

THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Bomber Base

VOL. I, NO. 24 PYOTE, TEXAS OCT. 6, 1943

Enlisted Men's Service Club Open Friday

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RATTLESNAKE BOMBER BASE ONE YEAR OLD

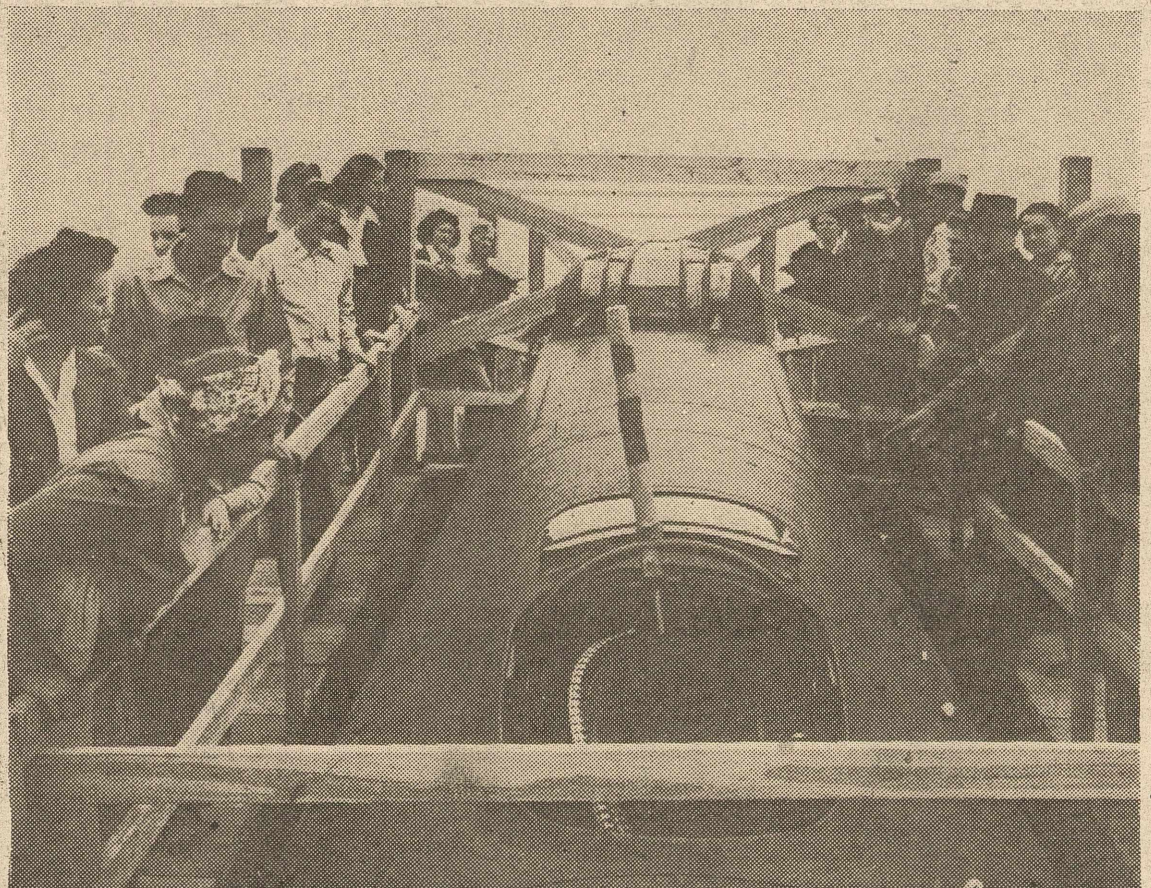
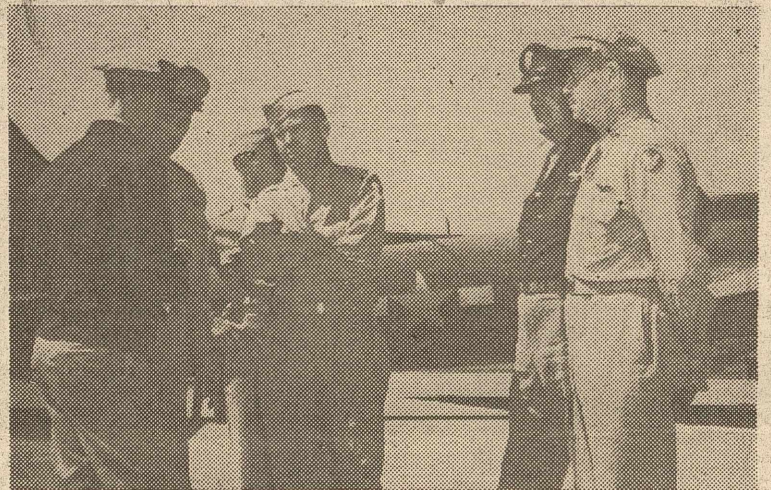
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OPEN HOUSE DRAWS 4,000 TO AIR BASE

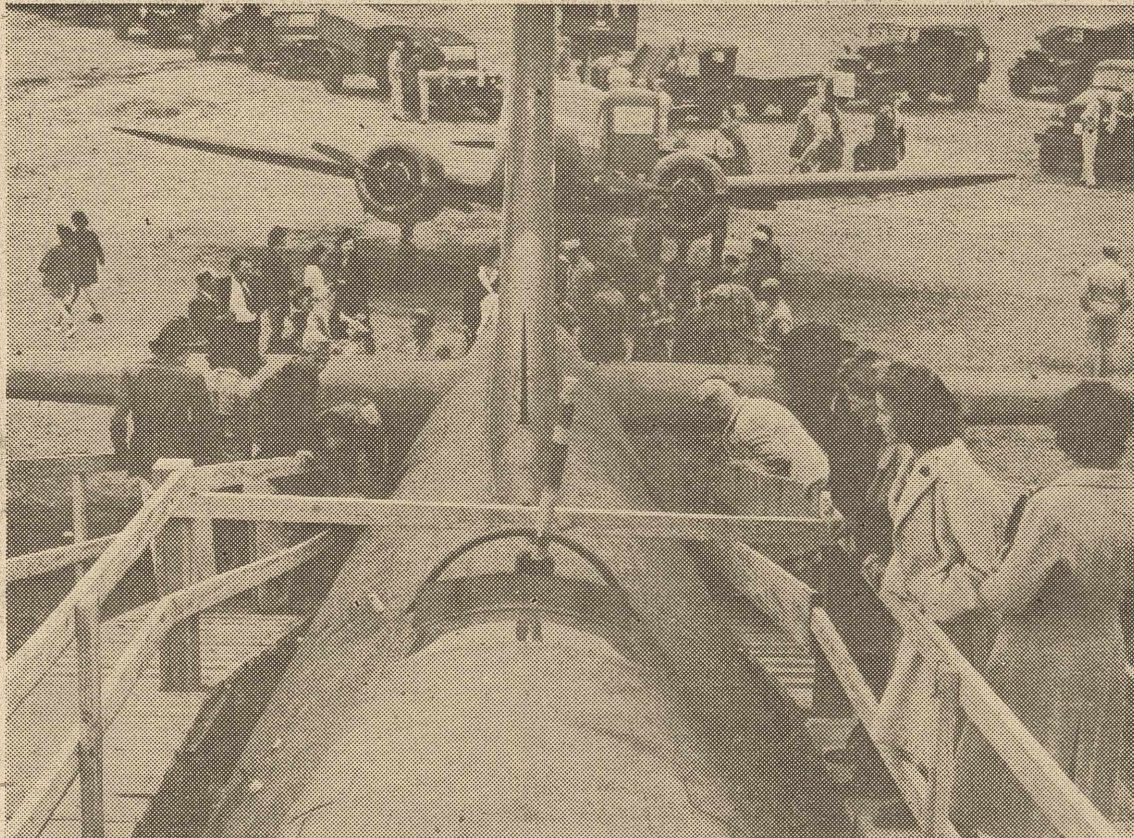
Civilian visitors to the Rattlesnake Bomber Base (right)—more than 4,000 of them Saturday—showed particular interest in the star of all Pyote activities, the B-17 Flying Fortress. The Open House's "admission fee"—War Bonds to finance the coming global offensives—brought in thousands of dollars for the Third War Loan. Jeep rides, for a bond purchase, were a close second in the show's attractions. All sections on the Base cooperated to give the visitors an inspiring impression of the training program at this great Second Air Force installation. For other picture, story turn to Page 2.

HIGH OFFICERS VISIT PYOTE

Brig. Gen. Newton Longfellow, right, steps out of plane for first visit to the Rattlesnake Bomber Base since he assumed command of the Twentieth Bomber Command, 2AF. L to R., below: Gen. Longfellow Brig. Gen. Frank A. Armstrong Jr., commanding general of the 46th Wing (who landed shortly afterwards); Col. Louie P. Turner, 19th Group Commander; Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr., Base Commander, and Major Rufus B. Rogers, former Base executive officer.



Patriotic Americans See What Bonds Are Buying



Some of the more than 4,000 visitors to the Rattlesnake Bomber Base "Open House"—admission: War Bonds—evidenced strong interest in what

their bonds are buying. The Fortress in the foreground was the main attraction: to the rear is Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr.'s "Mary Jo". Various Base

Motor Pool vehicles, and exhibits of other sections afforded the visitors an educational afternoon Saturday.

Open House Great Success

4,000 Attend, Pay Out \$1,000 For Jeep Rides

Stamped a great success on all sides, this Base's first Open House held last Saturday afternoon went over with a bang when more than 4,000 people, from the surrounding towns, visited here to examine at first hand the weapons of war their War Bonds are buying. Designed as this Base's contribution to the Third War Loan Drive, the Rattlesnake Bomber Base "Open House" idea originated with Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., commanding officer.

Stellar attraction of the show was the B-17 "Flying Fortress" which occupied the most prominent spot in the demonstration area. A constant flow of people paraded up and down the ramps built over this plane. Many of them were seeing, for the first time, the plane which has played such an important role in the all-out battle against Axis aggression.

Nearly \$1,000 worth of Jeep

rides were sold during the afternoon. Purchasers of War Bonds during the show were entitled to a spine-shaking Jeep ride, and they ate it up.

All sections of the Base cooperated in this show and "The Rattler" would like to take this opportunity to thank all who labored to make it a success.

One of the outstanding displays was that furnished by the Sub-Depot, which showed just what it takes in terms of money, clothing and equipment to outfit a member of a heavy bomber crew.

Another popular exhibit to the visitors was the well-rounded display of the Medical Detachment. Many were the questions asked and answered at the excellent picture of the steps Uncle Sam takes to protect the health of his fighting men.

All the exhibits were handled in excellent style and much credit goes to the men who made them possible.

Climax of the afternoon was the retreat ceremony at which Col. Hewitt presented Service Ribbons to each member of the WAC company who re-enlisted prior to September 1st.

Aviation Squadron Soldiers Volunteer Red Cross Gift

Setting a commendable precedent last week, soldiers of the 390th Aviation Squadron on their own initiative donated \$37.79 to the Red Cross, George R. Wild, field director, announced.

Someone had the idea of placing a Red Cross milk bottle on a table in the orderly room on payday, and the idea caught on. Change from the pay envelopes clanked in merrily, to help other soldiers who turn to the Red Cross in emergencies.

Red Cross Wants All Nurses' Names

The local Red Cross would like to secure the names and addresses of all registered nurses, practical nurses, and nurses aides in Ward County. This list is being compiled for possible use in the event of some emergency. Names and addresses should be sent to Mrs. John Kenney, General Delivery, Monahans, Texas.

Saturday Review 'A Sad Spectacle' Judges Declare

For First Time No Award Made; Gig Goes To All

For the first time since the weekly review and inspection, held each Saturday morning, was inaugurated, no award was presented to any organization participating in last week's parade. The reason for this was simple.

Saturday's performance by all organizations participating was a dismal flop. To quote one of the reviewing officers, "it was a sad spectacle which, had it been viewed by civilians or members of other stations, would have made this Base the laughing stock of the entire Air Force."

That isn't the opinion of one man for every officer in the reviewing party and the judges for the weekly award concur in it.

Prime offense committed in this dismal display was inability of the men marching to keep in step. It may seem humorous as you read it to think that men who have been in the Army for a long time don't know how to march but, from Saturday's inept exhibition, that is the sad situation.

Improper distance between ranks, failure to "cover off", poor cadence and unmilitary bearing were among other offenses listed by the judges.

Major offenders, according to consensus of opinion, were the provisional groups. There may be some slight excuse for their miserable showing but there is none at all for the members of the regular Base organizations who ranker just as poorly.

Contributing to a great extent to the poor performance was the fact that the Base Band "played too fast" thus creating an added problem for the men participating in the review. Proper cadence depends on the Band and last week the musicians might just as well have stayed home.

Major John B. Nelson, Base Plans and Training Officer, stresses the fact that marked improvement must be demonstrated. "It is the responsibility of unit commanders" he said, "to see that last week's performance is never repeated. We don't want anything like that again."

BURBANK, CAL. (CNS)—Edith DeSylva, shapely showgirl now working the midnight to morning "graveyard" shift at the Lockheed Aircraft Co., has been voted "Miss Graveyard of 1943" by her fellow workers.

Band, Showmen Inspire Record War Bond Sales

Nine talented Rattlesnake soldiers and the Base Band spurred record sales of War Bonds with their original variety show presented last week in Wink, Monahans, and Kermit, another local contribution to the successfully completed Third War Loan Drive.

