotment applications of servicemen and their wives to the WD get plenty of laughs without going to the movies. Here are a few of the quotes collected in recent weeks:

"Please send my elopement, as I have a four-months old baby and he is my sole support, and I need all I can get every day to buy him food and keep him in close."

"Sir, I am forwarding my mar-

riage certificate and my two children. One is a mistake as you can see."

"Please send my wife's form to fill out."

"Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and baby."

"This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?"

THE LOCAL AREA: S-Sgt. Walt Seefeldt, designer of many improvements on this base, has moved on . . . Boyce House, the Texas raconteur, is taking one of our boy Koops' pieces and working it into a radio skit . . . House is one Texan who has made money by letting his sense of humor work overtime . . . Incidentally, Koops' current article has a foundation in fact, as some of the richest treasures in the Western world are reputed to be buried in this vicinity . . . Of course when you say "vicinity" out here you mean a thousand-mile square patch . . .

You can read all about them in "Coronado's Children" at the Station Library. Another bit of good reading on the new list is Sgt. Don Thompson's story, "The 45th Division News" . . . Gen. Ent, 2nd Air Force CG, will give the graduation speech at Pecos Army Flying Field on the 26th . . . The guard at the gate wasn't flustered a bit when the Wac rushed up breathlessly. "Help me," she wailed. "I've lost my aunt's pay!" . . . Replied the guard: "Quit talking pig Latin and I'll see what I can do."

USE OF B-29s RESULT OF GEN. ARNOLD'S

Super-Range Bombers Originally Intended For Hemisphere Defense

Design Changed To Offensive Weapon; Production To Follow B-17 Pattern

Operation of the B-29 in combat was the realization of a strategy conceived by General H. H. Arnold, U. S. Army, Commanding General, United States Army Air Forces, more than two years before this country entered the war.

In 1939, the first mass production of the existing long-range bombers of the AAF—the B-17 Flying Fortress and the B-24 Liberator—was getting under way. There were only 28 of these planes in operation and General Arnold recognized that already they were too small and had been outstripped by the ultimate necessities of global war.

He threw his support to the development of bombardment aircraft of super-range, which could strike at enemy targets from the most remote bases. He directed the AAF Materiel Command to draft specifications for such a plane.

With the United States at peace, this plane was intended specifically for hemisphere defense, capable of flying from strategic points in the Americas more than a thousand miles to sea and back again, with a bomb load.

Late in 1939, on the basis of specifications drawn by the Materiel Command, the AAF asked aircraft manufacturers to submit designs for the super-range plane. The design submitted by the Boeing Aircraft Company, producer of the B-17, was accepted.

With the entry of the United States into the war in December, 1941, the specific purpose for which the Superfortress had been intended was changed. It became an offensive weapon rather than a defender.

This change necessitated revision of the design, and once again the plans submitted by Boeing were accepted. The plane was successfully in production by last year, but behind this lay years of preparation—the drafting of bales of technical data sheets and blueprints, the performance of thousands of experiments and tests, the daring venture of inaugurating a vast tooling and production program while the aircraft was still in the blueprint stage.

In 1943, as production of the Superfortress was getting under way, Brigadier General Kenneth B. Wolfe, U. S. Army, Chief of the Production Division, Materiel Center, Wright Field, Ohio, during the development stages of the B-29, proposed to General Arnold that it would be practical to work the bugs out of the new plane even while it was being produced. If practical, this procedure would save much time in the long step from the factory to the battle line.

General Wolfe estimated that he could save six months by taking the planes as they came off the assembly line and putting them through strains equivalent to com-

bat, at the same time that transition schooling of the flying personnel was in progress.

General Arnold directed him to carry out this time-saving enterprise. A Bomb Wing, comprising four Groups, was activated at Marietta, Georgia, site of a Bell Aircraft Company factory, one of five great plants at which the B-29 is being built.

The success with which General Wolfe fulfilled his mission, backed by the energetic support of General Arnold, is attested by the operation of the B-29 in combat at this early date.

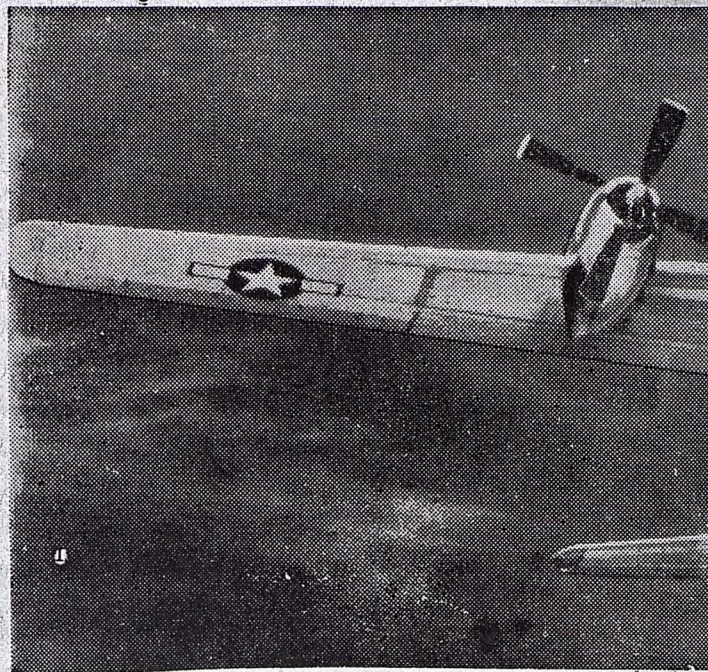
A thorough test in battle still lies before the Superfortress. It is the most complicated flying mechanism ever assembled by any nation, and many of its innovations are now receiving their first test. Use of the plane must be confined for many months to sporadic missions, and many problems of bases, training, production, modification and supply must be worked out before its full power may be exploited.

The B-29 is the aircraft which prompted General Arnold more than a year ago to say that the B-17 and the B-24 were perhaps the last of the "small" bombers, and to warn the enemy last Fall that new planes were on the way which would fly across the Atlantic and home without a stop.

The Superfortress has a wing span of more than 141 feet, is almost 100 feet long and has an overall height of more than 27 feet. It is one and a half times as large as the B-17 and has engines almost twice as powerful.

It carries a greater bomb load, is far faster, has greater altitude and longer range than any other bombardment plane in the world. It bristles with 50 calibre machine guns and 20-millimeter cannon.

Its wing, of completely new de-



Over a year ago Gen. Arnold said that the Flying Fortresses and Liberators were perhaps the last of the "small" bombers. This picture shows you why he said it. The massive B-29—the "Flying Solenoid" as it is called on the line—completely dwarfs the B-17, which up until the B-29 made its debut was considered some ship, both in size and potency. The Superfortress has a wing span of more than 141 feet, is almost 100 feet long and has an overall height of more than 27 feet. It is one and a half times as large as the B-17 and has engines almost twice as powerful. It carries a greater bomb load, is faster and has greater altitude and longer range than any other plane in the world. —Picture courtesy The Dallas News.

sign, has the highest coefficient of lifting ability to speed of any wing. Its 16-foot four-blade propellers are the largest on any aircraft. It is flush-riveted and butt jointed throughout.

The plane is long and cylindrical, with slender, tapering wings, an elongated nose extending well ahead of the wings. It has a single fin and rudder similar to that of the B-17. A double-wheel tricycle gear, both on the main landing gear and on the nose gear, supports the B-29. The pilot and copilot, with the bombardier in front of them, occupy the same compartment, in the tip of the nose of the plane.

The B-29 is being built at the following five plants, Boeing at Seattle and Renton, Washington, Wichita, Kansas; Glenn L. Martin Company at Omaha, Nebraska, and Bell at Marietta.

The Fisher Body Division of General Motors Corporation has a major part in the fabrication of the sub-assemblies.

