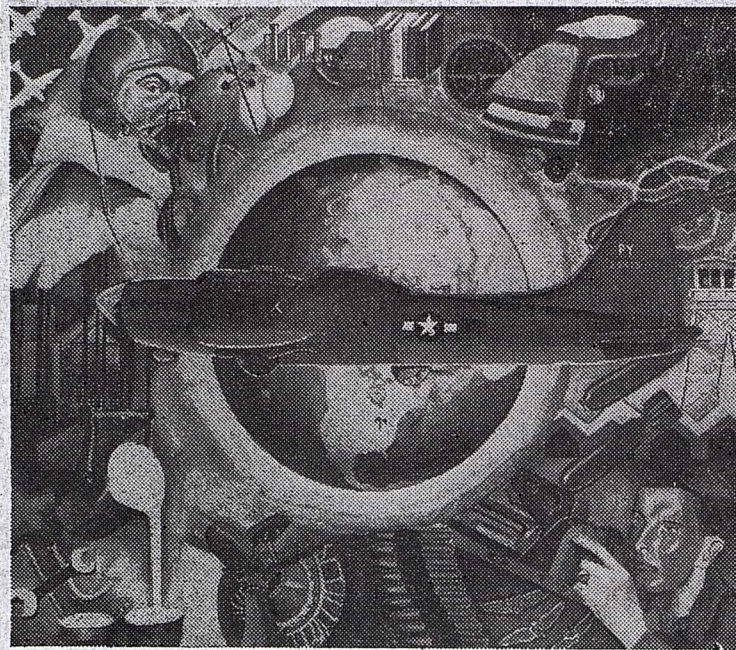


THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Army Air Field
VOL. 2, NUMBER 2 PYOTE, TEXAS MAY 4, 1944

FREE

Mural Tells 'Pyote Story



The above mural, the work of S-Sgt. Walter Seefeldt, tells the story of the purpose and function of the Pyote Field. Located in the Officers Club, Sgt. Seefeldt's work has occasioned much admiration. It was a long, tedious job but was one well-done.

Foster Festival Tonight At Service Club

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Bank Opens

Page 2

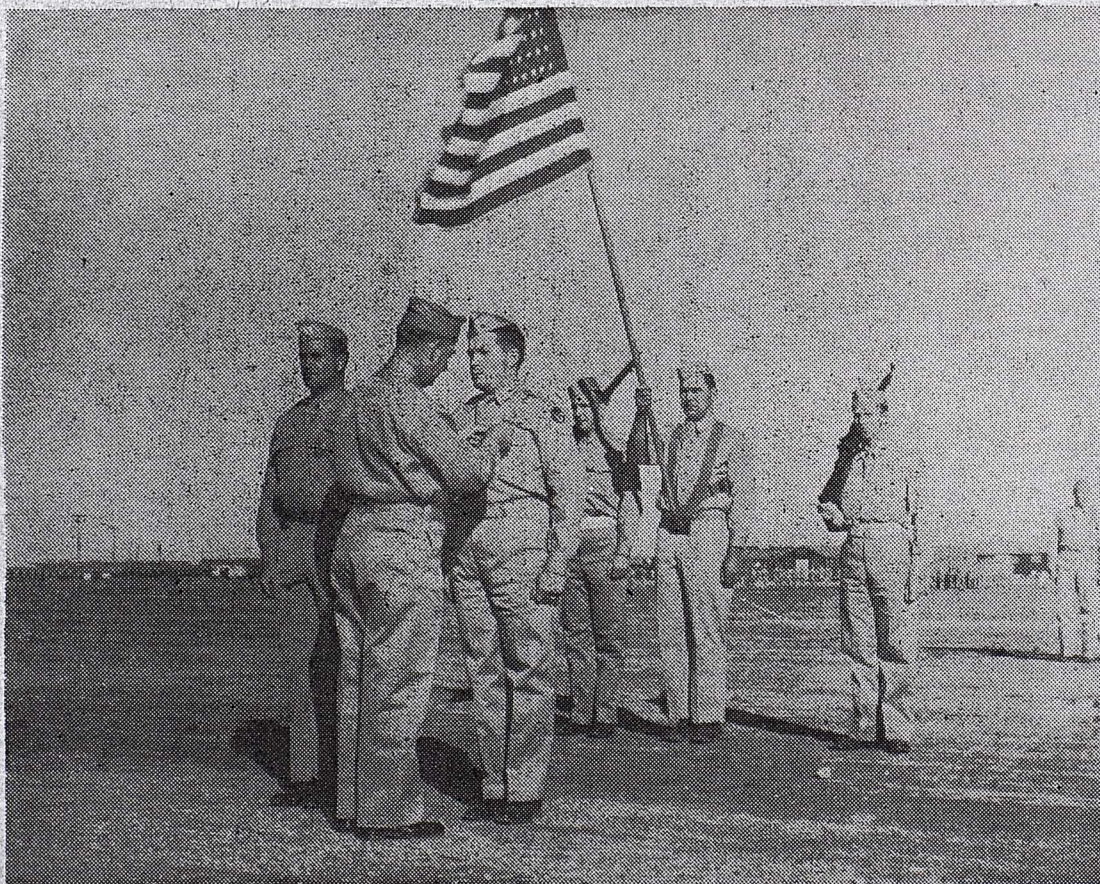
War Essay Contest Now Underway

Page 2

Talent Show

Page 4

Highlight of Saturday's review was the presentation by Colonel Bernard T. Castor, Station Commandant of two Air Medals to two officers of Section F. In the photo on the right, 1st Lt. William I. Sage of New Albany, Indiana receives his award from the Colonel which was presented for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flights in the Southwest Pacific area. At the time of the action Lt. Sage was a Staff Sergeant and was a bombardier on a Flying Fortress..



Banking Facilities Available Here Next Monday

A long anticipated facility of the Pyote Field will become a reality on Monday, May 8th when the First National Bank of Midland will open banking facilities here for the use of all personnel of the Air Field, military and civilian alike.

Complete in every detail, this bank will be operated by Mr. J. Powell, of the First National Bank of Midland and the bank itself will be located in Building T-545, which is just south of the Section F, Orderly Room.

Banking hours are from nine a.m. until three p.m. on weekdays and from nine until 1 p.m. on Saturdays. The bank will not be open on Sundays.

This fiscal agency will handle all normal banking facilities except making loans. Checking accounts, cashing of checks, selling American 'Express Travelers' Checks and bank money orders will all be part of its work.

The new enterprise is strictly a civilian undertaking and has been installed here after more than a year of negotiation in order to provide the personnel of Pyote with all possible facilities.

There are various rules and regulations promulgated by the banking authorities and these will be published in a memorandum.

All deposits in this bank will be insured under the terms of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Sgt.: What do you mean I have baby hands?"

Gal.: "They're just beginning to creep."

HARVARD, NEB. (CNS)—Robert Pinckney, 16, who last summer bought the town jail for \$1.50 at an auction, recently sold it at a profit of \$60 to a man who plans to turn it into an icehouse.

As you no doubt know, "The Rattler" had a birthday last week and to mark the occasion, the WAC organization came through handsomely and turned out a triple decked chocolate cake which disappeared as rapidly as money on the day after the eagle flies. Shown digging in are, left to right, Major Thomas D. Haigh, Colonel Bernard T. Castor, (who cut the cake), WAC Roberta Eiselstein, who baked it and Lt. Edith Haslam, WAC CO, whom the Rattler thanks. It was very enjoyable while it lasted. The only trouble being that it didn't last long enough.

'Why I Am Fighting' Contest Open To All G.I. Personnel

Loud has been the mourning and long the bleating of a large portion of the citizenry when it comes to discussing the ability of the average American soldier to think. This certain portion of the populus is firmly convinced that the soldier's thoughts never go further afield than women, gambling and drink. "The Rattler" is convinced that this is just so much hogwash and is inaugurating an essay contest on the subject "Why I Am Fighting".

The rules of this contest are simple. Essays, compositions, etc. can range from one hundred to four hundred words in length. They can be typed, written in ink pencil or printed. It doesn't make any difference. We want you to put on paper the reasons which you firmly believe compel you to fight rather than hold a box-seat on the sidelines.

Entries must be in the Public Relations Office by May 20 at the latest in order to be considered for the prize money which has been donated by the Special Service Office. First prize will be ten dollars, second prize five dollars and third prize, three dollars.

The three winning essays, as chosen by the judges (names to be announced later) will be printed in the May 25th issue of this paper.

Undoubtedly some will greet this contest announcement with loud laughter, saying that there isn't a soldier at Pyote who will take the time to sit down and try to put his thoughts about war on paper. The editors of this paper feel differently. Any officer or enlisted man who wishes to sub-

mit an entry may do so. We believe there is a large majority of men here who realize the issues at stake in this war and we think they they would welcome the opportunity to say so.

Literary style or neatness of entry will have no bearing in the judging of essays. What we want are your sincere thoughts on why you are fighting.

So, from here it's up to you.

The contest is open to all military personnel except members of "The Rattler" staff.

Three Men Tie In Physical Test

Three men tied for first place in the recent Physical Fitness tests as conducted in accordance with the physical training program of the Second Air Force.

Top men were Lt. Gilbert P. Roberts of Section D who scored 85 points with 114 situps, 19 pull-ups and a time of 50 seconds in the 300-yard shuttle run.

Lt. Thomas Rew did 114 situps, 15 pull-ups and ran the race in 45 seconds while Lt. Hugh Evans did 81 situps, 15 pull-ups and handled the shuttle run in 47 seconds.

On paper, all the above looks easy but have you ever tried to pull yourself over that chinning bar more than twice. It's rough, brother.

Girls who wear girdles. Seldom jump hurdles.

Non Com Club Slated For June Opening

A non-commissioned officers Mess Club, second to none, will open its doors for business about the first of June, if plans, as formulated by the temporary committee, go through.

According to Master Sgt. Morris E. Taylor, temporary chairman, practically one hundred percent backing was given the newly formed club by the top three graders on payday when the men in these brackets were asked to join the budding organization.

Backed enthusiastically by Colonel Bernard T. Castor, the non-commissioned officers mess will provide the top three graders with a club they can call their own. According to Sgt. Taylor, the club plans to make a modest start in its quarters which formerly was the Guard Squadron Mess Hall.

S-Sgt. Walter Seefeldt has drawn up the plans for renovating and remodeling the building and work is scheduled to start immediately.

Monthly dues for the present are three dollars but according to the temporary officers this figure will be lowered materially as soon as the organization gets on its feet. As with all other clubs on the Field, the noncoms' club must be maintained on a sound financial basis. This is one of the requisites of a good organization and according to Sgt. Taylor, if the club proves itself, Col. Castor has said that the club will be given larger quarters in a short time.

Shortly after the official opening of the club, a regular election for permanent officers will be held.



Old Black Joe' Holds Sway At EM Service Club Tonight

Band And Monahans Choral Group Present Stephen Foster Program

One of America's best known and loved composers will be honored tonight when a Stephen Foster Music Festival, featuring the music of the Pyote Band and a choral group from Monahans will be presented at the EM Service Club. The program is scheduled to start at 8:30 p.m. and all are welcome.