The nine men went into a huddle at 1 p.m. Wednesday, wrote the script, began rehearsals immediately. Friday night they put on the first of the series in Wink. Arrangements were by the Special Services Office.

WO Irvin E. Zimmerman's Base Band provided music for the varied acts, unifying the show with between-skit numbers. Sgt. Fred-Hirsch, versatile and popular entertainer, was master of ceremonies, and got several hundreds of dollars worth of laughs with his comic musical interpretation, "Sam, You Made The Pants Too Long." With Cpl. Ted March and PFC Sam DiSalvio, he gave the skit "Foreigner Joe" in dialect. PFC Mario Territo drew

Civilians Applauded, Plunked Cash On The Line



Rattlesnake Bomber Base's original War Bond Show above goes into the grand finale, with the cast singing the Star Spangled Banner. Entertainers on stage are, left to right, Cpl. Don

DeGeorge, 93rd Squadron; Sgt. Freddie Hirsch, 30th Squadron; PFC Eddie Zalenski, 19th Group Dispensary; PFC Sam DiSalvio, 28th Squadron; Cpl.

Ted March, 30th; PFC Mario Territo, 435th Squadron; Cpl. Joe Morro, 435th, and S-Sgt. Charles Lotito, 19th Group S-4 office.

Hitler Harangue



PFC Mario Territo, 435th Squadron, above imitates the maddest rat of the "master race" in one of his infamous shout sessions. Perhaps he is bragging of how rapidly the efficient Germans are "straightening their lines" on the Eastern Front.

Long-Awaited EM Service Club Opening To Be Friday Night With Formal Dance

OLD LADY KNOWS NOUGHT OF WAR

LINCOLNSHIRE, ENGLAND (CNS)—Mrs. James Carter who is 74, blind and deaf, is probably the only woman in England who is unaware that there's a war going on. Her daughter and son-in-law, with whom she lives, have succeeded in keeping the war from her "and we shall continue to do so," they said.

SERIAL NUMBERS LOCATE ENTRY

The second digit in Army Serial numbers reveals the Service Command in which the soldier entered service.

cheers with his Hitler imitation, followed by a Statue of Liberty pose assisted by "perfect idiot" PFC Eddie Zalenski. Eddie's harmonica brought down the house and himself flat on the floor.

Private "Brooklyn Joe" Bruno, with grace and nonchalance, pulled a Gypsy Rose Lee strip worthy of the master. Also highly favored by the audiences was S-Sgt. Charles Lotito, who sang several numbers, including a duet, "Remember Pearl Harbor", with Sgt. Connell Zerman. Make-up and lighting were under the direction of Cpl. Don DeGeorge, Cpl. Joe Morro.

Another Red Letter day in the expanding history of the Rattlesnake Bomber Base will be chalked up on your favorite calendar this Friday night when the Enlisted Men's Service Club will officially open its doors for the first time.

Highlighting the occasion will be a formal dance, beginning at 9:30 p.m. and running 'til 1:00 a.m. Jive for the jitterbugs will be provided by the Base orchestra, and they promise continuous dancing without a single break.

Weather permitting, the dance will be held on the outdoor patio which has been under construction for the past few weeks. In the event of threatening weather, the dancers will glide across the glass-like floor of the Recreation Room which has been polished until it shines like the top of Mussolini's head.

The Club itself will be opened at 8:30 p.m. for inspection by the GIs and their better halves. This dance is open to all enlisted men and their guests so get that knife-like crease in those khakis and prepare to cut a mean rug.

The Service Club will be opened daily from 8:00 a.m. 'til 11:00 p.m. except on special occasions as announced weekly. Class "A" uniforms must be worn at all times in any part of the building, including porches and patio.

This Club is for the exclusive

GI TURNS MIDWIFE, DELIVERS OWN DAUGHTER

NEW YORK (CNS)—Pvt. Martin Finneran, 24, spent two weeks of his furlough here sitting around his wife's home waiting for their baby to arrive. To while away the time he read a book on pre-natal care, paying particular attention to a chapter on what to do if the doctor failed to arrive in time.

Finally the hour arrived but the doctor didn't. Finneran's mother-in-law fainted twice and other members of the family started running around and wailing. So Finneran rolled up his sleeves, took a last gander at the pre-natal book and went to work.

When the doctor arrived—50 minutes later—all eight and one-half pounds of Ann Madeline had been delivered by her father. Mother and child were feeling so well that the doctor found little to do except congratulate the perspiring father.

In certain armored units the smallest organization is the four man crew of a scout or combat car.

use of the Enlisted Men and their guests and with its well-rounded facilities for entertainment, recreation and refreshments should prove one of the most popular spots on the Base.

Pyote AAB Marks First Anniversary

One-Year: Feverish Preparation To Assembly-Line Crew Training

First Handful Of Officers Built Well, Rattlesnake B-17s Now Blast Axis

By SGT. ROBERT NASH, Associate Editor

"It was just a year ago that I first met you . . ."

Only a very few officers and men on this Base can sing this refrain about Pyote, but there are a few who can start practicing on the tune.

For, a year ago this month, the trek of soldiers to Rattlesnake Bomber Base began.

On October 9, Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr. reported here for duty. He was the first officer to arrive at Pyote.

What the first few found here was a small slice of the scene being enacted at that time all over the United States:

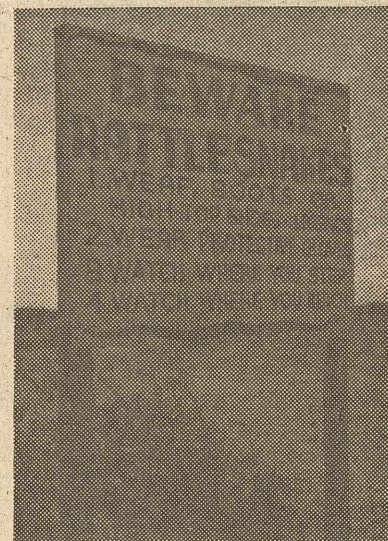
Preparation, feverish preparation.

A few weeks ago C. B. S. Correspondent Cecil Brown, after a flying trip to Texas, made the remark: "The whole State of Texas is just one big landing strip." He couldn't have said it a year ago, for many of the fields that dot the State were then only under construction.

Pyote's was one of these. The job of Col. Hewitt, and the men who followed him here, was to convert this mesquite-sprinkled site into a field for the training of Flying Fortress crews.

How well they did their job is

No Gag, This



Rattlesnake Bomber Base got its unofficial name from the hundreds of rattlers killed here during construction. The reptile population has been thinned out considerably since then, but a Base memo on treatment for bites is still required reading.

written every day into the world's headlines. "Fortresses Pound Europe . . . Fortresses Pave Way For Ground Attacks . . . Fortresses Batter Japanese Installations . . ."

The story of this preparation-expansion is hard to describe accurately, unless you've seen at first hand a brand new Army field, or a similar undertaking, overcome its growing pains.

Buildings were being thrown up at breakneck pace. Construction gangs of all kinds literally swarmed in each other's hair. "Hurry, hurry, hurry," was the continuous refrain.

Suffice it to say that eventually the bedlam slowed down to a nervous jerk and the training program began.

The value of actual combat experience to training crews had been established, so men from the fabulous 19th Group began to move in. Said to be the most-decorated outfit in the history of American forces, the 19th veterans began imparting their battle "savvy" to youngsters then in training. Many of these trainees have since gone out to meet the enemy in the air on world-wide fronts. The training program had to grow, just as the buildings had to grow. The pace was never slowed down. As a new kink popped up in the system, it was ironed out somehow and the training went on apace.

Second man on the field was Capt. Charles R. Herpich, present base adjutant. He arrived here on the 12th.

First pilot to be stationed here was 1st Lt. Lloyd A. Taylor, who arrived on Oct. 21. On the same day Capt. Harold R. Luebke, personnel officer, arrived here.

Twenty five more officers reported for duty here during the months of October and November; an even dozen are left today. They are:

Col. Hewitt, Captain Herpich, Captain Taylor, Captain Ocie L. Conger, Post Engineer; Captain Wade H. Loofbourrow, Base Intelligence Officer; Major Char-

This Base Is His 'Baby'



Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr. (then major) was the first officer to arrive at the Pyote Army Air Base, October 9, 1942, a year ago Saturday. There was not much to it then but a cluttered up spot in the West Texas desert. Through his ceaseless energy, judgement and leader-

ship the Base has become in one year a huge machine rapidly turning out the Flying Fortress crews that are making victory headlines around the world. Credit for a tremendous and difficult job well done is rightfully that of this World War I pilot.

les TenHouten, Base Surgeon; Captain James H. Maigs, Base Medical Detachment; 1st Lt. Charles P. Ripley, Sub-Depot; 1st Lt. John Emmert, Chemical Warfare Officer; 1st Lt. Wade W. Lackey, Special Services; 1st Lt. Eugene D. Taber, Finance Dept.; and 1st Lt. Charles F. Yeager, Physical Training.

Twenty two enlisted men still stationed here are also to be considered "pioneers", taking Dec. 1 as the date of arrival for qualification. The following men had arrived by that date:

PFC A. T. Ashley, Cpl. E. C. Kennon, Cpl. R. W. Wilder, T-4 V. J. Holt, S-Sgt. J. E. Dullanty, Cpl. J. T. Butler, T-Sgt. T. E. Nevinger, S-Sgt. J. Campochiaro, M-Sgt. George M. Villa, T-Sgt. J. F. Rayfield, Sgt. M. H. Siegele, Sgt. W. N. Dansie, Sgt. E. F. Niebuhr, T-Sgt. H. L. Bayse, Cpl. E. J. Biggins, Cpl. C. P. Greenway, M-Sgt. A. W. Klebanoff, S-Sgt. W. B. Seefeldt,

S-Sgt. M. L. Miller, 1st Sgt. B. F. Bolman, S-Sgt. W. A. Borowski, and T-4 Abe Bloom.

Other officers who had arrived by Dec. 1, but have since been transferred, were:

1st Lt. James E. Burke, Quartermaster; Major Alfred O. Saenger, Sub-Depot; 1st Lt. Louis H. Norteman, Ordnance; 1st Lt. Conrad Erickson, Jr., Quartermaster; 1st Lt. Melvin C. Kirkpatrick, Signal Corps; 1st Lt. Robert S. Russ, Veterinary Corps.

Capt. Phillip M. Rogers, Medical Corps; 1st Lt. Earl L. Malone, Medical Corps; 2nd Lt. Edward J. Ziemba, Ordnance; Capt. Valmer L. McCrosky, Base Headquarters; 2nd Lt. R. W. Burch, Ordnance; 1st Lt. James A. Wyper, Sub-Depot; Capt. J. J. Shields, Base Administrative Inspector; 1st Lt. Bourke Firfer, Medical Corps; 2nd Lt. Louis H. Hachez, Quartermaster.

Pioneer Civilian Workers Braved Raw Life During Base's Early Days

Thirty-Five 'Old Timers', Mostly In Sub-Depot, Are Still On Jobs

Successful operation of Rattlesnake Bomber Base—like any other Army Air Force base in the United States—is dependent not only on the uniformed personnel but also to a large extent on the many civilians who hold key positions.

Many have worked a while and moved on, but some have been working here since the "pioneer days" of the base. They've stuck with it through the various painful stages of growth, and are now "old hands," having put in almost a full year of service here.

Setting Nov. 30, 1942, as an arbitrary date for the "Old Timers" to make their appearance a recapitulation of rolls today shows that there are 35 civilians working on the base who had arrived by that date.

Twenty one persons—three out of five in the "old timers" ranks—are working at Sub Depot. The others are scattered over the base in various positions.

Miss Margaret Hussman, Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr.'s personal secretary, and Miss Irene Yenor, Base S-1 clerk, were the first civilian workers to arrive on the field. Miss Hussman and Miss Yenor arrived here Oct. 21, transfers from Gowen Field, Idaho.

Life at Rattlesnake Base then was much nearer to life in the raw than it is today. Civilian employees recall the scenes of their advent with much humor now, but then it was far from pleasant.

No busses, no gas, no water, no Post Exchange, no finished buildings, no heat. In fact, no nothing except a handful of grim officers and herds of hammering carpenters all over the place. Things were being built in a hurry, but there was still a very long way to go.

All the temporary offices were stuck into what is now Base Headquarters. Then, it was only two or three unfinished wings.

Each morning about two hours would be consumed while everyone—officers, enlisted men and civilians—gathered around and tried to breathe some life into the weak-lunged, stubborn stoves and to warm themselves for the day's work. Fuel was no problem. The workers simply picked up scraps of lumber around buildings being constructed.

Then the sand came. Doors and windows were limited—often the most glaring openings were cov-

ered as much as possible by simply nailing boards over them.

Some fun.

Sub Depot employees who "pioneered" this base are:

Helen Reese, Lola A. Gentry, Jane Blackburn, Vivian R. Neblett, Doris H. Stacey, James O. Donaldson, Albert M. Patterson, Iris Bishop, Amie Kirkham, Lois L. Wilson, Milton A. Eckerman, Kathryn I. Means, Betty J. Cannon, Mary R. Deem, Irene O. Hansen, Benjamin E. Taylor, Andrew C. Myers, Ira C. Drago, Charlie H. Moore, John R. Cobb and Virginia J. Hearns.

