

THE
RATTLER

Rattlesnake Army Air Field

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FREE

**COL. PERSONS
IN COMMAND**

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FIRST ANNIVERSARY FOR WACs

Pages 8 & 9



Col. Persons New Station Commandant CO's Career Dates From World War I

The new station commandant for Rattlesnake Bomber Field is Lt.-Col. Stanley M. Persons, who succeeds Col. Bernard T. Castor. Col. Persons assumed command of the installation this week.

Born in New York, Col. Persons later settled in Biggs, Calif. His military career dates from the first World War when he was a flying instructor at Kelly Field.

He returned to active duty following the Pearl Harbor attack and his first assignment was operations officer at Wendover Field, Utah. Subsequent assignments included executive officer at Wendover; commanding officer, Rapid City, S. D. air base; Ephrata, Wash. and Geiger Field, Wash.

He also served as special boards officer with the 16th Bomb Wing in El Paso prior to assuming command of McCook, Neb., Army Air Field where he was stationed when assigned to Pyote.

Honorable Mention Given The Rattler

The Rattler was one of 45 papers receiving honorable mention in the world-wide Camp Newspaper Service contest of 1944, according to an announcement from CNS in the GI Galley.

Grand prize in the contest was taken by the United States Army Dispatch, a weekly published in Iran by and for the troops of the Persian Gulf Service Command.

In the category in which the Rattler was entered (domestic letter-press) 19 papers were given honorable mention. Winner in this class, the most hotly contested of any, was The Echoes, a weekly published with PX funds for men stationed at Drew Field, Fla.

The contest was based on workmanship, and careful consideration was given to the conditions under which each paper was working. Plenty of improvement was noted in service publications between the 1943 and 1944 CNS contests. An invitation for all papers to enter again in 1945 was qualified with the hope that this would be the last contest.

NEWARK, N. J. (CNS)—Bill Spaeth was arrested on charges of wearing an AAF officer's uniform with six campaign ribbons, the DSC, the Purple Heart and the China Medal. "Don't mind me," he told the FBI, "I've been telling lies all my life."



LT.-COL. STANLEY M. PERSONS

PO Officials Give Their Side Of Rules-And-Regulations Story

In reply to last week's complaints re the Post Office as voiced in Koops Korner, the Post Office authorities have asked for a chance to present their side of the story.

Mr. G. W. Morrow and Mr. L. W. Morris, Post Office inspectors from Abilene and Fort Worth, happened to be in this vicinity at the time and these gentlemen went to great lengths to explain the position of the Post Office.

After watching these men thumb through Postal Regulations and Guides, "The Rattler" is now convinced that a match for Army Regulations has been found. But these are the rule books for the Post Office and as such must be followed by postal employees.

Item number one was need for identification prior to the cashing of a money order. Postal Guide, Page 158, Paragraph 28, requires that a person presenting a money order for payment must be identified if unknown to the paying employee. "While responsibility for the identifying of the payee rests upon the paying official and the Department does not undertake to specify what shall be considered sufficient identification, it is expected that after the exercise of reasonable precaution money orders will be paid."

According to Mr. Morris, dog-tags alone do not constitute sufficient identification since these identification tags easily can be lost or stolen. The Postal authorities want a dog-tag to be accompanied by some document such as driver's license, army pass or other paper, bearing the signature of the person.

So in the future if you have a money order you want cashed, bring along sufficient identification. If the wrong person cashes

your money order, it's the clerk behind the window who has to make it good.

Another complaint voiced was relative to the inspection of all packages which cross the counter. Mr. Morrow showed us a letter from the Second Air Force which said that "Packages mailed by military personnel will be subject to inspection by postal inspectors, and if any misappropriated Government property is found, military personnel will be subject to trial under the 94th Article of War."

This also holds true for packages going by air mail which are inspected in accordance with Post Office Department instructions contained in Postal Bulletins of October 23 and November 9, 1942.

Another item of interest brought out during the discussion disclosed the fact that copies of "The Rattler" should not be sent out under the "free" privilege given servicemen and women. The paper should be wrapped in a split envelope and a cent and a half stamp attached.

To correct an error in last week's column, the Post Office does furnish paper and twine for repacking purposes after packages have been opened for inspection.

Stripes Go On Sleeves As 56 Are Promoted

Glad tidings in the form of promotion announcements went to 56 soldiers at this station Wednesday, including five Wacs.

Two members of Section M were promoted to staff sergeant, getting the only rockers provided on the special order. They were Sgt. Clarence H. Bradley and Sgt. Philip D. Masters.

Other promotions were:

To Sergeant

Day W. King and Gilbert H. Watson (A); Benjamin Hughes and Tokio Mitchell (C); Edward J. Casey, Arthur W. Privett, George S. Emery and Fred R. Micion (D); Kenton W. Mellott (E); Henry E. Bailey and Thomas R. Young (F); Isaac N. Good, Clarence L. Heldenbrand, Bernard W. Schweibinz, and Isaac Kronenberg (M).

To Corporal

William H. Inman, Thomas H. Swain, August A. Digiovanni, Chester E. Bush, T. C. Pittman, Jr., John W. Gatlin and Wayne D. Chumbley (A); Dee S. Sims and Joe B. Thompson (C); Francis J. Knauer, J. F. Rickels, Robert M. Maurer, Daniel W. Guffey, Lawrence Mitchell, Jr., William J. Wnek, Harry Gelman, Raymond R. Taylor, Theodore C. Kjeseth, William C. Markel, James J. Sullivan, Edward W. Mason, Jr., and Kenneth R. Kluth (D); Anthony J. Faliero, Saul S. Anapol, William J. Nachreiner (E); Lee V. Retterbush, Billy O. Bryant, G. C. Van Husen, Clayton L. Hayworth, Richard W. Hanberry, and Walter J. Lambdin (F); Sidney Askin and Lloyd K. Weaver (M); and James C. Williams (C).