Sponsored by the Monahans Chamber of Commerce, this same program was presented last night at the local high school and played to an appreciative capacity audience.

Soloists for the performance will be Chaplain Edwin T. Norton, Mrs. J. A. Hutchinson and Sgt. Connel Zerman. Chaplain Norton will sing one of Foster's most popular ballads, "Old Black Joe."

In addition to the choral group and band, a quartet composed of Chaplain Norton, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Van and J. C. Dunagan will present a selection.

Other military personnel stated to appear during the evening include Pfc. Warren Koxvold and Pfc. Ed Kooops, the latter as master of ceremonies.

Music for this program was secured from Foster Hall, Indianapolis, by Mr. Zimmerman, Pyote Band leader, who has handled the direction of this choral group.

The program will be climaxed by a special, full symphonic fantasy of "Old Folks at Home", arranged especially for the performance by Pfc. Bernard Tipple.

Among some of the selections to be heard are "Nelly Was A Lady", "Oh, Susanna", "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" and "Beautiful Dreamer".

This program will mark the first joint endeavor along these lines by the civilians of Monahans and the Pyote soldiers and should be an entertaining evening. It's on the cuff, so drop into the Service Club tonight at 8:30 p.m. You'll be pleasantly surprised.

● Vermont was the first state admitted to the union after the 13 original colonies.

● The Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Utah, required 40 years to build.

● Nearly 50 per cent of Bolivia's rich tin deposits are controlled by one man.

Wink's USO To Be Ready 'Soon'

With the major portion of the furniture having arrived and other furnishings installed and ready for use, Wink's USO center is slated to open within the next few days, R. F. Mackin, local chairman of the USO said yesterday.

The Wink USO building is large and has been completely renovated and remodelled, especially for USO purposes. Rest rooms, baths and such have been finished and ready for use. Writing desks, card tables, chairs, divans, rugs, magazine and newspaper racks, floor lamps, desk lamps and many other articles are already installed, with still some to come, which should be here in time for use and occupancy of the club.

Free Spaghetti Feed At USO Tonight

Spaghetti slingers will get a chance to eat some real "past'e fazzulli" tonight at the Monahans USO, at 6:30 p.m. Director Edward Palangi is sponsoring the dinner for the first 50 G.I.'s that show up.

Sgt. Mickey Caputo will be the Chef, and Mickey can really make Spaghetti-eaters feel as if they were eating at home. Sgt. Caputo who has been a chef in civilian life, is now a Baker at Mess No. 2 and Mickey can twirl a mean plate. There will be no charge for the dinner.

USO SCHEDULE

Thursday, May 4—7 p.m., Spaghetti and meat balls, Sgt. Mickey Cupido. 8:30 p.m., Hobby hour, Mrs. M. L. H Baze

Friday, May 5—Informal activities

Saturday, May 6—USO Council Welcome Party. Dance, Pyote Field Band.

Sunday, May 7—11 a.m., Coffee hour. 6:30 p.m., Buffet supper. 7:30 pm. Song fest.

Monday, May 8—8:30 pm., movie. As you like it.

Tuesday, May 9—Marshmallow roast in picnic ground. American Legion meeting, 9 p.m.

Wednesday, May 10—12 noon, Better Halves Club luncheon. 8:30 p.m., Catholic Discussion Group, Chaplain Gannon. Photography, Mr. Pinkerton.

Wins Award



Colonel Castor prepares to pin on Captain Edward R. Yerington, Section F, the Air Medal which was presented for meritorious achievements while participating in aerial flights from December 8, 1941 to November 6, 1942 in the Southwest Pacific area. The citation reads: The accomplishments of these missions involved long range reconnaissance where the hazards of tropical storms and enemy interference were present." At the time covered Captain Yerington was a first lieutenant.

At Service Club

Thursday, May 4—E.M. Wives Luncheon, 1200. German class at Courts and Boards, 2000. Musical Festival, Rec. Hall, 2000.

Friday, May 5—Dance, 2030. (In patio, if weather permits)

Saturday, May 6—Open.

Sunday, May 7—Free doughnuts and coffee. Radio broadcast, 1700, Theater No. 2.

Monday, May 8—Free movies, 2100.

Tuesday, May 9—Free mending by Monahans Red Cross Ladies, 1130 to 1730. Junior Hostesses from Monahans in Club.

Wednesday, May 10—Junior Hostesses from Wink and Kermit.

BEECH GROVE, Ind. (CNS)—A motorist convicted of driving while intoxicated was fined \$50, sentenced to serve six months on the penal farm and barred from driving a car for the next 25 years.

BELLPORT, R. I. (CNS)—Frank Trotta has papered the walls of his newsstand with letters he received from GIs abroad. He's got hundreds of 'em.

Pyote Men Have Chance To Join Queen Of Battle

If there are any men here at Pyote who might like to transfer their prowess to the Infantry, this is a golden opportunity. According to a War Department announcement, enlisted men under 32 years of age in all arms and services of the Army on duty within the continental United States may now request transfer to the infantry. Initiation of the request is left to the individual but it must of course go through channels.

Enlisted personnel who are prohibited from applying for transfers include:

1. Those in replacement training centers, or enlisted specialists schools operated by or under the supervision of the Army Service Forces, either trainers or trainees, and those in Zone of Interior personnel replacement depots.

2. Certain Army Air Forces personnel, including aviation cadets or aviation students in flying phases of their training; enlisted men either trainers or trainees in Army Air Forces flying, technical, or factory schools; and enlisted men classified in and assigned to duty in certain AAF job groups such as air crew, airplane engine specialist, electrical specialist, parachute pilots, instrument specialist, propeller specialist, radar mechanic, radar operator, sheet metal worker, trainer equipment and weather.

3. Certain military occupational specialists, in the AAF, such as aerial photographers, aerial torpedo mechanics, aircraft welders, airplane armorers, radio operators and mechanics, power turret and gunsight specialists, bomb-sight mechanics and radio mechanics.

4. Enlisted men assigned to units which are alerted for, or under movement orders for overseas service.

5. Men listed as critically needed specialists.

Enlisted men desiring to volunteer for the Infantry will make written request through prescribed military channels to the Adjutant General, giving name, grade, age, Army serial number, organization and their military occupational specialists (MOS) and specification serial numbers (SSN), according to duty assignment. Commanders of units or installations to which the enlisted man is assigned will certify as to physical qualifications. The requests will be forwarded immediately to the Adjutant General, with those forwarding the requests confining any remarks to recommendations regarding the merits of the case.

Wide Open Talent Quest At Service Club Monday

A talent show to end all talent shows is in the offing at the Service Club Monday night according to the Special Service Office.

Any and all who can play any instrument, sing in any key or off-key, in fact, any who can entertain in any manner at all are invited to come to the Service Club and give out with their selections.

The toughest judges in the world, G.I. Joes, will tell each performer just what they think of him or her and the offering.

Prizes will be awarded to the winning entrants, and they will be hard-earned.

It's Monday night, 8:00 p.m. at the Service Club. This is the opportunity all latrine baritones and tenors have been awaiting. Here's your chance to strut your stuff in public. Don't be bashful . . . just get up and give out . . . and await the verdict of the assembled soldiers.

Radio Show Sunday At No. 2 Theater

A madcap show, "Bombs Abursiin," designed to entertain and not educate, will be presented Sunday, May 7 at Theater No. 2 from 5:00 to 6:00 p.m. Broadcast over KIUN, Pecos, this show will set a new high in entertainment here at Pyote. We guarantee you'll enjoy it. So if on the Field, drop into Theater No. 2 before 4:55 p.m. and see what makes a Section 8. If at home or in the barracks, fiddle with your radio and see if you can pick it up. It will be different.

They called the show which was presented at the Recreation Hall last Wednesday night, "Tons of Talent" and pound for pound, the boys were good and the show was a success. Playing to a good, receptive house, Tons of Talent, eemceed by Sgt. "Pop" Jacobs, was a hit and speaking for ourselves, there should be more of 'em.

Top photo shows three Hawaiians from the madcap Medics who have never been closer to Hawaii than a can of crushed pineapple but they sang the songs of the island better than the natives. Lower photo shows the Band and participants singing the National Anthem for the grand finale.



Beauty And The Beasts



Beauty pays off and we don't mean the three faces in the above shot. Lt. George A. Hoffman, SSO, is shown presenting S-Sgt. Mason Parvin with a check for first prize in the recent beauty contest in which

Sgt. Parvin's entry copped first prize. Third prize winner, S-Sgt. Gordon R. Larson stands on the left. Second prize winner PFC. Don R. Morris wasn't available when the shot was taken but he also collected his money.

Those Gold Bars Hard To Get

After graduating the classes now in progress, no new applications will be received for Officer Candidates at the following schools: Antiaircraft Artillery, Camp Davis, N. C.; Armored, Fort Knox, Ky.; Cavalry, Fort Riley, Kans.; Chemical Warfare Service, Edgewood Arsenal, Md.; Coast Artillery, Fort Monroe, Va.; Military Police, Fort Custer, Mich.; and Tank Destroyer, Camp Hood, Tex. All classes now in progress will be graduated and the schools will then close 'till further notice from the War Department.

Any candidate having one of these schools as his first choice will have his application returned with the explanation the school is no longer open. The candidate will then be given a choice of one of the schools open, providing he can qualify for it.

What's Your Reason? What To Change Jobs

Many are the reasons given when a G.I. requests a reclassification but it seems as though the following deserves some distinct place in the files. According to the Classification Officer, the following opus was forwarded to his hands through the proper military channels.

"This request for reclassification, is made due to the fact that 055s seem to be in great demand for shipment overseas. I think it will be much safer to be classified as an 835 at the present time (until they start calling for 835s)."

FLAG AT HALF MAST

The flag in front of Station Headquarters hung at half-mast Monday to pay respect to the late Frank Knox, former Secretary of Navy, who died of a heart attack.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:**Batting Breeze With Brass
Easy for Fock-Wolf Killer****Kayos Two Jerries In One Day;
Now Ready for Another Shot**

Tech. Sgt. Jerome H. Scheer, Engineer-Gunner of Section I, Flight A, Combat Crew Detachment, is polishing up his 50 cal. in the upper turret, for another crack at Jerrie, after putting in 50 missions over France, Italy, Africa and Sicily.

Participant in as hair-raising a mission as any dime-novel writer could dream up, Sgt. Scheer, 22 year old sharp-shooter, had to be coaxed considerably to dish out the story of downing two German planes in one day.

A little guy, weighing 145 pounds, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, and a fast talker, Scheer said,

"We were five minutes away from the target over North Africa, and had already dropped our bombs when I saw the FW 190 coming in high at twelve o'clock. We had two motors knocked out over the target and our B-17 had dropped to 9000 feet. I opened up on the Wolf at about 800 yards; got to tracking good and poured it on. The night wing of the attacker fell off, in close, the pilot bailed out."