The B-29 engines are 18-cylinder, radial, air-cooled, 2,200 horsepower Wright Cyclones, designed by Wright Aeronautical Corporation. They are built by Wright and by the Dodge Division of the Chrysler Corporation.

In addition, hundreds of subcontractors are participating in the production of the Superfortress.

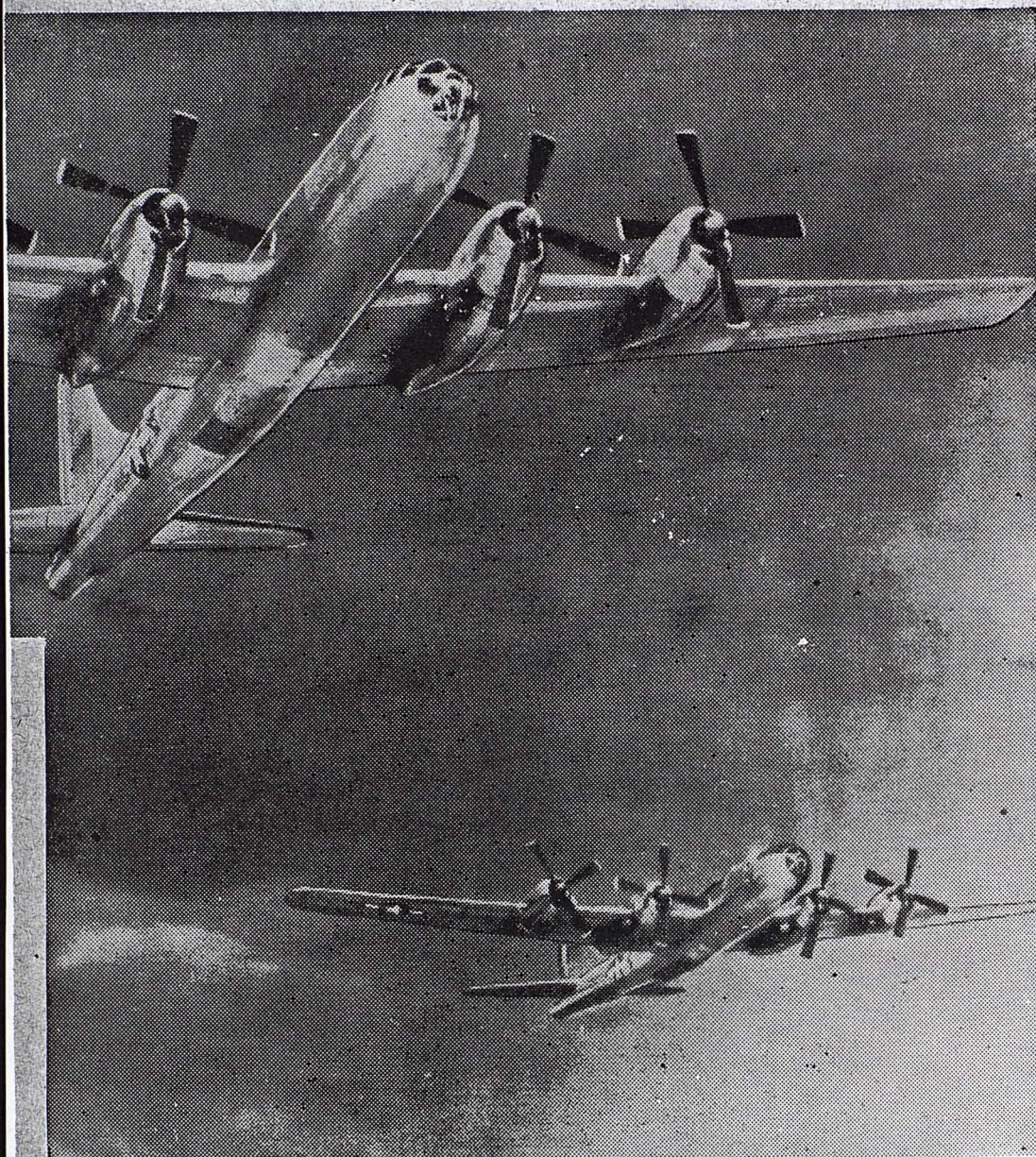
The B-29 production, embracing five major plants operated by three large companies, follows the pattern of the B-17 production plan, in which a permanent committee composed of representatives of Boeing, Douglas and Vega (now Lockheed) was set up to expedite production of the Flying Fortress. A similar permanent committee representing all prime manufacturers of the B-29 has been organized to coordinate the production program.

Boeing, Seattle, which has produced the B-17 in great numbers is now being converted to production of B-29s solely. On completion of the conversion all Boeing facilities will be devoted exclusively to the B-29.

Both the Douglas Aircraft Company and the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation Factory A in California will continue to build the Flying Fortress in undiminished numbers.

The Army Air Forces contemplate no reduction now in the scheduled production and employment of the Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress or the Liberator.

ARNOLD'S LONG RANGE STRATEGY



General Arnold's Statement On Use Of B-29s

"The use of the B-29 Superfortress in combat brings actuality to an Air Forces' plan made years in advance for truly global aerial warfare. It proves that our planners and engineers, coupled with the capacity of American industry, are an unbeatable combination. The result is here, a highly complicated and most deadly airplane, capable of delivering the heaviest blows yet known through air power.

"I assume the heavy responsibility for its employment under the Joint Chiefs of Staff with full confidence in its potential use.

"This employment of the B-29 makes possible the softening up attack on Japan very much

earlier than would be possible with aircraft hitherto known to combat. This mighty weapon advances the bomber line a long way.

"The Super-Fortress is not going to win the war by itself, nor has anyone thought it will do so. It will, however, like its predecessors the B-17 and B-24, strike at the source of enemy strength, and prepare the way for ultimate decision by our well-established team of land, sea and air forces. In our new strategic thinking, the B-17 and B-24 will now become medium instead of long-range bombers, and our B-25 and B-26 will become short-range bombers. These smaller planes will travel

no less distances than they do now but the B-29 will attack from much greater distance, and with much more power.

"The employment of the B-29 is just beginning. It goes directly into battle from the production lines, and we have a lot to learn before its full power may be developed. Consequently, the frequency of its uses will be carefully determined for some time. From this circumstance, let our enemies take what comfort they can while they can."

RIDERS—Mrs. Sittler will accommodate four passengers going East; either Pennsylvania, New Jersey or New York. Can contact her in Monahans, Phone 9511.

20th Air Force Directing All B-29 Activities

Unassigned, Can Join In Combined Global Operations

The existence of a new aerial organization, the Twentieth Air Force, with jurisdiction over all activities of the Superfortress, was announced by the War Department, following announcement of the combat use of the B-29 in the China-Burma-India Theater for Operations.

General H. H. Arnold, U. S. Army, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, is also Commanding General of the Twentieth Air Force which will operate directly under control of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. Brigadier General Haywood S. Hansell, Jr., U. S. Army, is the new organization's chief of staff.

The Twentieth Air Force was created by the Joint Chiefs of Staff as the application of a new refinement of global warfare. The great range of the Superfortress made permanent assignment of the Twentieth Air Force to individual commanders uneconomical, since it is capable of striking from many places at a single target, and its employment requires close coordination of operations.

The Twentieth Air Force will be in the nature of an aerial battle fleet, able to participate in combined operations, or to be assigned to strike wherever the need is greatest. Just as the naval fleets are available for assignment by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to any vital project, so the Twentieth Air Force can likewise be assigned. It is not, therefore, because of its great potentialities, the weapon of a single agency of the Army Air Forces, but a central aerial battle fleet in whose employment and deployment all the top commanders, including air, land and sea, will have a voice, and all of whom will be kept in constant touch with its operations.