Cpl. Theora C. French and Cpl. Roberta H. Zentz of Section B were advanced to the grade of sergeant. Pfc. Blanche Lightbourne, Ruby L. Lupardus, and Violet R. Jacob were promoted to corporal.

Talent Wanted For Stage Show

A super-duper GI talent show, to be built on the lines of a musical comedy, is being cooked up by Pvt. Leonard (Pop) Jacobs, now of Special Services.

Jacobs welcomes all station personnel—male or female—to turn in names if they are interested in having a part in the show. It will positively be the biggest event of its kind ever seen in these parts, he assures the Rattler. "We're going to get plenty of talent and really turn out a first-class show," he said.

'Heritage Of Forefathers'

Third place winner in the "Why I Fight" contest was Cpl. Cyril L. Thompson, of Section D. Cpl. Thompson's winning essay follows:

It is very doubtful if an army camp newspaper in Germany or Japan would run a similar contest to the one this article is related to. That is obvious because any publicity man with an average degree of sense, would not ask a serviceman to state his reasons for fighting, when those reasons do not cover a period of several hundred years. Rather, a Jap or German would be forced to use idiotic, fantastic and preposterous motives which have been pounded into his gullible mind by a fanatical, murderous, power-loving dictator — and this over a comparatively short span of years.

What a big difference is seen in free America! One has merely to be quietly observant for a few minutes to realize many of the things being fought for now. Basically, millions of GIs and I are fighting for the freedoms our forefathers so courageously struggled for and defended a few centuries ago. They died that we speak as we wish, write as we see fit and worship with no restrictions. I am fighting to help preserve these priceless heritages.

Yes, those are the fundamental issues at stake. But to me there is another more vital reason for engaging in this do or die conflict. It is a chance to fight for a God-given philosophy of life. Some term it as the way of living, others, the pursuit of happiness. My philosophy of life is simple like that of many other servicemen. It is a hope for the future mingled with a desire to return, God willing, to our native soil, to share the love of a wife or sweetheart and to begin to carry on with our chosen careers, seeking as our goal the maximum of contentment and earthly happiness.

Gunnery Training Open To Some EM

Openings for air crew training are available to certain class groups of enlisted men, according to an announcement from Classification Officer Lt. Leon G. Bogart.

Enlisted men who are former aviation cadets (air crew trainees) wishing to volunteer for gunnery training should apply to the Classification Office. If radio operators or mechanics, airplane mechanics or armorers, men should not be above the grade of T-Sgt., if in other classifications not above grade of sergeant.

What Am I Fighting For?

What am I fighting for? Just how should one approach this problem? Since wars have been taking place throughout history, it seems logical to seek the motives of war itself before searching for my motives. What are the nations of the present-day world fighting for?

Our nation is fighting to preserve its well-being.

And why do nations seek and protect their own well-being? Because each person within the nation is struggling for his well-being. All Americans, whether soldier or civilian, are fighting for their betterment in wealth, influence, and personal gain. But we did not begin our struggle with the day of Pearl Harbor—we began this struggle while we were yet kids.

No. This war does not have a new motive behind it. It is the same age-old struggle for existence on a larger scale. Man struggles against man; family, against family; state, against state; nation, against nation; empire, against empire. From the individual to the empire, each is fighting for his own well-being.

But in less general terms, why are WE fighting—the men and women of America? Most of us were drafted and do not care why or wherefore; we are merely doing what we are told and existing until we can return to our own pursuit of life. Some of us volunteered: why? Because we know that we live in a great nation—the United States. We realize that our nation has its faults—such as, cheap politics composed of little, selfish men who could not qualify for any other profession; conflicts between capital and labor; and other conditions—never-the-less, we also know that our nation is well worth our every effort to preserve it. For where else in the world can one find so much freedom—freedom of personal opinion, freedom to seek our personal well-being, freedom of religion, and freedom to do whatever we want to do, whenever and however we want to do it. Yes, we have many reasons to be fighting.

How many soldiers are happy now? Damning everything and everyone, looking out for only themselves, ignoring everybody about them, and unreceptive to friendship. How can any of us be even near happy when we have the philosophy: "To hell with everyone and everything except me and mine?" Consider now: What good is food if we must eat alone? What good is a house if we must live alone? What good are clothes if no one is interested in how we look? What joy is there in having something precious when we cannot share it with those we love? Well?

Thus we see that one cannot be happy with such a philosophy; and the more we cling to it, the more unhappy and the more miserable we become. But we do not have to keep this philosophy—we can return to the philosophy which most of us have known from our youth: "Let's be pals—give a little, take a little—but always friends."

Which is better—to be happy or to be miserable? To be happy, of course! Therefore, happiness and friendship are of the greatest contributions to our state of well-being. Not just money, power, and freedom from care, but also love, happiness, and friendship compose our well-being.

Therefore, I am fighting for love, loyalty, friendship, truth, honesty, high ideals; and thereby, for happiness, peace, and contentment. I am fighting with the hope that everyone may see the futility of such a philosophy as: "To hell with everyone and everything except me and mine," for only when this philosophy is replaced by love and cooperation—ONLY then will it be possible to have everlasting peace from war and the threat of war.