"Ten minutes later I got my second Bocke. That Sperry Turret will really shoot and it all happened so fast I was surprised myself. Another engine cut out on us and that left us flying on one. Our last engine caught fire we were losing altitude, so we were ordered to bail out. The entire crew made it okay. We landed about five miles from the enemy line, in our own territory. Believe me, that ground sure felt good!"

Incidentally, Sgt. Scheer was credited with downing another FW 190, over France. He holds the DFC, the Air Medal, with eleven Oak Leaf Clusters, and four stars for major battles.

Sgt. Scheer went overseas in July 1942 with a heavy Bomb Group, and saw 16 months of combat service.

Bats Breeze With Brass

One of the highlights in his experience was the first bombing of Rome. His ship was the lead ship and dropped the first block-buster which probably rattled some of the ancient Romans in their biers, beneath the soil! General Atkinson was Scheer's pilot and Colonel Gormley was the co-pilot on this mission. Imagine battling the bull over the interphone with a general and colonel! Scheer says they were regular guys.

However Scheer's brush with royalty did not end here. In the famed bet with General Montgomery and an American general to see which one got to Sfax, North Africa first, Montgomery

won, and Scheer's crew was assigned to fly General Montgomery around Cairo, Jerusalem and other places for a couple of months.

Scheer's squadron saw plenty of action, as can be attested by the fruit salad covering Scheer's blouse. They got cracks at destroyers, convoys and targets of all kinds. His toughest mission was over Brest down the famed "flak-alley" of Europe.

Queried as to which gals he preferred, Scheer grinned and said, "I kind of favored the Scot girls. Not that I'm scotch with my sheckles, I just liked them best." You noticed he said "best", which still leaves the field wide open.

Sgt. Scheer attended high school in Los Angeles and also operated a bar with the bizarre name of "Pago-Pago" in New York, N. Y. He made lots of friends at Ft. Douglas, Geiger Field and Curtiss-Wright Engineering School before reaching Pyote. After the war he intends to return to New York.



Thursday—"Uncertain Glory", with Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas and Gene Sullivan. Also, Paramount News.

Friday—"Wierd Woman", with Lon Chaney Jr., Ann Gwynn and Evelyn Ankers. Short—Jack Teagarden and his orchestra.

Saturday—The More the Merrier with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea and Charles Coburn.

Sunday and Monday—Tampico with Edward G. Robinson, Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen. Army and Navy Screen Magazine.

Tuesday—The Whistler with Richard Dix and Gloria Stuart.

Wednesday and Thursday—Follow the Boys with George Raft and Vera Zorina.

Caresses Two Lovely Ladies

T-Sgt. Jerome A. Scheer, Combat Crew Detachment member fondles the stingers of a Flying Fortress as he tells of shooting down two Fock-Wolfs in one day while in action in North Africa. Sgt. Scheer who has seen more action than any pulp-writer ever dreamt of while deep in the throes of a drug, is getting ready to go back for another crack at Jerry. T-Sgt. Scheer has one other German plane to his credit and he can also tell about the time he hit the silk and landed five miles from the enemy lines. For a quiet fellow, he's been around and still wants more.

**JACKIE COOGAN MISTAKEN
FOR A GOD BY BURMESE**

BURMA (CNS) — F-O Jackie Coogan is accustomed to idolatry. As a child movie star, he was gasped at and sighed at from coast to coast. But he had to come all the way to Burma before anyone mistook him for a god.

Coogan, the first glider pilot to land Allied troops behind the enemy lines in Burma, said that the Burmese natives thought he was a god when they saw him alight in their paddy fields.

Captain: "Now tell me what is your idea of strategy?"

2nd Looney: "It's when you're out of ammunition, but keep on firing."

DANCE AT WINK

Rug-cutters and the dance faithful who have enjoyed the music of the Station Orchestra at dances will be glad to know that the Station Orchestra will play at Roski Club in Wink tonight.

The girl who crosses her legs on the witness stand usually has plenty of witnesses.

True justice is when a stenographer spits her gum out of a 54-story office window and then steps on it as she leaves the office for the day.

Hint to all young men: The stork is the bird with the biggest bill.

Enlisted Mens' Bowling Alleys Open for Maple-Smashing

As Peg Keggler would say it's "Sallies Down Our Allies," and so with the opening of the EM's bowling alleys we now add another bit of recreation to the dusty shoes of Pyote.

Six new alleys will be going twelve hours daily, seven days a week, with all of the latest bowling equipment available for GI's. The Alleys will be open daily at twelve (12) noon 'till 12 midnight including Sundays. Four of the six alleys will be used at all times for League games, while the other two alleys will be used at all times for open games. Cost will be twenty cents per line to GI and Civilian alike.

Here are a few rules that may be worth knowing about the new alleys: Gym or Tennis shoes must be worn when bowling. If you don't have your own, they have shoes for rent at five cents per pair for both ladies and men. Fatigues or work clothes may be worn in the Alleys only 'till 6 p.m. After six you must wear your Class A uniform. Anyone living on the base will be entitled to bowl at the new alleys.

Soft drinks and smokes will be sold, and a juke box will soon be installed which will give you more noise than the "Duck Pins."

PFC. Dan Mongoni is managing the new Alleys and Dannie will only be to happy to lend a bit of expert advice to anyone whether it be rules in bowling or on how to bowl. Dan has worked with bowling alleys for 8 years, before entering the Army, and this lad really knows the game from A to Z.

Dan has some real ideas in back of his head on how to run the new alleys and will get them underway as soon as possible. Dannie is going to run Mixed Doubles, Sweepstakes, and Leagues and either Trophys or War Bond Prizes will be awarded to winners later in the season.

Any section on the Base may make up their own team and submit their team entries at the alleys. After all the League teams have been submitted, Dannie will arrange reservations for alleys at certain times and dates so that each League Team can be sure of having alleys for part of the evening without waiting around for an opening.

GLAD TO OBLIGE

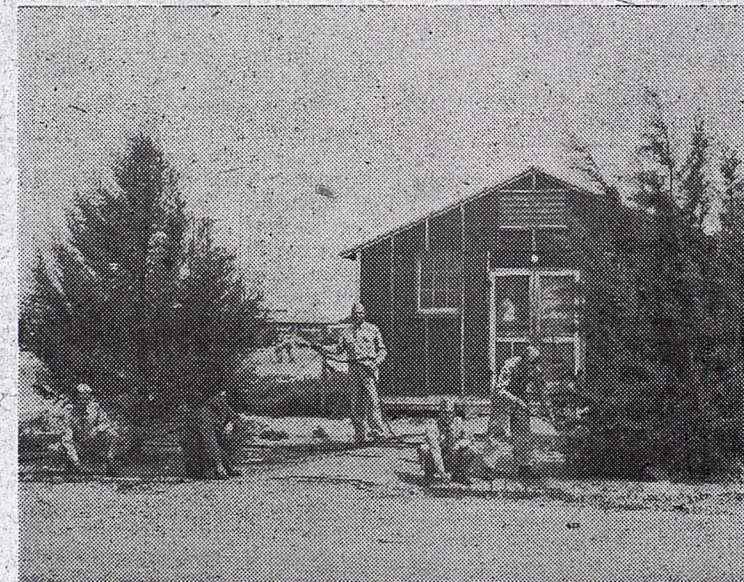
BRYAN ARMY AIR FIELD, Tex. (CNS)—Sgt. August Wolff, a photographer, told attendants at the station hospital that he was reporting for a shot. Before he could explain that he wanted to take a picture of an ambulance driver for the post newspaper, he was jabbed in the arm with a needle.

CHICAGO (CNS)—A police captain, inspecting a squadron of cops, moved slowly down the front line, then passed around the end and moved up the rear line. "A fine bunch of heels!" he remarked. The cops stiffened, reddened, shifted their eyes. "The finest shod force I've seen in some time," the captain continued.

PFC. Dan Mongoni, exhibiting grim determination and some kegling form, lets fly at the Enlisted Men's Bowling Alleys which opened the doors for business last Saturday at noon. Located between Theater No. 1 and the Recreation Hall, the Bowling Alleys (six of them) are available from noon 'til midnight daily. Tariff—twenty cents per line. Mongoni will manage the alleys and prior to his induction did a spot of kegling in his home state of Michigan.

League competition is slated to get underway shortly. Each section on the Field is invited to enter teams in this league. Cash prizes will be awarded. So grab yourself a hatful of keggers and form a club. You can't lose.

Sallies On EM Bowling Alleys



Trees in Pyote is as unusual as peace in Germany but strange to say, there are two Colorado Cedar trees blossoming forth in front of the barracks of the Ground Gunnery Instructors, across from Station Headquarters.

These are versatile lads who bunk there and in addition to also have planted a great variety of flowers with the intent

of beautifying the spot they call home.

Among those who played roles in the procurement of the trees (we might add the only two respectable sized trees in Pyote) and who are carrying on the daily task of tending garden are S-Sgt. Jack France, Cpl. Jacob Niels, Cpl. Leonard Levitt, PFC. Clarence Galloway and Pvt. Schromm.



Q. Is it permissible for me to take out a Class "E" allotment for the benefit of my girl friend, or must the beneficiary be a relative?

A. Class "E" allotments may be money to any individual. The fact that they are not members of your family does not matter.

Q. Before the war I served three ears in the Regular Army Reserve. Does this entitle me to longevity pay?

A. Credit for service in the Regular Army Reserve must be of an active nature. If you went to camp during the time you were in the RAR, you are entitled to longevity pay, but if you did nothing more than become a member, that is inactive service and cannot be credited toward longevity pay.

(CNS)—Michael Denton complained to police that a flock of crows flew away with this wife's clothespins, then stole the windshield wiper from his car.

COULD THIS HAPPEN HERE?

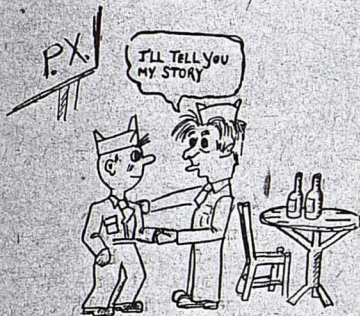
WIERD TALE THAT COULD BE TRUE:
A FORGOTTEN WORLD WAR I CAMP

Chance Encounter at Post Exchange
Leads to Unfolding of Odd Story

By PFC. ED KOOPS

Of late I have been frightened and tortured by wild, wierd dreams. I awake, distraught, nervous—I am startled by the meekest snores. I am, in short, a nervous wreck. And why, you ask, why this premonition of horror? Wh this strange, fearsome gnawing worry in my breast? Aha, I shall tell you, children. And so, quiet down and listen, before Uncle Ed gives you a great big wonderful abrasion on the noggin!

The other day I meandered in the Post Exchange—happy, care-free, a typical G.I. without a care in the world (you know how happy one can be in the service!) when a bus stopped, and from it alighted a ghastly monstroity of a man. His hair had turned white, his clothing was disarrayed; he stumbled up to me, grasped me by my shoulder-patch, and forced me to listen to his strange tale, as we drained the residue from empty beer bottles left in the patio.