Other employees who have been working here since before Nov. 30, 1942, are:

Eugenia L. Harper, Myrtle Alene Casey, Virginia C. Cherry, Virginia N. Collins, Edna McLeod and Frances F. Latch, all in Quartermaster; Dorothy J. King, Base Adjutant's office; Vestel T. Murphy, Base Transportation office; Dorothea C. Mahoney, Base S-2 office; Charles E. Lowry; Ralph W. Walker, Post Engineers; Mrs. Sybil Jiles, Civilian Personnel; Mrs. Doris Noel, Sub-Depot.

Salute To Faithful Service



Miss Margaret Hussman, left, the Base Commander's personal secretary, and Miss Irene Yenor, Base S-1 clerk, arrived at the Pyote installation October 21, 1942—the first of the Base civilian personnel to get on the job.

They came in the neat blue uniforms of the Civil Service at Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho. Soon trading the uniforms for slacks, they did some pretty rough soldiering of their own in those early days.

Officers Welcome At Base Library

To clear up some misunderstanding which may exist among officer personnel, the following notice is printed at the behest of the Base Library:

Located adjoining the Enlisted Men's Service Club and open from 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. daily, the Base Library is also available for officers.

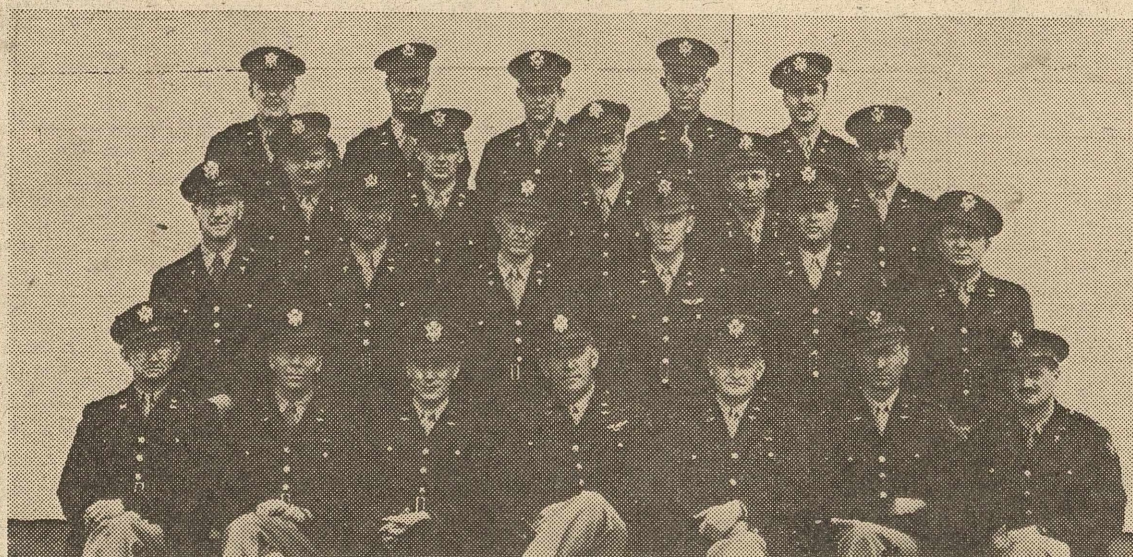
In addition to a well-rounded collection of fiction books, including the latest best-sellers, the

ARMISTICE DAY BIRTHDAY MAKES GI A 'GOOD OMEN'

CAMP STEWART, GA. (CNS)—A camp-wide celebration is planned here on Pvt. Kenneth Armistice Marriott's birthday. Private Marriott is considered a "good omen" in his battery because he was born Nov. 11, 1919 and was named Armistice in commemoration of the ending of the first World War.

Base Library boasts a fine selection of technical books which prove invaluable in the training of heavy bombardment crew members.

You Should Know Them All By Now



The officers in the photograph above pioneered the Rattlesnake Bomber Base. Their initial efforts laid the sound founda-

tion on which this huge training installation has built rapidly and well. See if you can identi-

fy them. If you can't, turn to Page 15, and check the names under "Pioneer Officers".

EDITORIAL:

Your Newspaper

The Rattler, 24 issues ago, stated in its first editorial:

"Actually, a newspaper is made by the people it serves. The editors and staff only can lend that effort the needed direction and technical assistance. Subsequent issues of The Rattler should reflect mounting interest and co-operation on the part of the men at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base toward building a publication that will truly represent them."

Your base newspaper in recent months has been classed by several competent critics as the best in the Second Air Force. Unquestionably it ranks high among camp newspapers, hundreds of which are now being published.

Credit for its quality should go to many: to the Base Commander, for his particular interest; to the Photo Section, for patient picture coverage; to the civilian printers and engravers, who rush work "not in line of business"; to all the officers and enlisted men who have helped furnish the information for news and feature stories and organization columns, all too numerous to list here.

But the competition is getting keener; The Rattler must continue to improve if it is to keep a leading place among camp newspapers. Right now perhaps the most room for improvement is in the number of organization columns carried.

Each organization on the Base is entitled to have a column of its own, written regularly by an enlisted man selected by the CO or first sergeant for both his writing ability and his knowledge of the men and activities of his organization. Space allotted depends mainly on the strength of the organization, ranging from a single type-written page (double-spaced, on one side of the paper, please) to around two pages. So far as make-up emergencies and editing necessities permit, the columns appear as written. They should be newsy, full of names, and represent thoroughly the organization's personnel and activities.

If your squadron, detachment, unit, etc., is not represented in The Rattler, get a column started—and keep it going regularly. We'll find room for it somewhere, and we'll help out your correspondent any way we can to make it something worth mailing home or to friends each week.

Furthermore, much news is missed simply because no one thought to tell us it happened. We couldn't print it all, of course, but we'd like to hear all possible suggestions for feature stories, with or without pictures, and all news items. Give us a ring at Extension 11 any time you have a brain storm.

In other words, this is your newspaper; cooperate consistently to make it the best in its field. If there is something you don't like about it, get it off your chest. If there is some improvement you have in mind, don't be bashful. We might not agree with you, but we'll listen.

THE RATTLER

Published each Wednesday at Rattlesnake Bomber Base, Pyote, Texas

LT. COL. CLARENCE L. HEWITT, JR.
Commanding Officer

Edited & published by and for personnel at the AAB, Pyote, Texas.

Opinions expressed in this newspaper are those of the staff members of individual writers and are not to be considered as expressions of the Army Air Forces.

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Cpl. Tomme C. Call, Editor

Sgt. Robert Nash _____ Associate Editor
PFC Hyman Brook _____ Sports Editor

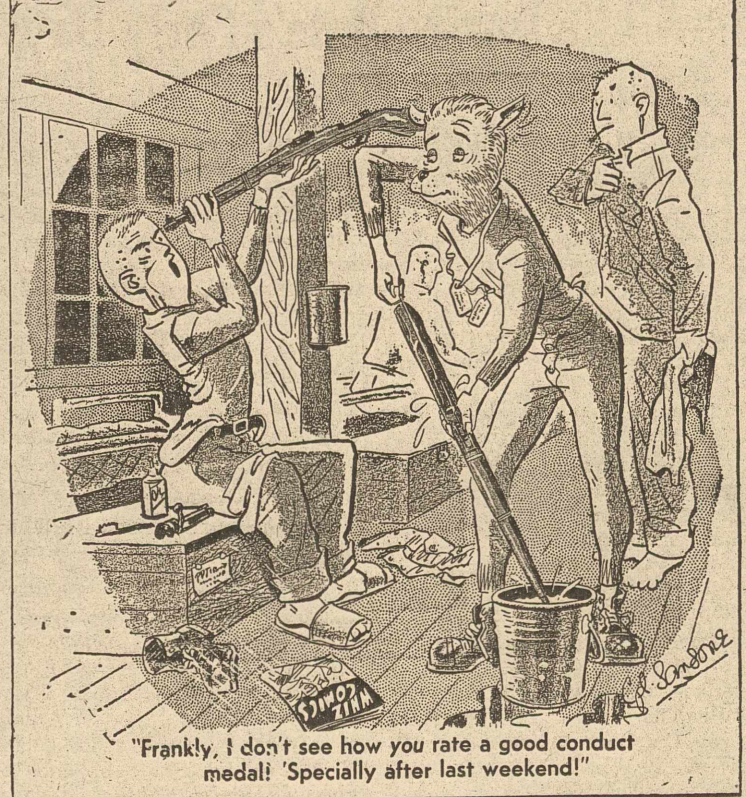
CORRESPONDENTS: S-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp, PFC Jack Minkin, PFC Sammy Kaplan, Sgt. Hueling Davis Jr., Cpl. Sylvia Wexler, S-Sgt. Roy Wortendyke, PFC C. W. Danner, PFC Clyde W. Hecox, Sgt. Erwin Werthamer, Cpl. Irving J. Packer, PFC Morris L. Finger, Cpl. Ralph Fuller, Cpl. Martin O'Brien, Cpl. Harold W. Danner.

The Rattler receives Camp Newspaper Service material.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Frankly, I don't see how you rate a good conduct medal! 'Specially after last weekend!"

THOUGHTS OF OTHERS

Begged, Borrowed Or Stolen

Indifferent for the most part as our people have been to the southern peoples, nevertheless our political destiny, our economic life, our territorial expansion, our financial aggrandizement, our relations with the rest of the world since soon after the founding of our republic, have turned upon Latin America as upon an axis. Though nationally we have rarely been deeply conscious of that part of the world . . . nevertheless individual Americans have played important, sometimes great, sometimes despicable roles in Latin America. . . .

American initiative, ambition, greed, science, and industry have been constant factors in the development, and often the harassment, of our southern neighbors. But few persons have pointed out clearly the real meaning of our eager frontiersmen, our knights-errant of business, our sentimental sellers of chewing-gum, our angels of efficiency.

Few such have worked there with truly noble resolve; practically none has caught the meaning of possibilities granted to us by the early founders of liberty in the Americas. Worshipers of material power never see such things. Most of what we have done in the past in Latin America—as a government, by social or medical institutions, as engineers, as in-

dividuals—has been opportunistic, at best fragmentary, unilluminated. Our great engineering feats are strewn about like the jig-saw puzzles no one has thought to fit together to find their meaning in terms of abiding relationships between two great peoples . . .

But one of these days . . . Mayhap, we shall find the culture of our neighbors as useful and inspiring, indeed as indispensable as their raw materials; and just as they have found our mechanical technique indispensable, so they, too, will discover—once they no longer distrust our purposes or fear our aggressions—new aspects of the North American spirit of value to them, though they now affect to see—and despise—only our so-called materialism. These two contrasted worlds, as a matter of fact, have leaned upon each other far more heavily than either is willing to admit. Both might have worked their destiny, in so far as they had things in common, much more wisely and constructively.

All the Western Hemisphere nations, though they have venerable traditions—to the south more venerable than our own—are new countries and therefore lands of hope.

CARLETON BEALS,
America South



There are many of the most important things of life that can not be measured in terms of cost, weight, length or breadth. We fail to calculate the cost of friendship or love. They cannot be bought for any amount of cash. Character is not a commodity offered for sale on the open market. Yet these things, not to be purchased for any price, are the very things that are of utmost importance to all humanity. Doesn't the Army need these things, as well as the civilian population? The intangibles are, after all, the important things.

One of the things without a price tag is a smile. The Army needs smiles! Does your presence offer something to give a friend a lift? Just a friendly pat on the shoulder, just a word to let him know that you value him as a friend, just a warm smile when you meet him about your daily work—these are of far more value than we realize.

Suppose you have a buddy in the Hospital. Do you take the time to go and see him? Do you find out if he has all the toilet articles he needs, or that he is getting those letters from home that have come for him? Such thoughtful acts do not take much of your time, but they mean a lot in terms of happiness for the one in the Hospital. What is true in the hospital is just as true around the Base or in the barracks. A good big smile (not a grin) will do a lot toward giving a man a lift when he is blue and wanting to see the folks back home.

A smile is almost as contagious as scarlet fever, or even as a yawn. Try smiling at someone, and see if he doesn't smile back at you. It will work almost every time. Maybe one reason is that it is so easy to smile. It takes only 13 muscles to smile, but it takes 27 muscles to frown. Why work yourself overtime just to be miserable?

Someone has written a little verse the Chaplain would like to leave with you:

"Like a bread without a spread-in',

Like a puddin' without sauce,
Like a mattress without bed-din',

Like a cart without a hoss,
Like a door without a latch-string,

Like a fence without a stile,
Like a dry and barren creek bed,

Is the face without a smile."
Keep 'em smilin'. I'll be seein' you . . . with a smile.

Chaplain Edwin W. Norton

PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday—0900, Aviation Squadron Service; 0900, 19th Group Service; 1030, Base Chapel Service; 1930, Chapel Service.

Wednesday—1930, Service Men's Christian League.

Thursday—1900, Chapel Chorus Rehearsal.

Friday—Hospital Vespers, 1815 to 1945.

CATHOLIC SERVICES

Sunday Masses—0600; 0800; and 1615.

Confessions—Saturday, 1500 to 1730; 1900 to 2100; Sunday, before the Masses.

Weekday Masses—1730, daily except Thursday.

Hospital Mass—Thursday at 1430, in Red Cross auditorium.

Evening Devotions — Thursday, 1930, Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Friday, 2100, Novena to the Sacred Heart.

Study Club—Monday, 1930.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Sunday—1715, Base Chapel Services.

JEWISH SERVICES

Friday—1930, Base Chapel.