The Winner

Pfc. Klahr F. Raney, turret instructor in Section D, wrote the prize-winning essay in a hospital bed. "I had plenty of time to think it over," he said. Pfc. Raney, whose home is Longview, Texas, was in his second year of study for the Presbyterian ministry when he was inducted into the Army. His father is in the Seabees in Hawaii and his wife is a Wave in the Medical Corps at Norman, Okla. Raney will be 21 in July. "I'm going to save it," said Pfc. Raney when asked what he would do with the ten dollars prize money.

'Liberation And Freedom'

T-Sgt. Gilbert H. Reynolds, of Liberty, Mo., won second place in the contest. Sgt. Reynolds, chief clerk in Station S-2 office, was a history professor before entering the Army. His essay follows:

Trains shuttled across miles of territory, busses hurried through busy streets, and men quickened their steps as they entered factories and plants of defense. Khaki clad soldiers dotted every scene, the tramp of marching feet was heard on every avenue, and the sea lanes were crowded with ships of war. America's possessions had been attacked, and an entire nation had taken up arms. From every hamlet, city, and countryside, men tramped in those long marches which soon led to the lanes of London, the deserts of Africa, and over the mountains of Sicily into Italy. From the great ports of the west, long convoys transported more men.

Were these treks really necessary, and what was to be accomplished in these distant areas? Who was sending these men away from their homes, and what was to be won in these remote spots? Who was ordering these men to arms, and why should they die on unknown beaches? All wanted the answers, everyone inquired . . . yet each knew in his own heart.

The answer in the mind of man is the dedication of himself to the liberation of the oppressed throughout the world. Every marching foot resounds in the cadence of this one purpose and ideal. No matter how small the maneuver, regardless of how minute the plan — every action must reflect the glow of such a central resolve and predominating unity of thought. Consummation of this intent in the mind of man and the action of nations will bring a victorious war and a lasting peace.

Nations now under the yoke of German and Japanese tyranny will know the merits of freedom, working out for themselves principles of betterment which will contribute to the advancement and enlightenment of the oppressed peoples throughout the world, and endow for the generations ahead a greater conception of democratic life. Respect for the individual, regardless of race, or religious and political tenets, will form the cornerstone upon which the minority, as well as the majority group, may contribute to the building of an emancipated world. No nation will partition another, and the rule of the strong will not be imposed on the weak.

Those are the answers which lie in every heart.

True Love Never Runs Smooth— Shed A Tear For Poor Old Koops —His Gal Has Quit Writing Him

**I'll Be True, He
Says, If Her 'C'
Card Holds Out**

By PFC. ED KOOPS

There was a time when you might find my curly little locks bobbing right up there in the front line when the mail came in. Yes, there was a time when I would chin myself up to the window and ask for mail for Koops.

Ah, but them days—them days is gone forever. Now the "K" pigeon-hole can gather dust, or be rented out to stray pigeons, for all I care.

My girl, Wendy, hasn't written me in two weeks! And if things don't clear up pretty soon, I'm gonna have to start writing to my wife again.

If ain't so much that she doesn't write, but when Wendy does write, she doesn't say anything.

Ya see, she thinks she's the fifth freedom. She goes out with everything and anything that wears a uniform, including two movie ushers, the doorman at the Fallen Arms Hotel, and a white-wing named Gripsnark.

She filled up page after page with her scribbles about the soldiers she danced with. (That surprised me, because when I knew her she didn't like dancing. "It's nothing but hugging set to music," she'd say. That's what she didn't like. The music.)

I guess she corresponds with just about every camp in the country. And she was plenty burned up when she didn't win the Queen of Pyote contest. She wanted to add that to her other honors.

Camp Stool, Nebraska said she was the girl they'd most like to go on a marijuana jag with. And the 193rd de-lousing detachment up in Wisconsin named her the babe they'd most like to get marooned in a honeymoon suite with.

Some Engineer's outfit in Pennsylvania said Wendy was voted the gal they would most like to be restricted from. And now I hear the boys over at AAF, Pecos nominated her as the girl they would most like to.

Couple of months ago I wrote her about pin-up pictures. (You know what a pin-up picture is, don't you? It has legs — and whistles.) Well, you oughta see the picture she sent me. She looks like an old paper bag filled with ripe tomatoes. And that face? I think she got it courtesy of the Baldwin Locomotive company. I still think her folks made a mistake. When the stork brought her, I think they sent her back and

kept the stork. That nose—for instance. She don't need a vacuum cleaner. She just sticks her finger in a light socket and runs over the carpet with her nose.

Oh, don't get me wrong, guys. Wendy is a debutante, all right. She came out in 1929. And looks like she hasn't been home since. She says she has a shape like a champagne glass, but it looks more like a beer bottle to me. When I first laid eyes on her I thought it was an A-2 bag with eyes.

Yeah, eyes—and what eyes. When you say her eyes are like two pools, that's just what you mean. Two pools of dirty stagnant water. Every time you look at Wendy, it's like looking in a pailful of worms.

I'll never forget the time she went to the movies and saw Lana Turner. The next day she bought a sweater from the Tishu-Knit people. Now they're suing her for defamation of character.

She's got that schoolgirl complexion—but it graduated. And her hair. Man, what a head of hair she's got. It hangs way down below her shoulders. Of course, that's nothing. So do her ears.

She's on a liquid diet now. Bay rum with orange crush for a chaser. Oh, I warned her. I told her that that bay rum would eat holes in her stomach. "That's okay," she says, "my coat'll cover 'em up."

Anyway, she isn't writing me anymore. And what I want to know, fellas, is—what do I do now? I got a furlough coming up, and when I get to Ft. Wayne, I want to see Wendy.

Okay, okay. Go ahead and ask me. That's all right. Everybody else does. Go ahead. Ask me: "Whynel do you go with a babe like that?"

Ya think I'm a stoop? Her old man has a C card.