The planes that participated in the recent Superfortress operation in the China-Burma-India Theater were elements of the Twentieth Bomber Command, the first B-29 organization which served as the nucleus for activation of the Twentieth Air Force. This command received the first B-29s that came off the assembly line.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

Three weddings on Thursday, two more on Saturday, and another on Sunday.

There is certainly nothing surprising about this. But it does remind the Chaplain of his duty to warn his people against a tragedy that is far worse than the tragedy of death in combat.

As the number of soldier marriages increases, we become increasingly worried about the danger of hasty, unwise, marriages.

Let no one mistake the basis of this worry: it does not concern the marriage of a soldier to the girl from back home,—the girl he has known for years, the girl who was "his girl" before he was thrown into the unnatural environment of war. Such marriages are no source of worry: such marriages are normal and prudent enough, even though in our hearts we might think they would be more prudent to wait.

It is the marriage of the soldier to a girl he has met since he put on the uniform that gives us the jitters. That's what we mean by a "war marriage."

The trouble with these marriages is that the boy and girl do not really know each other. Their association has grown too fast, under strained and unnatural circumstances.

When a soldier is on leave, furlough, or pass, he is usually keyed up to his most sparkling best: full of fun and life. He presents his most attractive self to those he meets. They don't get a chance to see him in his less pleasant moods.

And the same is very likely to be true of the girl the soldier courts. She puts forward her very best during the few hours they can be together.

These people have no opportunity of observing each other under the humdrum of circumstances of ordinary every-day living. They marry what they think is an extremely lovable character. When the honeymoon is over they often find they have married a lump.

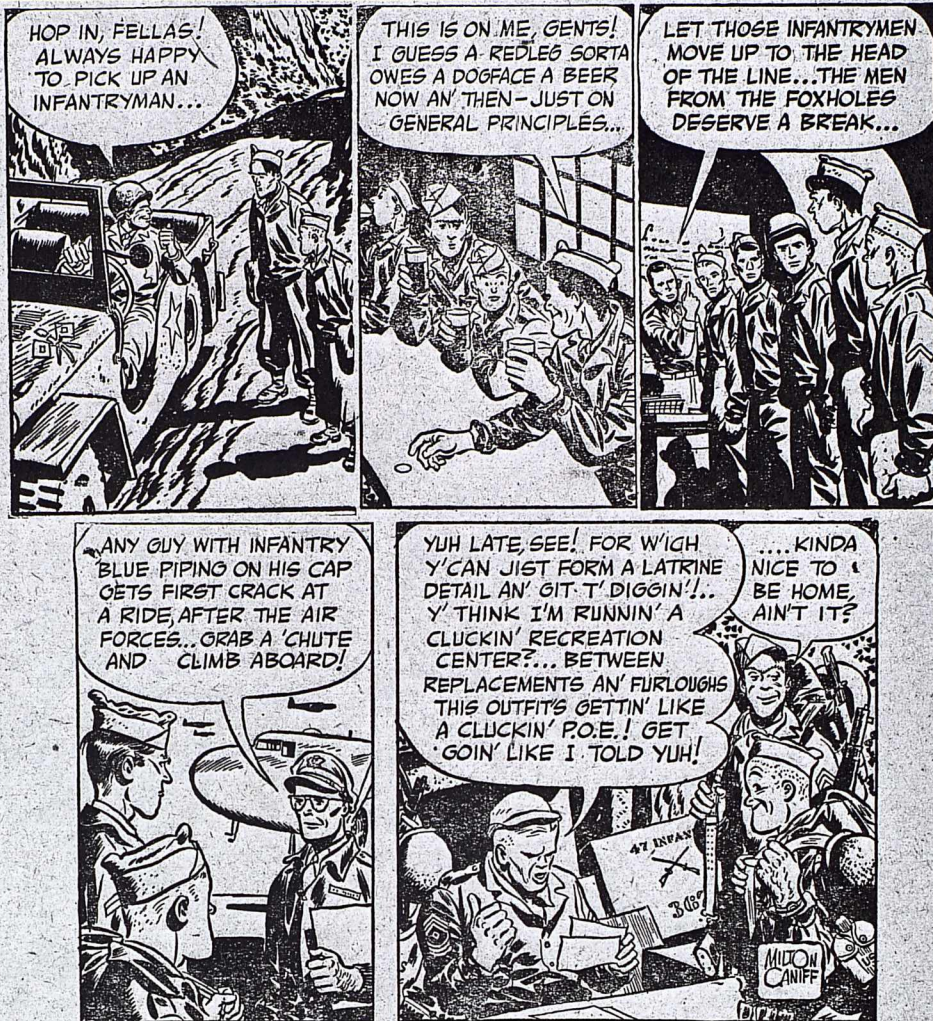
And there they go: the divorce court, two badly scarred lives, damaged goods.

The moral is: unless you have known the girl in civilian life, under normal circumstances: know her family and she yours; do not get married!

Chaplain B. J. Gannon

M A L E C A L L

BY
MILTON
CANIFF



"A" Men

By SGT. WARD HOWELL

Opening of the new first three graders' hangout found plenty of representatives from A. Some came with, some without—(dates, of course); but part of the BTO list went something like this: Rostic, Wheeler, Tribble, Taylor, Potter, Marron, Tremblay, Espy, Safranski, Sage, Weir, Broughton, Hansen, Fauntleroy, Billington, Sheets, Byers, Gassel, Stewart, Whitney, Barnard, Murphy, Gamble, Piskorski and Umbriago.

When is A going to win the Pyote Handicap? Each Saturday morning loyal troopers fall out and drill like cadets (well, at least we're better than the dogs that are always on the field), but never an award. Perhaps any month now.

The black feline found on the Orderly Room desk, unofficially dubbed "Keeper of the Passes" is really named Buck after Cpl. Harvey Buchanan.

Mess Sgt. Piskorski: "Who laid the tables for breakfast?"

KP Al Freeman: "I did, all but the eggs."

S-1 bowling team, "Chair Sitters" by name, is really in there

striking. With Sgt. Fred Johansen as manager; T-Sgt. Harry Moon, S-Sgt. Frank Safranski, Pvt. Arthur Grudnowski and Sgt. David James compose the rest of the fatal five. Averages from a last week's game were 137, 137, 148, 116 and 105 respectively.

Pfc. Walter Holm really did have ants in his pants the other day. Bunkmate had food around and Holm had his pants hanging on a nearby nail. When he put them on, he discovered the old saying still held some logic. What he did was a combination of bunny-hug, cuttin' a rug, jitter-bug and St. Vitus Dance.

Welcome to Major Marshall Cloyd, who has just returned from the European Theater to become our S-1 officer.

HERE 'N THERE IN A... The first man in Pyote to transfer from the Air Corps into the Infantry under the new regulations was one of our own—Cpl. George Vergez... Viva la Army Chair Corps who will fight this war to their last drop of ink!... Two energetic souls who pass numerous hours at 'The Pyote Retreat for Weary Soldiers' (EMC) massaging dishes on civilian KP are Pvts. James Jones and Louis Tice... Sgt. Andy Gazak's new recipe for brilliant ivories is using his shav-

ing cream on his toots brush... Adios to Pvt. Edward Buksa, Sgt. Lawrence Fitzmorris, Pvt. Rudolph Schmidt, Pvt. Reno Giapponi, S-Sgt. Walter Seefeldt, Sgt. Nyol Houseknecht and Pvt. Celestino Bernardo... Cpl. John Rust is spending a little time in a convalescent hospital in Long Island, lucky guy... Pvt. Bobby Anderson is now working for Section D, after having left Headquarters... As Pfc. Austin (Reet-Beat) Seaman came out of the hospital, Cpl. Alfred Wright went in with pto-maine. S-Sgt. Jim Pleasants is having it rough in Base Files... T-Sgt. Harry Moon would be a whiz-bang as a Medium. Swami Moom displayed unusual super talents when taking fingerprints of one of the Wacs the other day. A new department, maybe?... New in Stat are Captain Sidney Sterintach and Lt. Adra Postel... New men to A—T-Sgt. James Oates (Where's Mairzy?), Cpl. Morris Walk, Pvt. Arthur Ash, Pfc. Frank Sirokman, Pfc. Ira Davis, Sgt. Oscar Bard and Cpl. Carl Yann... S-Sgt. Julius (Reverend) Johna spent a few days with his wife at their home in Johnson, Kansas... Burning up the floor of the Monahans skating rink the other day were S-Sgt. Bob Miller and Pfc. Francis Roe.