G. I. Q.

By Camp Newspaper Service

Quit bucking for peepee for five minutes and cast your peepers over these quizz quips. Maybe if you can show your top-kick that you know almost as many answers as he does you'll get that stripe faster. Don't look at the answers first—just check your choices.

1. Corsica, a French Island in the Mediterranean, was the scene of a recent revolt against occupying German troops. Commandos also landed to support the action of the French patriots. The commandos were—

A—British () B—French ()

2. When U. S. troops landed in Africa last November high-ranking officers were uncertain about how much resistance would be offered by the French in the area so Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, selected a code signal to be broadcast to all units at the first sign of hostile "reception committees." The code signal was—

A—Let's go () B—Play Ball ()

3. Back home there is a drive now being conducted for the sale of war bonds. The drive is known as the—

A—2d War Loan () B—3d War Loan ()

Answers: 1-B; 2-B; 3-B.

Monahans USO

Wednesday—Musical Quiz! Servicemen vs. Junior Hostesses. Dancing, games, home-made cookies, ping pong.

Thursday—GIs, get your correspondence up to date with a private secretary for a private soldier. (Non-Coms also invited.) National Letter Writing Week.

Friday—Concentration Bingo! Something new. We guarantee it to be fun. If you want to be bored, don't come. Prizes.

Saturday—Chicago Night! See the lantern that started the fire in 1871! From our materials make your version of a Chicago woman's hat. The best wins the prize. Dancing.

Sunday—Coffee and Donuts from 10:30 a.m. till noon. National Business Women's Week—B. & P. W. Club hostesses. Read, write, relax. Go to Church.

Monday—Stork Club at 12 noon. We will wrap your package for your overseas buddy. Celebrate your birthday this month here with our October birthday cake. Jr. hostesses.

Tuesday—The mailing deadline of overseas packages is the 15th so brings yours now. Home-made cookies.

Edward A. Palange, director, received word Tuesday that the USO Club project for Monahans has been approved by the War Department and War Production Board, and that certification to proceed with construction should come in a few days. That means a larger, better equipped local club and expanded activities.

Take It Easy—
Not Enough Where
That Came From

Put back that lamb chop, soldier, unless you're sure you can eat it. And lay off throwing those parker house rolls at the back of the mess sergeant's neck. It's wasteful.

"Food," says Claude A. Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, "will win the war and write the peace." It is one of the most powerful weapons. Don't waste it.

Waste in any form is dangerous. Food, clothing, equipment, bedding, water, heat and electricity all cost time and money and the waste of any of them is a waste of time and money and an aid to the enemy.

The Army campaigns against waste. Soldiers should take no more food than they can eat. Cooks must save fats and oils and conserve food in every way possible. Inductees are asked to wear reissued clothing cheerfully. No one is going to be hungry and no one will be ill clad but everyone must conserve everything in every way possible.



Q. What is the permanent Army rank of Gen. Dwight D. (Ike) Eisenhower

A. President Roosevelt recently announced the designation of Gen. Eisenhower as a permanent Major General in the Army. Gen. Eisenhower now holds the temporary rank of full General. Permanent ranks are those which were held by Army personnel prior to Oct. 1, 1940, and most promotions after that date are temporary. Gen. Eisenhower had received a previous permanent promotion to Colonel, his rank prior to Oct. 1, 1940, having been Lieutenant Colonel.

Q. What's the best way for my folks to send me money overseas?

A. Since it is practically impossible for an American soldier overseas to cash a check the American Red Cross has advised relatives to send money to servicemen abroad by post office money order. Money orders may be cashed wherever there is an Army post office.

BOOKKEEPING STUDIED
BY SOLDIER IN FOXHOLE

MADISON, WIS. (CNS)—A bookkeeper in a foxhole—that is what buddies of S-Sgt. Donald L. Clement call him. Sgt. Clement, who is throwing punches at the enemy overseas, finds time to study courses in bookkeeping and accounting from the United States Armed Forces Institute, the official War Department correspondence school here in which over 60,000 service men and service women are taking courses.

CARRIER PIGEONS PICK
RIGHT ARMY, WRONG POST

FT. LEONARD WOOD, MO. (CNS)—Three off-the-beam Signal Corps carrier pigeons bearing messages for Camp Crowder, Mo. landed here. The birds were placed in the care of a former pigeon racer stationed here until arrangements could be made to send them on to Camp Crowder—200 miles away—by rail.

Here are a few new Army conservation tips:

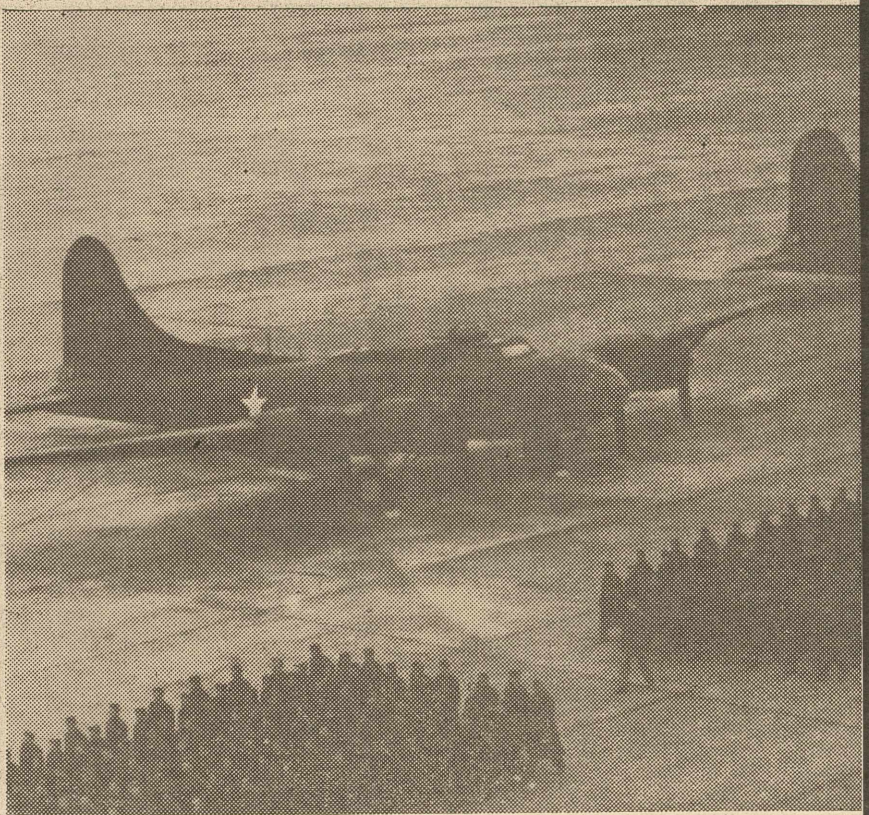
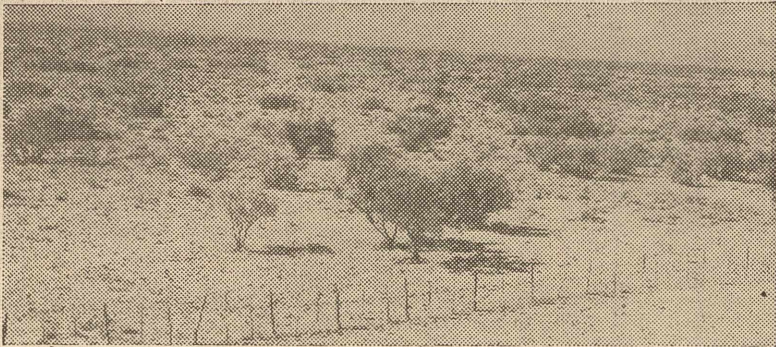
1. Turn in your clothes at the first sign of wear so that they may be repaired before they are worn out entirely.

2. Take care of your equipment. Don't lose it and don't abuse it.

3. Don't smoke in bed. Fire is an entirely inexcusable form of waste. Guard your barracks against it.

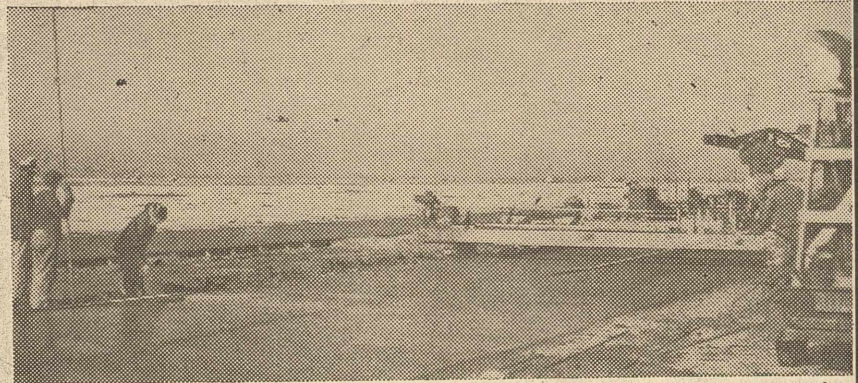
4. Conserve everything. Waste will lengthen the war.

Year At Pyote . . .



WAR NEEDS PACE

It was a raw day—one of the few in Pyote's fine flying weather—when the Rattlesnake Bomber Base was activated, Tuesday, January 5, 1942. In the picture above, ground troops and fliers pass in review as part of the activation ceremonies.



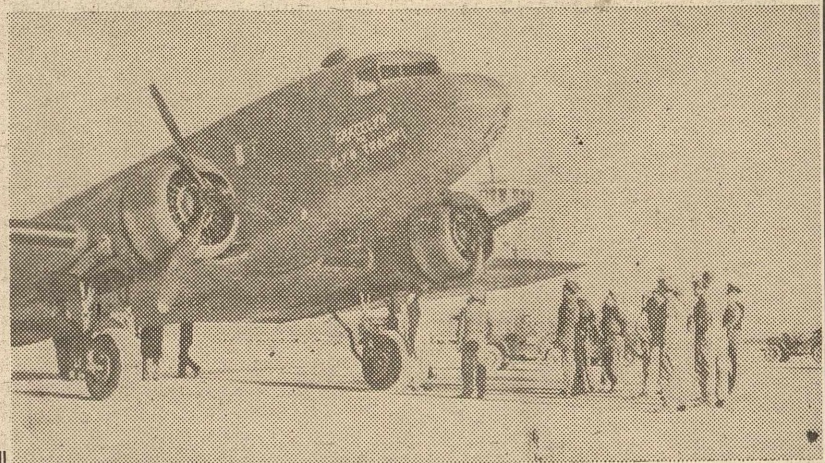
A year ago West Texas' own inimitable brand of prairie-desert swept on beyond eye-range over where the Rattlesnake Bomber Base now stands. Particular scene in top photo above was in October what is now the gunnery range.

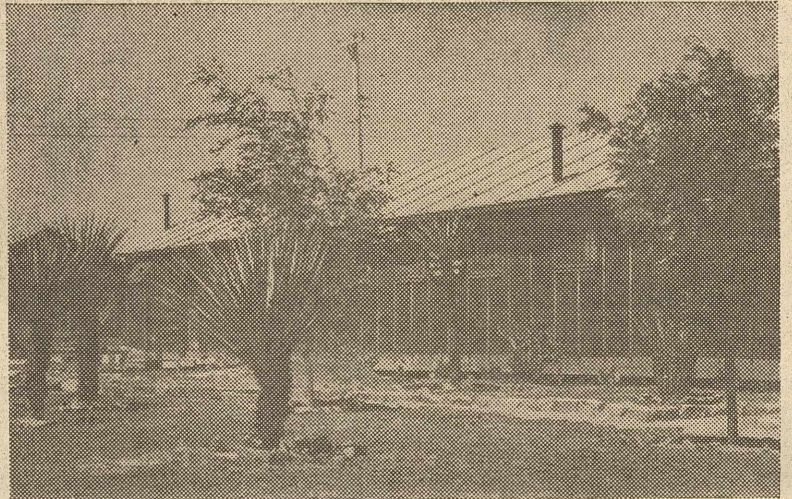
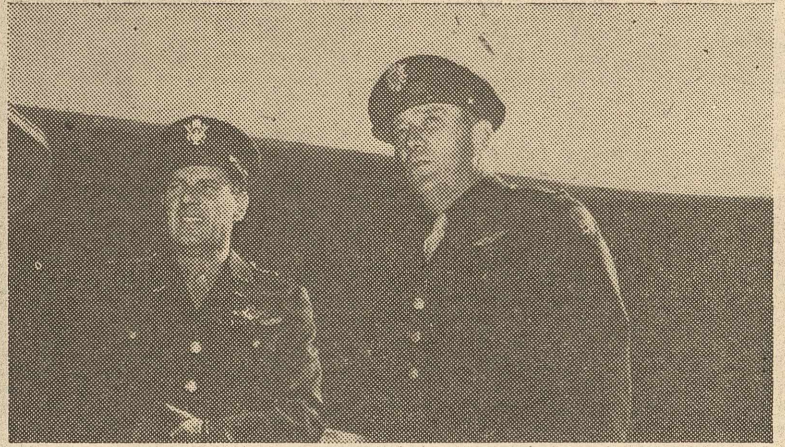
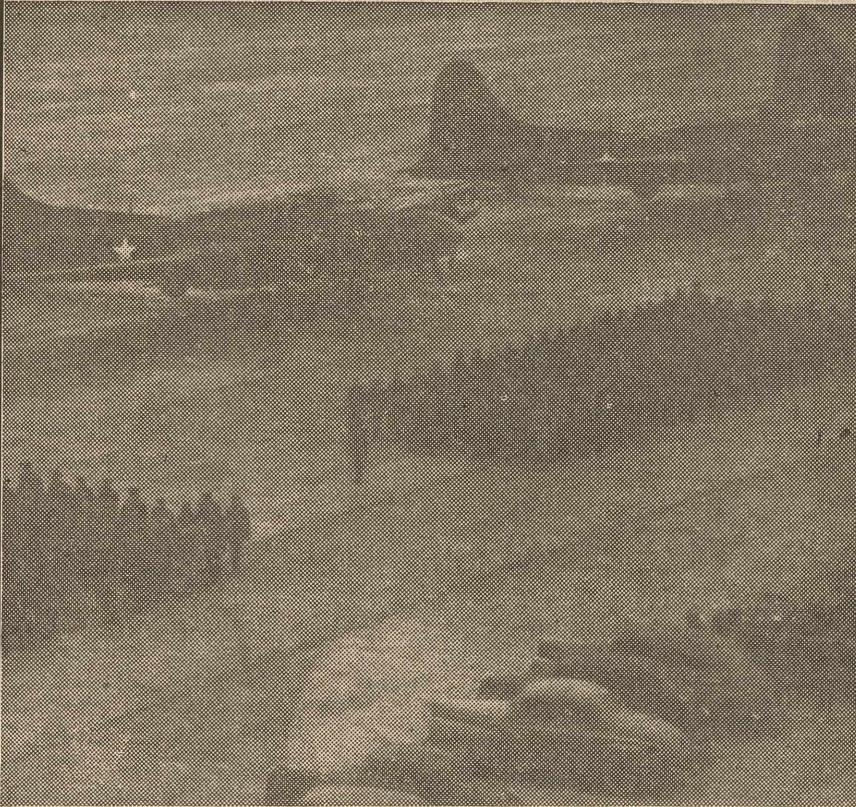
In center photo above, the Base had taken form by January. Camera is looking over the Base Photo Section toward part of the Group's barracks.