CLEARWATER, Okla. (CNS)—Mrs. Mildred Stewart, 43, became a mother for the 17th time the other day, the day after she had become a grandmother for the seventh time. Of her 17 children, 14 are living and three of the girls are married and have children.

Classified Ads

LOST—Yellow gold woman's Waltham watch; small leather corded strap; between Service Club patio and Sub Depot. Reward \$5.00. Mrs. Wilma Wilson, Phone 48.

WANTED TO BUY—A table model radio. Phone 11.

New Club Built



Personnel of Sec. C are anxiously awaiting the opening of the section's new Service Club, which will provide complete recreational facilities when completed. Work is advancing at a satisfactory rate on the building. The barber shop, part of which is shown above, is already completed and in operation. Pfc. Robert Fisher, former barber in Little Rock, Ark., is shown giving Pfc. Thomas Free, Jr., of West Point, Miss., a haircut. Fisher gets extra pay each month, which comes from the squadron fund, and the boys use their pool tickets to buy haircuts if they run low on cash.

USO Schedule

Thursday—Lions' Club night; Discussion group, led by Clifton Hodges. Make your own ice cream.

Friday—Informal activities.

Saturday—June Dansant; Impersonations of famous personalities; Army Air Field Band.

Sunday—Coffee Hour, 11 a.m.; Buffet Supper, 6:30 p.m.; Songfest, 7:30 p.m.

Monday—Movies, 8:30 p.m.

Tuesday—Game night; Informal dancing (music box); Dance class, 8 p.m.; American Legion meeting, 9 p.m.

Wednesday—Better Halves Club luncheon, 12 noon; Sister Susie's Sewing Circle—Have your stripes sewed on. Catholic discussion group.

Chamber Head Suggests Plan Of Reconversion

By Camp Newspaper Service

A ten-point reconversion program providing a gradual return to peace-time economy in the United States and cautious elimination of rationing and similar war-time controls has been advocated by Eric A. Johnston, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

The program is expected to provide an impetus to the return of ex-servicemen to jobs in the post war setup.

Testifying before a special House Committee on Post-War Planning, Mr. Johnston said that unnecessary controls should be abandoned but that until raw materials and finished products approximate demand "it will be desirable to maintain priorities, allocations, rationing and price ceilings."

According to a report by the United Press of the committee hearing, Mr. Johnston advocated enactment of legislation to facilitate reconversion, declaring that executive agencies with new laws could deal with many problems but that "this would be contrary to traditional practices and more in keeping with the totalitarian policies we are fighting."

Such legislation, he said, is needed for a prompt and equitable settlement of war contracts and the disposal of surplus war plants and supplies.

Other points in his program included:

Congress should encourage a return of state and local government to the financing of their own public works since "it costs more to finance local improvements through the Federal government than it does through local agencies."

Federal and state funds should be correlated with private capital in construction of public improvements to insure maximum stability within the construction industry.

Two million employers can promote post-war employment through adequate surveys in their communities and the creation of new jobs.

Double Bars For Albert J. Ports

It's Captain Albert J. Ports now.

The Assistant Station Coordination and Compliance Officer got his railroad tracks a few days ago, and has been busy for several days trying to get around to all his friends with 50-cent Coronas.

Capt. Ports acted in various supply capacities before assuming duties in his present position.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:**Racing Was Too Monotonous So He Measured Heads On Beer Glasses****It Paid Good Dough, Too, Before War; Now Bayers Sweats Out Wings On Line**

Blonde, ruddy-faced Private George (Bill) Bayers has a ready grin and a beautiful wife and a career nearly as checkered as the "Follow Me" jeep which leads the Forts around with the greatest of ease.

When he was seventeen, he was racing stock cars for his uncle who was trying to crack open a rival's monopoly in the hometown. A short time later he tired of bouncing off fences and juggling for place money in the car game and took up flying. He worked at it long enough to come through with a Commercial Pilot's license and a Flight Instructor's card and then decided to go into business.

Toting an invention under his arm, Bill opened up his own manufacturing business and was coining money as easily as Hitler breaks promises. His invention is called an "Oilless Air Compressor" which compresses air without use of a piston and consequently requires no oil. Doctors, dentists, and bartenders, in the reverse order, flocked to use his invention. It came at the time when Prohi-



bition washed down the drain and bartenders were a bit hazy in the proper methods of drawing the lager.

Today Bill is a member of mechanics row of Hangar No. 2 and plays at assistant grease-monkey to a Fort's tailwheel. Right now he has both fingers and toes crossed in hope that a bill, kicking around the House of Representatives, will get the green signal. It is a bill designed to give all those who successful carried out the Civil Aeronautics training program direct commissions.

As Bill tells his story there isn't

much to it. But if you remember what you were doing back in the golden days of seventeen years old, you can bet a buck it wasn't racing cars.

The story behind the car racing was one where his uncle was sucking wind while the rival company was making all the money. Finally Bill designed a special racing head for a Chevrolet and after eight months of work had stripped a Chevy down to a racing heap and was ready for Memorial Day races at Dupont Speedway, Denver, Colorado. Thirteen cars were in that race and Bayers' heap was the only one which was not a Ford.

Needless to say, he came through winner and Uncle was a happy man and made lots of money.

Deciding it was a fairly easy way of making moola during summer vacations, Bayers stuck to it for a couple of summers but finally quit.

