

THE RATTLER

B-29s FROM PYOTE TO TOKYO!

Vol. 3, No. 1

Rattlesnake Army Air Field, Pyote, Texas

April 26, 1945

RATTLER ADDS THIRD BUTTON

"T.R." Exposed As Babe Has 2nd Anniversary

ED, the baby's going on two. What are you going to do about it? (March 8, Rattler.)

LOOK, I don't want to get impatient, but the little youngster is going on two. If you don't do something about it pretty quick, people will start to talk. Let's make some plans for his birthday. Contact me. T.R. (March 15, Rattler.)

I'M GIVING you just ten more days to be a man about this. If you don't do something by then, I'm going to blast your name all over camp. You'd better see me sudden-like. T.R. (March 22, Rattler.)

At last the news black-out and censorship restrictions can be lifted. T. R. stands at last, named and branded—THE RATTLER. And the little baby going on two, of course, would be this issue, which makes the little fella exactly two years old.

In making the afore-mentioned plans for the birthday, the editors have attempted to bring you some of the features of the past 12 months which have been most requested.

We hope that you will enjoy the "Snake's Eye-View of Pyote" which ran in The Rattler of one year ago, the first anniversary issue. Reprinted by many Texas newspapers, it might appeal to you new-comers to the field.

Request feature Number 2 is the full pages of "So This Is Pyote". Run individually throughout last autumn, The Rattler presents them all in one issue, Pages 8 and 9.

All in all, it's been quite a twelve months for the little feller. He's a little weary in the knees and a little bleary in the eyes. His

"T.R." AND THE BABY

2 Years Old



fangs have been whittled at, and his tail nibbled. So when he blows out the candles and makes his wish, you can bet that his birthday wish is—he'll never see another birthday because his editors and readers are all back in the tweed suits and the white shirts.

Bulletin

Just as The Rattler was about to go to press the official Pyote Army Air Field insignia which has been approved for use, was received. Description and photograph of the new insignia will be printed in the next issue of The Rattler.

Training Section Commended By Lt. Col. R. D. Stepp

Department heads of the Training Section have received letters of commendation for their efforts in the improvement of the training program at this field. The letters, from Lt. Col. Richard D. Stepp, Director of Training express his appreciation to all personnel in each department.

The commendation, in part, reads: "It is my desire to express to you, and the personnel under your jurisdiction, my appreciation for the fine display of integrity, ingenuity, and hard work which

Pyote Tops All B-29 Bases In Week's Flying

Pyote again set the top mark for flying hours for all Second Air Force B-29 training stations for the week ending midnight, April 20, according to figures compiled by the Statistical Control Office.

Pyote accounted for a total of 1460 flying hours to lead the nearest rival by 98 hours. This top mark gave Pyote a substantial boost nearer the leading field. For the month of April up to midnight of the 20th, Pyote had totaled 4020 hours, or only 211 hours away from first place.

With only a week left to go to complete the month, Pyote has more than an even chance to top all fields in flying hours for April. A concerted drive by all personnel can easily accomplish the goal of "top field for April."

Fifteen Pyoters Sew On That Extra Stripe

Nine static personnel and six CCD chaps got an up in ratings during the past week at Pyote. The fifteen lucky gals and guys, busy with thread and needle, are:

Squadron E: Cpl. Lester Jeffery, Cpl. John R. Winder, Cpl. George Seventko and Pfc. Roy W. Wikander.

Squadron B: Cpl. Mary Matyuf, Pfc. Kathryn Supresky, Pfc. Fay Cutler, and Pfc. Lucille A. Bandlerin.

Squadron A: Pfc. Leo A. McClellan.

Section III: Sgts. Carlis J. McLeod, William J. Engleman, Leonard T. Stephenson, Michael C. Maniscalco, and Murry F. Weisenfeld; Cpl. Domenico A. Vallario.

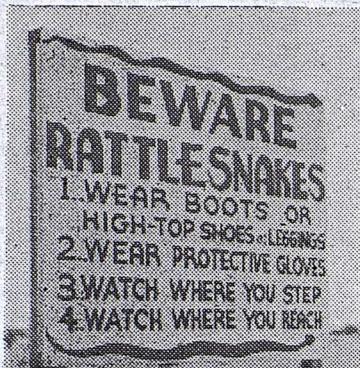
is so important to accomplish our training mission."

THE RATTLER

PYOTE, TEXAS

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RATTLESNAKE ARMY AIR FIELD

COL. A. E. KEY, STATION COMMANDANT

Lt. W. C. Gruben, I & E Officer
Lt. Walter C. Van Buren, Public Relations Officer

Editor: Pfc. E. C. Koops; Circulation: Sgt. Julius Zimmelman
Photos: Sgt. Thomas Gordon, Pfc. Michael Vozzella

Inky Pinkies

Two years ago today, The Rattler put out Vol. 1, No. 1, April, 1943 . . . and a lot of guys have gone over the water since then.

April, 1943—Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek revealed that the Japs had massacred every man, woman, and child in the areas in which Major Doolittle's fliers landed after the Tokyo raid. . . . Spain said she would act as intermediary in "a just and speedy peace" . . . The United States severed relations with Martinique. . . . The fighting was still going on in North Africa—In the Bizerte area, six German generals surrendered to the 2nd United States Corps. It was not until May 12, that the battle for Africa ended.

Yes, a lot of things have happened in this battred old world in those two years. Back then, the Japs had still not been cleared from the Kiska and Attu islands. Now we're taking Okinawa in the Japs' backyard. Back then, Mussolini still strutted on his balconies and Hitler shrieked of secret weapons. Now Mussolini is a vague shadow of the past and Hitler is almost a legend.

Looking at the war in the light of two years, the pattern of the strategy takes shape. The immensity of the total job becomes apparent.

With The Rattler now at the Volume 3, Number 1 stage, we are permitting ourselves a backward look at what has gone on, and what lies ahead.

We've gone through 104 copies of The Rattler (and we wouldn't wish that chore on our worst enemy). And it hasn't been too good, and it hasn't been too bad. Some of the issues are no good, and some we're pretty proud of.

The things we're proudest of, though, is the fact The Rattler has been able to go to bat for some of the underslung GIs. The PX tap-room stays open till eleven these days; some Monahans kids got Christmas presents that would have gone without.

We like to think that The Rattler is owned by the people that read it; by you guys who patronize the Post Exchange, with those funds The Rattler is published. You guys are the boss.

We could go on and tell you the troubles we have in publishing this sheet, but we know—you got troubles, too.

All we hope is that—in some day, not too far off, you might find a copy of The Rattler that you once sent home, and in the re-reading remember Pyote—remembering it with a bit of smile, as reminiscences go . . . and back in the civilian grind of things—wonder, indeed, if ever there really was a Pyote, and if it sits there yet under that broiling Texas sun, quiet, sleepy, unaware.

To the day when Pyote is such a dim memory—a memory fond and vague—The Rattler is dedicated. And to the guys that make that day come soon, we're dedicated too. In our book, they're good jobs.

So we've said our say for another year, and whaddaya know—an anniversary editorial and not one mention of "freedom of the press".

"Postmark, Pyote" opens the columns of The Rattler to any and all correspondence. Letters should be signed but names will be withheld on request. Address: Editor, Rattler, Pyote



AAF, Texas. The Rattler reserves the right to edit letters, and decide which are to be published. No letters will be returned. If your barracks bag's in-salvage, blow it out here!

COLLEGIATE

Editor, The Rattler:

I plan to continue with my education under the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights after my discharge from the service. I would like to attend one college for a year because it is near my home and then transfer to another college for two years to take some advanced science courses which are considered superior to those given at the first college. Will I be permitted to do this?

Pvt. Fred Petersen.

● You will be permitted to transfer from one school to another if you can show good reason for changing.

ALLOTMENT

Editor, The Rattler:

Before entering the Army, I was granted a divorce from my former wife. We had one child but the court's decree did not call for alimony or support for the child. My ex-wife promptly remarried—another soldier—and for the past two years has been drawing a dependency allotment for both herself and my child from her present husband. That's OK by me, but she also has been granted a Class F allotment for the child from me, for which they deduct \$22 a month from my pay. I don't think she

should be collecting for the child from both me and her second husband. Is there any way I can cut off that allotment to her for my child?

(Name withheld)

● No. You cannot stop the allotment to your child. The Office of Dependency Benefits says that your child is entitled to receive both allotments. Your child gets \$42 a month via your allotment, which is paid without regard to the court order, because you are the child's father, plus \$30 a month from the step-father because the child is part of his household.

WACS CAN SWIM

Editor, The Rattler:

Your issue of 4/12/45 carries a story concerning the GI swimming pool, states that its facilities are available to enlisted men, and their guests. Does that exclude the members of the WAC?

One-of-them.

● We blush our prettiest blush that the story says men and not "personnel". Obviously, the WACs are welcome to use the pool. Equally obvious (particularly in a bathing suit) is the fact that WACs are not enlisted "men". For which we are duly grateful.

VICTORIES OF '45

Editor, The Rattler:

During the past week, we have read with enthusiastic anticipation the announcements of "Victories of '45". We didn't mind sweating out a long line to see this production. As our section of the line was at the door it was said that there were no more available seats. However, 4 civilian girls, who were close to the end of the line, were able to gain admission because four front-row seats had been saved for them. We do not question the right of civilian personnel to use the post theater, but we feel that in such events as these, better arrangements might be made so that all who wish to attend may do so.

Cpl. Thomas Moreno, Cpl. Emily Mucci, and Pvt. Bertha Vogt.

● You're right. The "seat-saving" deal was unfortunate. Special Services apologizes, says it won't happen again, and hopes that you three did get seats to (Continued on Page 11)



A popular fallacy concerning the Japs is that they are an imitative rather than a creative people. The truth is that Japanese inventiveness is considerable. A 1000-pound rocket bomb is one of the Jap inventions in this war.