Parachute Patter

The path from the hangar is getting very well worn lately by Section I. The boys come in for a drink between classes but we sometimes wonder if it's only the water they come in for.

Rules and regulations get on most people's nerves but Cpl. Al Behaeghe simply can't get used to them. Especially the one on curfew.

Winnie D. Jones, who has been absent from the department for the last three weeks, is expected to join our happy clan again next Monday. She has undergone a serious operation in a Big Spring hospital and is doing nicely. We miss you, Winnie, so hurry back.

If Ruth Sperling keeps riding with Oneta Thomas, she will have to take something to make her heart stronger or have Oneta fix the brakes on the car.

We are all in a dither about the parachute we are making for Betty. Don't get me wrong, Betty is the name of a dog. The chute will probably be finished next week. We can hardly wait for the drop test. The chute is being supplied all the girls are getting to work on it. We hope G.I. Betty likes it.

Cpl. George Vacin, the pin up boy for the parachute packin' mamas is doing O.K. by himself and keeping on the good side of the girls by keeping them supplied with ice. We have been wondering where he gets his hair fixed—come on, George, tell us, we'd like to change hair-dressers ourselves.

For once things went perfect for Linnie—the day she started to work after changing from night shift, her boy friend stopped night flying. So, if you're any good at math you can add two and two. Good luck Linnie.

Betty, and we mean the parachute packing Betty this time is in the dog house. In one of her lingering good nights while swinging on the door, she let her room-mate's dog out, Betty is going to play dog until she finds the dog.

Monta has been giving us a tip on what the fall styles are like. She spent last week end in Cow Town—Fort Worth to you Yankees. No use saying she had a good time—but why shouldn't she?

Mrs. Harris has suddenly taken the Mexican fad—or at least she likes some things that come from Mexico, such as—well, powder. Did I get the right shade? Better get rid of the hot seat Jo Dee.

The conversation, from the congregation made up of George, Bob, Felix, and a certain Lt. Seiman has reached the ears of the reporter. Boys, such ideas—and I want to know who gave the Californians the idea they could have any girl they want, all they had to do was to make their choice? We also want to know about the girls in

Name It and It's Yours



If you saw "Two Girls And A Sailor" last week at the Station Theater, you couldn't help noticing this fast-rising young MGM featured player. Think fast and when you've guessed her identity come to the Public Relations Office, Station Headquarters. First one to submit correct identification will get the snappy pin-up for his efforts.

Florida. Who can give us a tip on that?

Jewell have you ever heard of Sgt. Hess? He fixes alarm clocks, we'll try to get him to rush your clock through so you won't have to wear your house shoes to work any more. But I guess comfort does mean something.

Louise is on the shopping list again, any available bachelors can use either entrance of the parachute department or call 156. But doors for some air to come through, please leave a little space in the our air conditioner isn't working so good. Look out, Gus.

Wedding rings are heretofore been worn for protection, but, it seems they have lost—oh well, let's skip it, just ask Thelma.

This department has the outstanding record of "EXCELLENT" for tidiness and good work. We even exceeded our quota of packed parachutes for the month of May. For the first time in a long while we packed 1,450 chutes.

According to last week's Rattler Wink was the "hottest spot in Texas." Now they tell us, now they tell us.

QM Sees

By Cpl. H. W. MELVIN

A bowling team composed of Capt. Bodde, Wilson, Harris, Barone, and Smith lost to the Star-Gazers by twenty-two pins the other day. Game scores of 698-684, 628-623, and 647-644 indicate the QM team is digging in.

Wanted: A chess wizard who can consistently beat Cpl. Norman Richardson. He should preferably know the Sicilian defense and be able to look in five directions at one. How about it, chess players.

Those fellows who sometimes sit on the barracks' steps taking in the cool star-lit Texan night can enjoy an open-air concert with the music supplied by our next-door neighbor, the N.C.O. Club. A few of the men such as Mahaney, Stammers, and Sgt. Marchewka have taken advantage of the club to make a little spare change working on the big evenings. Our former mess-hall should see some lively times now that the zebra-men are in social competition with the metal deposit club.

How About This

In line of a constructive suggestion, the practice of sleeping, bare skin against the Government Issue blankets does not make for very sanitary conditions, particularly if the blankets are not often washed. If one blanket were taken from a bed at a time for washing, the other blanket and muffler should be warm enough for these summer nights. In many camps they are taken periodically (with the mattress covers) and washed in large quantities at the Quartermaster laundry.

Side-glances: A reason 410th's 1st Sgt. Schmidt is so highly rated around camp is his faculty for connecting names with faces. Bet he can recognize almost every member in his sizeable unit . . . Sgt. Cannon has gone big league now (Sect. A hard-ball team). If the Guard Squadron is able to get another soft-ball club on the field, they'll really miss him . . . "Flat-tops of the detachment to date are Woods, Wilson, Salato, Barrafato—no doubt, because they refused the shampoo at the P.X. Barber Shop . . . Overheard in the mess-hall: "Bombed Tokyo, huh? Must have been handled by the Air Corps" . . . And then there's the one that Cpl. Davis brought out the other day. When the swallows came back from Capastrana, one of them flew in a little late. He explained to the others, "Got caught in a Pyote badminton game and had a H--- of a time before I got out."

Latest news flash: Bill Harris has solved difficult math problem unaided. "Loco boy makes good"?

Invasion Army Best-Equipped

LONDON (CNS) — The troops America sent into France in the first wave of this war's great invasion from the west formed part of the "best equipped Army that ever existed," in the opinion of Brig. Gen. Henry Benton Saylor, chief ordnance officer on Gen. Eisenhower's staff.

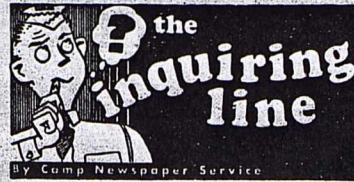
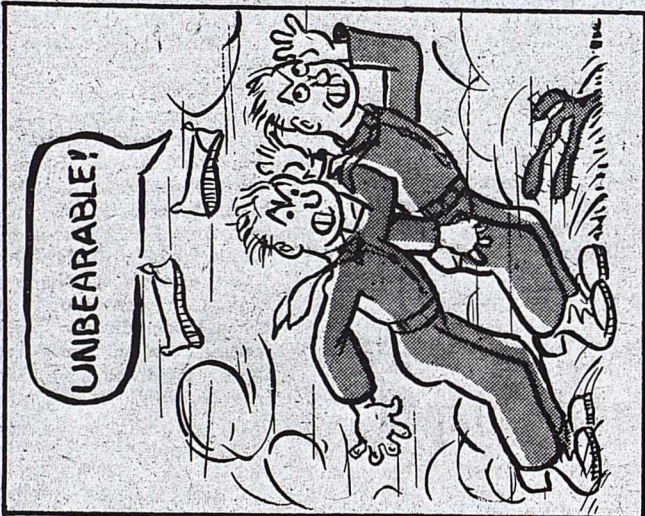
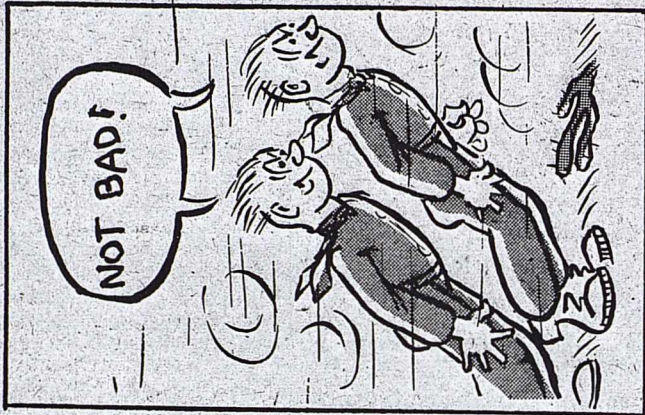
"We've got more tools of war, gear and spare parts than any armed force ever had before," said Gen Saylor.