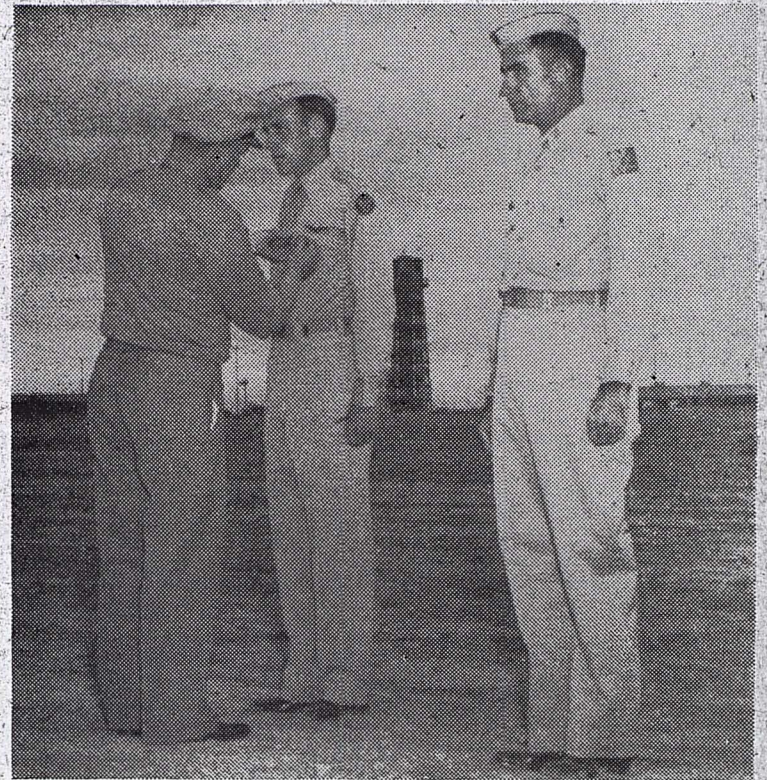
"It wasn't so much the work involved," he explained, "it was the monotony."

Same monotony consisted of occasionally bouncing off the fence when the brakes refused to work or jockeying for position while skidding around a turn on a wheel and an oath.

Having held a student permit since 1936, Bayers decided to cast his lot with the airplane which looked as if it was here to stay. This flying career, incidentally, was merely a hobby. His real racket was inventing.

Finally he turned up with this Oilless Air Compressor and from what the gentry says it works wonders on a barrel of beer.

It was a goldmine for Bayers but he admits he made one mistake. When the invention was first put on the market the days of prohibition had just come to an inglorious end and bartenders and tavern owners needed just what he had. It worked for them and consequently Bayers concentrated on this trade. His mistake, as it later came

Air Medal Awards Made

Col. Stanley M. Pearsons pins the Air Medal on Lt. James S. Jamison in recent review. Lt. Jamison received the Air Medal and three Oak Leaf Clusters for his part in bombing missions over Europe. At right is W-O Rufus R. Nicholas, who received the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

out was in not selling to more vital industries and professions. (Of course there are those who insist there is no more important profession than that of lager dispensing.)

When war broke out and priorities became the nation's number one headache, Bayers' company was hard pressed to find equipment and parts. He was told it wasn't a vital industry. Today his father is carrying on but just about coming through.

In November 1942 Bill enlisted in the Pilot Training Program where civilian pilots were trained in methods which would fit them for non-combat flying. This program in its original form called for no pay for the trainees and according to Bayers this training set him back more than a few greenbacks. Later on, it was decided to pay the boys the regulation 50 per month and finally the program folded up when the Army Training Program was curtailed.

So today Bayers, with his Flight Instructor's card and Commercial Pilot's license is working on the line, keeping the Forts where they belong. He and his beautiful wife are residents of the Trailer City. Incidentally that very beautiful gal cashiering at the Enlisted Men's Bowling Alley is Mrs. Bayers.

Now We're Getting Music With Meals

Chicken and Tchaikowsky would be hard to beat for a daily diet, it is agreed that the best gastro-nomic and esthetic circles. And the average Weary Willie who troops into the mess hall every day at noon, agrees with this high-sounding theory, which is but another way of saying that a little music makes the meals better.

Having no control over the food situation, but able to provide plenty of music, W-O Irvin Zimmerman has started a series of daily concerts with the Station Bands.

The band will play at different mess halls during the lunch hours, and during the afternoons will give concerts at various points over the field. An effort will be made to scatter the music around so that all GIs on the job will come in for their share.

FARGO, N. D. (CNS)—"Send the paddy wagin quick!" an excited woman informed police by telephone. "There's a drunk in my hallway." Police responded immediately, but before they could leave the station house, the phone rang again. "Never mind," the woman said. "It's only my husband."

High Finance A Perplexing Item— Officers Interviewed Divided On Meal Ticket Versus Pay As-You-Go

The question of high finance is a perplexing one to either G.I.'s or officers. Today's poll was taken in response to a request given "The Rattler" a short time ago and concerns the new method of paying for meals which was instituted at the Officers Mess last month. Previous to that time, officers living on the Field had the privilege of buying a meal ticket which would cover all their meals during a month and last month a cafeteria style, pay as you eat, system was instituted.

The question proposed by The Rattler's roving representative this week was: "Which method do you favor, paying for your meals as you go or purchasing a meal ticket to cover a month's meals?"

Twenty-two men were interviewed at random and twelve showed preference for the meal ticket setup with six in favor of "pay as you go" while four others suggested that a flat rate of so much per meal be established.

Chief reason of those preferring the meal ticket is the fact that it is cheaper in the long run while those favoring "pay as you go" contend that there are many days when they don't eat all the meals at the Mess Hall and consequently have to pay double when they eat out.

Those who suggested a flat rate have in mind a system similar to the one now in effect at the Clovis Army Air Field where a man pays fifty cents for the noon and



Section I added: "for the fellows in the combat crews, who are flying, the old system of so much per month for three meals is the best." He also added a compliment when he stated that "under both systems the food is very good."