And this is his story, as best I can remember it. (Editor's Note: Any G.I.s not qualified for overseas duty due to heart ailments read what follows at your own risk.)

I was hitch-hiking to a neighboring town—a bon vivant chap out for a fast time in town with the boys, whopping it up at Walgreen's over 3.2 chocolate sodas. Suddenly, one of those Texas dust storms sprang up. When it was over, I found myself—lost, lost, lost in the wild Texas plains; alone amidst the cactus and the coyotes, and old copies of the El Paso Times. I would die here—and I was too young to die! But—hark! In the distance I heard the strains of martial music. Oho, so I had been blown clear back to Pyote, and yet—something, something deep down within me told me this could not be so. The section was unfamiliar. Nevertheless, with heart in throat, I approached the sound of the military music.

Then I saw it! A camp—an other Texas training center. Perhaps they could give me the proper bearings to Pyote. But—

strange wonder—that M.P. at the Gate! It—it couldn't be. I pinched myself. (Ouch!) It was!



It was an M.P. all right, but he was conspicuously out of uniform. He was wearing wrap around leggings, and olive drab trousers, cut full at the knee; and his blouse was box shaped, with a collar clinging to the neck and fastened tightly with a button directly beneath the adam's apple. I knew I had seen that uniform before—my senses were reeling!

It was the uniform of the last war!

He stopped me suspiciously. "Gotta pass, doughboy!" "Dough-boy!!" the word echoed in my brain—shades of 1917!

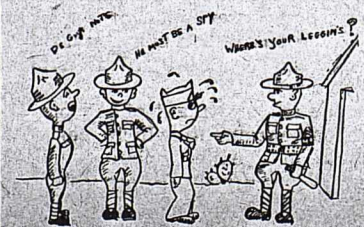
A crowd gathered around, all dressed in world war I uniforms and looking with suspicion on my suntans, tie, and shirt.

"No," I managed to blurt out—almost hysterically, "No, no pass. I'm from Pyote Army Air Field. I—I got lost."

By this time the crowd had grown. There were murmurs of suspicion shunted from man to man. The M.P. screwed up his grizzled face, looked me in the eye and screamed "Where's your leggings?"

"Leggins? Leggins?" I yammered senselessly, "But—they're not the prescribed uniform—"

"Oh No?" he interrupted in that



smirking, sinuous way that M.P.'s cultivate so well. He wheeled around, pulled out the Orders of the Day . . . prescribed uniform! I forced myself to look at the date of those Orders. I shut my eyes, pain searing through me . . . It was April 29, 1944! It was the right day! But—how? What? The old uniforms, leggins as prescribed uniform, the outmoded automobiles I could see near the parade grounds— 1916 Dodge, and a 1917 Auburn. . . .

The M.P. was still yelling at me, "And what would General Pershing say if he could see youse like that? How about the Rainbow Division over at Chateau-Thierry? The A.E.F.???" I stopped him—I sank to my knees, and clutched his legs piteously.

"Sarj, Sargj, you're fighting the wrong war!" They all looked at me astounded. I gathered momentum. "Look, fellas, this is the prescribed uniform for 1944, April 29th! World War 2! You're—you're still calling yourselves "Doughboys"! Times have changed! Marshall is chief-of-staff! And it ain't Pershing, it's Eisenhower".

A few brave souls laughed. The M.P. drew an old carbine pistol from his holster. "Eisenhower? Sounds like a German name to me."

One word burned through the throng that was watching. It caught on like wild-fire. "Spy, Spy, Spy, SPY!"

"Wait, wait, fellas. Remember? Armistice! Remember?" I was out of my mind by now—completely deranged, "November 11th at 11 a.m.—Cease Firing! Remember??"

The M.P. was smiling—a nasty, nasty smile. "Oh sure, sure," he said with too much graciousness, "And I suppose Wilson just didn't bother to tell us!" Everybody laughed.

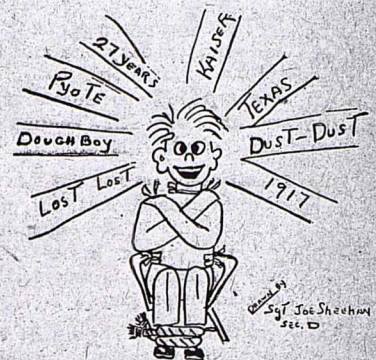
"Wilson?" I managed to say, "but—he died. Then came Harding—and Coolidge—and Hoover? Remember—the full dinner pail, the chicken in every pot." I was getting silly by now. "And then Roosevelt—the new deal! The depression, short skirts, Wally Windsor, jitterbugging. Knock Knock!" I laughed and foam spurted from my mouth.

"C'mon with me," the M.P. said savagely, "You're outa your head." I made one desperate resolve for one last chance.

"Just one more question, please, Sarj." They looked at me, backed away a bit—frightened, "Fellas—how long has World War One gone on?? Just tell me, will you?"

Some timid voice said from the

multitude, "Since April 6, 1917. 27 years the first of this month. But we won't quit—No sir, not 'till we push the Kaiser off the continent. And Prince Bill, too, that Beast of Berlin." Loud



shouts and a few hurrahs greeted this announcement. Some tossed their campaign hats into the air.

And with that they dragged me off to the guard house. The C.O. of the Base came over, talked to me, then stood by while they put me into a strait jacket. He told some Captain to wire General Field, chief of staff, that they had discovered a German spy, who was trying to demoralize the troops by spreading propaganda that the war was over.

How I escaped, I don't know. But I did, and fought my way back to Pyote. You see—and here two Medics came over and grabbed my new-found friend away. I see he got an honorable discharge the other day.)

And that was his story. Do you see what strange fear gnaws at my vitals? You see how I cannot sleep a wink anymore? Do you have any cause to wonder why I have lost my appetite? My initiative?

Somewhere in this Texas wilderness, lies an isolated post that doesn't know World War 1 is over! Twenty-six years after the armistice! Could it be—Oh God!! Could it be that Pyote will be too far off the track of civilization to hear of the next Armistice??? And that we shall be here for twenty-six more years?

As soon as they let me out of this strait-jacket I'm gonna apply for a transfer

The stork is charged with a lot of things which should more properly be blamed on a lark.

Gas rationing has its odd effects. The girl who used to walk home now walks both ways.

Clerk to a suspicious looking couple in the hotel lobby: "I don't believe you people are really married."

"Sir, if my husband were here he'd make you swallow those words.

EDITORIAL

NCO Club Asks Support

A new organization, called the Non-Commissioned Officers Mess Club, is attempting to come to life here at the Field. The struggle for breath isn't an easy one and in the opinion of this newspaper, every possible support should be given the new club. This Mess Club, limited to the top three-graders, has the backing of the Station Commandant and his staff. They realize the need for such a club and consequently have given this organization their enthusiastic support.

The next steps on the road to life will have to be taken by the Club members themselves. All the good intentions and plans of a few men won't make this a successful undertaking. It calls for the undivided support of all top three-graders. According to the temporary Chairman of the NCO committee, practically one hundred percent backing was shown on payday.

That is the way it should be and we only hope that it isn't the novelty of the thing which attracted so many men.

This organization is starting from scratch and in order to build it on a sound financial basis, the club will require the undivided support of all interested personnel.

Not only will these men have to support their organization financially but there will be times when they'll have to pitch in and do a goodly share of hard and oftentimes dirty work. If the men are willing to go that far, we can say without fear of contradiction that the Non-Commissioned Officers Mess Club will be a success.

However, if the old Army game of "passing the buck" or the civilian theory of "let George do it" takes hold, the boys, who have sunk hopes and money into this club, can kiss both goodbye. It was swell idea while it lasted. The members will have to get in and dig and will have to do so whole-heartedly and cooperate with the officials of the organization. If the latter is the case, the Non-Commissioned Officers Mess Club bids well to become one of the outstanding organizations on the Field.

Tentative plans call for the official opening by June first. That's a large order for the job of transforming a mess hall into a clubroom isn't an easy task. But it can be done.

Some have already expressed their sentiments about the location of the club and the inadequacy of the quarters. Admittedly they could be improved but this is only a start. Colonel Castor has said that if and when the organization proves itself capable of standing on its own feet, larger and more adequate quarters will be provided.

In other words, it's up to the fellows in the Club. If you really want it, you'll work for it. If not, you're wasting your time and every one else's concerned. We believe that the top three-graders want the Club and are willing to work for it.

THE RATTLER

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

COL. BERNARD T. CASTOR
Station Commandant

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The Wolf

by Sansone

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"... just help yourself to anything you see, soldier!"

THOUGHTS OF OTHERS

Begged, Borrowed Or Stolen

This represents one of the most trying and dangerous moments of the war for our home front, which not only provides Uncle Sam fighting forces but equips them with all the sinews of war.

It is trying because of the terrible strain of waiting for D-Day—of waiting for word that our boys finally have battled their way up the beaches of Western Europe and established secure positions.

It's dangerous because we know (perhaps unfortunately) that Hitler's ultimate defeat is certain and that the great invasion represents the coup de grace. That knowledge might easily cause us to slacken in our war effort—something which mustn't happen at this crucial juncture.

Any slowing up means unnecessary protraction of the conflict. It means additional bloodshed and suffering.

Take just one item to illustrate—aviation gasoline. Here are involved not only the production and the various operations necessary to land it on the fighting fronts, but conservation of gas by the home front. The black market operator in gasoline is a traitor to his country.

In the first fortnight of the pre-invasion onslaught which began 16 days ago, Allied planes unleashed 65,000 tons of explosives on Europe.

We aren't told the type of all

the planes used, but included in the 5,000 were 1,500 heavy American bombers. We can't do more than give rough estimates, but some of the big fellows burn 200 gallons in an hour at average speed, and since that is 200 miles and upward, their gas consumption is in the neighborhood of a gallon per mile.

The heavies recently have been making round trips of close to 2,000 miles. So if we guess that our 1,500 bombers had a round trip of 1,500 miles, they probably consumed a minimum of 8,250,000 gallons of gas.

Thus there is an American flow of gasoline through the engines of the thousands of airplanes which are tearing into the enemy in preparation for the kill.

And it can be said that all the oil and gasoline which our home-front has given up to rationing in the war effort has been absorbed by our fighting forces.

That shows how necessary conservation has been.

It would be a sad day if we ran short of gasoline on the fighting fronts.

DeWitt McKenzie
AP War Analyst

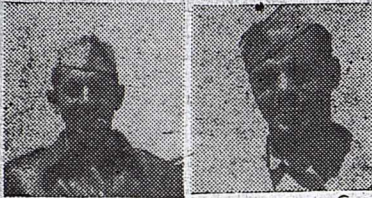
FRESNO, Cal. (CNS)—Mrs. H. L. Marley won her divorce but lost a petition to bar her ex-husband from their home. Hubby told the court he had no other place to sleep.