Bus Schedules To Surrounding Towns Revamped

Announcement was made of several changes in bus schedules from Pyote AAF to Wink, Kermit, Monahans, and Pecos.

Taking them in order, the Pyote-Wink-Kermit run goes like this:

Lv. Pyote	Ar. Kermit
6:00 AM	7:00 AM
9:30 AM	10:30 AM
1:45 PM	2:45 PM
5:15 PM	6:10 PM
9:30 PM	10:30 PM
1:20 AM	2:20 AM
Ar. Wink	Ar. Pyote
7:15 AM	7:45 AM
10:45 AM	11:30 AM
3:00 PM	3:45 PM
6:30 PM	7:15 PM
10:45 PM	11:45 PM
2:35 AM	3:30 AM

The Pyote-Pecos schedule is also changed. The new schedule operates like this:

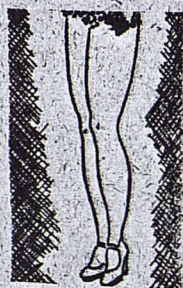
Lv. Pecos	Lv. Field
6:45 AM	7:35 AM
8:30 AM	9:30 AM
12:00 N	1:00 PM
2:45 PM	3:40 PM
4:30 PM	5:30 PM
6:30 PM	7:30 PM
8:30 PM	9:30 PM
10:45 PM	11:30 PM
12:30 AM	1:20 AM

(Saturday Night Only—Leaves Pecos 2:15 AM, leaves field at 3:05 AM.)

The Monahans line has altered two times in their run. Whereas buses left Pyote AAF for Monahans at 9:20 AM and 12:45 AM, these two runs have been changed to 9:30 AM and 1:20 AM.

El Paso Editor Says Legs of Texas Gals Are Finest

The Eyes of Texas may be upon you, but it is becoming increasingly obvious that your eyes are on the Legs of Texas. Whether the Lone Star State's daughters boast the gams what am, or whether they would look more at home in a stable than under Betty Grable is the newest fighting point.



Do the girls of Texas have homely legs? A Rattler reader (from Missouri) thought so and penned a note to the Postmark Pyote column. Replies are still pouring in. The latest is from Ed Pooley, editor of the El Paso Herald-Post, who devoted his news column "Side Bar Remarks" to the subject of pins.

"The writer of that letter can't be a MAN from Missouri. He must be one of those famous mules from Missouri, and purblind at that," says Pooley.

"But if he is a man, I suspect that he doesn't know a good leg when he sees one. Having been raised on Missouri legs, he can't be expected to appreciate the delicious kind that thrive in Texas.

"Missouri legs show the influence of the state's most famous product—those mules. They're knotty, bent, and not a little hairy.

"Texas legs, as I have carefully observed from Texarkana to El Paso and from the Panhandle to the Gulf are dreams of symmetry. They curve in and out, taper just right. They tantalize and advertise. They soothe the eye and comfort the heart. There are approximately 6,000,000 feminine legs in Texas, of which I have checked many more samples than Dr. Gallup uses in his polls, and I can testify that 99.44 per cent of them are perfect.

"The others are descendants of Missourians."

The Rattler, hopefully trying to stay on the solid middle ground of this leg argument, will attempt to give both sides of the story. It trusts that some good Missourian, with an eye for the comely limbs one sees in Kansas City or Saint Louis will put Mr. Pooley in his place. Address replies % The Rattler.



Personnel Warned Of Cigarette Re-Sale, Hoarding

The 8th Service Command laid down the law on cigarette resales.

A fast re-cap on the ARs on sale and re-sale of cigarettes from Army Exchanges follows, for your compliance:

The resale by military or civilian personnel of merchandise purchased in an Army Exchange is prohibited. The privilege of purchasing at Army Exchanges may be denied completely by CO's to any civilian who resells merchandise purchased there. The receipt of money or any other article of value in exchange for such merchandise constitutes a "re-sale". Exchanges will not sell State-tax-free cigarettes to any civilian except employees of the Exchanges, dependents of military personnel, and those civilians permanently employed with the Army and living on the post. (AR 210-65, June 1, 1944.)

It is unlawful for military personnel to send cigarettes, purchased from the PX or commissaries "tax-free", through the mails to persons living elsewhere in the State of Texas without payment of the State Tax. (Letter Hqs. 8th SC, Feb. 10, 1944.)

Texas statutes provide the possession of more than 40 cigarettes without the State Tax stamp affixed other than on a military reservation constitutes evidence of intent to resell cigarettes in evasion of the law. Limitation of the number sold to each person (authorized to buy at the PX) is imperative. (Letter, Hqs. 8th SC, Nov. 8, 1943.)

Here's The Story You've Waited For: It's About Our Secret Passion -- You!

The most important person connected with The Rattler is the person that reads it.

Mr. Average Reader is quite a boy. He's married, has 3/4 of a child, wears a 7 3/4 suntan cap, a little soiled on the edge, slips his hands into a number 9 glove, wears a size 15 shirt with a 32 sleeve length, a 36 field jacket (if he's still got one), a pair of trousers with a 32-inch waist and 31-inch length. His tootsies are enveloped in size 11 socks and size 9-D shoes.

He doesn't like GI shoes, prefers low-cuts. Drinks about two bottles of beer a week. His favorite recreation: movies. Goes to town one and a half times a week. In civilian life, before being drafted—he pulled down \$31.74 a week, and wished he could trade his car in on a new model.

He goes to church one and a half times a month, more often than in civilian life. He carries a pocket-knife, a nail file, a pencil, and approximately 43 cents in change in his pockets. He hates PT, loves sleep. He prefers his eggs sunny-side-up, and doesn't want much conversation before

his first cupacawfee.

He smokes a pack of cigarettes a day, has been married for 3 years and 1 month, and thinks his wife the prettiest woman he knows. His favorite radio comic is Bob Hope, and his favorite newscaster is H. V. Kaltenborn. On the screen, he likes Greer Garson's acting, Hayworth's legs, and can always depend on Claudette Colbert. Crosby is terrific.

He has 3 colds a year, with a touch of flu in the winter. He drinks moderately, has one hang-over a year: New Year's. His favorite comic strip is Blondie with Terry and the Pirates next. His newspaper is open to the sports page, the comics, and then Win-

VANDEGRIFT FORECASTS HARDEST FIGHT AHEAD

Lt. Gen. Alexander A. Vandegrift, commander of the Marine Corps, issued this blunt warning on Pacific warfare: "The hardest part of the march still lies ahead."

chell and Pearson in that order.

His favorite magazine is Reader's Digest, then Life, Look, and Time. He reads a book every 7 weeks—more than he read before donning khaki.

He likes his steak—medium, and believes nobody can bake a cake or a pie like "Mom". He's a fair swimmer, but enjoys fishing and hunting more.

His post-war world is built around (a) the little woman, (b) the job he had before. He plans on going into business for himself, but down deep figures that's pipe-dreaming.

He likes white shirts, blue ties, and gray suits. He had a moustache but shaved it off after 5 weeks because of the razzing the boys gave him.

He's a doggone swell guy.

Opens Next Month For Life-Savers Swimming Classes

Swimming classes for prospective Red Cross life saving instructors will be given next month, the Special Services office announced this week.

An official Red Cross instructor will conduct classes from May 14 to May 19. Successful completion of the course will qualify members for a Red Cross life saving instructor's certificate.

Life saving instructors whose certificates have lapsed or are about to lapse; men holding a Red Cross senior or junior life saving certificate; and all other experienced swimmers are eligible for the course.

Men interested in the course are requested to leave their names at the Special Services Office, phone 27.

Sub-Depot Hangar Serves As Top-Notch Pyote War Plant

This is another in a series of articles by a committee whose purpose is to explain to all personnel, both military and civilian, how the mission of the field is accomplished.

The workers slowly filed out one by one, punching the time clock as they left the door. At the same time others were entering to begin the midnight shift. Machines continue to hum away stopping only when the important work has to be momentarily halted for necessary adjustment.

War plant? Yes, this is a war plant, and a top-notch one; for it is the GI war plant right here at Pyote—the Sub-Depot. Here, 24 hours each day, civilians and military personnel work side by side, repairing and maintaining the planes at the field.

Principal duty of this Sub-Depot is the maintenance of aircraft. At the head of this "war plant" is Capt. Joseph G. Jordan, assisted by Lt. George W. Wachter. Officers in charge of the various departments are all specialists in their particular fields.

The Sub-Depot contains many different shops—welding, electrical, sheet metal, machine, fabric, paints and dopes, woodmill, parachute, aero and instrument repair, plexiglass, and engine change. All of these shops come under the heading of Engineering.

There are three echelons of maintenance work done on the

field. First Echelon includes daily check-ups which are usually done in the various hangers. Second Echelon includes periodic inspections on aircraft. Third Echelon is the heavy maintenance work which is done on aircraft with major damages. These major repairs include such jobs as engine changes, turbo-supercharger repairs, and damage repair work.

Before repair or damage work can be done, a survey is made by experts in order to determine the extent of damage and the parts needed for the job. From then on, workers from each of the shops and departments concerned carry on their individual jobs, which all together, account for the completed repair job.

Other departments of Sub-Depot besides the shops are concerned with other parts of the plane. Communications handles all flight and ground communications work. Radar is the department responsible for the repair and proper functioning of this important type of equipment. The Bombsight and Auto-Pilot departments make all the repairs to that equipment. The Armament department handles all maintenance

SPRING CLEANING



Sweeping off the front porch is a minor chore, indeed, for most establishments, but for an air field the size of this one the task is terrific. Here a group of men working on the line are cleaning off the accumulated dirt and grease on the ramp. A small part of the concrete ramp is cleaned off each day.