Lt. A. J. Walterscheid, Section III pilot, contends that the meal ticket method saves money. Cafeteria style costs about \$50 a month according to his figures.

Others who favored the meal ticket when interviewed were Lt. J. C. Muir, navigator, Section II; Lt. W. J. Underwood, Section III bombardier and Lt. J. P. Hoard, Section I pilot.

Static officers questioned were nearly equally divided in opinions expressed. Lt. Frank L. Orfanello and Lt. Edward H. Pykosz favored the meal ticket while Lt. Aaron Lipsker was for a flat rate system. Answering in favor of the "pay as you go" plan were Capt. Eugene D. Tahor, Lt. John H. Westbrook, Lt. Walter N. Pearson, Lt. Robert W. Campbell, W. O. Richard M. Fillmore and W. O. Harold W. Robinson.

Speedy Discharges Planned for Vets

WASHINGTON (CNS) — The War Department has announced a new system of speeding up the machinery for discharging soldiers at special separation centers.

The plan operates with a minimum of red tape. Each soldier gets a brief and snappy orientation talk about his return to civilian life. Then he gets a complete medical examination, the first installment of his mustering out pay and travel pay to the place of his induction.

All told, only 48 hours will be lost from the time a GI arrives at the separation center until he boards a train for home. Previously this procedure took three weeks or more.



KOOPS' KORNERS

By PFC. ED KOOPS

We took our eyes off the Varga wench on the calendar long enough to notice that it's a brand new month. Ah, June! A month of weddings, apple trees bearing fruit, Republican conventions, little girls in white graduating from high school, bigger girls in less gambling on the bathing beaches. Ah, what is so rare as a day in June? Except, maybe a night with May.

TO THE KEEPER OF THE KEYS:

It has been brought to our attention by PX habitués that a latrine might come in quite handy after 6 p.m. Among the rights a GI can still hold self-evident is the right to have a lavatory close at hand whilst drinking 3 decimal 2. So we sort of hope that some man with a key-chain at the Post Exchange, who holds within his heart the ability to sympathize with a latrine-needy doughboy, will have open and available lavatories for the gentlemen, and for the ladies. Can do?

Sports reporting is certainly not the concern of your 'umble correspondent. But as an avid spectator of the softball pastime, and as manager of the unbeaten Static Chasers, we rub our hands with glee at the thought of tonight's softball classic.

Although the aforementioned Static Chasers have not yet dropped a ball-game, the Canadian Club clan wins all the headlines in the Rattler. That situation probably has nothing to do with the fact that the Rattler's overseer is Lt. Thomas F. McLaughlin, who, incidentally, plays first base for the Canadian Clubbers.

But tonight — ah, tonight — the officers will get their come-uppance. The lowly enlisted man will give no quarter to rank or other CC alibis, as the Static Chasers take on the alleged softball team called the Canadian Club.

It will be a ball game that should be a joy to behold for any GI who has ever muttered in his beard about gold or silver bars. We urge you to come out and join our cheering section as the Static Chasers prove their superiority over these supposed softball players.

If there be any officer foolish enough to consider the CC's a ball club, I'll personally offer him two-to-one odds on tonight's game. And any moaning and weeping and gnashing of teeth

emanating from the BOQ tonight can be most readily understood.

PYOTE QUOTES: . . . Overheard at the Medical lecture on Malaria: "Hmmm. Is this where the mosquitoes pass their screen test?" . . . Eavesdropping at the bowling alley: "It's so quiet in here you could hear a pin drop." . . . Conversation in the PX patio: "She's got the kind of face a mother could love—a very near-sighted mother." . . . Overheard at the Service Club: "Dumb? Why, he's so stupid he thinks the Burma Front is the shape of that babe in "Terry and the Priates!"

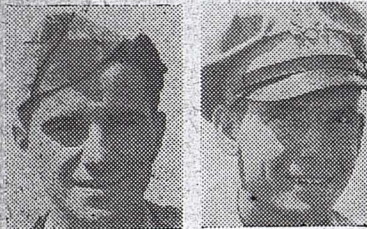
ATTENTION, SQUADRON

C.O.'s: Elsewhere in this week's issue you'll find a story about the GI barber shop at the colored squadron. Seems to me that that might well be an idea worth picking up. Barber shops might be set up in a corner of the day-rooms; and a check through the Form 20s of the various sections should reveal a few boys with experience with the comb and clippers. They wouldn't mind picking up some extra pocket change; the guys in the section would certainly approve of better haircuts for less; and the profits would help the Squadron funds. Think it over, would you, sirs?

To all the fellows who have chatted with me during the past week, we acknowledge our thanks. We hope you continue to use KOOPS' KORNERS as a swap shop for ideas and opinions. As long as it meets your requirements, this correspondent with a Pfc. stripe, a 2AF patch, and an insatiable curiosity will be most content.

HAVE A CIGAR

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Members of the armed forces at home and abroad are going to receive 750,000,000 cigars during the remainder of the year, the War Department has announced.



evening meals and thirty-five cents for breakfast, serve themselves and eat as much as they want.

Thirteen members of the Combat Crew Detachment were interviewed while the remainder was composed of static officers.

Lt. L. J. Prudhoe, co-pilot of Section said that he favors the old meal ticket system and stated, "I am in favor of the old meal ticket. Under the present set-up my meals average around sixty cents per meal.

Lt. A. Kosta, Navigator of Section I also favored the old meal ticket setup while Lt. A. R. Ricke, Pilot, said, "I favor the cafeteria style mainly because we miss a lot of meals anyway. And by the time we figure it all up, it amounts to about the same."