The Rattler called the sad-looking cultivation project (lower, above) in front of Rabbit Hutch (BOQ) No. 5—home of Major O. Saenger, lately transferred Sub-Depot commander, and crowd—"Major Saenger's Folly". But it had to eat its words, as the picture on the opposite page shows. Beautification, however, still is a tedious process here.

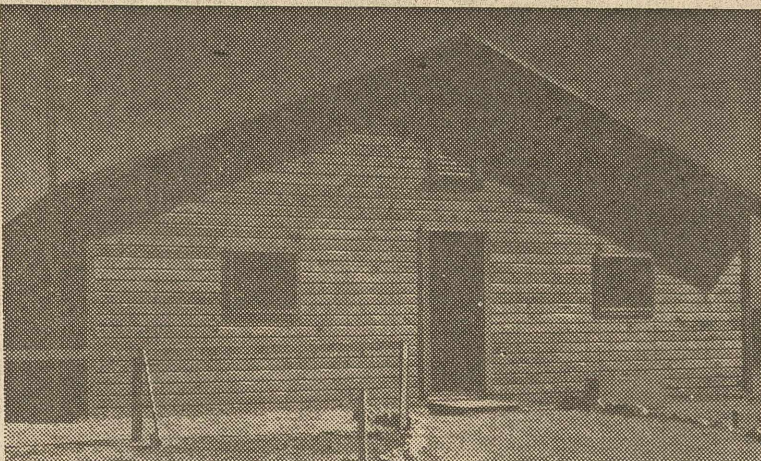
Construction workers in November were pouring concrete for the ramp, long since a beehive of 24-hour, 7-day week activity (right, above).

Twin-engined Gracelyn, The Flying Tramp, arrived in October to be the first heavy plane to land on this field (lower right).





ED BASE GROWTH



The late, great Maj. Gen. Robert Olds, former commander of the 2nd Air Force, pioneer developer of heavy bombardment and organizer of the Ferry Command, visited the Rattlesnake Bomber Base for the first time last November. He was greeted on arrival (left in top photo above) by Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Base Commander.

The 390th Aviation Squadron—its colored soldiers being recent additions to Base personnel—has one of the best orderly room yards, with cactus, trees and rock designs (center picture above). In the picture just above is irrefutable evidence that domestic flowers will grow here, if one has the patience—at BOQ No. 5.

The WAAC cadre arrived here in June with Lt. Marjorie Steward, now Company CO, the first on the Base (upper left).

The little shack to the left was Base Headquarters in the early days, one room of which served the Base Commander and his staff. Such "camping out" did not last long, however.

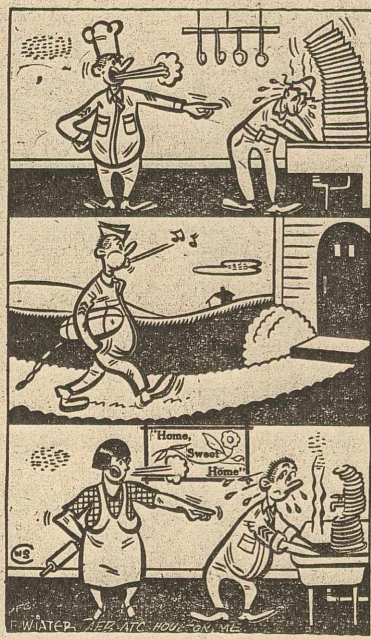
MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By S-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP
(Note: This week your "Foreign Correspondent" reports to you from the heart of New York City—still on furlough. Ah! and may it never end!)

Only an army ambulance rolling down Broadway brought back memories of the more "Unfortunate Brethren" of the Medics back in Pyote in a place called Texas. How could anyone forget? Anyway the "States" really look good, with great industrial centers booming, record crops reported in the thriving farming areas and the outlook for early victory excellent. Aside from the much talked of black-out the changes are not too numerous. The sky-line, Central Park, the Harbor, good old Broadway and even Brooklyn never looked so good. The old gang, however, is no more; it's scattered over the face of the earth at present. Every member of old "Troop No. 177" around 72nd aren't pitching tents in the Jersey Mountains but somewhere in North Africa or Sicily.

Now let's go back to Times Square and see if it's changed too much. During the day you'd never know the difference, but at night it's comparable to a country village back in Iowa—you know, "Take hold of my hand and follow while we stumble through the darkness together." Yes, it's really great to be back in civilization in spite of the fact that there's standing room only for the great stage production "Oklahoma", crowded as usual at the Cotton Club and the Astor Bar and less choice on the menu at Jack Dempseys. One couldn't help but think of S-Sgt. Schurr while walking down 42nd St. There a theater was featuring "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," of the old silent movie days. Remember, fellows? Lest we forget, the water's still wet in the smaller lake in Central Park, especially for those who happen to fall into it! It often results in that well known disease known as Nasopharyngitis. Now do you know what and who this refers to?

Somewhere in Brooklyn, swinging proudly from an apartment window, is a pennant with a little blue star in it. Ah! dramatic, isn't it? Hanging directly beside this symbol of one in the service is a sign which reads "BICYCLE FOR SALE." The telephone rings: answer—"No, Sidney doesn't live here any more." Fellows, break the news gently; the velocipede has been sold to someone in Passiac. And as for Sidney's where-



abouts, one never knows, does one?

Speaking of that section of the world known as Flatbush, it brings to mind an episode enroute to Fort Worth. Thanks to the unusual tough skull of "Foot Specialist Federico", he survived the experience of having the Medics' large boxes of lunch hit him squarely on the head. Freddy merely shrugged his shoulders and retorted, "You can't 'hoit' us bums from Brooklyn." Apparently he wasn't kidding, because he's back on the job and on time too. Yes, time in the big city goes entirely too fast and soon the long trek back to the desert will begin. Good luck to you Pyote!

Finally, tired, dirty, contented furlough goes, look out the train window and see only desert and more desert. The conductor calls out the station; yes, he has the audacity to do so. It is Pyote! Suddenly the train slows up, lunges forward once more and then stops. Yes, furloughs are over and now they're memories. For PFC Timmons, however, it must have been a nightmare. What a sight! A few days in Ward 8 should help a great deal.

The outfit that's first in everything is really on the beam per usual but still battling the elements. What a spirit! What a gang! From all reports plenty has happened. First and foremost let's take a gander at the paramount issue: it's no other than our star soft-ball pitcher Joe O'Kenka. Here is one fellow who never has "to hang his head in shame" and who can back up any statement or act. It beats me! How about you fellows? Now the payoff, and we understand that it was just that: A certain T-4 who has been chasing flies and mosquitoes all summer bets on the 435th! Please, fellows, don't chase him out in the desert too far!

Since Lt. Igo's return from California he hasn't been "getting

Altitude Training

By PFC JACK MINKIN

The effects of the rainy weather last week proved very costly to the men of the Altitude Training Unit. Colds, coughs and all around minor deficiencies in physical fitness turned up, but were gone as soon as the bad weather disappeared. The reason for this can be attributed to our calisthenics every morning. During free time, a baseball game is in session. Now that autumn is here, football is the cry that is heard throughout the barracks. The practice we had proved very worthwhile because not only did we get some new plays worked out, but we had a swell time doing it.

Thursday was our physical achievement test day. I'm glad to report that everybody's score rated around very good. The next one that comes around will be met with a score of excellence. After that we'll have to break all records. Every night of the week, there are two or three ATU men at the gymnasium getting a workout. During any one week, everyone in the unit will be down there.

The most welcome day of the month was today. That is because we are flushed once again with our one dollar. No matter how it works out, the old adage always holds: "They give you fifty dollars and take back forty-nine." Nevertheless we can always sing "Sixpence" and keep the dollar for ourselves. This holds true for all of us except PFC William Schultz of our unit. He is in the reserve after securing an occupational discharge. Well, pal, here's hoping you harvest enough crops to feed the boys who drop them over there.

I don't know about the rest of the fellows on the base, but in our unit we have an assortment of gourmands. There are, including myself, four of the best eaters on the base here. It appears to me that we are a liability instead of an asset to the war effort. Conformation of this statement can be gotten by any one who wishes to inquire at the Hospital Mess Hall. The reason for this is that the food is very good, and we just relish eating it. Eating by us is a pleasure not a necessity. Even after hours a gift box of candy and

'round much any more'. That is perplexing, and it really has us worried. Speaking of worries, Lt. Tesitor's are all over for he has finally learned which "Dottie" sent regards via Western Union from Kansas City. She could have signed her last name—or why not? There's a reason. Lt. Burns has started his fall project and judging from the present situation that growth on the upper lip should be in good shape by Thanksgiving.

QM Sees

By CPL. HAROLD W. MELVIN

Rain and mud are rarely seen at this outpost of the 2nd Air Force, but they have been here in abundance these last few days. They were here when the Quartermaster proudly marched its "Commandos" out to the Base Range a week or so ago. The QM boys under M-Sgt. Liddle not only looked like soldiers, they shot like them. "Tex" Dailey and Cpl. Eric Taylor's carbines were probably most effective in showing how the "fighting" Quartermaster shoots.

Among the recent returnees from furloughs are Sgt. Gelhaart, Cpl. Pallay, Cpl. Wright, Cpl. Barone, and Pvt. Taylor, Smith and Hamsley. It is understood from most reliable sources—the sergeant himself—that Sgt. Gelhaart is engaged to Miss Gladys Nawrocke of Madison, Wisconsin. Congratulations, Bob.

The Quartermaster party is coming along nicely under the sponsorship of our CO, Lt. Frick. The committee of Gehlaart, Mackiewicz, Marchewka and Melvin, under the able leadership of 1st Sgt. Pernicaro, is working on the problems of eats, drinks, and dance hall—and the results are indeed promising. A gala time awaits the QMCs.

A note of appreciation is due our stock record clerk, Sgt. Roberta Deason, for starting the QM column and for keeping it a going concern. The new man on the job, at whom all complaints can be made and at whom all the bricks can be thrown, is H. W. Melvin. He will greatly appreciate all news items dealing with the Quartermaster either here on the Base or in the QMC generally.

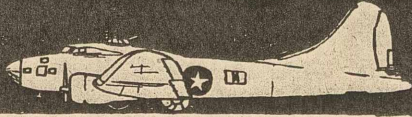
cookies is devoured.

The new addition to our unit this week is Capt. Peterson. He is to be our new CO. Before he came here, he attended the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas. From there he went to Salt Lake. After that it was Clovis, New Mexico. Finally, after the usual Army traveling, he arrived at this base. Our duty will be to make him feel at home. It shouldn't be too hard.

Overseen a few nights ago was a new type of rating. A T-6 is the cause of the comment. This was in the Medics day room. Could it be that they have gone in for new ratings, or are they just being themselves in their own extrovert manner.

The calisthenics kid himself is Cpl. Irving Moskowitz. Each night just before the lights go out, he amuses himself by imitating Charles Atlas. It's all right to exercise, bub, but don't try to convert the rest of us in order to keep you company. We get enough of it during the day.

19TH BOMB GROUP



435th Bomb Squadron

By SGT. HUELING DAVIS JR.

Farewell to former 1st Sgt., Joe de Lateur, who has gone to Group Headquarters, and welcome to our new top kick, Royal E. Olmert.

After getting off to a terrible start, the softball team proved itself by beating the Medics twice.

The games are covered in detail on the sports page, so we will confine ourselves to discussing the events which accompanied the final victory.