CREW OF THE WEEK



The maintenance crew of the week shown grouped around a cylinder as T/Sgt. Harlan Burch gives his men a few pointers. Left to right, front: T/Sgt. Burch, Sgt. Austin Lucas, and Pvt. Herbert Hoepfner. Back: Sgt. Thomas Martin, and Sgt. Ivan Gorenfeld. Not present when the photo was made were the three other crew members, M/Sgt. Willie Maness, Sgt. Reno A. Delmolino, and Cpl. Gordon W. Murray.

and repair of armament used on the planes.

The combination of all these departments make up this huge "war plant" called the Sub-Depot, which is carrying on the vital job of maintaining the planes in commission so that the training program can continue at its peak.

Field To Raffle War Bonds May 14

Pyote Army Air Field completed plans for a mammoth war bond raffle to stimulate interest in the 7th War Loan.

Ten thousand tickets will go on sale to officers, civilians and enlisted personnel at the cost of \$1 a ticket. Tickets may be purchased at Squadron orderly rooms, from war bond sales representatives, and strategic places throughout the field, e.g., the Officers' Club, EM Club cafeteria.

All moneys derived from the sale of the tickets will be converted into war bonds for prizes. Though the denominations of the war bond prizes have not yet been announced, estimates give perhaps a \$500 bond as top prize, and several other war bonds of smaller denomination, ranging from \$100 to \$25.

The drawing will take place May 14th at a site, as yet undesignated.

Movie Memo:

Briefing the films with Sugar:

"Dillinger" is a blood-and-guts gangster yarn of jail breaks, gang moiders, and other Chicago chicanery. Bang, Bang!

"Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs" revives the pleasant little cartoon that made cinema history back in 1938. It's a film classic.

"Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe" is another of those Betty Grable films with songs, dances, and gams in technicolor. Phil Silvers says, "Glad to meetcha".

"High Powered" is a class B yawn concerning a telephone lineman who gets scared of high places. There are no high places in that plot, believe me.

"The Horn Blows At Midnight" has Benny as a prim angel who comes earthward to cut down on corruption, only to find a devil of a good time.

Raffle tickets go on sale Saturday, April 28, and all personnel of the field are invited to participate, officials announced.

If winners have been transferred from the field at the time of drawing, the war bond prizes will be sent to them wherever they are.

There is no limit to the number of tickets an individual may purchase.

SWIMMING OPENS WITH SPLASH

This Week--

At The Theatres

Unless otherwise noted, Theatre No. 1 shows at 1:30, 6:00, and 8:00; Theatre No. 2 shows at 7 and 9, with matinee, Sunday only, 2:15.

THURSDAY

"BREWSTERS MILLIONS" with Dennis O'Keefe, Rochester, and June Havoc. Shorts: Army-Navy Screen Magazine and Paramount News. (117 minutes).

FRIDAY

"DILLINGER" with Edmund Lowe and Lawrence Tierney. Shorts: Traveltalk, She Snoops to Conquer, and Fox and Crow cartoon. (105 minutes).

SATURDAY

"SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS" by Walt Disney. Shorts: Variety film and sports reel. (102 minutes).

SUNDAY & MONDAY

"BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE" with Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, and Phil Silvers. Shorts: Paramount News. (112 minutes).

TUESDAY

"HIGH POWERED" with Robert Lowery, Phyllis Brooks. Shorts: Law of the Badlands. MGM Miniature, and cartoon. (99 minutes).

WEDNESDAY

"THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT" with Jack Benny and Alexis Smith. Shorts: Sports parade, Jasper's Minstrels and Paramount News. (104 minutes).

At Service Club

Service Club facilities are available at the following places: Sewing for EM at the Red Cross Field office each Thursday from 10 AM to 5 PM. (Opposite the Library). Dance at the Rec. Hall each Friday from 9 PM to midnight.

Service Club cafeteria open from 8-10 AM; 11-2 PM; 3-11 PM. Class A's are compulsory after 5 PM.

At Monahans USO

Thu.—Birthday party for April born "babies", 8 p.m. Bingo!—"Nickle an Answer" quiz.

Fri.—Informal activity; USO Council meeting.

Sat.—Kid party; dance; orchestra.

Sun.—11:00 a.m., Coffee and Sinkers; 2:30 p.m., Hour of Classics; 6 p.m., Buffet Supper; 8:15 p.m., Movie, "I Love a Soldier" with Sonny Tufts, and Paulette Goddard.

Mon.—7:30 p.m., Song Fest.

Tue.—8 p.m., MAY DAY DANCE!

Wed.—12:30 p.m., "Better Halves Club" luncheon; Informal Activity.

C'MON IN! THE WATER'S FINE



First gal to take a dip at the EM swimming pool is Pfc. Jean DeLacy of Squadron B, shown above testing the temperature of the water with her pinkie. The pool opened last Friday and has been doing 'swimmingly ever since.

Friday Started First Full Season For GIs Own Pool

The EM swimming pool opened officially last Friday for its first full season of splash and splatter. Many GIs and a few girls, have braved the cool days for a dip in their own pool—built by and for Pyote GIs and their guests.

The swimming pool opened for the first time October 13 of last year, and closed the first of November. The pool was constructed by funds donated by GIs, and the cash raised by the musical-comedy "Off Limits" which toured this area last August, reaped over \$2000.

A few rules and regulations were handed down in regard to the use of the pool, for the benefit of all concerned. The pool will be open from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. No one will enter the pool unless a life-guard is on duty. All individuals will use foot tubs and showers before entering the pool. No bottles, jars, or glass of any kind will be brought into the area. No one with open cuts or skin infections will be permitted to enter the pool. No sun tan lotions, oils, or creams will be permitted. Running on the sides of the pool and horseplay will not be permitted. Diving off the shallow end of the pool is forbidden. No food or drinks will be served or consumed in the area. Dogs or pets of any kind will not be allowed. No one will be permitted outside the swimming pool area in swimming attire.

GERMAN CLASS WILL WELCOME STUDENTS

You can still enroll for the free classes in German, now underway at the Special Services Office. Lt. W. C. Gruben, in charge of the course, extends an invitation to all military personnel and authorized civilians, and their wives, to take up this opportunity to study German. "You'd be surprised", the Lieutenant quotes, "how easy it is to learn. Why, I'm even learning it myself!" Contact The Lieutenant for all the information. The phone number to call is 27. The classes are free.

WINK USO HOLDS DANCE TONIGHT

The American Legion of Wink is sponsoring a dance at the Wink USO tonight from 8:30 to midnight. All military personnel are invited. Refreshments will be served.

The Special Services Office, 27.

Prop Pushers Club To Meet Expansion Gets New Quarters

The Pyote Prop Pushers, the field's model airplane club, is the fastest-expanding organization on the field. The winterized tent, provided for the workshop, is now inadequate for the number of men in the club, so another tent has been provided for the Squadron D area.

The club is a cooperative arrangement, organized and operated by the members themselves. Both gas-model and rubber-band power enthusiasts are working in the club, sharing experience and equipment.

Many of the models are designed by their builders. Some of the

LOG MAGAZINE AVAILABLE AT PX THIS WEEK

"Log", an up-to-the-minute magazine for Navigators, will be on sale at the Pyote PX this week, Major Yerrington announced. "Log" is considered one of the most complete magazines in its individual field, packed with stories and hints to air-wise navigators.

control line "gas jobs" can turn in speeds of more than 60 mph, while elevator controls makes it possible for them to loop, climb and dive.

All men interested in model airplanes are welcomed to join the club, and take advantage of the equipment, experience, and special price lists available. Complete information may be had by calling the Squadron D orderly room, or



KOOPS' KORNERS

SUGAR REPORT

Dear Koops: Inasmuch as you're pretty busy this week with the anniversary issue, figured you would miss the birthday of this kolyum. So I culled thru the past 52 issues of the Korner to pick out an item a month that received some comment at the time. Okay?

MAY, 1944: "This is the initial appearance of this column—a column for which we have high parental hopes. Its policy is simple: It hopes to bring you a bit of banter, a scrap of chaff from AAF Pyote; hopes to serve as a congressional record for latrine comments. It will be, we hope, a popping-off place for gags, gripes, gigs and ribbons for and from Mr. and Miss GI."

JUNE, 1944: "Maybe you've heard this before. It's about the guy who put the wolf act on a paying basis. He bought a beautiful diamond engagement ring, and then ingratiated himself into the affections of one of the town belles. When he tired of her, 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 the ring. That's what you call a diamond back rattlesnake.'"

JULY, 1944: "Somebody passed along the tale of the married couple who were sleeping peacefully when, suddenly, the wife yells out in her sleep, "Good lord, here comes my husband!" The husband woke up and jumped out the window."

AUGUST, 1944: Chicago—My furlough started off like every other Pyote furlough that was ever heard of—the train was 55 minutes late. The trains are still crowded, packed, jammed. I bumped into a civilian on the Rocket who bought me a beer. He asked me what the shoulder-patch stood for and I told him I was with a Carrier Pigeon Training Unit. He seemed to believe me so you see how those things are."

SEPTEMBER, 1944: "They told a gag at the lager-party at the Service Club a couple of weeks ago. In case you missed it, we'll pass it along. Seems there was a young girl who woke up one morning, slipped on her robe, stepped into her slippers, raised the shade, walked into the kitchen, turned on the gas, put on the coffee, and took the cover off the parrot's cage. Just then the phone rang. It was her sailor boy-friend, home after 20 months. He said he'd be right up to see her. So, the girl walked into the kitchen, turned off the gas, put away the coffee pot, lowered the shade, slipped the cover back on the parrot's cage, walked into the bedroom, stepped out of her slippers, slipped off her robe—when she heard the parrot say: "Kee-rist, that was a short day!"

OCTOBER, 1944: "A week or so ago we hit sort of a low mood. The barracks was empty and there was no one to talk to. We'd seen the movie, and just weren't in the mood to write letters. The world series was coming up and we got to wishing we were in Wohl's bar on 7th in Saint Loole. And the more we thought, the bluer we felt. It was just one of those nights. We went out for a walk, stopped by the Service Club, the library, the PX, and got listening to some stories, swapping jokes, drinking a beer or two, and ended up by picking up enough stuff for a column . . . and as we passed the bus-stop we saw a soldier kissing his girl goodnight. And we walked on thinking to ourself that it was a pretty nice evening after all; any place where a guy can drink a beer, tell a joke, read a book, or kiss a girl is a pretty good place to be."