Pioneers Of CCD Eager; The World Is Their Oyster

Where To Go After War Ends Brings Answers Like A Cook's Tour

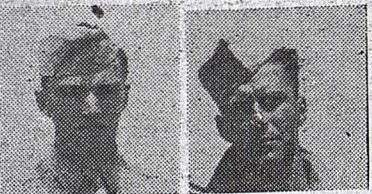
If all Gunners look at things the way the six interviewed in the Combat Crew Detachment do, the pioneering spirit still beats strong in the breast of our khaki-clad citizens, and post-war pessimists can crawl back in their holes or peddle their wares elsewhere.

Here are the ambitions expressed last week when the boys were asked "Where would you choose to pioneer after the war?"



Cpl. Wm. C. Stretton, Engineer-Gunner, Sec. 1, Flight A, from San Pedro, Cal. says "I'd like to go back to South America. Somewhere along the West Coast which is the territory I am familiar with. I was processing shark livers, chemical analysis, etc., for Vitamin A. Incidentally South American shark livers have the highest content of Vitamin A in the world. Things are wide open in South America for any kind of endeavor. Chemists are very scarce. Everything is primitive and the ancient civilization of Peru is giving away to more advanced business, manufacturing, and economical development."

Cpl. T. E. Matthews, Armorer-Gunner, Sec. 1, Flight B, from Newport, Oregon opines: "Alaska is where I want to go. The weather is very much like the Oregon Coast—and commercial trapping and logging are a gold mine. A friend of mine is up there now and likes it fine. You don't have to work the year around—it's seasonal you know and leaves you plenty of time for a vacation."

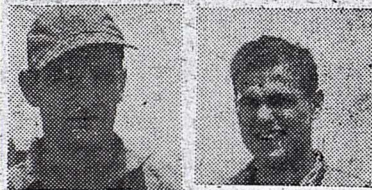


Pfc. R. L. Chaney, Career-Gunner, Sec. III, Flight B, from Prescott, Kansas says: "Canada will see a big boom and I'd like to get in on it. I used to trap around home, as a part-time job and some-times made \$100 a month. It's nothing to make \$300 to \$400

a month in Alaska where the game is plentiful. Mink, otter, silver fox, and beaver bring the best prices. Of course, right now, even skunk is bringing a fancy price but that will play out."

Cpl. Ed S. Czapl, Engineer-Gunner, Sec. 1, Flight A, from Lancaster, N. Y. says: "Mexico will see many Americans living there after the war, and will be the greatest tourist attraction in the world. I've done some photographic work and want to go in there and get some pictures for folders and illustrated booklets about Mexico. Sort of a travelog. They sell like hot-cakes in the East. Don't forget money is almost 5 to 1 in Mexico and you can live like a king on \$100 American money. Besides it is a very interesting country."

Cpl. Joseph Rallo, Engineer-Gunner, Sec. 1, Flight B, from South Bend, Indiana says: "China is where me and my buddy, Cpl. Feleki, are going after the war. China is going to see a big building boom. Or re-building boom."



The U. S. will put lots of dough into it so China can keep an eye on the Japs. They will probably start around Manchuria but they won't stop there. China has lots of raw materials and undeveloped wealth which will make it possible."

Cpl. Dan Balint, 2nd Engineer-Gunner, Sec. 1, Flight A, from Detroit, Michigan says "If I wanted to start out I'd take South America, raise cattle or sheep in some of the mountainous and wealthy mineral districts in Bogota or Columbia. Meat is worth its weight in gold there. Everybody is so busy trying to clean up and hit a rich claim, that the guys who do farming and ranching are sitting on a gold mine the year around."

TRINIDAD, Colo. (CNS)—Eddie Mantelli, 11, penned this plaintive note to the City Council: "On March 16 I paid \$1.10 for a dog license. On March 22 my dog died. My mother won't let me have another dog. Can I have my money back?" The refund was granted.



Melody In 'F'

By PFC. ED KOOPS

Gigs and Ribbons: (Hisses and huzzahs as heard, seen, and passed on by this poor man's GI . . . Ribbons to the PX gals who now say "Thank you" after you make a purchase. We're proud of 'em . . . And Ribbons too, to those responsible for making the price of candy bars 4 cents. It's the little things like that which make life worthwhile . . . Ribbons to somebody at 2AF Hq. for starting the Second Air Force Baseball League. To this bleacherite, it looks good . . . Gigs to the Mess Hall for feeding me, and umpteen other guys, weiners 4 times in 2 days. Understand the boys are taking a roll call on all the mongrel dogs on the base before eating . . . Ribbons to the Base Library for offering a shelf-full of best sellers . . . Ribbons to the Reverend Bernard Gannon for making the Catholic Retreat possible . . . Ribbons to the courageous, pioneering souls who vainly try to make grass grow in front of the Base Headquarters. Gigs to the P. X. Barbers who try to high pressure you into buying shampoos, shaves, etc. when you go in for a haircut. And if you don't, act as though you take the haircut at your own risk.

From the Question Box of the lovelorn column of a Chicago Newspaper we spotted this query "What do you think of a girl like me, who goes out with a boy or their first date and lets him kiss her fourteen times?" Sister, you don't need advice, you need an adding machine!

To whom it may concern: . . . For quite a while we've been doing a bit of popping off in this column—sticking our neck out when things don't seem just right to, and for, yours truly, and umpteen other GIs. And to this writing, nobody has taken a poke at us, nor told us to shut our big mouth. Maybe what we say doesn't do much good. But it makes us feel a little better to say what we think, and feel, and believe, and get it off our chest. The opinion that follows is not necessarily endorsed by the War Department, the section, the Rattler, or anybody,—that is, anybody but me and the underslung, unlucky GIs who happen to agree with me.

A couple of weeks ago, a new furlough regulation came out. And we don't argue with it, we don't disobey it, and we don't argue about it. But we do think about it a lot. And we wonder what the reason is for it. Because we can think of quite a few reasons against it.

To this GI, it would seem a lot nicer to give the boys a bit of a break while they're still on the home grounds, and can still make it to Passaic, Oskosh, or Yakima

Aviation Unit

By J. C. WILLIAMS

Hello Folks,

Sgt. Stanley and Crew from Barracks 1, result pandemonium, ask the Sgt. what happened. —

Cpl. Virgil Madison has left for Tuskegee Institute for a course and will return to the squadron nice going.

There have been 25 trailers placed at the disposal of this outfit for EM, whose wives work on the Base. Line forms on the right.

The Beavers, our new quartet under the leadership of Cpl. Daries L. Morris, rendered several numbers at the Base Chapel and our Chapel Sunday Morning, and participated in a broadcast from the EM Service Club. The following men took part; Charles Abrams, Percy Mays, Calvin Mayo and Preston Crawley.

Did you know that PFC. Joe B. Thompson is a taxidermist (you should see some of his pictures. He is also a Mortician, What a guy.

PFC. Marcellous Billingslea has a nice voice and also plays the piano beautifully.

Orchids to our Squadron Carpenter, Ubby Short, for the splendid work that is being done in the area.

PFC. George V. Summers is a radio expert of many years experience, so take your static to him.

The first job for our taxidermist is a horned frog caught by PFC Sammie Berry.

One pair of pajamas missing, what about it Pvt. Kemp?

Cpl. Daries Morris lost his wrist watch in the latrine, finder please return to the Orderly Room. A liberal reward is offered.

You should have seen George Spriggs leading John Wrenn to bed last night, a sight worth seeing. Wren stands about 6 ft. 2 in., Spriggs about 4 ft. 2 in.

S-Sgt. Johnny D. Smith had a birthday this week. Congratulations Sgt. and lets hope you will be home with the little lady on your next one.

These pinochle players, always bragging, watch out it doesn't back fire on you.

in 15 days plus traveling time. There'll come a day, and soon, probably, when the boys will be too far away for such speedy traveling; and where they can't get the T & P to Fort Worth or El Paso. And we figure the time to let 'em taste Ma's home cookin', shoot pool with the guys, see the big league ball game, and neck with the cute little gal next door is now—now—while they're still in the U.S.A.

Okay, maybe we're crazy. But that's the way it looks to me. And I appreciate having a chance to say so.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By SGT. GREGORY J. DWYER

Well, kids, this will be the last column that will be written by yours truly. Yes, next week T-Sgt. Shipp will be back in full glory. So, now that I have the chance, I really should make up for the cracks that Sgt. Shipp has printed for the last fifty issues. Did you notice the picture of "Baby-face Shipp" in last week's Rattler? It is the general contention of this detachment that all the picture lacked was a number. Poor guy and he tries so hard too!

Affairs of the heart. (The trouble maker of the Medics) Cpl. Frank Mannion and Sgt. Vic Kluczyki are battling over the hand of a fair WAC. We wouldn't mention the young lady's name but she really is a very good cook and can really Frye eggs with perfection. Sgt. Rowland has sent home for the ring size of a young lady, but he has been quoted as saying that he was doing it for some friend.

S-Sgt. Claydon and S-Sgt. Schroeder are feuding. Schroeder has been accused of operating in the Black Market. Claydon has been denounced as a prevaricator and Schroeder states publicly that he is a patriot. No Black Market for him.

S-Sgt. Milton Seigle got himself hitched and our apologies for not congratulating him sooner. Incidentally who was it that made the remark that he was not be mistaken for a 4-F, he was and still is a Civilian on Detached Service. Local 237 attendance has declined for the past two weeks. I guess we really need our Minister of Propaganda to keep things going. Sweet Jimmy Fisk and Lover George Nassif have threatened this column with dire results of their names ever appeared in print. So, there you are, we await further developments. We won't mention any young lady's name boys, after all it might spoil your chances with the opposite sex.

PFC. Alfred Miller, in addition to his many other duties has taken up the art of Nursemaid. Just call on him anytime. He will be glad to take charge of your dog, cat or child. For a very small charge. Pvt. Al Weiss has added a new excuse for breaking dates. He tells the young lady concerned that he has to be Charge of Quarters for the night. It would be alright Al, but privates don't pull C.Q. in this detachment or has something new been added. This column closes with the writer wondering just what the repercussions will be when T-Sgt. Shipp reads this column. Oh Me!

"A" Men

By WARD HOWELL

Ye old Fifth Column has wised up and donned a brand new title. This is your column, Section A men, so if you have any suggestions for a different one, please advise; but until then—we won't just call it a column, but "A" Men.

Out of the three beauties selected last week to be reigning Queens of Pyote, two belonged to men in "A". Heartiest felicitations go to S-Sgt. Mason Parvin for entering Miss Myra LeTeer, winner of first place; and to S-Sgt. Gordon Larson who entered Miss Marian Samuelson, taking third honors. "Pretty" good going for Section "A".

Late—but just as sincere are our congratulations to S-Sgt. Robey Smith and Cpl. Helen Wagner who are now well settled as Mr. and Mrs. We'll really have a double feature at the theater all the time now.

While on the subject, best wishes also go to M-Sgt. Irving Murphy and Miss Rita Ann Reynolds who were married at the Base Chapel. And to Cpl. Erwin Cartwright and Miss Marie Dunn, married in Wink, go wishes for the best.

Sgt. Owen McMahon, allotment General-In-Charge, says if there were a fire at the WAC Barracks it would take thirty minutes to put out the fire and an additional hour to put out the firemen.