We were unable to sneak a spy into the Officers' Club, so can't tell you accurately what took place at Captain Steinemann's interrogation after combat. There have been a number of rumors but reportorial accuracy forbids our printing them as confirmed news. Suffice it to say that if the vocal support rendered by the Officers at the game was surpassed later at the Club after some super-charging, a good time must have been had by all.

We can comment by means of first hand information on the EMs celebration in the PX and points east. To say there was no shortage of beer is an understatement. In fact this was the only occasion within our memory when a total stranger could walk up to a table and help himself to a bottle without losing at least an arm. Some of the boys did all right for themselves. "Giggle Water" Peacock was observed taking shelter in one of those slit trenches between the barracks, with McClure as his air craft spotter. PFC Uhl assisted numerous casualties to the barracks. The all clear sounded at about midnight.

Understand S-Sgt. Whistler has been getting mail from Mrs. T-Sgt. Amundsen. A good explanation would seem in order. There we go stirring up trouble again.

Why is it that M-Sgt. L. F. Jackson wants everything kept quiet about his toothless, twenty-four year old Clarabelle? How about some information, Sergeant?

TELEPHONE AIDS WEDDING

CAHP CARSON. COL. (CNS)—Because of the old Spanish custom that prohibits an unmarried girl to travel alone, Anna Mattei de Jesus of Puerto Rico will be married by telephone to Pvt. Thomas Ballesteros-Morrell, stationed here. After the ceremony the bride will travel from Puerto Rico to join her husband.

Gypsy 93rd

By CPL. IRVING J. PACKER

There is an idle rumor around to the effect that several of our men are to receive their service ribbons for the battle of sexes in Melbourne. Among those to be honored are those old Beau Brummels, Sgts. Stewart, Arne, Schadl, Hemmler, Durham and Makela. A picture of the new ribbon is on display in the War Room of S-2 and it is said to have been designed by the Australian WA-AFS. Sgt. George Dare will be glad to show this ribbon to anyone who will call at the office.

First Sgt. Taylor wishes to announce that a limited number of reservations are now available for the unveiling of S-Sgt. Albert Warnke's scalp. Warnke, after much persuasion, has agreed to be present, head and all, on this momentous occasion. Some day this famous pate will grace the halls of the Smithsonian Institute, and scientists in the future may be baffled by the question, "What made this head click?" Incidentally, this exhibition is open only to men holding good conduct medals, so please don't ask to bring your wives.

Our hats off to Sgt. Leon J. Bernard, whose painstaking efforts were responsible for the painting of the "Indian head insignia" which adorns the portals of our Orderly Room. It was a job well done, and the men in this squadron appreciate Sgt. Bernard's fine work.

Are there any capable leather pushers in this squadron? S-Sgt. John H. Williams Jr., who boxed both amateur and professionally, will take on all comers. Yours truly had a rather trying experience with him and seeks friendly revenge upon the person of Sgt. Williams. You will be assured of at least one rooter who in times of distress will whisper encouraging remarks in your ears, "He can't hurt us." Can you help a buddy?

Cpl. George Vacin, mystery man from Chicago, has recently been showing some wolfish instincts, as anyone who saw him at the last dance can testify. What has this Vacin got that Clark Gable hasn't or vice versa?

The entire squadron wishes to offer congratulations and best wishes to Maj. Richard T. Hernlund, our Commanding Officer, upon his recent promotion. Major Hernlund is well deserving of his new promotion since he has work-

Diedrichs' Squadron

By S-SGT. ROY WORTENDYKE

According to Pvt. Carl Vaughn and Sgt. Gilbert Haferkamp, Hitler, Mussolini, and the rest of the Nazi-Jap gang are not the only heels this fair world is cursed with. With fire in their glances and fury in their speech these two honorable soldiers will tell you that Sgt. Allen Axthelm—remember the name!—is a man of evil from the lower regions. After they had paid his way into the Base Theater, bought him popcorn and saved a seat for him, he, without apology, deserted these pals for the company of S-Sgt. Bob Sage. The heel! The lowdown, measly canine! String the wretch to—(Say, Al, those guys really took a fast-acting powder, didn't they?).

In the Aztec Cafe last pay day night a complaint was made against the terminology used in this column. The term, "the Fight-

ed long and hard to make our squadron an example of what a model squadron should be. I am sure that under his able leadership we will continue to advance and improve as the days go by.

Our congratulations and best wishes are also extended to Capt. James A. Ferguson and his bride. However, it seems that this will probably put an end to the plans for a lonely hearts club in Operations.

It is with deep regret that your correspondent announces that the War Bond drive in this squadron is far below par. Perhaps there are many of us who feel that they are doing their share, and should not be called upon to do more. Let us not forget that sacrifices we make now will pay dividends later. The money spent on war bonds now will help purchase the necessary equipment to carry on the war to a successful and speedy conclusion. We have really got our enemies on the run, and this war can be shortened considerably. Thus we will have fewer casualties and lives lost by the aid we give our fighting men now . . . not tomorrow . . . not next week . . . but now. Don't you think that ought to be an incentive on your part to do more than your share? How about backing the attack by purchasing War Bonds from S-Sgt. Julius J. Johns in the Orderly Room.

Every cloud has a silver lining and it is a great feeling to know that we have men in our midst who unselfishly and unstintingly have purchased War Bonds far beyond their monthly earnings. The honor roll for last week's drive goes to Maj. William A. Butters, M-Sgt. Edward R. Olsen, Lewis D. Wise, T-Sgt. Luther E. Oster, and Sgt. Thomas A. Marcus.



Ft. Brady, Mich.—One battery of an artillery unit here was tossing a party in its day room and had been so gallant as to fix up the latrine for the gals. The windows were blacked out to blind prying GI eyes and everything possible had been done for the comfort for the lovely lassies. About 20 gals were powdering and painting when a male head poked slowly out of the shower room. The gals beat a hasty retreat while the soldier dressed and scrambled. He had been stranded in the shower.

ing Flying Crutches," MUST be eliminated and a he-man title like Diedrichs' Commandos substituted.

Well, boys, there are the physical fitness tests this week in which you can demonstrate your commando-like qualities. As a bit of a suggestion, though, if you should be like Commandos, wouldn't another term be better? Even Little Orphan Annie is using it now.

If there are any sweet-smelling bouquets around they might be given to the cooks, bakers, butchers and KPs. With only a few exceptions the meals have been not only fit to eat but good. Cpl. Leo Schrantz should be commended for his remarkable precision welding job on the bushing pad of a landing gear. Working on aircraft metal, he made a weld which no one else believed could be made.

The squadron mail clerk, Pvt. Levi "Arky" Bennett, now on furlough, is also due for a dash of praise. Though he has to disappoint many men every day (home folks please take note), he sees that the mail that does come through gets taken care of properly. Often he has opened the mail room just to get a letter for a man who was late. And many are the letters he has mailed when the fellows have given him only the money for the stamps. While Arky is away PFC Clifford Voss will attempt to provide a letter twice a day for everyone. The fact that T-Sgt. George Hilgers was missed from the engine installation department of the Sub-Depot while he was on furlough and that his fellow workers appreciate his being back needs no further comment.

This week's nominee for the man who is most likely to go places in the Army is Cpl. Herbert Hatcher. No man who would get up after the lights were turned out in the barracks at night and mop the floor by flashlight is going to stay a corporal, no sir.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES

Sgt. F. S. Stone's 'Pyote March' Is Dedicated To CO

Dance Band Front Likes Both Swing, Classical Music

Rattlesnake Bomber Base now has a composition all its own, the sprightly, two-four time "Pyote March," written by Sgt. Frank S. Stone, solo clarinetist in the Base Band, and dedicated to Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr., Base Commander.

First played by the Base Band Thursday night in a "Victory Program" at Monahans High School, under Director Irvin E. Zimmerman, the march is the first composed by Sgt. Stone and the only piece written by him since he entered the army October 1, 1942, at Governor's Island. But he already has a couple of overtures and concert pieces for piano and violin under his belt.

Music is not all Sgt. Stone writes either. He has had short stories published in Story Magazine, Colliers and Liberty. He has some unfinished plays and a long novel which he plans to complete after the war: "I've only written six lines, besides letters, since I've been in the Army."

Sgt. Stone's main interest, though, is music. He plays more than a dozen woodwind and percussion instruments, among them clarinet, saxophone, flute, piccolo, oboe, bassoon, drums, bells.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., Sgt. Stone practically teethed on an instrument mouthpiece. He left at 15 to travel two years with a dance band playing for a vaudeville revue. Returning he won a competitive scholarship to the Curtis School of Music, in Philadelphia. Until he graduated he played in the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. Then he moved to Greenwich Village, New York.

As musicians will, he played in many organizations and many cities. Among the symphony orchestras were those in Washington, Dallas and New Orleans, and under such directors as Stokowski, Rodzinski, and Reiner. He also played in Sousa's and Goldman's bands, and in Shep Field's and Jan Savitt's dance bands.

The last two years before entering the Army, Sgt. Stone had his own dance band, 14 to 18 pieces. And it must have been pretty good to hit the Roseland Ballroom and Famous Door, New

As You Like It



Sgt. Frank S. Stone, Base Dance Band Leader, has no trouble switching from classical to hot, and that clarinet is only one of the dozen or more woodwind and percussion instruments he can play. He composes short stories as well as music.

York; the Steel Pier, Atlantic City, the Ritz-Carlton, Philadelphia, and the Jung Hotel and 500 Club, New Orleans.

Sgt. Stone found no trouble switching from symphony orchestra music after seasons to dance band work, and back again. And he has no difficulty reconciling his liking for both classical and swing music. The adjustment when changing over is more or less unconscious.

Sgt. Stone came to Pyote some six months ago and has been in the band and director of the dance orchestra here for four months now; his job also is to drill the reed section in practice sessions.

He says the dance orchestra is coming along fine, and he gets a kick out of playing various Base and other local engagements—particularly the lunch hour dance at the Sub-Depot Hangar.

After enlisting, Sgt. Stone was sent first to Camp Upton, New York, and then to Miami Beach. Later at the Amarillo, Texas, field, he spent five months as an air mechanic, going to Chanute Field for further training as an instrument specialist—then to Salt Lake for a shuffle, and to Pyote. Here his talents and a shortage of musicians did the trick, and he returned to his real specialty.

OVERBURDENED POSTMAN GETS SOLDIER'S SYMPATHY

DENVER, COL. (CNS)—Because her boy friend in the service had been complaining about full field packs, a Denver girl took a picture of her postman laden with mail and sent it to the soldier.

The GI then wrote this message to the postman on the outside of his next letter: "I have the picture of you pinned on the wall of my tent."

Conditions Satisfactory

Aviation Squadron Wins Inspector's Praise For Improved Sanitation

According to figures of the Base Medical Inspector's Office for weekly sanitary results, the efforts of the 390th Aviation Squadron merit most credit for general sanitation improvement throughout the Base last week. Their mess, barracks and latrine score averaged 94.5 which was high score and tied for first place with the Medics.

Sanitation Standings

BARRACKS AND LATRINES

Aviation Squadron	95.0
Lt. F. W. Thacker	
Medical Detachment	95.0
Lt. James Tesitor	
WAC Company	95.0
Lt. M. A. Stewart	
93rd Bomb Squadron	94.0
Major R. T. Hernlund	
435th Bomb Squadron	94.0
Capt. E. C. Steinemann	
Base Hq. & AB Sqd.	94.0
Major Ernest Swingle	
QM Detachment	94.0
Capt. M. A. Diedrichs	
Altitude Training Unit	94.0
Lt. F. F. Rogers	
Service Squadron	93.0
Capt. M. A. Diedrichs	
Guard Squadron	92.0
Capt. S. B. Lang	
28th Bomb Squadron	92.0
Capt. R. W. Beckel	
Bomb & Gunnery Range	92.0
Lt. E. C. Siemon	
30th Bomb Squadron	91.5
Major Edson Sponable	
Officer BOQ	90.5
Lt. R. E. Lewis	
Airdrome Squadron	89.0
Capt. R. B. Marshall	
Guardhouse	89.0
Capt. S. B. Lang	
Airdrome Squadron	87.5
Capt. J. J. Hess	

TRAINEE UNITS

435th Bomb Squadron	88.0
Major R. E. Thacker	
28th Bomb Squadron	83.0
Major L. W. Johnson	
30th Bomb Squadron	70.0
Major J. S. De Witt	
93rd Bomb Squadron	59.0
Major W. H. Butters	

MESS HALL SCORES

Aviation Squadron	94
Lt. F. W. Thacker	
Medical Detachment	94
Lt. M. J. Hansen	
Mess Hall No. 2	93
Lt. M. G. Baker	

The Officers Mess raised its score one more point over last week, for which the Aviation Squadron boys are again entitled to a word of praise. In spite of their handicaps, the orderlies of the BOQs finally hit the 90 mark, which makes this area in better condition than ever before. Again much credit is due these boys and congratulations are in order.

With one more inspection week remaining, before the plaque changes hands, the Medics, still hold the lead; however, Mess Hall No. 2, Officers Mess, Bomb Range and the Post Exchange are not to be overlooked. The WAC's Mess, which now holds the plaque, is well up in the 90 mark and is determined to keep it.

All messes for last week hit the 90 mark with the exception of Number 3, which lost the plaque by half point last month.

The Medics, WACs, Aviation Squadron tied for first place in barracks and latrine sanitation. Major R. T. Hernlund's 93rd took a leap from 19th place to tie for 2nd which is about the outstanding change in barracks and latrine sanitation. Congratulations.