NOVEMBER, 1944: "Last week we mentioned having the zebras (tech and master Sgts.) pull KP on Thanksgiving. Strictly on a voluntary basis, a few of the high-ranking boys have already said they'd do KP on turkey-day. We think the whole idea is terrific. We admire the boys who have volunteered for showing some team-spirit that we know Pyote AAF has."

DECEMBER, 1944: "A Pyote GI moved into a barracks, discovered that the chap sleeping a few bunks down was from his hometown. They spent many an evening at the PX patio, talking over old land-marks, high school, Main street . . . it was a beautiful friendship until—until one evening the first guy went to the Postoffice to

Rattle Snake Charmer



This week's Pyote Pin-Up is a local girl - - well, practically. Her name is Gypsie Stell and she hails from Pecos, Texas, went to school in Odessa, Texas - - so she's a real local product. She is now out in Hollywood doing whatever pretty young girls do out in Hollywood. And from here it would look like she does it nicely - - - very, very nicely.

mail some letters. The other guy gave him some to mail also. You guessed it, one of the other guy's letters was addressed to the hometown—to the first guy's gal."

JANUARY, 1945: "Three GIs just back from overseas went into a restaurant and found that the only available table was occupied by a spinsterish female. Wanting a little privacy, they decided to sit down, hoping by means of conversation to make her leave in a hurry. The first GI said: "Boy, life overseas was rough. I didn't have a bath in 8 months." "Think that's bad?" said the second, "I couldn't even wash my hands in four weeks." "We were so busy", the third added, "that I couldn't change my underwear for five months." At that point the old woman looked up and said: "Would one of you stinkers mind passing the salt?"

FEBRUARY, 1945: "Overheard at the Service Club: 'She wears the kind of dresses that keep everybody warm but her'. The Colonel was dancing with some old dame one evening and his eagles kept winking at her crow's feet. The Provost Marshal's office is a place where the stew of the night meets the Officer of the Day."

MARCH, 1945: They tell a tale about an RAF officer who was picked up tearing around a hotel corridor in the nude, chasing a lass in a filmy nightie. At the court-martial, his lawyer got him off by reading the regulation that says: "Any officer may appear in public suitably clad for the sport in which he is indulging."

PING-PONG MELEE STILL OPEN

Maj. W. L. Condy Favored To Repeat Victory

The 1945 Pyote Ping-Pong tourney is ready to get underway, Rec. Hall officials announced Tuesday.

A mammoth elimination tourney has been planned with a two-way stretch which provides for losers of first games to still have a chance for the trophy.

Already a number of Pyote's top-flight table-tennis-topplers are on hand to fight for the crown. Among those who intend to give stiff competition is Maj. William L. Condy, 1944 champ.

If you have a smooth serve and a terrific back-hand, the Rec. Hall invites you to stop by and sign up for the tourney. It is not too late to get in on the 1945 eliminations.

The tourney is expected to get underway about the first of next week.

FROM OFFICE OF FLYING SAFETY:

All Taxiing Accidents Can Be Prevented

Second Air Force has said: "There is never any excuse for a taxi accident. Records show that all taxi accidents can be prevented." A recent study of 212 taxi accidents disclosed that 72 of those accidents were attributable to careless taxiing and poor supervision of taxiing traffic.

Obviously then, since carelessness is the cause of most taxi accidents, we can almost completely eliminate them by the use of care and common sense.

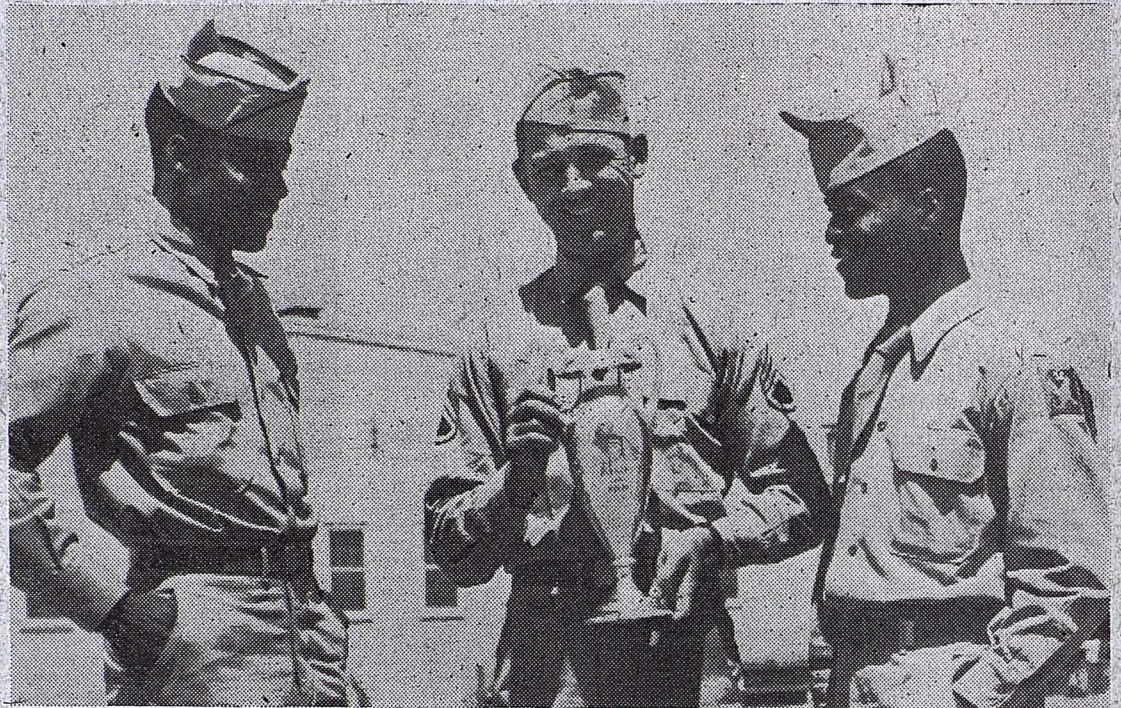
"But I'm not careless!" you say. Are you sure of that? Do you know what care means? Care involves the recognition of the importance of correct procedures—and making those procedures habitual. Know those procedures: practice them until they become instinctive.

It's important to you to remember that good taxiing is just the first step in good pilotage. If you can't navigate a plane in two dimensions on the ground, how can you navigate it in three in the air?

SQUADRON C WANTS BASEBALL GAMES

The Squadron C "Thunderbolts", a baseball squad of no little ability, are inviting any and all teams of the surrounding area for a game. The invitation, extended by M/Sgt. Philip Elmore, Jr., goes for the squads of the field, too. Contact Sergeant Elmore for all the

SMITH AND ROBERTSON WIN TROPHY FOR PYOTE



Pvt. Dick Smith (left) and Pvt. Ike Robinson (right) admire the trophy that Pyote's boxing squad garnered at the 2AF Championship meet in Topeka last week. S/Sgt. Fred Root, coach of the squad holds the trophy.

Smith and Robinson were the two belt-holders that brought home the bacon. Robinson, a shifty 135-pound leather tosser, is champion of his weight of the entire 2AF; Smith won the 2AF championship in the 175-pound bracket by the KO route.

Robinson has fought 28 fights in his ring career, lost but one (which happened at an outdoor ring card at Pyote last season); previous to donning the khaki he was Golden Gloves champ at Detroit.

Smith has fought 18 fights and has won all eighteen of them. In the 2AF tourney—both regional and final—he won five fights, everyone of them by a knockout in the 2nd round.

The two-man Pyote squad, under the capable coaching of Root, won both their matches—the only 2AF base to win more than one championship.

Stapp Clips 91 To Lead Trainers In Skeet Opener

The Pyote Skeet Club started its season Sunday, April 8, with the Training Staff topping Section II by a slight margin.

Individual and team averages were as follows:

Training Staff	
Lt. Col. R. D. Stepp	91
Major J. Barneson	82
Lt. W. Hargrove	63
Lt. Col. Zumwalt	60
Capt. W. A. Roberts	37
Team average	66.6
Training Section II	
Lt. R. F. Kirkpatrick	78
Capt. V. L. Bonn	65
Lt. M. A. Stevens	64
Capt. S. H. Lindley	61
Lt. G. I. Aupperly	54
Team average	64.4

These meets will be held each Sunday from 0930 at the Skeet Range, and will continue all summer or as long as enough teams

details.

BOOK-MARKS

Try These Three Books If You Like Lusty Adventure

If your reading taste runs to lusty, adventuresome, and graphic books, read on MacDuff. You can't go wrong on these three personally-selected tomes that fill that formula like a movie starlet fills a sweater.

Try, first of all, Jones' "Peter, Called the Great"; his adventures in building of Russia are engrossing. More than that, Jones gives some rather curious descriptions of some of the royal parties, complete to nude midgets running up

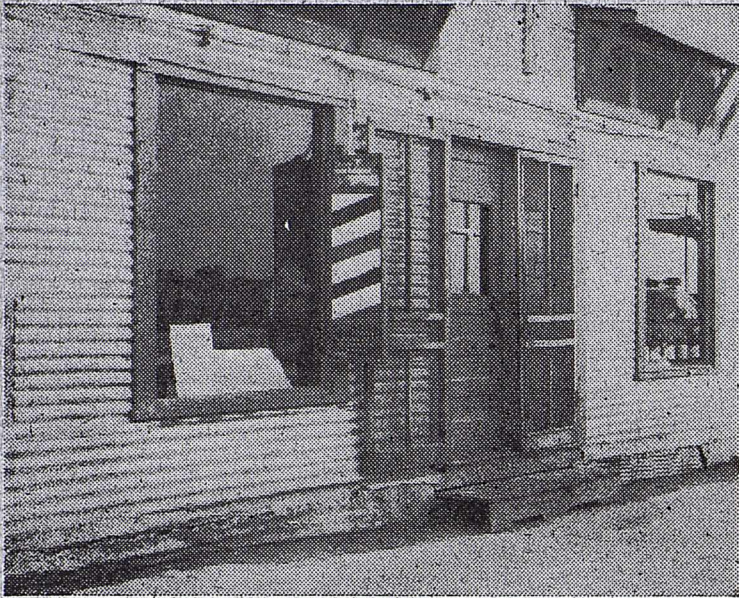
are interested.