Lt. P. R. Sandahagen, bombardier of Section I is in favor of a flat rate system, while Lt. C. L. Dubose, another pilot of

EDITORIAL

We Salute GI Jane

Our Air Wacs have a birthday anniversary. Two years ago—on May 15, 1942—the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was formed.

It would be appropriate on this occasion to salute our Wacs as having furnished ample proof that they are a real part of the Army—appropriate, except for the fact they reached that goal long ago. Having earned the right, they dropped the "Auxiliary" and became full fledged soldiers last September 1.

It also would be fitting to acknowledge, with grateful appreciation, that they have made a valuable and efficient contribution to the achievements of this post and the Army Air Forces as a whole—but that too became a matter of record months ago, when the AAF asked for thousands of additional Air Wacs.

We reiterate our admiration for these accomplishments of the past, and we offer our most sincere congratulations to the Corps and our own Air Wacs on the excellent job they are doing at present.

We believe, however, that the finest tribute we can pay to our sister soldiers is to pledge to them a resolution for the future, then let our deeds speak for us in the days to come. The key to the future of the Women's Army Corps is growth. Having demonstrated its value in measures far beyond original expectations, the Corps is ready to shoulder more of the load, and is conducting a campaign for enlistments.

All of us can help. As soldiers, our words bear weight with relatives and friends. By taking an active interest in making the Wacs' merits known, we can boost the recruiting drive and increase the strength of the Corps. That is our way of letting our own Wacs know that we appreciate the job they are doing. It is the best compliment we can pay them, and the most tangible evidence of our wholehearted friendship and admiration.

There are not enough Wacs, and more than a month ago General Arnold was saying that the Army Air Forces want Air Wacs "now of all times, when we are working with all our might to launch the great offensives that will eventually decide this war."

The need is there. The reward may be expressed in the intangibles of patriotism and idealism, but a corporal in England summed it up better than we can. He wrote his wife that after thinking it over, he realized she was "the bravest woman I know and also the most wonderful." He knew that she was enlisting, not to drop bombs or fire a gun, but to work, and he called her brave. He knew that she alone would create no miracles to win a battle, yet he called her wonderful. Instinctively he expressed his tribute in fundamental terms, and he was right.

THE RATTLER

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

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The Wolf

by Sansone

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"It was sure—swell of—you—to—get me—a—date too!"

THOUGHTS OF OTHERS

Begged, Borrowed Or Stolen

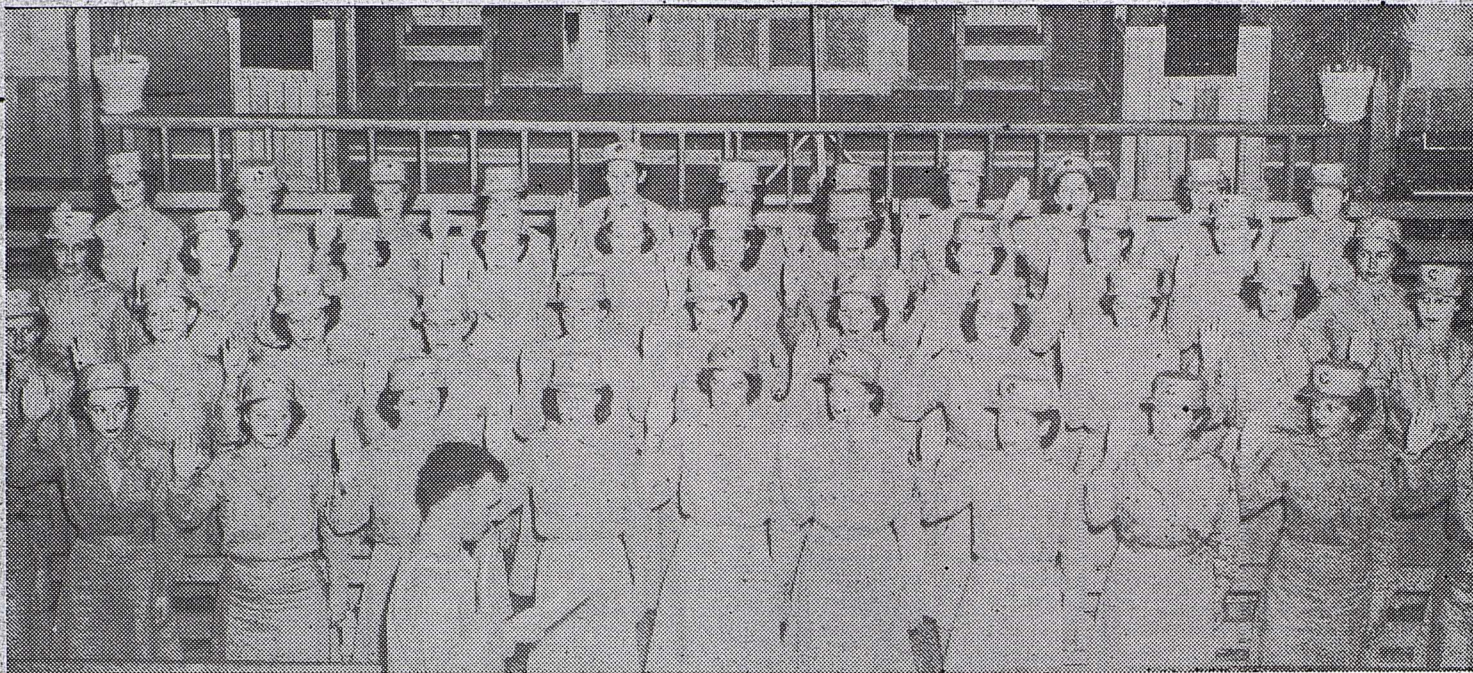
The patience, skill and experience required to put 1,000 fighters into the air and have them at the right place at the right time has never received the acclaim it deserves; nor for that matter has the strain on the individual fighter pilot been recognized. Let a man strap himself in a chair and try turning his head constantly as far as it will go for five hours; let him imagine flying under conditions where the cold is so intense that instruments are frozen, the canopy is coated with ice, and his hands and feet are so numb that he can't feel them; let him contemplate engaging German pilots who are relatively warm and rested and who can bail out over their own territory, if necessary. The bomber crews know what it takes. As one Liberator pilot remarked with typical sincerity: "Any time a fighter pilot wants a shoe shine from now on, all he has to do is come to me."