With the constant changes in the trainees assignments, their barracks yet remain a problem; however, the 435th and 28th Squadrons showed a marked improvement over last week. Major W. H. Butters' 93rd hit a new low of 59.

With seven more organizations yet to reach the 90 mark, the sanitary conditions of the Base are satisfactory, and the general average of the Base remains at 90.5 per cent or half point gain over last week.

Post Exchange	93
Capt. W. O. Hedley	
Officers Mess	93
Lt. F. H. Penney	
Guard Squadron	92
Mr. C. F. Knaide	
WAC Mess	92
Lt. M. A. Stewart	
Mess No. 1	92
Lt. D. M. Roberts	
Bomb & Gunnery Range	91
Lt. E. C. Siemon	
Mess No. 4	91
Capt. F. W. Shulenberg	
Mess No. 3	83
Capt. F. W. Shulenberg	

AIRDROME SQUADRONS

Marshall Airdrm. Sq.

By CPL. M. O'BRIEN

Hullo. Last week we shared a few lines with the hound dogs; this week we'll share the same few lines with GI puppies after that Tues. hike and hope we won't step on any toes doing it. The return march back wasn't too bad since we had the consolation of knowing that after we'd lost all feeling in our feet, it must have been patriotism that got us back to the base.

Glad to hear Cpl. Gabe Gold's wife is on the mend, swell person. Sure wish T-Sgt. Chemerys would give us the low down on whatever technique he uses with the weaker sex.

Those GI dances Tuesday nites at the gym are really something worth attending, and more so since we've got quite an array of genial WAC members on hand to make it a more pleasant evening. So, git goin' guys. PFC Charlie Peppi must like the culinary end of the Army, since he spends plenty of time at the chow palace. Couldn't be KP, could it, Charlie? Cpl. Harry Collings, in spite of his marital status, can be seen with a cute little trick most any hour of the day, even shares his chow with her. Course she's on the other end of the leash.

In spite of Cpl. Pobish's blessings, we got nowhere snooping in the orderly room. The boys just wouldn't give. We did see 1st Sgt. Gaskins at a GI dance with a snazzy little number, but T-Sgt. Marshall was on the missing roster. Too much hike, Sarg?

Although this much is certain, they've got some of the best darn horseshoe twirlers in the squadron. It must be quite a problem to Cpl. Lyden, wondering where his next batch of tooth picks are coming from, what with the timber shortage, etc. In spite of the 7 a.m. roll call, he is still very much asleep until someone reminds him to remove said timber from his eyelids. Congratulations to Sgt. Paul Hess of Armament, who leaves us for the air cadet course. Best wishes, Paul. Just a gentle reminder to PFC Don Schwartz that the next coffee and toast invasion at the PX is on him.

In ending this little masterpiece of mistakes, let's remember to co-operate in every respect on whatever we of the Marshall Squadron participate in—and, too, another word of thanks to a swell group of officers in command of our squadron.

M A L E C A L L

BY
MILTON
CANIFF



Hess Airdrome Sqdrn.

By CPL. RALPH FULLER

Pvt. Finger is away on furlough and yours truly is no newsman, but seeing as how I have been "asked" to do it I will try to pinch-hit for him while he is away.

Our promotions finally came through and where we once had forlorn privates and PFCs there are now happy non-coms all over the place. New "staffs" are: Vinzenz, Bratton and Hill; sgts.: Waris and Yesuvida; cpls.: Badger, Duncombe, Edwards, Fuller, Lenchek, Miller, Garrett, White, Mullins, Trenary, Wright, Ward, and Hendrickson.

We went to the Gunnery Range last Thursday and it started to rain just as we started to fire. The only people who did any "shooting" was a little group huddled in the back of one of the trucks with a pair of "galloping dominoes". The CO soon put a stop to that tho', and we were all glad to return to the Base to dry tents and a hot supper. Our First Sgt. got a stiff neck out of the deal, and he's been in bed these last couple of days feeling pretty low. But he was out at five this morning

SOUR AND SWEET

Band Notes

By SGT. ERWIN WERTHAMER

For the past three weeks this column did not appear in The Rattler for the simple reason that Yours truly was home on furlough and no one else in the squadron had enough energy to sit at the typewriter for the half hour or so needed to punch out the necessary copy. But we are back now, and the deadline will be met every week providing the boys act up enough to furnish the gossip.

For the past two weeks the men (and children) in the band have had plenty of work to keep them busy. What with bond rallies and dances to fill the evenings now,

rarin' to go to work. The entire squad has the "sniffles".

The squadron is out on bivouac now, and the few men left here as guards are sure finding out what the word lonely means. This little tent area is as quiet as the Arlington National Cemetary or maybe quieter.

some of the fellows are donating excess fat to the war drive. But the trouble is that the fellows who can best stand to lose some excess weight seem to be hoarding their share, and actually seem to thrive on the schedule in effect at present. While the rest of us who are skinny in the first place are getting skinnier.

And what three soldiers proved the old adage over the week end, to the effect that while the cat's away the mice will play? At least they had a helluva good stag party an unidentified apartment over the past week end. Some of us never knew what a riproaring good time can be had without women to clutter up the landscape.

The band is slowly growing in size, two new men having come in last week—and we do mean new!—followed by another a couple of days later. Their names are Louis Bromfeld, Davis Ross, and Thomas R. Burns.

The first two men named have only been in the army for about a month, and as such, will need much polishing before they will be able to call themselves full-fledged recruits.

435th Outplays Medics For Crown



PFC Lloyd K. Weaver was among the Medics who tried hard but just couldn't hit enough of them far enough. Gleeful catcher is the 435th's Pvt. Mike Bisek. It's the final game.

The Warm Bench—

Best Two '43 Pro Grid Teams: Chicago Bears, First And Second

By SGT. FRANK DE BLOIS
CNS Sports Correspondent

There is only one thing you can peg your hat on in the National Professional Football League this fall. And that is forsooth and to wit: The Chicago Bears are going to have one whale of a ball club.

The Bears have lost three tackles, Artee, Kolman and Stuydacher, but the rest of the team isn't bad. In fact, Stout Steve Owen, who coaches the New York Giants, says that the best two teams in the league this year will be the Bears' first and second squads, in that order.

"They've still got Bulldog Turner," he moaned softly. "And now they've got Bronko Nagurski in the line, too. That's enough to scare a man to death."

"The Bears have lots of good ends," reports Steve, "and when it comes to backs; well, what do you think Sid Luckman is—a mah jong player?"

This fellow Luckman used to throw footballs with deadly aim and dispatch for Erasmus High School and Columbia University in the town of New York. He likes it in Chicago, too, and right now he's the big bell cow of the Bears backfield. Of course he has fellows like Clark, Famiglietti, McLean and Ray Nolting to block and run and kick and tackle for him and the Bears have come up with a sweet looking freshman back, name of Bob Steuber. Back again, too, is Bounding Bill Osmanski, the old blockbuster from Holy Cross who was sidelined last year with an injury.

This Stout Steve Owen person we were talking about a minute ago has the second best team in New York this year. The best team in the big town is the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the Dodgers aren't very good either.

The Giants haven't anyone around who can fill Mel Hein's Number 14s at center and Hank Soar and a couple of others are away, too. Tuffy Leemans showed up at the Giants Bear Mountain training grounds, but Stout Steve says Tuffy is just going to coach.

Across the river in Brooklyn, Pete Cawthorn has Pug Manders, Merl Condit, Dean McAdams and George Cafego in his backfield and Bruiser Kinard and six guys called Smily up front in the line. Cafego, former Alabama star, recently was discharged from the Army. He's not a well man.

The Washington Redskins have Slinging Sammy Baugh and the best team in the East. The Green Bay Packers have Don Hutson and a wealth of good line and backfield material. The Detroit Lions drew the star box office draw of the year in Frankie

A A B SPORTS

Sgt. Smith's Top Hurling Trounces Medics In Final

By PFC HYMAN BROOK
Sports Editor

Last Wednesday evening the 435th Bomb Squadron became the Pyote Softball champs by winning the final tussle of a three game series, by the score of 6 to 1. This brought to a close the baseball season at Pyote.

The Medics took the opening game by the score of 13 to 9, which led many of the fans to believe they would win the title in a walk (including your sports editor). The 435th came right back at the Medics to cop two straight, behind the superb pitching of Sgt. Harold J. Smith.

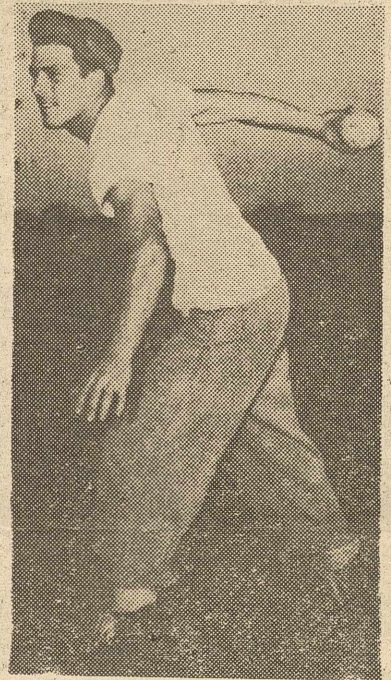
The 435th opened up their rally in the first inning when they came through with 2 runs, 1 more in the second, 2 in the fourth and 1 in the fifth. The 435th boys were really on the beam, as the Medics were only able to get 4 hits off of Smith in the final tilt.

The Medics got their one and only run in the second inning and after that they were dead fish, as they practically went down in one, two, three order. The star hurler for the Medics, O'kenka, was chased from the box in the 6th inning, after walking two men, with two outs. Sgt. Royce Cambell, the Medics 1st baseman, took over the relief hurling, and set the opposition down without a hit in the last two innings of the game.

The final tabulation of the game for the 435th Squadron was 6 runs, on 9 hits and 3 errors. While the Medics got 1 run, on 4 hits and 3 errors. All the officers of the 435th Squadron donated some of their green leaves, so the boys could have a party, and a party they did have.

Sinkwich, late of the Marines. The Chicago Cardinals have Biggy Goldberg and a line that's as weak as Mrs. Murphy's chowder. And then there is the combined Philadelphia-Pittsburgh outfit. They're a nice bunch of guys.

435th Star



The stellar hurling of Sgt. Harold J. Smith had a great deal to do with the 435th Bomb Squadron taking two straight in the finals to win the Base Softball Championship last week.

Yank's Chandler Wins Opener, 4-2, In World Series

Behind the excellent hurling of Spurgeon Chandler, the New York Yankees won the opening game of the 1943 World Series yesterday, defeating the St. Louis Cards, 4-2 before 69,000 fans at the Yankee Stadium.

Chandler let the Cards down with seven hits while the Yankees reaped one more. Lanier hurled until the eighth when Brachein relieved.

Only home run of the day came when Joe Gordon, flashy second sacker of the Yanks, looped one into the right field bleachers.

THE GAME

Team	r	h	e
St. Louis	010	010	000
Yankees	000	202	000

WAC Flak

By SGT. SYLVIA WEXLER

Before this war is ended, we WACs will have as many Service Ribbons as the 19th Group. We started off Saturday by receiving the Service Ribbon for being members of the WAAC before enlisting in the Regular Army. We're sure going after those other Service Ribbons which are authorized for WACs.

The WACs in Barracks No. 3 are bragging about giving up their cadre rooms to the three charming WASPS who blew in on us last Thursday.

All is not well again with Sgt. Virginia Duncan and the Finance Dept. What's the trouble this time, fellow GIs?

PFC Charlotte Gold almost had trouble leaving the Hospital last week as she and her hospital companions couldn't complete that jig-saw puzzle they started. Guess they finally gave it up as a lost cause as we find PFC Gold once again back in the barracks—hail and hearty.

We wonder why PFC Helen Wagner goes around singing "Am I Blue?" Could it have an connection with a tall, good-looking Staff Sgt.?