It is requested that any Section or Department interested submit the team and officers' names to the Standardization Board as soon as possible. As soon as all teams are submitted a schedule will be published.

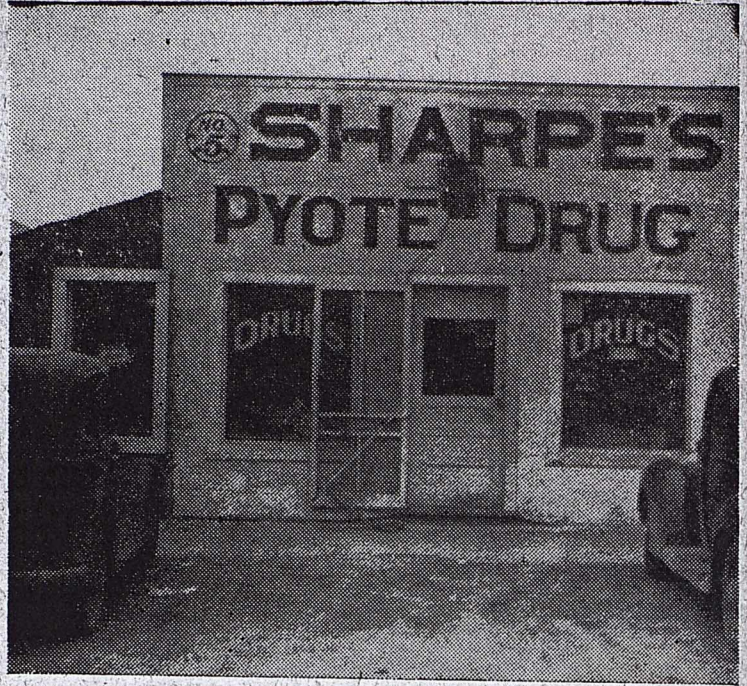
and down dinner tables. Peter is, withal, quite a boy.

You might take a look at Frances Hackett's "Ann Bolyne". Ann was a dark-haired, olive-skinned woman who glistened with the beauty of a black-flamed opal. When the good King Henry tired of Ann's sister as a boudoir tenant, Ann gave Henry a run-for-his-money. And oddly enough, Ann later became the mother of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, no inherent quality from Ann, you may be sure. Ann loses her neck, after Henry loses his head over a lady-in-waiting.

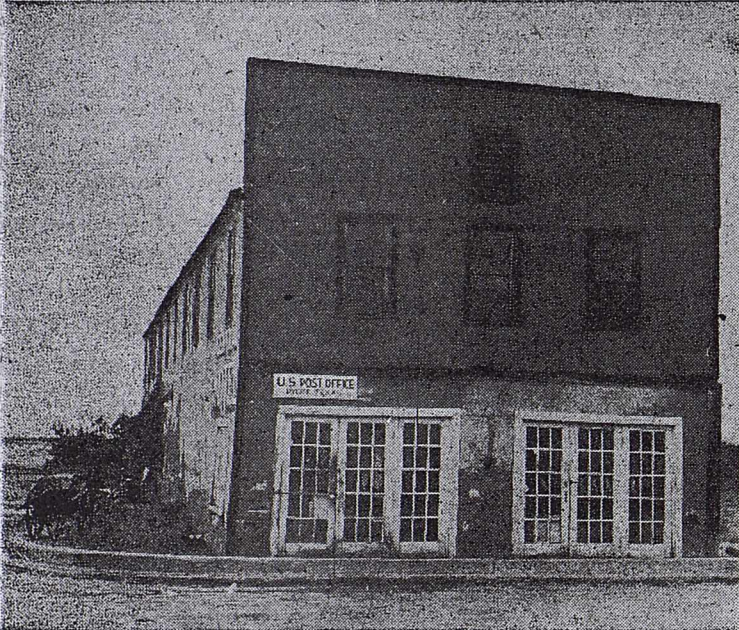
Our Number 3, suggestion is Robert Guthrie's "Bound For Glory". Guthrie tells the yarn of an Oklahoma hobo; but his times are neither grim nor morbid. Guthrie seems to get around and see quite a bit; and best of all, he tells it well. His chapter on the hotel room is rather well-known. If it's lusty adventure, you can't go wrong on these three books. The library has 'em. And as of Thursday noon, they were on the shelves waiting to be read.



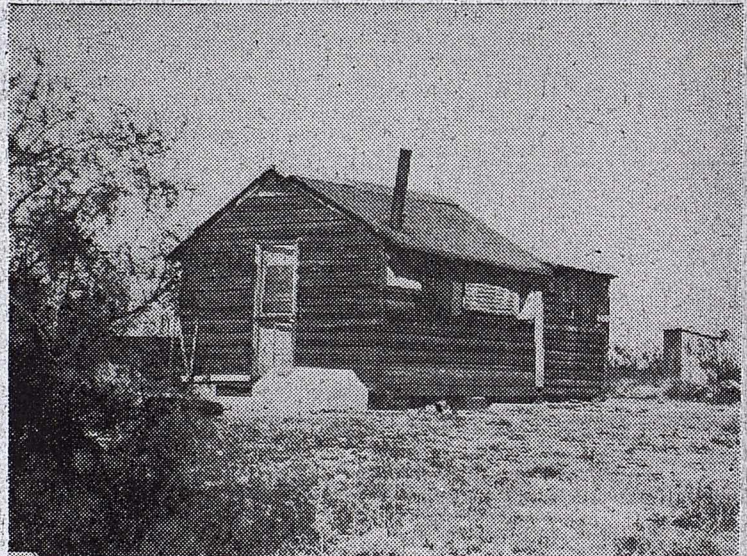
The clientele has changed since Pyote opened this barber shop for the local oil-diggers. Now it's a GI trim the customers want.



Famous for its nickel root-beers, its well-stocked shelves, Sharp's Drug Store is a popular soldier stop in Pyote.



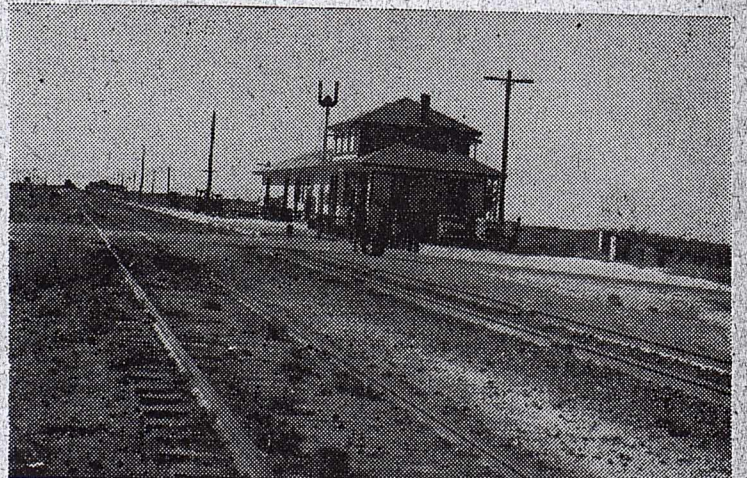
With few alterations, Pyote's Central Hotel became the United States post office, with a high-speed wheelbarrow to run the mail to the train twice a day.



More common in Pyote today than this crumbling boom-town home are the trailers, cabins, lean-tos and little white-frame houses.

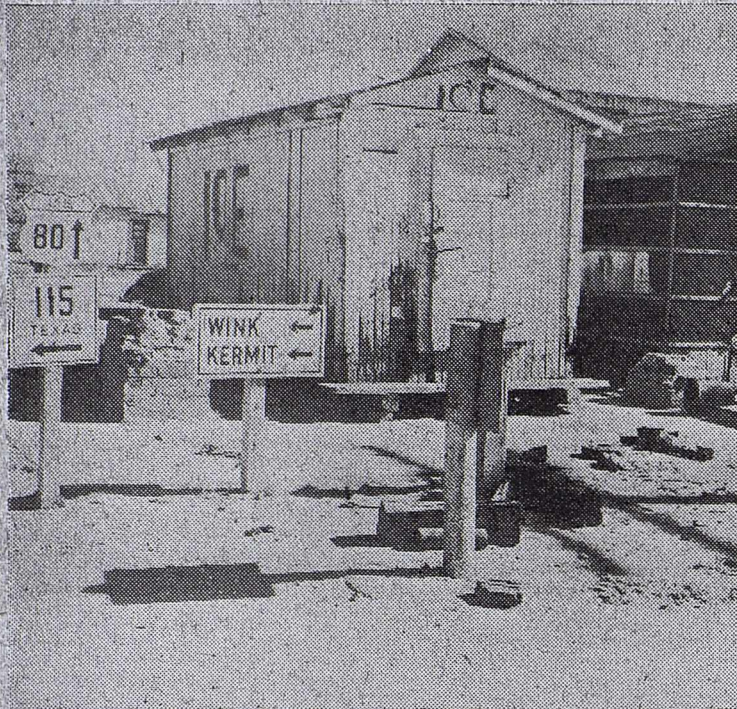


Recently dismantled, Jimmy's Cafe is remembered by many Pyote GIs as another remnant of the Winkler County oil boom in 1928.