It was the general's responsibility to build up the vast stocks of guns, tanks and ammunition, trucks and spare parts for the big smash across the channel. This mountain of supplies was stored in warehouses, in bomb-scarred buildings—and in great piles along England's winding country roads.

Gen. Saylor, who helped mount the North African invasion believes that the Allies were much better prepared for crashing Hitler's European Fortress than they were in the African landings.

By Sgt. Bill Lamar and Ed Koops

IT'S AN ILL WIND



I LOST IT IN PYOTE

By PFC. JOE BRUNO

Well, here we go again with a brand new baby . . . We'll kick it around a little and see if we can't give you odds and ends from the Combat Crew Detachment/Right off the bat we're tossing a few Bouquets to Crew No. 5035, Section 3. This gang is really on the well known ball. By that we mean they were tops in bombing, class work and formations; so much so that they were picked as the outstanding crew in all three sections. Here's hoping the boys keep up the good work. The following men and their positions on this weeks winning crew are: 1st Lt. Delbert M. Clark, Pilot . . . 2nd Lt. Arnold R. Allen, Co-Pilot . . . 2nd Lt. Chester J. Mateja, Navigator . . . 1st Lt. Ralph A. Chapman, Bombardier . . . Cpl. Kenneth L. Knudtson, Engineer . . . Cpl. Robert L. Phillips, Radio Operator . . . Cpl. John H. Robinson, Armorer-Gunner . . . Pvt. Samuel M. Clark, Career Gunner . . . Pfc. Robert A. Jahn, Upper Gunner . . . Sgt. Orville H. Barnes Jr., Tail Gunner.

By the way, if any of you dogfaces are wondering where we picked the title, "I Lost It In Pyote," well just keep right on wondering.

We lost a good outfit last week when Section II said goodbye. (We wish we could too) A dance was given for 'em and the boys really let loose and had a good time. Invitations were sent out to all the gals in the surrounding towns and camp. The gals were there all dressed up in their best . . . And many a tear was shed, in the dark corner of the club as they were saying their last goodbyes to the dear little gals of Pyote . . . Our prayers and good wishes go with them.

It has been brought to our attention that a couple of the GIs were clipped in a hotel room the other night . . . Well, boys will be boys . . . But they shouldn't be playing with things they can't handle . . . that Yakee Ducky is bad stuff, especially if ya got gals along.

Major Henry Bergschneider left us last week. He's now with the Secretary of training officer. Lots of luck to you Major. It was swell having you with us . . . We welcome Major Sebastian J. Mangimelli as Senior Tactical Officer.

(The Machine Shop Green.) we might ask you were you not in Monahans the other night? . . . Anna Slade, you are spending a lot of time, at the Service Club lately; looked like you were having a good time last Friday night. Is sweet milk all you ever drink? So long 'till next week.

Q. For what kind of a wound is the Purple Heart awarded? And are civilians entitled to wear it?

A. The Purple Heart, established by Gen. George Washington during the American Revolution and revived by WD Gen Orders No. 3, 22, Feb. 1932, is awarded to members of the armed forces who are wounded in action against an enemy of the U. S., or as a direct result of an act of an enemy, provided that the wound necessitates treatment by a medical officer. The Purple Heart itself is awarded for the first wound and an Oak Leaf Cluster for each succeeding wound. Also eligible for award of the Purple Heart are civilians wounded while serving with the Army in action against the enemy.

Q. I'm connected with a collecting company that follows an Infantry regiment into combat. Because I've had training in the Army's School for Surgical Technicians and experience in a station hospital laboratory and in the dental clinic, I'd like to transfer from this field unit to a hospital ship. How will I go about it?

A. Generally speaking, very few transfers are being made from the ground forces. Our advice is for you read AR 615-200, Para. 7, ascertain if you're eligible and then talk it over with your CO.

3rd Echelon

By SELMA LANE

This column would have been better than ever this week, if the former five copies had not been destroyed by a certain person who did not want his name in print. Gee, that is too bad for all of us because it was good reading as well as good writing. Our ball players are staying right in there and carrying off the trophy, 9-1, over the Section E boys last week.

Welding Department is relocated. How do you like that snug little office, Mrs. Turner? Oh, oh. The girls have found out where I can get my ice these summer evenings. Motor Pool can be a life saver sometimes. Sgt. Moore now has a jumping frog for a pet. Yesterday he had a dead tarantula. Always inspecting something. Cpl. France was missing from the telephone from over at Tony's Little Livery Stable for several days . . . Pig tails and anklets are slowly coming back. How about that, Frances? Well, she DID look cool and comfortable . . . Mr. Green

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By T-SGT. LAWRENCE H. SHIPP

And then "The Rains Came!" It happened on that most unusual night when well soaked Medics would have preferred canoes, but instead they found the only practical solution: "trudge through the pond with shoes in hand." All was well in the case of Cpl. Schreckengost and Wehling but falling in the swift stream near the hospital, losnig a shoe and then stepping on glass was just about the limit. They reached the barracks and were "well soaked" in all respects. 1-Sgt. Schurr decided to play "Sir Walter Raleigh" that night. He did not have a coat, but he found it necessary to carry a Sgt., acting in his own capacity, across a torrential stream about 50 feet from the Wac Orderly Room. Cpl. "Panama" Shaffer followed suit. It looks like the days of Chivalry have come back—even to Pyote!

In Pfc. George Souder, the Medics really have an outstanding pianist. George played an hour recital for the patients recently and by popular demand it is hoped that another recital will be held in the immediate future.

Eligible Medics were represented 100 per cent at the NCO Club and the enthusiasm for its success is ever present. Then there are those non-coms who are already boasting of non-interrupted daily attendance. There must be a reason!

"Like Cpl. Ransom, like Pvt. Sundermeyer" is more than a slogan. Last Saturday night was full proof of that. We realize, of course, Pfc. Timmons is argely influential in that case but why did "Sonney" return from Odessa 18 hours later?

S-Sgt. Masters and his crew of "painters" (if they are) are out to make an X-Ray of the model office. Major Sehested has had covetous eyes on that ideal location and they are really making the best of it. Watch for their official opening!

"What if the boys in the pool hall in Brooklyn saw me now? Ah, wouldn't they razz me!" mused Cpl. Askin as he was pacing the corridor in Ward 1; frantically trying to quiet the crying baby. What makes Sid feel the boys won't learn of his baby tending? Well!

Possibly the closest we can come to bombed Europe is Mrs. Graham's Curio Shop in Monahans. That most interesting personality is a personal friend of Countess Constance Hillyer de Caen, who lives in the city of her name where American sol-

diers are fighting today. In Mrs. Graham's shop you can also see antiques that have been salvaged from the bombed homes of London. You'll find them very interesting, indeed.

2d Lt. Spear, that very capable nurse in surgery, had a hard day last Tuesday. She was tired. Consequently, as the surgical cart was going toward her quarters, Miss Spear decided to ride! After all, she never had been a patient and she simply wanted to find out. She did! And what a ride Cpl. Nissen and Pfc. Fisk gave her!