Cpl. Mike Fedor says he always thought Manuel Labor was a Mexican man . . . Except from stage show at Theater No. 1 last week (which is really what we need more of) real meaning of the Mother-In-Law Song is Gestapo with bloomers . . . In downtown Pyote, it's Tom's Place . . . Two new boys at Headquarters are Pvts. James Jones and Louis Tice. They'll soon learn to fake a quick attack of hangnails at the prospect of night work looming on the horizon . . . Pvt. Paul "Killer" Botte really shakes a wicked leg at yon Service Club free-for-all on Friday nights. Who is this Bonnie, Paul?

Overheard when Sgt. Freddy Johansen was chewing the rag with Foist Sergeant Vincent of the WAC. (In the feminine, may we refer to you as "Plasma and Intestines," Sgt. Vincent?) "When do I get my furlow—in the next physical year, sargie?"

Ah yes! Ayem roll call. Occupants of barracks resemble a flock of washed out cultured vultures drooping out into the lush coolness of an early morn in Pyotee. Remark overheard in the shower (ain't that always the place?) made by a Pvt. of a certain ranking individual, "I didn't know he came out in the daytime."

WAC Flak

By CPL. EDNA COLLINS

Before we go into the WAC's doings for the past two weeks we want to extend to the editors of the "Rattler" our belated congratulations on your first anniversary. Speaking for the whole WAC company—we enjoy the weekly publication and hope it continues. Incidentally, yours truly thanks you for the plug last week, sure you don't "tell that to all the girls?"

Shakespeare said "Parting is such sweet sorrow" but gosh we don't think so, we said good-bye to three of our sister WACs, Cpl. Helen Hevyl-Rafter, PFCs Jean Morrison and Eloise Carter, and we didn't think it so sweet. These girls were part of the original Pyote WAC company and after spending the good part of a year together it was difficult to see them go. After a delay enroute they will report to Ft. Ogelthorpe for training. Good luck girls and we hope to hear from you soon.

Lose something and gain in return, well that's what we seem to be doing. We lost three girls but gained Pvt. Rose Hussar and 30 other new girls, so that's not too bad. Darn good to say the least. Rose was the WAC in the S-1 section of Headquarters who was transferred to Washington, D. C. to work in the Pentagon Building but couldn't get used to the hustle and bustle so returned to the peace and quiet of Pyote. Good to have you with us again Rose, and may you remain with us until that day we are all waiting for. The new girls are as follows:

Margaret Shevlin, Cartland, N. Y., May Tacchi, New Britain, Conn., Julia Lawler, Philadelphia, Pa., Margaret Link, Groton Long Point, Conn., Mildred Boyle, Nutley, New Jersey, Vera O'Neal, Little Rock, Ark., Mamie Hogan, Palestine, Texas, Patricia Parent, Michigan, Evalina Corhin, Miami, Florida, Mable Koontz, Michigan, Alma LaBranche, Conn., Thelma Chicine, Washington, Pa., Anna Przekup, Michigan, Geraldine Draben, Illinois, Margaret Phillips, Michigan, Marie Behi, Wisconsin, Shawn Smith, Michigan, Cleo G. Jerome, Minneapolis, Minn., Cecilia E. Warner, Akron, Ohio, Barbara H. Colegrove, San Francisco, Calif., Freda Elliot, Chillicothe, Ohio, Elizabeth J. Kuntz, San Francisco, Calif., Dorothy K. Maitland, Port Angeles, Wash., Thearapia F. Sickmann, Marthasville, Mo., Jennie J. Smith, Ayrshire, Iowa, Helen O'Neal, Karlisle, Ky., Elizabeth L. Bingaman, Cincinnati, Ohio, Bonnie L. Olson, Denair, Calif., Mary E. Rhodes, Akron, Ohio and Beatrice K. Stuhmer, Spring Valley, New York.

Glad to have you girls and may

MALE CALL

BY MILTON CANIFF



your stay in Pyote be a pleasant one. "We are right proud of our Sgt. Mary Roman" as they would say in Texas. We hear that you received 100 per cent on all the clothing records that were sent to Grand Island. Nice work but not at all surprising, everything you do, Mary has that 100 per cent way about it. That very charming person Pvt. Nancy Tileston has been entertaining is her mother. Nancy you can feel very proud walking around the base with such a lovely mom and we hope Mrs. Tileston that you enjoyed your visit, it was a pleasure having you with us.

To all our girls and also friends and our friends to be that are unfortunate enough to be spending their time in the hospital, we want you to know we haven't forgotten you even though we haven't been to see you recently. You know a WACs day is a full one and we are kept quite busy. Before long we hope to see you all with us again.

The WACs of the Medics are challenging the rest of the company to a game of soft ball, so come on girls, show your spirit and sign up with the Captain, Cpl. Bobby Zentz, and let's beat them. Quote Bobby Zentz, "there's no doubt about it we will" unquote.

3rd Echelon

Oh Ye Ole Base Ball Players—You did it before and we know that you could do it again. Jennings says, "Some hot games I believe we can show them." Bill Athey come out of that Spin and get in there.

A very nice and well appreciated gift was set up in the hangar for the workers. We will all try to show our appreciation by abiding by the rules to keep the box—Thanx.

We have heard of quiet a few fish stories around here, but the other day Walter Louis was telling the girls of Four-in-one department a tall tomato story. It sounded like this . . . "I worked four hours a day last Spring to raise one tomato. I watered the plants and weeded them. Watched them bloom only for one tomato to grow from it. It was green, then it was ripe, then I plucked it, put it in the refrigerator to get cold, after some five hours, I took this big fine tomato and cut it open. Oh you worm, don't squirm."

We can imagine about how he felt. And speaking of fish stories, just who was it, that was going

fishing including a certain Hospital worker, but just never could get together that certain time? Let's not be forgetting. We are still ready.

Sitting here wondering why Lucille and Fleta are in hot water—seems like it has something to do with a couple in the G. H. (Guard House).

Sandles and trinkets are the evidence of Margaret's and Ruby's trip to Juarez. Had a good time, even took a poor old kid of seventy's fruit from him and ate it all up.

Pousson, from Sheet Metal, says he is glad to see Viggee back from a trip because of the pressure and moving. The Sheet Metal is moving in Welding—Move on down. This Department has several new workers, two I have met are Mrs. Ansel and Mrs. Boggus.

We wish to announce to the public, 3rd Echelon and all Civvies, of the Parties consisting of, Dominoes, Cards, Pool and various games every Tuesday night at the Civilian Recreation Center. Come one and bring all as there is a place for the kiddies as well as the grownups. And don't forget, let's see more people at the Dance tonight. Beginning at eight 'til one.

Sand And Dust Tough Deal For Ex-Fisherman

PFC. Bill Hunter is about knee-high to a grass hopper but Little Bill has been around and most of the time it was behind the helm of his own fishing boat, plying the waves of Chesapeake Bay, Maryland. The cool breeze and salt spray of those dear dark departed days of civilian life are a far cry from the sand, dust and heat and then more dust of Pyote, but Bill just ambles along, carrying his messages far and wide across the confines of the Field.

Chief mercury-heeled messenger for the Adjutant's office at Station Headquarters, he passes most of his time these days, wallowing through the sand dunes and cactus of dear ole Pyote but he has many a tale to tell hidden under his flat blond locks. And most of these tales deal with the days when he didn't know a corporal from a Colonel.

that the day will soon dawn when he can transfer to the Army Air

Right now his hopes are high Forces Emergency Rescue Boat Activities but Bill being forty years old is running into a bit of a snag because of the age limits for this branch of the service.

From 1920 to 1939 Hunter was a fisherman. During this period he owned and operated five different boats, ranging from twenty-five to forty-six feet. He was a handy john around the docks and wharves of Chesapeake Bay and did his own repair work, maintenance and overhauling of gasoline engines. This not only included marine engines but he was often seen sprawled over some dilapidated Ford or Buick which was on its last wheeze.

During this tenure of nineteen years of mackerel hunting, Bill rescued seven people who were tossed, at various times, into the waters of the Bay when sudden storms came up.

Tiring of the buffeting of the waves and winds, in 1939 Hunter turned to the fine and rapidly growing-extinct art of blacksmithing. But that doesn't mean he was busy putting clodhoppers on the galloping gams. He repaired and overhauled farm machinery and for this he is called a blacksmith.

Uncle Sam issued his strident call on August 7, 1942, and PFC. Hunter donned the khaki and set out to see the world. He entered the Air Corps and for the past fifteen months has been at his old post in the Adjutant's office.

Asked for his post-war plans, which seem to be the fashion of the day, according to all advertisements, Hunter squirmed a bit, smiled and said: "I'm going to take a vacation and think it over."

From Sea to Dust



PFC. Bill Hunter is a quiet chap who wends his dusty way around the Field, delivering vital communiques for the Station Adjutant. Prior to his entrance into service, Bill was a fisherman on Chesapeake Bay, Maryland, and to say he misses the salt air, spray and winds of the Bay would be carrying coals to Newcastle.

Sub-Depot Supply

BY CHATTY CATTY

Spring has really sprung, and the lovebug is working overtime these days . . . At least he is around Supply. Another new Bride to Be, Miss Doris Arnold and Bille Marie is working on a proposal . . . (or a good offer) LaVerne Wilson is keeping her love life to herself, or else those wheaties didn't help much . . .

Did you know that Letha and Wooten had the time of their lives . . . in San Antonio . . . Wooten still hasn't gotten the sleep she lost while there . . .

Ruby Davis was away on a much deserved leave, but came back with the report that she had to be a good girl . . . (Her mother was with her)

Still water runs deep. . . and Iris Bishop—that nice quiet gal in the Voucher Section has been seen with the same good-looking blonde fellow at the Voski Club. How about that Iris, are his intentions honorable?

Nina Gramling is now working in the Front Office in charge of Section Three. She's a good worker and deserves the break . . . Good luck.

Ask "Bee" Lovell, why she is always so willing to blow out certain peoples matches . . . Truth or consequences?

Last weeks "Rattler" sure was a super-duper edition . . . Altho they didn't like the idea of my selling autographed copies for a nickel . . . Hats off to the courageous soul, Ed Koops, who so bravely wrote the true facts about Texas.

QM Sees

SGT. JACK CANNON

Hello folks, gládda see ya!

After a few weeks disappearance while this correspondent trekked across our fair land to the home state of Rhode Island, this column again takes it's place in these pages.

If you happen to see any emaciated soldiers on the base they are probably from the QM Detachment. The reason for their hungry look is that we no longer have a mess hall outside our back door but have to walk to Mess No. 1 which is a considerable distance. Many of the boys who have been used to crawling out of bed one minute before the mess hall closed won't be able to make it any more and even if they could they don't consider it worth while to walk.

Cpl. Harold Melvin made a startling discovery before he left on furlough. He decided that he would take a cactus plant back to show the people of Boston a sample of the beautiful Pyote vegetation. After a few vain attempts at picking one up he was heard to say to onlookers, "Gee those things stick into you don't they?" Quite a profound observation we should say.