This is the beginning and end of Pyote for the GI. At the T&P depot he leaves and returns to Pyote. Two trains a day, each way, carry his mail to the outside world.

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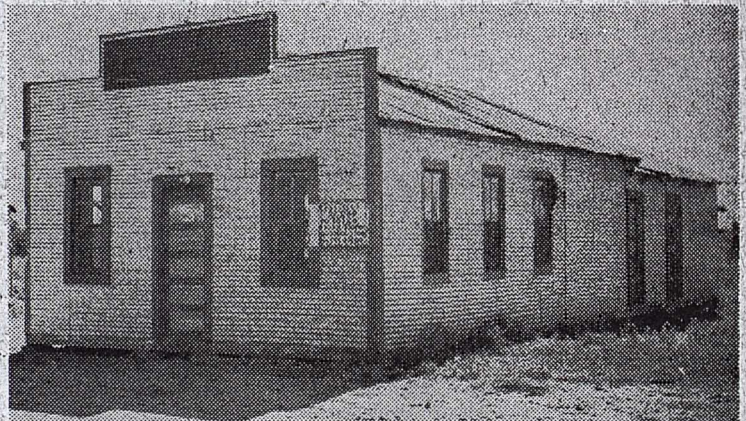
Another Pyote landmark is the ice-house, a cool and comforting thought when the Texas thermometer hovers around the 100 plus mark.



Modernized with a new front and a fresh coat of paint, the Hy-Way Hotel was once the center of the booming oil town's swirling social life.



In face of a PAAF need, this one-time coffee shack now houses a steam laundry where GIs come carrying ODs, and blouses.



Before Pyote had its face lifted this was the site of religious ceremonies. A returning boom-towner finds his old frame church now vacant and deserted.



Pyote comers and goers zoom by this abandoned filling station and an occasional truck uses its drive-in for shade. More important today is the PAAF filling station that keeps B-29s flying overhead.



During one of the downs in Pyote's topsy-turvy growth, now boom-town, now ghost-town, this one-room, frame shack was the best patronized grocery.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, 'RAT'!

California

Los Angeles, next to Brooklyn, has the most rabid inhabitants in the United States. The fastest-growing city in the world, LA's most famous industry is motion pictures. Its 1940 population stood at 2,785,643.

Dear Private Koops:

It is with genuine pleasure that I send hearty congratulations on this, the second anniversary of The Rattler, to the Editor and his staff and to their readers.

To all of you at Rattlesnake Army Air Field, and particularly to former Californians now stationed there, I extend greetings in the name of the people of Los Angeles.

We at home are pledged to do our part in support of you whose service stars we proudly display. We are increasing our efforts in war production and are doing our utmost to keep things running smoothly here, looking forward to the day when we will give you a great welcome back home.

In Los Angeles, we have brought all organizations together in an integrated program of service to veterans to assist you when you return in whatever way the community can help.

May you have every success in the work you are given to do. Our warmest and best wishes go with you!

Cordially yours,
FLETCHER BOWRON,
Mayor.

Montana

Shelby, Montana, had a 1940 population of 2,538. Once one of the brightest and fastest-growing towns in the U.S., Shelby was a mushrooming oil city. In 1923 it put up enough money to get the rights to the Dempsey-Gibbons fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. Now in its new, stellar role of Gateway to Alaska, Shelby passes along this word to Pyote's GIs:

Editor of The Rattler:

Congratulations and greetings on your second birthday anniversary, and through you, to all the boys of the B-29 who are with you, and to those who have flown away, and are pouring it on Emperor "Charlie", and his little yellow men.

Greetings and good wishes from Shelby, the "Fight Town" in Montana. We sat in the Big Time once for a short spell, and it was a lot of fun. There were casualties, but we wouldn't have missed it for the world.

And now you lads are in the

Big Time—and this is really the World Championship Fight. Those that come through—and most of you will—you wouldn't have missed it for the world, either.

We wish you good luck and we know that you—a part of the finest outfit of young men in the world—will give good account of yourselves, and hold high the prestige of Montana and of our country, in the world.

We are thinking of you. And we'll be tremendously glad to see you back.

Happy Birthday to you, and many more of them, from Toole County, Montana, from Shelby and from its Mayor.

J. W. WILLIAMSON.

New Mexico

Lordsburg has a population of 3,101. Famed as a resort spot and industrial hive, Lordsburg enjoys an excellent reputation throughout the southwest.

Dear Editor:

On behalf of the City Council, office force and the citizens of Lordsburg, I am very glad to take the opportunity to extend our compliments to the men who are training B-29 personnel at the Rattlesnake Army Air Field, and to let them know that our thanks is sincere for the sacrifice the boys are making.

Everyone is busy these days, but they should not be too busy to take a few moments to drop a line to those in service. Our contribution from the home front is so very small when compared to the sacrifices made by the boys who are in the front lines and those away from their homes. We feel that we are doing so little to bring to a close the most destructive and most unnecessary world conflict that our generation has ever known.

Lordsburg will be very proud to welcome home the survivors of the great conflict, who have really done the work of making the world a better place in which to live.

With kindest regards, I am very truly yours,

NAT GAMMON, Mayor,
City of Lordsburg.

New York

New York is the largest city in the United States and the Western hemisphere (as if you didn't know), ranks a close second to London as largest in the world. Its fiery little mayor is probably one of the ten best known citizens of the U.S. 1940 population: 7,454,995. Its chief

industry (surprisingly enough) before the war was clothing.

Dear Pfc. Koops:

I am interested to learn that some of the crews of our B-29s are being trained in the cactus country. Our boys who are flying these great ships must feel, among other things, as they bring them down for the run over the targets in Japan, that they are paying the Japs back a thousand-fold for that dirty, low-down sneak raid on Pearl Harbor, as well as for the many other dirty tricks that the Japs have pulled since. There is no question but that they are giving the Japanese people a practical lesson in how false the propaganda of their war lords has been for the past fifty years in which they stated that America was a soft country.

Please give my best regards to all the members of the crews that are in training and tell the New York boys that I hope the day is not too far off when they will once again rejoin their families and friends who, I can assure you, are eagerly awaiting and praying for that day.

Sincerely yours,
FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA,
Mayor, City of New York.

Illinois

Chicago has often been called the "servicemen's paradise". Its Servicemen's Center, operated by the Mayor and his wife, is indeed just that. Chicago had a 1940 population of 3,398,808, second city of the United States.

Dear Private Koops:

It is a pleasure to have the opportunity through you and "The Rattler" to send this word of greeting to all the men stationed at the Army Air Field at Pyote, with a special word to our own boys from Chicago. We do want them to know that the folks back in their home town haven't forgotten them, and that we are proud of them and what they are doing.

I don't need to say how important the training of B-29 personnel is in the fighting of this war. That is being demonstrated every minute of every day over Berlin and Tokyo, and it is one of the great achievements that has brought us at this moment to the final step of victory in Europe. Even by the time this letter reaches you we may have the welcome word of complete victory and unconditional surrender of Hitler's forces in Europe. At least that day cannot be far off.

The men who fly the B-29s

will be the ones who contribute no small share of final victory, which will come with the complete surrender of the Japs.

The best of luck to all of you.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD J. KELLY,
Mayor.

Washington

Seattle, Washington, is considered the home of the B-29. It's the chief port in the Northwest, the home of the University of Washington, and its 1940 population (not taking in the mammoth war-boom growth) was 452,639. Seattle greets Pyote Army Air Field:

Editor of The Rattler:

Thank you very much for inviting me to address a few lines to the boys from Seattle and the State of Washington who are stationed at Rattlesnake Army Air Field.

I want to express a personal greeting to each of the men on behalf of their friends in Seattle. We are all working hard, trying to do our share in bringing the war to the earliest possible end. We are especially proud that Seattle is the home of the great B-29. Seattle is very much as it always was, except that there are many more people here and everyone is moving faster than ever before.

The best of good luck to all of you.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM F. DEVIN,
Mayor.

Kansas

Dodge City, Kansas, is one of the more famous towns in the songs and legends of the building of the West. Its 1940 population stands at 8,487. During the Civil War, one of the most exciting adventures of the era brought Dodge City into the limelight, when the Confederate Army attempted to bring gold from Dodge City to the Confederate capital at Richmond. The new and modern Dodge City extends greetings to Pyote:

Editor of The Rattler:

Dodge City, Kansas, feels very proud to congratulate you on the second anniversary of your paper. Allow me to extend congratulations to you and the entire staff.

We know full well the value of a camp newspaper and what it means to the boys in that camp. We hope sincerely that some boys from Dodge City or

(Continued on Page 13)

The Rattler's Snake's-Eye-View of Pyote

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

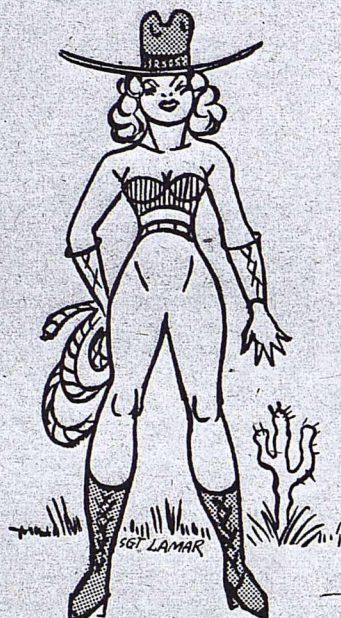
And yet, when all this is over, and we go trotting merrily back to our homes to find it burned to the ground, or our job taken over by some Amazon, and our wife gone off with the butcher—then, ah then, we shall sit down and think back glowingly, sentimentally of our dear old days in good old, fine old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

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



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

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



filling stations, and the right wing of the T&P railroad. It hit!