Then there's the story of the Bronx mother who had the table all set, guests present, and even roast lamb, but the son did not arrive. That soldier had forgotten to wire that his furlough would begin one week later. Three days later a letter said: "I will deal with you accordingly when you get home." For further details inquire at the dental clinic.

Cpl. "Sugar" Kane was just as happy about his new lawnmower as he was his monkey he had in the Philippines. Cpl. Doherty tells a story about the big problem "Sugar" had during those crucial days and how the monkey finally stayed and how Cpl. Kane was the only medic from his outfit who came off the Island, which is a definite fact.

Pfc. "Mortimer" Miller has gone in for "weight lifting" at Penwell. For details see Cpl. Stoppi or Pfc. Souda!

SWEET AND SOUR— BAND NOTES

By PVT. GEORGE N. ANNIS

After an absence of "Band Notes" for many weeks we have inaugurated a new policy. The column will be written by a different member of the band each week but his identity will be secret until press time.

First of all, we would like to thank all the boys for receiving the bands so well at the mess halls. The music is designed for an hour's relaxation at noon and also aids digestion.

W. O. Irvin E. Zimmerman and some of the band boys rode up to catch Tommy Dorsey's band at Fort Worth last week—the reason being they have quite a few friends in Tommy's outfit. They came back with some nice reports and some new ideas.

Speaking of new ideas, keep an eye on the dance bands in the future. Beside enlarging the bands we are striving for more versatility with the result—more entertainment aside from dancing. Give credit to Mr. Zimmerman for the fine idea of a patriotic ending to all of our dances. It does away with that last "hot" dance and leaves the boys and girls with a

I Can See!



Esther Williams got in Hollywood because of her form (swimming) and as far as we are concerned her form is a good enough reason for her staying there. This argument has some good points, as you can plainly see.

Classified Ads

FOR SALE—1936 Terraplane 4-door sedan, good condition. Cpl. R. Eaton, Special Service Office.

FOR SALE—1939 Mercury Sport Coupe. Price \$900. Can be seen at Permian Basin Finance Company, Odessa. Further information can be obtained from Lt. Harlan at Courts and Boards.

FOR SALE—Lever Brothers House Trailer, 18 feet, sleeps four, Frigidaire, city or butane gas, good tires, running water. Lt. C. J. Wagoner, CCD or BOQ 728.

RIDERS WANTED—Am leaving for San Diego Friday morning, will take three riders to share expenses. Call Mrs. J. D. Myers, Phone 12, Grandfalls, Texas.

nice feeling and a reminder of what we're fighting for.

Section E

By THE SULTAN

After last week's lecture on supporting the baseball team ye olde Sultan decided to investigate a little further to find out just what sort of club we have. We were well pleased to learn that on Tuesday the lads fairly massacred the nine from Section "D" to the tune of 10-4. Old "Injun Joe" Roberson scattered a meager five hits, allowed only one earned run, and rapped out two solid singles to help the cause. Cooper's coverage of Knighton, a newcomer, is a treat for the eyes. Yes, de B'Hoys looked good.

But—like any ball club they have their off days and from all appearances Thursday was one of them.

Just to add a little misery the civilians scraped up a lad named Davis who can make that old apple do everything but talk. We took a beating and a sound one but the boys fought hard all the way. Despite the fact that Davis struck out 14 and walked only two, Cooper came through in the sixth with a single and later scored on errors to keep our team from drawing a goose egg in the runs column. Our team threatened several times but Cooper's was the lone tally and we wound up on the short end of a 9-1 count. There was just too much Davis around.

We still have a rip roaring fighting team and we can still stand a little support from the rest of the squadron, Zebras take note!

The bingo games in barracks 2 must have helped Erickson. Didn't think practice meant much in that racket but the corporal proved us wrong by winning that three-minute long distance phone call.

Orohids to Nolting for the fine job he did on the new invasion map. It's really a swell job.

Ray Merrick seems to enjoy those detached service deals. From what we've heard of them we'd enjoy them ourself.

Morgan looks a trifle better if that's possible now that the right side of his mouth is filled out by those pretty store teeth. Now you can smile all over, John. Roby's latest is a Wac who he claims meets every requirement. Guess it's up to you Crutch but Froggy only lasted one date.

FRONT LINE MEN GET JOB OF GARRISONING ROME

ROME (CNS) — The honor of garrisoning Rome, has gone to the mud-splattered GIs who saw the heaviest combat during the Italian campaign, Maj. Gen. Harry Johnson, who heads the Rome Area Command, has announced.

"Only fighting men deserve the privilege and restful assignment of keeping Rome in order," the general announced.



RATTLER SPORTS



Rattlers Take Two Straight In Southwest Tourney

Paret's 552 For 3 Games Tops Maplers

Communications, Star Gazers And Musclemen Lead

Communications, Star Gazers and Musclemen are leading their respective leagues, the Red, White and Blue with three wins and no losses apiece in the Enlisted Men's Bowling League. All three have registered four points, one for each game won and another for total pins.

In the Red league the Comets are setting the pace with a 2213, 3-game series followed by the Medicos 2173 and the Pill Rollers 2119. The Comets likewise are struggling hard to hold on to a 755 high single game, closely pursued by the Pill Rollers who with a point behind are second with 774 with the Medico's 756 in third. Oakley, to date is the only one in his league to have hit a 200 game, pushing the maples for exactly that score. Cisek's 189 and Meckbach's 186 are next highest. Cisek also holds on to first place with a fine 530, 3 game series. Fogarty and Oakley closely behind with 515 and 496.

Tow Target, though dropping a game to the Saw Boners are on top in the White league with a 753 single game and a 2158, 3-game series. The closest series of the week saw the Star Gazers, league leaders, take three games from the Q.M.'s, the first by 14 pins, second by 5, and the third by 3. Anderson's 182 is high for individual single game honors with Ogden's 180 close on his heels. Bodde and Sheppard are tied for third with 179 apiece. Pecchio's 502, 3 game series may stand a long time in first place while Quimby's 487 and Ogden's 476 are good for 2nd and 3rd honors.

Little change took place in the fast Blue league with the blistering pace set in the first weeks bowling still holding out. However Paret's 3-game series of 552, took the honors away from Lauriello who dropped to second with his 546, with Comanitz taking third



"Now if we were back in civilian life, I'd tell the Colonel what a no good, blind robber he was!"

Locals Trim Biggs Field 10-2 And 6-3

Playing heads up ball, the Pyote Rattlers got off to a flying start in the Southwestern Semi-Pro tournament last Friday night when they thumped the Biggs Field Fliers, 10-2 behind the six hit chucking of Johnny Moran. Pyote also copped the second game, played Saturday, to the tune of 6-3. Hogan and Masi were the battery for Pyote in this game.

In the opening game played under the lights, the Pyote club jumped into the lead in the first inning with one run. They continued to peck away and held an eight run lead before the Biggs nine scored one run. The Pyote hits were spread through the lineup with Glucksman and Wynne getting two apiece.

Hogan who hurled the second game for Pyote was a surprise starter and turned in a commendable job, scattering ten Flyers hits. Pyote also chalked up ten hits with Masi and Wynne leading the attack with three and two blows respectively.