The QM softball team is living up to pre-season expectations and has two wins in as many starts. Manager Shorty Wilson however

is not yet satisfied and is looking for further improvement. With the new change in furloughs the possibility of being without the service of some of the players is cut down. The team already is pointing to the game against the Canadian Club, whose star pitcher is our own Lt. Ewald.

Upon our return from the East we found that Sgt. Bob Gehlhaart had returned from Camp Lee and during his delay on the return trip he paused in Milwaukee long enough to make "Gladys" his wife. We take this opportunity to wish them both the best of luck and we speak for the whole outfit. He expects to have her with him shortly and everyone is awaiting a glimpse of the fair lady who captured the heart of our Adonis.

We came back to Pyote and found two more WAC's hard at work in our midst. They were Cpl. Wagner in the Ordnance Section and Pvt. May Tacchi in the QM. We welcome them both and hope they have come to stay.

Lilly Ward Roper is sweating out a transfer to Fort Worth and for her sake we hope she gets it but for the General Supply's sake we hope not because it will be a job to find anyone to fill our capable Chief Clerk position.

That wolf call heard around the G.S.O. strangely enough does not come from one of the males but from the N'oth Carolinah gal, Rachel Covington. At times she scares us!!!



**SWEET AND SOUR—
BAND NOTES**

By CPL. GLEN BOOTH

Fifty-two issues and so begins the second year of the Rattler's life. Thanks to S-Sgt. Nash and staff, we have had a fine paper in the past and I know they will continue to give us all what we want.

While I'm still in the mood for flowery speeches — congrats to T-Sgt. Christensen and the gang that put out that sweet Jive Concert at the Service Club. It took a lot of work and time, and Chris did a mighty fine job.

For five months now we have listened to Irv Marder practicing lip slurs and high tones, then Tuesday at the USO show he messed up a high note on Ciribiribin. He said it was part of the act — could be, but we doubt it.

That golden-toned voice over the radio broadcast Sunday was Connell "Frankie" Zerman. He and the Air Base Orchestra did a fine job. This Sunday the No. 1 band will handle the musical end of the broadcast.

Was Koxvold's face red when he opened the door to the girl's dressing room at the USO? If not, he sure uses a dark shade of rouge.

Mr. Zimmerman has put a lot of time on some special arrangements of Stephen Foster songs that will be used at the Stephen Foster festival tonight, at the Service Club. It will be well worth your time to come and hear the program.

LeRoy Kuhlmann better be careful of his sleep walking, as he is about to leave on furlough. Some of the language he uses isn't exactly parlor English.

The bird's eye biography this week, is of Sgt. Lyle Glazier. The Lyle part is strictly for legal work as his common name is Hubbs. The name has become so attached he even gets his mail under the name of Hubbs Glazier. You can recognize him playing lead alto sax in the No. 1 band and also his hair has sort of forgotten to progress for the past few years. Uncle Hubbs was born in Huron, South Dakota, but since he was 17 he has been making the west his home. To be away from home he must go east of the Mississippi. Hubbs has been in the professional music life since 1925 and played every spot west of Chicago and from Canada to Mexico.

He has been a member of Paul Christensen's band and of the Staff orchestras of radio stations WKY, Oklahoma City, and WHO, Des Moines. He was also with station WOW, Omaha, on an NBC hookup. Glazier had his own cocktail lounge orchestra for four years and worked at Paxton in Omaha, the Blackstone in Fort Worth and

Something New—A Cover Gal



More than likely you'll look at the little gal above and swear her face is familiar but for the life of you the name is beyond recall. Well, we're in the same boat. This lassie's name was on the back of same after cut was made, name and address were gone. The engravers did it. She is a Conover Cover girl and her face has graced the address. She is a Conover Cover girl and her face has graced the cover of more than one national magazine. The photo comes from Fifth Avenue, New York, where Mr. Conover has the very boring job of deciding who will become a model. It is a rough life, to hear him tell it.

**Oh, Army steak, I somehow feel
You ought to be more ample;
Are you sure they meant you for
a meal?
You look so like a sample.**

A girl who drinks
Likes an old top kickle
Always ends up
Plenty sickle.
But a girl who sips
A sip or two
Then runs for the door
With the "Women" label,
Always drinks you
Under the table.

others throughout the west. He is an outdoor man and likes hunting and golfing. After the war Hubbs wants to get back into studio work.

Women are wise about facts and figures. A girl with a good figure soon learns the facts.

**There was a young WAVE named
Baker
Who slept while her ship was at
anchor.
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now lift up the top sheet and
spanker."**

Gold diggers are women who relieve second lieutenants of their claims.

**Girls who wear pants
Have a darn good reason
For Spring in the South
Is really "slack season."**

Behind the 8 Ball

By ED RAFTERY

With all the congratulations, felicitations, etc., that poured in to "THE RATTLER" office praising the grand job they have done through the past year we feel sure that forthcoming editions will at least equal if not surpass those already on file. You who have been here since the first edition hit the streets know that these hardworking newshounds are deserving of all the credit and the good wishes extended to them.

Last Friday yours truly was invited to a good old fashioned "spaghetti dinner" but due to unforeseen circumstances was unable to attend. It was served at the Service Club and was strictly invitational so not too many of you doggies knew about it. There were about twenty fellows all told and each praised the culinary touch that Frank Pagliarini and Sam Musacchia added in the preparation of the dinner. It was real Italian style and the boys are crying for another as soon as possible. As was mentioned before, its strictly an invitational affair so don't feel cheated if you happened to miss out on it.

Congratulations are in order for all of you fellows sporting new stripes. You should feel proud to wear them after waiting so long. Any of you newly made sergeants that think you rate more bring your complaints to this writer. Gently but firmly I'll inform you that you have no kicks coming now or for a while at least.

In the mail room the other day a letter was handed to me from the Yanks Service Bureau of the Chicago Sun. It was a surprise in the first place to receive a letter from that organization and secondly the contents of the letter informed me it was tough luck to be allowed only one furlough each year now. It went on to state that the YSB had checked with the Sixth Service Command concerning the cut in furloughs and were informed that there was no change in the usual thirty days a year even though travel time was now being allowed. It also said, and this is a quote, "Of course, the Second Air Force may have its own rules." Tough luck, yes it sure is. I wonder how the YSB ever got my name on their gripe list. The next time I trust that they will spell it right. The new address was correct and all that but there isn't a dogface at Pyote with my name.

We wonder who the wac, Nancy T. by name, has so frustrated in billets 504. He can't wait to meet her sometimes, just rushes off in a hurry all date nights.



RATTLER SPORTS



Leather Slinging and Waltzing



Last week at the Hospital Red Cross Recreation Hall the long-dormant sport of boxing reared its battered head once again as some of the boys put on a few exhibitions for the hospital patients.

Top shot shows S-Sgt. Luther Dodson, right, ducking under a long left of Charlie Bush as they fought to a draw. In the bottom photograph, two lads from Section C waltz with the greatest of ease as Pvt. Melvin Wilken-

son, left, gets set to pound his right into the ribs of Cpl. Isiah Robinson. The latter was a former Golden Glove champ from Detroit in 1938, in the lightweight division. Last week he and Wilkenson fought to a draw.

Plans are being made for the renewal of weekly boxing shows at the Recreation Hall and any interested are urged to drop in, workout and leave their names with the P. T. men there. The more the merrier.

Tuscon Thumps Pyote Twice As Clemenson Misses No-Hitter

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

Jesus, The Perfect Man.

By the late C. P. J. Mooney

"There is no other character in history like that of Jesus.

As a preacher, as a doer of things, and as philosopher, no other man had the sweep and the vision of Jesus

The system of ethics Jesus taught during His earthly sojourn 2000 years ago was true then, has been true in every century since, and will be true forever.

Plato was a great thinker and learned in his age, but his teachings did not stand the test of time. In big things and in little things time and human experience have shown that he erred.

Mohammed offered a system of ethics which was adopted by millions of people. Now their children live in deserts where once there were cities, along dry rivers where once there was moisture, and in shadow of gray, barren hills where once there was greenness.

Thomas a Kempis' Imitation of Christ is a thing of rare beauty and sympathy, but it is, as its name indicates, only an imitation.

Jesus taught little as to property because He knew there were things of more importance than property.

Jesus must have been what Christendom proclaims Him to be—a divine being—or He could not have been what He was. No mind but an infinite mind could have left behind those things which Jesus gave to the world as a heritage."

Chaplain A. Anderson

DETROIT (CNS)—Women are beginning to feel the pinch of the war—in their feet, says Dr. W. J. Stickel, executive secretary of the National Chiropody Association. He pointed out that women's feet have widened considerably as a result of standing on them while engaged in their patriotic activities. Consequently, their shoes pinch.

It was a sad weekend for the Pyote "Dusters", Field representatives in the Second Air Force Baseball League when they traveled to Tuscon last week. The "Dusters" ran into a major league ball team and when the dust had settled, the Pyote team held the very short end of two scores, 14-0 and 21-3. But, whoa, don't give up yet.

In the opener Bill Clemenson hurled for Tuscon and the former Pittsburgh Pirate pitcher was within one out of a no-hit, no-run game when Bill Hogan scratched a single off the shortstop's shins to register the only blow of the game for Pyote. Twenty-six "Dusters" hit the ground in a row before Hogan spoiled Clemenson's bid for fame.

The Dusters have admittedly been handicapped by lack of practice and adverse weather conditions and to meet an aggregation such as the Tuscon team which has been playing ball for a long time is like bouncing off a stone wall.

To add to the misery, both games were played at night and these owl-ball games didn't help the Pyote nine at all. Nine errors in the first game and seven in the second contributed largely to Davis-Monthan's high scoring.

To top our share of woes, our small forces were further decimated by injuries. George Maisi, regular backstop, went out in the first inning of the game with a split hand, and in the second game Al Matalavage suffered a torn finger-nail while George Wynn, Duster first-sacker, came up with a sprained ankle.

Both Maisi and Wynn will be out for six weeks.

The details for both games are gruesome to tell and we'll let it go this time with the statistics. In the opener, Tuscon racked up 14 runs on ten hits, aided by nine errors. In the second game, played Sunday, Tuscon totaled 21 runs on six hits and made one error while Pyote countered with three runs on six blows and bobbled seven. Eleven runs in the third inning of this game took the heart out of the "Dusters".



GIs overseas are going to hear broadcasts of big league ball games this summer although as yet no one has thought of a way to shortwave them the schnapps and frankfurters the concessionaires peddle daily at the Polo Grounds.

The Armed Forces Radio Service plans to shortwave play-by-play accounts of the last hour of a major league game over an East Coast station every Sunday from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. to England and North Africa. Yanks in South and Central America, the Antilles, Caribbean, Alaska and Aleutian bases will get broadcasts of Pacific Coast League games every Sunday at 2:30. A half hour recreation of a big league game will be beamed by five West Coast stations to the same locations five days a week and also to the South Pacific, Southwest Pacific, and the CBI Theater.