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

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

We had the foolish nerve to approach a Native of Texas (you can recognize these Natives. They have a Lone Star branded on their forehead, spit to the

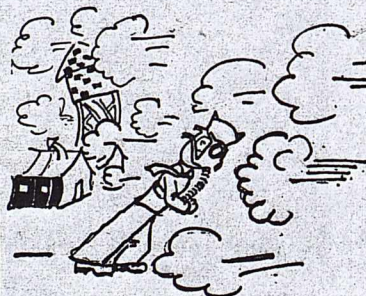


windward, and have the foolish idea that we damYankees are down here because we LIKE it!) I went up to one of them and said: "Hey, why dontcha do somepin' about the dust?" Well, I must admit he was courteous about it. And besides, we never used that eye much anyway. All they will say about the dust is "It's clean dust". That's true. Yup, it doesn't stay in one place long enough to get dirty.

Then, you want a big evening with bright lights, song, laughter, wine, and what the French refer to as "women"—you hit the trail to Monahans. As we have said before, the only difference between Monahans and Pyote is that Monahans is on both sides of the street.

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

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



THE WIND AND DUST.

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

(Cartoons by Sgt. Joe Sheehan.)

Postmark Pyote—

(Continued from Page 2)

the additional showing this week. Trouble was: too many people and not enough seats. Next show they hope to anticipate such demand.

EDITOR POOLEY REMARKS

Editor, The Rattler

It is quite a shock to find that there is even one man in our army who has little appreciation for the finer things of life as this poor sad sack from Missouri. I am referring to the letter in the Postmark, Pyote column two weeks ago which slurred the legs of Texas women. Allow me to rise to the defense.

E. M. Pooley, Editor,
El Paso Herald-Post.

● Editor Pooley's column referring to the "legs of Texas" can be found on Page 3 of this issue. It appeared in the April 16 edition of the El Paso Herald-Post. We trust some loyal Missourian will give prompt reply, c/o The Rattler.

OVERSEAS REPORT

Editor, The Rattler:

Sorry to be so long writing but combat has found us a bit busy. The group we were placed in has been here only a short while, and as a result, living conditions are really in the rough.

I got a taste of combat much sooner than expected. One crew was short their navigation officer and I flew in his place the third night we were here. The mission was to Nagoya, what a beautiful fire we started for the Japs! It all happened so quickly and I was so darn busy that I didn't get scared—much. In the future I hope to do all my flying with my own crew.

We flew again the other night to an island between here and Japan. This was considered a practice mission and we received no credit for it.

This is Saturday night here and everyone is hitting the sack around eight since there is nothing else to do. We thought Pyote was a sad place, but there isn't one of us who wouldn't like to be going to Tubbs Hall tonight.

"E. B."

Somewhere in the Marianas.

PVT. TOWLE AWARDED MEDAL OF HONOR

Cleveland's Pvt. John R. Towle was awarded, posthumously, the Medal of Honor. His record: Single-handedly breaking up a German counter-attack of 100 enemy infantrymen, supported by two tanks and a half track on Sept. 21, 1944, near Oosterhout, Holland.

H V Kaltenborn

Dear Rattler Editor:

Allow me to congratulate your newspaper on observing its second anniversary. Anything related to this war that survives a second anniversary without changing, moving, advancing or retreating, is in itself a phenomenon. I feel sure that yours is the liveliest literary contribution that has come to Pyote since it first appeared on the map of Texas.

The crews that fly the B-29s are giving a magnificent account of themselves in current Pacific operations. Any place and any person associated with their training has a right to feel proud. I am particularly gratified by the small proportions of losses in recent air-raids over the great cities of Japan. When we contrast that with what happened in our air-raids over the big cities of Germany, we see how much better planes and better crews have contributed in enabling us to make the raids on Japan at a much lower cost in men and material. There again, the kind of training which has been given at Rattlesnake Army Air Field deserves a good share of the credit for the magnificent results.

Best wishes to The Rattler and to all those who have helped make our B-29s the unrivaled champions of the air.

Sincerely yours,
H. V. KALTENBORN.

Drew Pearson

Drew Pearson gives The Rattler a free ride on the Merry-Go-Round:

Dear Koops:

Thanks for your swell letter and the copy of your Rattler you sent me. I was extremely interested in not only the article you referred to, but also in the cracker-jack newspaper which you are turning out. The GIs who read The Rattler are really getting a run for their money. I've seen a lot of GI papers and yours is as fine a deal as I've come across.

Thanks for writing and congratulations to Colonel Key and to the GI Joes who are doing such a swell job.

Sincerely,
DREW PEARSON.

Lauren Bacall

(The following exchange of correspondence is responsible for the lush Lauren Bacall being our Rattlesnake Charmer birthday special.)

Miss Lauren Bacall,
Warner Brothers Studios,
Burbank, California.

THE LOOK



Dear "Look":

Pyote, I suppose, could be anything from a hair tonic to a soft-drink. It is, however, a town of 200 population where the B-29 program of the Second Air Force is carried on—namely, the Rattlesnake Army Air Field.

Down in this dust-coated, cactus-fringed oasis, we labor with ink and wood-pulp to edit The Rattler, camp newspaper, which will soon (April 25) celebrate its second birthday.

The men who are training to fly the B-29s, and those who train them, lead a woman-less existence down hyar, poddner, except for the friendly mating call of a oymphomaniac rattler. Indeed there are few super-bloomers in our super-

bombers. So, when Lauren Bacall, the "matchless one", hip-notized her way onto the local screen, there was screaming, caterwauling, smashing of theatre seats, and loud demands for the cooling system to be pushed to the maximum. Lauren asserts some Bacall of the wild down here that still leaves unstrung GIs panting at the sight of an unlit cigarette.

So, babe, wouldya drop us a line for the occasion?

The Rattler.

Pfc. Ed Koops,
Editor, The Rattler,
Pyote AAF, Texas.
Dear Editor:

Your letter, so pitifully portraying the plight of the Pyote per-

sonnel, has wrung my heart. To think that hundreds upon hundreds of these lads are stationed there and so interested in myself. And what, pray, could I do for them? (Don't answer that!)

I am sending along a snapshot to assuage your ardor along with the very best of birthday greetings to The Rattler and the snakes who edit it.

Give the boys my fondest, warmest regards, and let's keep the B-29s flying and I'll keep—well, we'll work that out some other time.

And naturally, I would be very happy if every guy in Pyote would make me—his pin-up pet.

Love to the snakes.

LAUREN BACALL.

3 Pyoters Receive Appointments To OCS

Three more men from the field have received appointments to Officer Candidate Schools. Sgt. George B. Byrum of Squadron D, who works in maintenance section C, and Sgt. Morris Walk of Squadron F, on duty in the altitude training and personal equipment office, will attend Medical Administrative Officer Candidate School at Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

Pvt. Garfield F. Hillery of Sq. C, who has been on duty as an orientation specialist with the Information-Education Office, will attend Infantry Officer Candidate School at Ft. Benning, Ga.

Birthday—

(Continued from Page 10)

surrounding territory are stationed at your field, and may be of assistance in helping put the B-29s over Tokyo at an even faster rate than they have been going in the past.

Again may we say the best of luck to all the boys at Pyote.

Very truly yours,
ART NEVINS,
Mayor of Dodge City.

Texas

Dallas (294,737) is the second largest city in the largest state. Dallas is famed for its civic enterprise, its rail-hub connecting the south-east to the west coast, and the large number of leading industrial firms. Its cattle shipments rank high in the country, if not the world.

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to join the many friends of the boys at Rattlesnake Army Air Field in extending congratulations on your Second Birthday Anniversary Celebration, and the completion of two glorious years of preparation for the final defeat of our arch enemies.

Hardly a day passes that I do not hear glowing accounts of the great job that is being done at Rattlesnake Field. I am confident of your commendable efforts and mindful of the fact that imaginary state boundaries become non-existent in the light of unity and teamwork.

To every man on the post I send Greetings from the City of Dallas.

To the boys from Big "D" I extend best wishes from your families and your friends. The light at home burns constantly and brightly for you. We cheerish the day of your return, and anxiously await the time when you will be at home again to take your place in the future development of our great city.

Most sincerely,
WOODALL ROGERS,
Mayor.

PILLOW FIGHT

M
A
L
E
C
A
L
L

by
Milton
Caniff



The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1945 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



'Male Call' Reprints Entrance Of Lace

Even "Male Call" takes on a special significance this anniversary edition. This old Male Call strip is reprinted by request. It marks the first appearance of Lace in the GI newspapers.

Walt Davenport

Walter Davenport, the tongue-in-cheek editor of Collier's and editor of the "Any Week" column sends a few birthday bouquets to The Rattler:

Dear Ed:

Forgive me for not writing before this, but you probably know I am never in one place very long.

I liked The Rattler a lot and have been digging through it. I'm sure there is something in it I can use.

Good luck and be very careful or you'll become the editor of a civilian magazine and I can think of nothing worse.

Regards,

WALTER DAVENPORT,
Editor, Colliers.

FLAME

by Julius Zimmelman and Ed Koops



WHERE-IN THE RATTLER SHEDS SKIN, TELLS ALL

The Rattler, fangiest resident of West Texas, is adding his second button today; and blowing the foam from his birthday cake, is looking back, in birthday-minded fashion, over the two eventful years of its life.

Two years ago this month, a buck private, Tomme Call, of San Antonio, Texas, and at the time a close-cropped inductee, landed at Pyote. Tomme discovered that the Public Relations office had quite a staff—two officers, four enlisted men, but weren't putting out a paper.

This task fell into his lap. One day, Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., Commanding Officer of the Base, walked in and said: "I want a Base paper by April 27", and walked out.

They got it out. On April 27, Vol. 1, No. 1 hit the stands. At a nickel per copy, it sold at the Post Exchange. After a few months of that it became a give-away proposition.

Pvt. Call, a graduate of the U. of Texas School of Journalism, answered the OCS call, and is now polishing his bars on some Pacific atoll. Into the uneasy hot seat behind the editor's desk went S/Sgt.