Pyote	AB	R	H	E
Glucksman, 3b	4	2	2	0
Kleppe, ss	4	1	1	2
Ward, lf	4	1	1	0
Matalavage, rf	4	0	1	0
Masi, c	2	2	1	0
Cargile, 2b	1	2	0	0
Correia, cf	2	0	1	0
Wynne, 1b	3	1	2	2
Moran, p	2	1	1	0
Totals	26	10	10	4

Biggs Field	AB	R	H	E
Levengood, rf	4	0	1	0
Taylor, 2b	4	0	2	1
Clayton, ss	2	0	1	0
Jorgenson, 3b	2	1	0	0
Gee, lf	2	0	0	0
Rowland, lf	1	0	0	0
Rigney, c	3	0	0	0
Bach, 1b	2	0	0	0
Kyle, 1b	1	0	0	0
Beauchamp, cf	3	1	2	0
Camelucci, p	1	0	0	0
Mendoza, p	1	0	0	1
z-Miller	1	0	0	0
Totals	27	2	6	2

z— Batted for Mendoza in 7th.
Pyote 120 142 0-10
Biggs Field 000 011 0-2

SECOND GAME				
Pyote	202	101	000	6101
Biggs	100	000	011	3103

with a 541 series. Buffamonte stole into the third spot with a 210 single game while Ridgely's 265 still reigns supreme.

The Standings as of Sunday June 18th.

RED LEAGUE			
Teams	W	L	Pts.
Communications	3	0	4
Typewriter Com'dos	2	1	3
Medicos	2	1	3
Pill Rollers	1	2	1
Classification	1	2	1
Russellmen	0	0	0
Comets	0	0	0

WHITE LEAGUE			
Teams	W	L	Pts.
Star Gazers	3	0	4
Fighters	2	1	3
Bombers	2	1	3

Tow Target	2	1	3
Shutterbugs	1	2	1
Chair Sitters	1	2	1
Saw Boners	1	2	1
Quartermaster	0	0	0

BLUE LEAGUE			
Teams	W	L	Pts.
Musclemen	3	0	4
Consolidated Mess	2	1	3
Flashes	1	2	1
Aleutian Aces	1	2	1
Section E	0	0	0
Snoops	0	0	0
Section 8's	0	0	0

ST. PAUL, MINN. (CNS)—The police here are looking for a clever thief who keeps stealing gasoline from police patrol cars.

Aces Leading League With 2 Straight Wins

Section A Boys Put 14-0 Whammy On Medics' Team

Section A's Aces, with an overwhelming 14-0 victory over the Medics, are showing the way with two wins and no losses in the Pyote Air Field Baseball League.

Getting but nine hits from Dapperschmidt and Gustafson, the Aces were greatly aided by ten bases on balls, six wild pitches and three passed balls. Delmolina struck out eight and received airtight support while allowing only three hits.

The Commandos of Section E won their first game easily taking Hangar No. 1 by the score of 10-4. The big bats of Swanson, Roberson and Kaminski accounted for six of the Commandos' ten hits, while Neill of Hangar No. 1 made two of his team's four hits, one of them a home-run.

In the first extra-inning game of the season, Section F Flyers squeezed out a 3-1 win over Aviation Unit's Royals. Parker's home-run in the 3rd looked good enough to win the game for the Royals until Scarcella opened the 7th for the Flyers with a long triple scoring on an infield out to tie it up. Then in the 8th a walk to Brittain, a hit by Battalino and two Royal errors allowed the winning runs to score. Hatchell, Royal hurler allowed but four hits and with an airtight defense in the 8th might have won his ball game.

With their ace in the box, Civilian Personnel made it two in a row over Section E, winning 9-1. Davis allowed but three hits, the only Commando tally coming in the 6th on Cooper's single and Kaminski's double. The Texans had their big inning in the 6th when ten men went to bat, five scoring, on five singles and three errors. Page led the Texan attack with a double and two singles in four trips to the plate.

The Medics and Aviation Unit will battle it out tonight at Diamond No. 1 with Hangar No. 1 after their first win tomorrow night at the expense of Civilian Personnel at Diamond No. 1. On Tuesday the 27th Section A Aces will be after their third straight win over Hangar No. 1, while Civilian Personnel takes on the Aviation Unit at Civ. Personnel diamond.

Section F 000 000 12 341
Av. Unit 000 000 00 163
Narcey, Sarno and Duff
Hatchell and Windon
Hangar No. 1 000 301 0 455
Sec. E 033 004 x 1073



ANOTHER MILESTONE . . . They've come a long way together in two years—the Yanks and the Wacs. Authorized on May 14, 1942, the Wacs are now helping to win the war in hundreds of training camps throughout the country and at bases in England, Italy, Australia, Africa, New Calendoncia and Hawaii. Here a Wac captain somewhere in Africa surveys the job still ahead.

Sulk, Anderson and Winters				
Roberson and Vizzini				
Sec. A	401	440	1	1490
Medics	000	000	0	035
Delmolina and Stover, Cannon				
Depperschmidt, Gustafson and Solick, Sibley				
Civ. Per.	020	115	0	9121
Sec. E.	000	001	0	135
Davis and Weaver				
Brown, Roberson and Schoenberg				

STANDINGS	W	L	Pct.
Section A	2	0	1000
Civ. Personnel	2	1	.667
Avn. Unit	1	1	.500
Medics	1	1	.500
Section F	1	1	.500
Section E	1	2	.333
Hangar No. 1	0	2	.000

TO FACE CAMP LUNA

Pyote's Rattlers probable opponents in the second round of the southwestern semi-pro tournament may be the strong Camp Luna nine headed by Joe Gordon, Cy Moore and Joe Marty or the equally tough outfit representing William Beaumont Hospital of El Paso. The latter with Lee Anthony their star flinger won their first tournament game over Fort D. A. Russell 19-0 with Anthony hurling no-hit, no-run ball.

OLD FORGE, N. Y. (CNS) — Mrs. Mabel Parsons has successfully completed her basic training at last. After serving 26 years as "temporary" librarian here, she has accepted permanent appointment.

Ceiling Prices For Used Cars Due July 10th

We know that transportation is a problem, in fact we've been told that it's a "helluva" problem. We also know that it would be kinda swell to buy that little blue convertible you saw last week, that 1941 number. But soldier, hold off until July 10 and you'll save money—that is if you consider anything that ranges between \$129 to \$1615, money.

The office of Price Administration is putting its new dollars and cents ceilings on used cars into effect on July 10. A check was made in Dallas a few days ago on the prices of used cars of various makes and in some instances, particularly with Cadillacs and Buicks, the prices were almost twice as high as the OPA will allow. OPA officials said that asking prices in sales by individuals were even further out of line with the forthcoming ceilings.

Here are some of the prices quoted, together with the OPA ceilings, allowances for warranty, radio, heater and built-in accessories being taken into consideration:

Cadillac de luxe coupe, \$2900 asked; ceiling, \$1610. Just \$1290 too much.