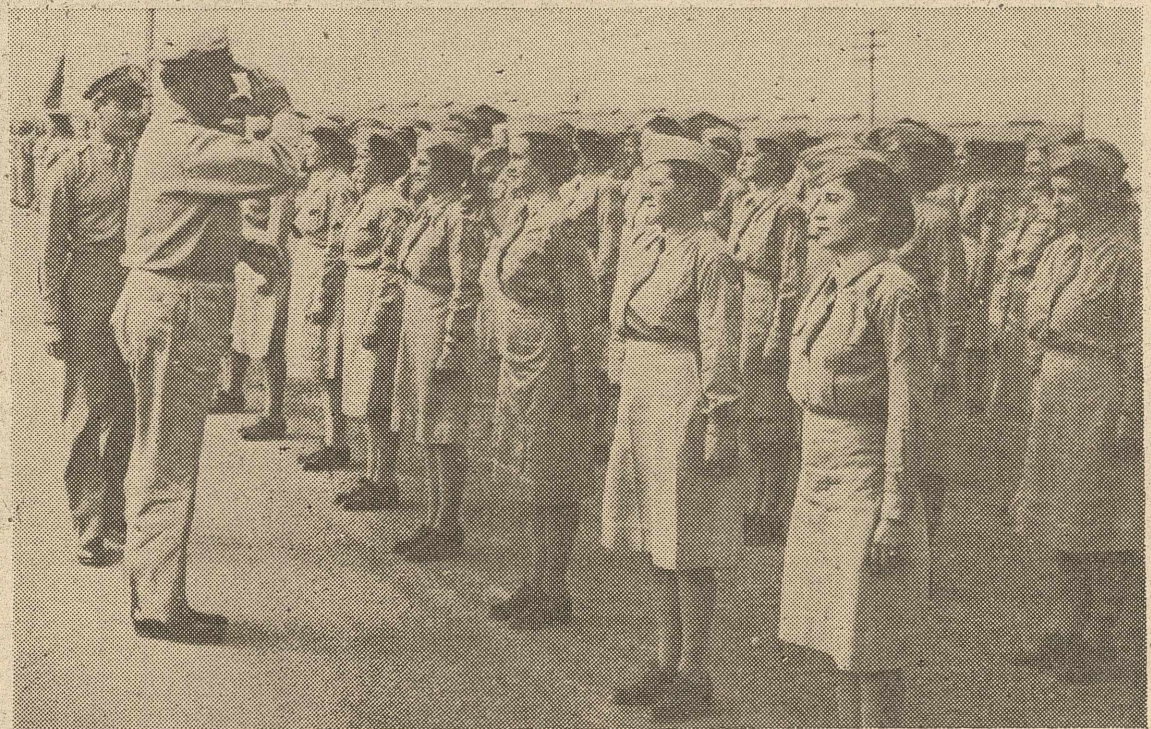
The WACs at Medics are telling the story about Sgt. Shipp's trip to New York City. Seems he had too much partying one night, started to explore around a pool containing about a foot of water, tipped and fell in. Well, he thought he'd sure drown, and when he arrived back at Pyote, was surprised to see a Red Cross Car waiting there. Thinking they had heard of his misfortune and that they were calling for him, he joyously walked over, only to find to his dismay that they didn't even know we had a Sgt. Shipp at the Hospital, and were waiting for another GI.

Birthday greetings this month are extended to our Lt. Marjorie Stewart. Celebrating along with her are Sgt. Birnbaum, Cpl. Riden, Cpl. Daley and Pvt. Berlowitz. Sorry, folks, we're not having our regular monthly party this trip—we're leaving the month's celebration honors to opening of the Service Club.

All you soldier-boys who have been casting your eyes at our blonde company clerk, Cpl. Piercy, better just forget it, as she's gone and gotten herself engaged to Sgt. Frank Havrilko of the Guard Squadron. And there's no sense getting in wrong with an MP—he's got the upper hand, y'know.

PFC Ruby Tolley, our former dining room orderly now working at Quartermaster, sure had Cpl.

Smartly, WACs Receive Service Honor



Members of the Women's Army Corps, who formerly were in the Women's Auxiliary Corps and subsequently re-enlisted or were re-appointed, re-

ceive their service award from Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr., Base Commander, who salutes their good work. Helping out is Lt. Edwin T. Keith, assistant

adjutant. The ceremony took place at Retreat, Saturday, a part of the War Bond Open House.

WAACs Who Are Now WACs Get Service Award

Climaxing the day set aside as "Open House" at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base was the presentation of the Service Medal to the WACs at this Base. This award is authorized to those WACs who have served honorably as enlisted women or commissioned members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps and subsequently enlisted or were appointed in the Women's Army Corps.

The ceremony, which took place

Jack Butler of Base Ordnance pulling his hair t'other night when he called—to find she'd gone off with "some of the gals". You'd better call earlier, Cpl.; she's a popular WAC.

Congratulations this week to the 435th for winning the soft ball game from the Medics. Both the teams are tops, and we sure like to watch a couple of good teams play. Now you come over and see us "sweat it out" and you'll get some good pointers on how not to play softball.

If all you sport fans want to see something really good, don't miss our bowling match with the Quartermasters gang tomorrow night in Pecos!

3 WASPS Blow In With Dust Storm, Get WAC Welcome

Coming in with the dust storm that blew up Thursday were three members of the Women's Air Service Pilots. The weather had become so rough, they were forced to land at our base until conditions looked better.

The pilots were Mrs. Eleanor Moriarity and Mrs. Jeanne Robertson. Traveling with them was Miss Zelda Lamar.

The members of the WAC welcomed them with open arms.

at Retreat, was as impressive as the day the women took the oath as members of the regular Army.

Following Retreat, which greatly impressed the many on-lookers, Capt. Charles R. Herpich, Base Adjutant, proclaimed the authorization for awarding the Service Ribbons. Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, Jr., Base Commanding Officer, assisted by Lt. Edwin T. Keith, Assistant Adjutant, presented each WAC individually with the award, a green bar with gold stripes denoting the colors of the Women's Army Corps.

Lt. Edith Haslam, WAC Commanding Officer, Lt. Marjorie Stewart, Executive Officer, and the members of the WAC Company are happy and proud to have this honor bestowed upon them in recognition of their participating in the war effort.

Pioneer Officers—

Here are the officers who began the mighty task of turning a barren prairie into an Army Air Base: first row, left to right, Capt. Ocie L. Conger, C. E., Post Engineer; Capt. Harold R. Luebke, A. C., trfd.; Capt. Charles R. Herpich, Adjutant; Lt. Col. Clarence L. Hewitt Jr., Base Commander; Capt. V. L. McCroskey, trfd.; Major A. O. Saenger, Sub-Depot CO, trfd.; Major Charles TenHouten, M. C., Base Surgeon; second row, Capt. James H. Meigs, M. C., Ward Surgeon; Capt. Phillip M. Rogers, M. C. trfd.; 1st Lt. Robert C. Russ, V. C., trfd.; Capt. Lloyd A. Taylor, A. C., Base Operations Officer; 1st Lt. Earl L. Malone, M. C., trfd.; Capt. Wade H. Loofbourrow, Base S-2 Officer; third row, 2nd Lt. Edward J. Ziemba, Ord., trfd.; 1st Lt. Conrad Erickson Jr., QMC, trfd.; 1st Lt. Charles P. Ripley, M. A. C., Executive Officer; 1st Lt. Louis H. Norteman, Ord., trfd.; 1st Lt. John A. Emmert, C. W. S., Base Chemical Office; fourth row, Capt. John J. Shields, trfd.; 1st Lt. James A. Wyper, Assistant Sub-Depot Supply Officer; 1st Lt. Eugene D. Taber, F. D., Finance Officer; 1st Lt. Wade H. Lackey, Special Services Officer; 1st Lt. Melvin C. Kirkpatrick, SC, trfd.

Red Gains, Allied Initiative Worry Cornered Nazis

Allied Moves Strongly Hint Balkan Drives

By CPL. TOMME CALL
Rattler Editor

British-American capture of Naples and Foggia, Russian impact on the Germans' Dneiper River line, capture of Finschhafen, New Guinea, and promise of a Chinese offensive rendered the past week one of United Nations' successes in all theaters.

Perhaps the news made Prime Minister Winston Churchill—famous for cautious optimism—indulge in over-optimism, if backhanded. He warned the British they would have to maintain their full war effort without letup through two more years, if necessary. Previously he had promised that Britain's full war effort will continue until the Japanese are completely defeated, a task generally agreed to follow unconditional surrender of Germany.

Does the Prime Minister then hope that the global war will be over in two years, possibly less? His words hint as much. Anyway there is fuel for those who care to burn the fires of prophecy.

On the other hand, the United States senatorial party returning from a visit of all war fronts, except that in Russia, voiced confidence in ultimate victory, but appeared sobered by the possible length of the war. Their views will be given to a secret session of the Senate—which has almost complete veto power in foreign affairs—and may alter this Nation's policy in proportion to the impression there created.

Capture of Naples and Foggia gave the Allies a great supply port, a cluster of airfields threatening Hitler's Balkan sphere of domination, safer access to the Adriatic Sea (invasion route into the Balkans), and a line across Italy that probably was the first major objective of the British and American forces.

The Allied armies in the Mediterranean now have several feasible courses of action. They may battle for the remainder of Italy, heading now toward Rome. They may hold their present line, and use all other forces to drive into southern France, via

Sardinia and Corsica, with or without a twin offensive across the English Channel. Or, they may leap from the foot of Italy and the Middle East into a grand campaign for the conquest of the Balkans, Europe's famed backdoor. Considerable speculation last week centered around the latter possibility.

The Germans were reported fighting Yugoslav guerillas, desperately strengthening their Adriatic coast defenses, including a landing on Corfu Island off Greece. Meanwhile, Turkish reports told of Allied campaigns for the inner islands of the Aegean, necessary stepping-stones for the Allied forces in the Middle East to reach the Balkans by that route. Obvious is the great advantage that would be the United Nations could Russia and British-American forces join hands across the Balkans or the Black Sea.

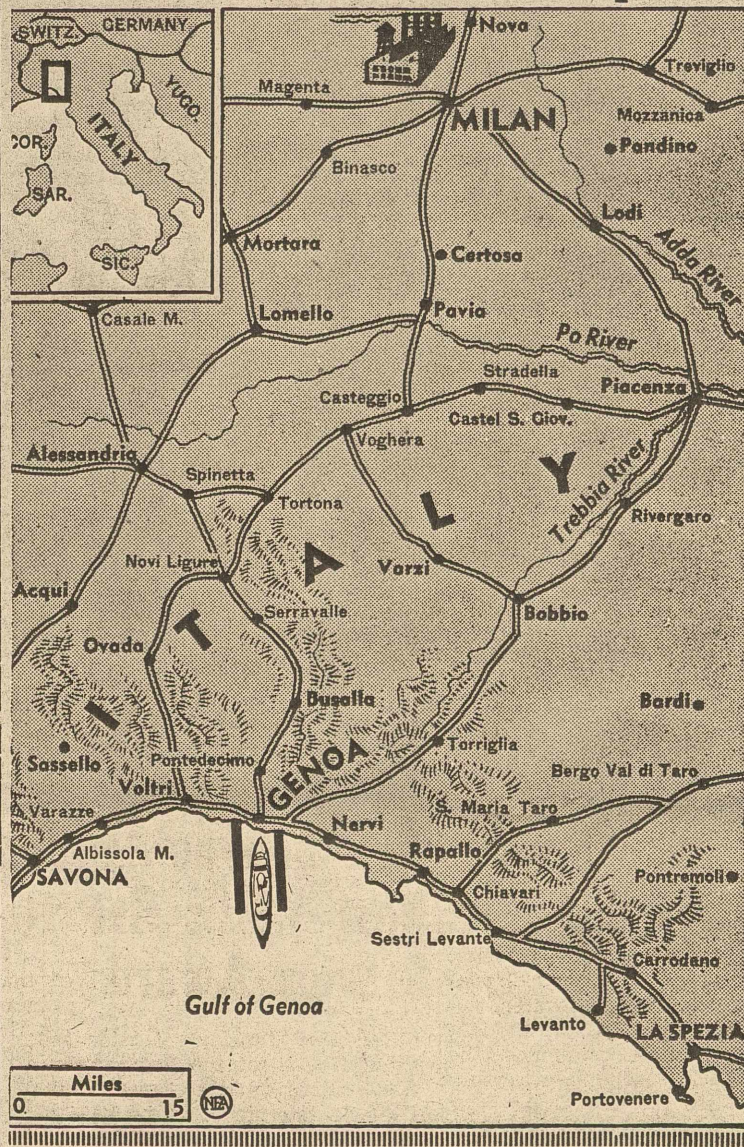
For such undertakings, the Allies have a tremendous military pool in the Mediterranean theater. Announced forces include: four British and two American armies now in North Africa, Italy and the Middle East; General Giraud's French forces; some 100,000 well trained and equipped Poles, and a Greek army, not to mention an estimated 150,000 guerillas awaiting Allied invasion in the Balkans.

Allied conquests in Italy have flanked the Germans' Balkan positions, and demobilization of Italian garrisons weakened the enemy's hold on those captive peoples. The latter also have been impressed by the Red Army's great summer offensive to certain knowledge of eventual German defeat. Such conditions would appear to make a Balkan invasion profitable, if not decisive. The cooperation to come from Turkey would largely determine the cost of such a campaign.

The Red Army's offensive against the Germans' last great natural defense line in Soviet Union territory, the Dneiper River, paused to gather strength for the extremely significant struggle ahead last week. Hitler reputedly was moved to order his generals to hold the Dneiper at all costs. Well he might worry.

To the south, the Russians' farther advance would cut off German forces in the Crimea, render the Black Sea again a Russian lake. In the center, driving toward the great mar-

Battle Prize: Industrial Italy



shes extending into Poland, the Soviet's soldiers threatened to sever connections between Hitler's northern and southern armies. To the north, the Red Army smashed forward into White Russia, menacing Germany's control of the Baltic states. And winter was yet to come.

Aerial bombardment of German Europe should intensify progressively. First, American airplane production alone hit around 8,000 planes last month. Second, as land forces capture new airfields the bombers will be nearer their objectives, and able to hit from more numerous angles. Third, many new airfields captured will enable missions through more favorable weather than enjoyed by British-based groups. Germany's internal bleeding can-

not but reduce the strength of its extended combat arms.

In the Pacific theater, Gen. MacArthur's forces captured Finschhafen, and moved toward Madang and Wewak in New Guinea. Thus, the Americans and Australians controlled a strategic peninsula reaching out toward the eastern tip of New Britain Island, on the other end of which is Rabaul, enemy naval and air base and biggest prize in that theater.

Meanwhile the Chinese repulsed Japanese drives, apparently designed to disperse Chinese concentrations gathering for an offensive of undisclosed magnitude against the invader. As for the hinted Chinese offensive, one Chungking general said: "I don't think you will be disappointed."