Bob Nash, long, lanky pride of Odessa, Texas.

Last fall, Nash was joined by Pfc. Ed Koops as co-editor, and the first of the year, when The Rattler was put entirely under Special Services' wing, Koops became editor and staff of The Rattler, not unlike a seal on a floating mine.

Supervising officers of the sheet have been thick as flies in the two-year life of The Rattler. Among those who have left a sizable mark on the sheet and contributed highly to its welfare were Capt. Thomas MacLaughlin, acid-tongued, bean-lean, whip-cracker, now Public Relations Officer at Grand Island, Nebraska; Lt. Allan P. Charak, smooth-tongued, honey-voiced boss-man now with the Provost Marshal General Staff at Camp Polk, La.; Lt. Walter C. Van Buren, current Public Relations Officer and wielder of the blue-pencil on every precious word of this; and the current top-kick, Lt. William Gruben, eager-eyed, button-bright Information and Education Officer.

A few quick items anent The Rattler and how it gets into your

moist little hands each Thursday P.M.:

News is gathered from sources here on the field, submitted for approval to Lt. W. C. Gruben, supervising officer; if he says "okay" or "it's your neck", the copy is then trundled over to the Public Relations Office where it is checked for military security, good taste, newspaper style, etc.

From there it's handed to Cpl. John R. Scofield, a GI who works at CCD Headquarters. Scofield was a linotypist before the war on a large metropolitan daily, and since donning the uniform has set type for such service sheets as the Kodiak Bear, Kodiak Island, Alaska, and The Sourdough, Fort Richardson, Anchorage, Alaska. John gets the copy from so many words on a sheet of paper to so many words on a piece of metal.

That accomplished, the metal is then "made-up" (put into page form) and printed. The work is done at The Monahans News, with the considerable aid and patience of Ed (Curly) Sprinkle and his brother, Bill, editor of the Monahans sheet.

The press-work is now done by

S/Sgt. Clint Chittock of Squadron D. His GI job keeps him hopping at the Quality Supervisor's office, but, like Scofield, he uses his sparetime to work on The Rattler printing.

The papers are then printed, wheeled back to the field, where they are folded by hospital patients through the courtesy of the Convalescent Training Program, and its friends, Lt. Milan Stancel and T/Sgt. Larry Shipp. From there Sgt. Julius Zimmelman takes them, counts them, and distributes them.

These are the places where The Rattlers are distributed, if your mail room is out by the time you get there, try: Sq. B, Hospital, Sq. F, Sq. D, Sq. E, CCD, Sub-Depot Hangar, Guardhouse, Sq. C, Sq. A, and at last a few copies are brought back to The Rattler office. An office, which by that time, is a cursing mad-house worrying about the next Rattler to prepare copy for to go through the same treadmill again.

The local photos are snapped by Sgt. Thomas Gordon of base photo, a newspaper photog before the war caught up with him.

"Mammy"

by Al Capp



Got Hair On Your Chest? Read Classifieds!

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Rattler will accept classified ads for publication, free of charge. Ads must reach The Rattler or Public Relations Office before 5 p.m. Monday. The Rattler will act solely as a media for publishing the advertisement and as such will not accept any responsibility for ads printed.

FOR SALE

HERE'S THE AUTO BUY of the month. A 1939 Plymouth deluxe, with radio, full insurance, five good tires, new paint job, and motor in excellent shape. Yours for less than used car ceiling price. See Sgt. Smith at Rec. Hall.

GOLF IS PIE to some men and baloney to others. It all depends on how you slice it. Five irons and 3 Wilson woods, complete with golf bag are yours cheap. Call Pfc. John E. Robinson at ext. 269, ring 2.

WANT A fast runabout to take you places? A 1934 Ford four-door sedan. 5 good tires. Only \$300 cash on the line. See S/Sgt. Roy Dreher, or write him Box 192, Barstow, Texas.

MAN OH MAN! A whole houseful of furniture for sale cheap. Contact Sgt. Gabhart at Pecos 276J, but hurry. Time's a'wastin'.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE—1939 Chevrolet, Master Deluxe two-door, trunk sedan, radio, heater, excellent tires and engine. Will sell at ceiling price if you have the cash. S/Sgt. Joe Lunetto, Ward 5, Regional Hospital.

WHADAYA WANT? A 1939 Studebaker Champion? A baby high chair? A baby carriage. Captain Brunner, 505 South Minor in Monahans has 'em all for sale, while they last. Call ext. 97.

A 1935 FORD Coach for sale. See Sgt. Orr at Mess Hall No. 5. If it's an auto you oughta be having, see Orr.

A GENTLEMAN'S sapphire and two-diamond ring for sale. White gold and of unusual design—the first \$125 takes it. Call ext. 165.

A 2-ROOM Elcar house-trailer, 1941 model with one brand new tire, all in excellent condition, can be had for just \$940. Excellent for family with child. See Capt. Robert W. Gunther, Section I, or see trailer at Camp Pyote.

WANTED

I'M IN THE market for a 1936 Dodge or 1937 Plymouth motor.

Or any motor that would be interchangeable with these models. Call Sgt. Gadney any evening at Monahans 609.

WE NEED people, GIs, civilians, to participate in shows in connection with the 7th War Loan drive. We need any and all talents. Contact Cpl. Art Hammel at the Special Services Office.

GOT A radio-phonograph? That's what I wanna buy. And I really want one. Call me—Sgt. Kanter, at ext. 16.

TRANSPORTATION

MRS. JOYCE Garthwaite is driving to Wisconsin thru Kansas and Nebraska this week-end. Hurry up and contact her—she wants one lady passenger. Call Barstow, 2421.

DOES SOMEONE driving to and from Pecos need a passenger to share expenses? If you travel at 8 AM and 5 PM, then count me in. Call Mrs. Thomas, 156.

WOULD like a woman rider to go east to New York or vicinity, on or about the middle of May. Contact driver through Capt. R. W. Gunther, Sec. I.

INTERESTED in a ride daily from the north side of Monahans to the field? Leave Monahans at 7:30 a.m. Leave field at 5 p.m. Contact 217, Radar School.

I AM driving to Chicago (wonderful Chicago, the land of Milk-and-Honeys) about the 1st or 2nd of May. Will share driving and expenses with anyone interested. S/Sgt. Hoekstra, call 234, Ring 1.

I'VE GOT two one-way tickets—one from Pyote to Saint Louis,

JERK with a JEEP



—looking for that wrench he used the other day (and left on the fender).

The Best Dressed Men Are Wearing Herring-Bone Twill!

Have you seen those snappy, comfy, built-for-rest, and designed for lounge fatigues?

They're just the thing for casual wear, for informal dates, for gadding-about.

NO WONDER SO MANY SMART MEN ARE WEARING "FATIGUES"

THEY'RE SMART. THEY'RE DESIGNED TO GIVE YOUR BODY NEW FREEDOM, NEW UPLIFT, NEW ROOM FOR ACTION!

Your Supply Room Has Them!

"Fatigues" come in that stunning dill-pickle green, the devastating new shade that every well-dressed man can wear so well.

YOUR GIRL WILL LOVE YOU IN FATIGUES!

Remember: Don't say "work-clothes" to your Supply Sergeant. Insist on Fatigues!

Sanforized!

Sterilized!

Fumigated!

They hold their crease!

and the other from Pyote to New York, via St. L. Why not see what the outside world looks like? Contact Pfc. Scattergood at the Sq. F orderly room.

PERSONALS

IF THE guy who signs his letter "I'm-From-Missouri" will meet me at the Service Club cafeteria Sunday night at 7, I'll show him an admirable pair of Texas limbs. Red-dress.

INTERESTED in model airplanes? Then join the Pyote Prop Pushers! Work-shop, good rates on materials, and other enthusiastic model plane builders. For all the info. call Squadron D orderly room.

SPREGEN DIE DEUTSCH? Cash in on your spare-time. Study German the new, easy way. For all the details see Lt. W. C. Gruben at the Special Services office.

THE PIE flies at nine-thirty Saturday morning. Hank.

VV—The letter is in the mail. Be sure you burn it after reading. HM.

I WANT a man with hair on his chest! Contact Sugar at the Rattler Office. No phone calls. No toupees.

WINCHELL SAYS: "A good reason to back the 7th War Loan is to remember the victories the other six brought us".

LOST

THE LIBRARY has lost some fine books, and they're somewhere on the field. Lucky guys who return them will get their names at the head of the list for any book they name. Missing books are: "Golden Horde", "Tilda", "Make Your Picture Sing", "Poker", "Best Story Poems", "Expectant Motherhood", "Orpheus' Myths of the World", "16 Famous American Plays". Return to Library.

WOULD THE person who recovered the billfold in Bks. 2 of Squadron A do me a favor? I would like to recover valuable passes and papers contained herein. Finder may keep the money. M/Sgt. Glen T. Bean, Station Weather Office.

FOUND

THE LIBRARY's got a field jacket that belongs to somebody. Identify it and save yourself a statement of charges. See Pfc. Kane at the library.

IF YOU lost a school ring, in vicinity of Hangar 2, you can have same by contacting S/Sgt. R. R. Roberts, Flight Line Maintenance Office. Call ext. 65.

IF YOUR name is R. D. McCullough, The Rattler Office has a crash bracelet that belongs to you. Stop in and pick it up. For gratitude, you can lick our hand, if you want.


I HAVE found a gold wedding band that looks like a mighty valuable hunk of finger-wrapping. Being an honest chap I wanna give it back. You can reach me at Hangar 1. Ask for Pvt. G. B. J. Clapaffis.

WE'VE GOT a small gold pin in the shape of a lyre, with the initials "WHS" on it. Probably a token of some bandsmen with some sentimental value. Owner can call for it at The Rattler Office. No reward necessary. We're feeling generous this week.



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

from.....
Lace, WOLF

Lace, WOLF 

CAMP NEWSPAPER SERVICE,

Col. Sansone 

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