1941 Cadillac de luxe coupe, \$3300 asked; ceiling, \$1695. Robbing you of \$1605.

1939 Two-Door Chevrolet sedan, \$895; ceiling, \$746. \$149 too much.

1941 Chevrolet two-door sedan, \$1196; ceiling, \$1033. A mere \$163 above the ceiling.

1941 Ford de luxe tudor, \$1150; ceiling \$893. Clipping you for \$257.

1941 Ford de luxe tudor \$1350; ceiling \$893. Here you get it in the neck for \$457.

1941 Plymouth special club coupe, \$1150; ceiling, \$850. \$300 over ceiling.

1941 Plymouth special de luxe two-door seand, \$1150; ceiling \$905. This time it's only \$245.

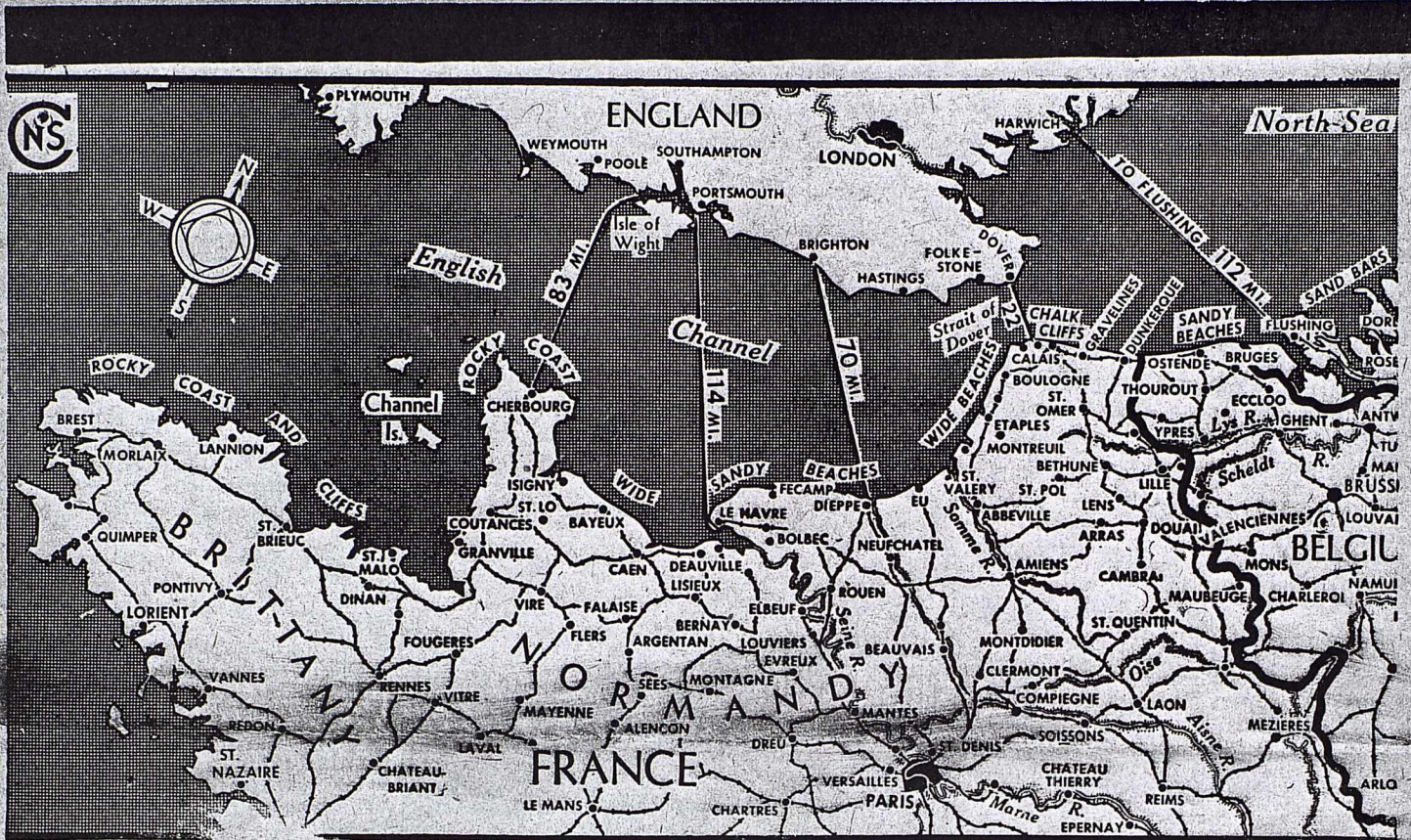
1941 Buick special two-door sedan, \$2000; ceiling, \$1095. A pitance of \$905 over the limit.

As a result of the announcement of the OPA ceilings, there has been a huge slump in the sales of used cars. The smart prospective purchasers are apparently holding off until after July 10, when they will be able to take advantage of the cut in prices.

Be wise, soldier, wait until July 10. Until then take the bus and save your money.

PRAIRIE, S. D. (CNS) — Chief Leonard Foolish Woman, a lonesome Indian, wants his foolish woman back. He claims his wife deserted him for the glamour of the stage. She's now featured in a side show in Chicago, he says.

June 22, 1944



CHERBOURG CUT OFF, BECOMES NAZI TRAP

As the first fortnight of invasion ground to a halt—the two weeks that were supposed to tell all about our chances—Allied leaders were unanimously optimistic in tone about the results so far.

The terrific punching power of new weapons which were developed especially for this occasion and held in readiness until the proper time can only be guessed. But with them Allied forces have surmounted the beachhead defenses and kept the Germans from making the massive counterattack which had been expected.

As a matter of fact, a comparatively small Allied initial force, harrassed by unseasonably bad weather which interferes with both reinforcement and supply, has engaged and overcome approximately one-fourth of the estimated German strength in France. They are pushing forward according to schedule.

The German defenders of Cherbourg have been hurled back to their main defense line based on the hills six miles south of the port city. Gen. Bradley's forces, driving with irresistible force, cut across the peninsula and now have between 25,000 and 50,000 Germans bottled up around Cherbourg.

All Allied sources expect that the Germans will try to make another Sevastopol out of the city. But our forces have a firm grip all across the peninsula and have repulsed at least one desperate German attempt to break out. Gen. Bradley's attacking forces have a seven-mile-wide strip across the peninsula under control and are throwing heavy shells into the city. It is believed that the Germans have been ordered to fight to the last and will put up a stubborn resistance—but the fate of the great seaport is assured.

Thus, Gen. Eisenhower has, in the two fateful first weeks, virtually ripped off the one requisite which is needed to carry on large scale warfare on the Continent—a large port through which vast armies and stores of equipment can be funneled.

The Germans will probably try to wreck the port before they are annihilated or captured, but within a few days we can re-build it. Naples was proof of our ability to repair major damage quickly. Then a great army, flanked on both sides by the sea and protected overhead by mighty airmadas, will be forming on the peninsula for a real drive into Hitler's domains.

French colonial troops completed the conquest of strategic Elba, the island on which Napoleon was exiled. The French captured 1,800 prisoners, mostly Germans, preventing the escape of all but a few, and took large stores of materiel.

Sporadically violent rear-guard actions were fought by the Germans retreating up the west coast of Italy before the Ameri-

can Fifth Army. Reserves of artillery were thrown into the fray and the Nazis fought tenaciously for each natural defensive position, but it did not check Gen. Mark Clark's advancing forces. Gen. Marshall and Gen. Arnold have visited Rome and have conferred with Allied commanders in this theatre.

In one of the greatest aerial battles of the Pacific War, American fliers shot down an estimated 300 Japanese planes off Saipan Island. The battle raged for several hours after Jap planes attacked an American task force off the Island.

On Saipan Island, the Americans have captured an air-drome and already the Seabees were working on the airstrip while Marines and soldiers battled the Japanese both north and south-east of the drome.

Germany reached down into her bag of tricks last week and came up with one that, as is often the case, turned out to be more bark than bite. Their "secret weapon" was unfolded and it turned out to be a pilotless plane or rocket bomb. German propaganda broadcasts hailed this weapon at first, calling it somewhat enthusiastically such colorful names as "hell hound", "hell dog", "dynamite meteor" and others. It is nothing more than a winged bomb. The Germans hoped to divert Allied air strength by hurling these bombs by the thousands across the Channel. Indiscriminately aimed, they caused some casualties but had little or no effect on disrupting Allied troop movements or other preparations. By the time the rocket program was launched, American bombers had whittled down their "roosts" in the Pas De Calais area to where only about one-fourth the originally planned number could be sent across the Channel.

In his most optimistic speech since Dunkirk, Prime Minister Churchill said that Allied victories this summer may bring "full success to the cause of freedom," and warned that the longer the struggle continues "the more terrible" it will be for the enemy. Churchill struck strongly at any lingering Nazi hopes of winning a compromise peace by putting up stubborn resistance to the invasion.

He said that approximately a million men were engaged in the struggle in France. "It is a great moment in the history of the world . . . It may be that events will occur in the next few months which will show us whether we are soon to be relieved of the curse which has been laid upon us by the Germans." He said that after the war he looked forward to the establishment of some sort of world accord in which the rights of small nations will be upheld and protected and in which the strong will use their power under the law for the protection of the weak.