BANGTAIL DEPT. Gee-gees now sharing the news spotlight are Pericles, the much drooled-over "wonder colt" who soon makes his debut at New York's Belmont Park; Man o'War, the incomparable, who just marked his 27th birthday at Lexington, Ky., and Sun Beau, third biggest purse-winning plater of all time, who died in dignity at 19. This Pericles cost his owner \$66,000 and is supposed to be faster around the first bend than a goldbrick ducking a week-end detail; This Man o'War didn't cost his owner very much but he won all but one of his races and a lot of money in purses and stud-fees, having sired more children than Papa Dionne. This Sun Beau, no ice wagon swayback himself, won \$376,744 in five years of racing, a total exceeded only by Whirlaway and Seabiscuit. He'll be buried in his owner's front yard under a plaque.

Although Lt. Mickey Cochrane lost most of his fine Great Lakes Naval Station baseball team last fall, he has a new club this year that may be even better. Cochrane has an infield comprising Johnny McCarthy, Braves, first base; Billy Herman, Dodgers, second; Ed Skladany, Minneapolis, short stop, and Merrill May, Phils, third base. Clyde McCullough, Cubs, and Joe Glenn, Yankees, will do the catching, with Schoolboy Rowe and Syl Johnson, Phils; Bill Brandt, Pittsburgh, and Virgil Trucks, Detroit, on the pitching slab. Cochrane hasn't corralled a major league outfield yet—but he probably will.

Latest Dope On Derby Day Classic

As the old time Bookmaker would say and probably still does "You Pick 'Em, We Pay 'Em." Picking this year's winner of the Derby is going to be tough, but "The Rattler" bares its fangs and presents the dope. The Derby runs this Saturday, and as far as we can see, there are three or four outstanding horses which could cop the money in this, the 70th renewal of the Blue Grass Classic.

Gathering whatever information on the Derby from the Texas papers is like being lost in a fog, but your editor will try and give you a round-up of the possible starters which will be at the gate on "Derby Day" and their probable odds. All this is based on the assumption that you may have a small wager in mind.

Little Eddie Arcaro, winning the richest purses down in Florida, came to Jamaica to cop the Wood Memorial which is usually considered as a prep for Derby Day. He rode Stir-Up across the finish line to a easy four length victory. Stir-Up is now the top favorite in the betting books and is 8 to 5 on the line. However the odds may be shorter when the starters reach the post Saturday. Stir-Up comes from the Greentree Stable's. Arcaro has been winning every third year in the Kentucky Derby and Arcaro says it's his turn this year and he doesn't intend to break his record.

Pensive comes from the Calumet Farms and has never ran out of the money since becoming a 3 year old. Pensive is fast on the break, but it's doubtful that he will be able to hold the distance. Pensive will most likely be a 6 to 1 shot at the barrier.

Lucky Draw which won the second half of the Wood, figures to be in the money, and may even take the race. Lucky Draw will probably be the second favorite at 4 to 1.

Other probably starters for the Derby will be: Director J. E., who was an early Derby favorite in the winter books Stymie, Broad Grin, Black Badge, Rodney Stone, Autocrat, Bell Buzzer, Sirde and Skytracer. The latter group will be on the long end of the betting stick if they run.

Sgt. Glennon who wrote his squib on the Derby two weeks ago picks Arcaro on Stir-Up to cop the Derby, your editor picks Lucky Draw, and now it's your turn. You pick 'em.

Then there was the paratrooper who bailed out at 30,000 feet and discovered his wife had cut three yards out of his chute to make a couple of nightgowns.

'Dusters' Open Home Season Saturday Against Clovis Nine

Wind And Dust Slow Softball

Dusty winds and lazy G. I. Joes slowed up the Rattlesnake Softball League this week as only four games were played. The hair-raising dust Monday and Friday forced the P. T. department to call off all scheduled games, and the games that were played during the week were played under difficulties.

The C. N. T. Star Gazers and the Brown Bombers came out on the Field Tuesday evening, and plenty of the boys on both sides toured the bases as the score was 16 to 12, Star Gazers coming out on top, winning their first game. Hughes was the winning hurler, while Taylor of the Brown Bombers took the loss.

Second game on Tuesday's card brought together the Q. M.'s. and Section A's Hot Licks, but it seems as if the Hot Licks weren't hot enough as they took the worst of a 16 to 13 score. Both sides had little difficulty in getting hold of the ball and errors were made by the numbers. Smith was the winning pitcher and was hit for 3 homers by Buchanan, Stewart, and Gamble. Moore was the losing hurler, giving only one homer to Harris of the Q. M.'s.

Wednesday's game was another high scoring spectacle as the Flight Control Static Chasers tangled with the Guards to come out a winner 18 to 9. Daron was the winning pitcher and Boodanski took the loss. Static Chasers bunched their hits together not leaving many men left on bases.

Canadian Clubbers was as good out on the field Thursday as Canadian Club whiskey is at a bar. The Clubbers walloped the Star Gazers 16 to 1. Ewald pitched a fine game and wasn't in trouble once during the entire game. Williams was the losing hurler.

Softball Schedule

Schedule for softball games for the coming week follows:
Thursday — Canadian Club vs. Guards.
Friday — Shutterbugs vs. Quartermaster. — Buzzers vs. Medics.
Monday — Star Gazers vs. Guards. — Canadian Club vs. Crippled Commandos.
Tuesday — Brown Bombers vs. Hot Licks — Cyclone vs. Static Chasers.
Wednesday — Quartermaster vs. Medics — Shutterbugs vs. Guards.
All games are played on the

The Pyote "Dusters", fully recovered from last week's debacle at Tuscon, will open the home portion of their season in the Second Air Force Baseball League this weekend when the strong Clovis Army Air Field Liberators put in an appearance for two games.

These games will be played on the athletic field, opposite the Station Hospital, and are scheduled to get underway at 3:00 p.m. Appropriate plans are being made for the opening game and it is expected that Col. Bernard T. Castor, Station Commandant, will be on hand to toss out the opening ball. The Field Band also will be present to add the big league touch to the Pyote Opening Day ceremonies. Now all we need is Judge Landis and his famed crushed fedora.

While the "Dusters" looked ragged last week, this weekend should present a different picture. Wholesale revisions in the lineup should add new punch and staidier defense to the "Dusters".

The Liberators are said to be one of the strongest aggregations in this loop. Featuring a hard-hitting attack, backed by strong hurling, they bid well to finish at the top of the heap.

Raring back and fogging 'em through for the Dusters in these two games will be Moran and Ward with Lt. Hal Glucksman handling the slants behind the plate.

This marks the first attempt on Pyote's part to entertain a visiting baseball team so let's get out and root, root, root for the home team.

The games may be wild and wooly but they're plenty interesting. It's this Saturday and Sunday at 3:00 p.m. Opening day ceremonies will start at 2:45 p.m.

He didn't want to know the calibre of the cannon he was firing. It was just a big bore to him.

Pvt.: "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Cpl.: "First you put your arm around her waist, take her right hand in yours..."

Pvt.: "But this girl's my sister."
Cpl.: "Hell, push her off the dock."

Chaplain: "Are you troubled by improper thoughts?"

WAC: "No-o-o. I kinda enjoy them."

athletic fields opposite the Station Hospital and the P.T. men, running the league, request that all teams be on time in order to facilitate the handling of each game.

May 4, 1944

Hitler Hanging On Hooks All Ready For Carving

Jittery Nazis Sweat Out D-Day Invasion

Unless the Allies are carrying out the biggest bluff in history, D-Day, the long-awaited day of invasion of Adolph Hitler's rapidly shrinking European fortress is not far off. In fact, as this reaches your hands, the crossing of the Channel into Europe may be an actuality.

Our armchair generals have told us repeatedly that May is the logical month for invasion. It is at this time that the storms and winds are at their lowest ebb in the channel. It is the month of May which furnishes the best flying weather.

As this is written, Allied airmen have pounded German installations for the seventeenth straight day. They are not bombing factories and industrial centers. They are plastering rail centers, enemy airfields and Axis troop concentrations and defenses along the French coast which many people believe will be the scene of the actual invasion.

Yesterday it was revealed that cigar chewing Prime Minister Churchill told British empire premiers that they were in London "in the most deadly climax in the conflict of the nations, at a time when although we need no longer fear defeat, we are making the most intense efforts to compel an early victory."

At the same time, jittery and bomb-happy Nazis fish for whatever information they can get. Berlin, or rather what is left of the rubble-strewn Nazi capital, is rife with rumors and reports regarding invasion. Hitler is hanging on the hooks and the United Nations are lining up to take pot shots at the mustachioed mite.

PACIFIC . . . In the turbulent waters of the once peaceful Pacific, the U. S. Navy is roaming with a chip on its shoulder, begging Tojo's boys to come out and fight. So far the Nips have refused and consequently are being punched silly with

WESTERN DEFENSES

- In Fortress Europe Rommel has 1,000,000 men, and—
1. Atlantic Wall: 10,000 tons of concrete, 6,000 cannon, 3,000 mobile guns.
 2. Norway Coast: 1700 cannon for 1500 miles.
 3. Mediterranean Wall: Still under construction.
 4. West Wall: Strengthened for invasion.
 5. Maginot Line: Taken from French, usable.
 6. Intermediate Defenses: Resemble battle line of last war.



The kind and disposition of German defenses against Allied invasion are mapped, above, from description given by Ralph E. Heizen, former United Press director in France, after 13 months' internment in Germany. As described by the Germans, main defenses consist of three barriers, ranging back from the coast to the Rhine.

First comes the "Atlantic Wall", stretching from Hendaye, on the Spanish frontier to the Hague, Netherlands, armed with thousands of permanent cannon behind steel and concrete and containing more thousands of mobile guns. In coastal waters before this, say the Germans, are "millions" of mines and anti-assault craft steel obstacles. Similar marine and coastal emplacements extend all along the coast of Norway to Petsamo, Finland. Second defense barrier, behind the Atlantic Wall, is a deep anti-tank and anti-personnel system across the planes of Picardy, straddling the Somme river and roughly approximating the battle line of World War I. Third barrier of German defenses consists of recently overhauled Siegfried Line, protecting the Rhine and the Maginot Line. Germans also boast of a Mediterranean Wall, protecting the south coast of France, anchored in the Pyrenees and Alps.

These are some of the targets of Hitler's Fortress which have felt the weight of Allied air power in the past few months. Since the start of the all-out pounding of the invasion coast, sites deep in France and Germany itself have escaped relatively unharmed while the French coast installations, said to be impregnable, have been blasted unmercifully.

rapier-like thrusts by naval task forces which sail the Pacific with impunity. Truk, Satawan and Ponape in the Carolines, once considered impregnable by the Nips, have been blasted, bombed and busted wide open by our forces. Fear has been expressed in official Tokyo circles that actual invasion of the Carolines is only a matter of days.

From the tone of joint communiques issued in Washington and London, a giant pincer movement

against enemy shipping lanes is now underway in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The coming rainy season in India and Burma will necessarily halt all effective ground operations and the conjecture has been expressed that the Navies will swing into high-gear action when the rains come.

In India itself the long-awaited Jap onslaught against the vital Allied base of Imphal is expected momentarily.