But until recently fighters have had to play second fiddle to their "big friends." One reason was that long range fighter escort did not make its appearance until the heavies had been operating over Europe for almost a year. The theory that fighter cover could be provided over such targets as Berlin or Regensburg met with considerable skepticism from those who were accustomed to the operational radius of Spitfires or

even Thunderbolts without extra tanks. In July, a handful of P-47s first showed what could be done with drop tanks. By the end of the year more than 400 fighters were escorting heavies. In April 1944, with the 9th Fighter Command lending its strength to the 8th, that number has been approximately doubled.

When word reaches fighter command that bombers will need support over certain targets, intensive work is necessary before field orders go out to the groups a few hours later. Rendezvous must be arranged with split-second timing so that fighters reaching their operational limit will be able to hand over their big friends to succeeding fighter groups. Combat intelligence reports are scanned for latest information on the disposition of German fighter strength. Estimates are made of points at which Jerry will make his heaviest attacks. No effort is made to avoid a fight. On the contrary, certain groups may be assigned to go down deliberately to stir the Germans up. Spread thin in their attempt to guard the long range bomber procession, American fighters are outnumbered in most encounters. They cannot guarantee always to frustrate German attacks but can usually prevent repeats. Plans must be made to allow for rapid concentration of strength.

—Air Force



SO THAT'S IT . . . That little green ribbon you see pinned on those good-looking new summer uniforms is not in commemoration of the "Battle of Pyote," fellows. It means that the wearer served in the original WAAC and became a member of the WAC without

a break in service. And here the PAF WACs are lifting their hands and being sworn in as members of the Army, not as an auxiliary branch. Following this occasion they dropped the "Auxiliary" from their title and became privates, corporals, etc.

WE HELP TO 'KEEP 'EM FLYING'

By CPL. EDNA COLLINS

Private Alphonse La Moaning, who is writing his own private account of the Battle of Pyote, thumbed through a thick sheaf of papers. "Oh yes," he mumbled, peering through his thick-lensed glasses, "June 1, 1943 . . . let me see. Oh yes. That was when THE RAINS CAME."

"No, No, Alphonse. Try to think. What else happened on June 1, 1943?" As official press agent of the Wacs I wanted to be sure that Alphonse had all the dope he needed to include us in whatever he wrote. "Don't you recall anything special about June 1, 1943?"

"Let's see. My laundry got lost on the 2nd. And on the 3rd my first sergeant restricted me for two weeks . . . And on the 4th . . ."

"No, no, Alphonse. Remember the Wacs?"

"The Wacs? WACs. Oh, the WAACs! Yes indeed, I must devote a chapter to them. When did they get here?"

That guy!

For Alphonse, for our five faithful readers at home and for all of you good people who might have missed a few pages, it is our good pleasure to inform you that the WACs here at Pyote are observing a sort of double holiday today. On June 1, 1943, the first contingent of Wacs arrived at this station. And approximately two years ago (May 16, 1942) the forerunner of the present Women's Army Corps—the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—was launched when Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby took the oath as director of the WAAC.

Since the day that we landed here—night, rather, for it was 2 o'clock in the morning—the original bunch has gone through 14 different kinds of growing pains, has lost many members through various routes and has gained others. During the past year the Wacs have rendered valuable service in practically all departments on the field. Each day sees Wacs assuming more important roles in the training program here that will inevitably be a sizable contribution to winning the war. A review of our past year's history shows many of the experiences that our members went through, experiences that are common throughout the Corps, and are especially interesting in view of today's concentrated drive to enlist more Air Wacs.

As Alphonse said, the rains came with us, or we came with the rains, one or the other. At any rate, it rained for a solid week just after we arrived. We were beginning to think that all the tales we had heard about "dusty Pyote" were just so much malarkey when finally it stopped. (I know what you're thinking, Ed Koops, and with all due respect to you, IT DID SO RAIN.)

Maybe it was a good thing they got here at 2 in the morning. When the 12 WAACs woke up next morning they shook their heads

and cried in unison, "No, no. No, no. No, no." Finally someone boiled a pot of coffee which steadied their nerves, we listened to an orientation lecture and by its wisdom were strengthened to set about doing whatever tasks confronted us.

There was plenty of work to be done. We had been preceded by two days by Lt. Stewart, and she, with Capt. Moran and Lt. Haslam, the first sergeant, mess sergeant, cooks and cadre which made up the party, started a foundation for the organization to follow.

For a while we took our meals with the Medics. A week later the next group of WAACs arrived from Camp Polk, La. Three days later another group landed from Daytona Beach, Fla., making ours a complete company. Pretty soon we had our mess hall operating and a complete organization set up.

The reception given the WAACs by the boys on the field was one that will never be forgotten. On our first trips to the PX we excited every type of reaction, including whistles and a quavering, high-pitched cry that we all came to know as the "wolf call." We have tried to describe this call to the folks back home and they seem to think it is some sort of throat exercise which is needed in this section of the country to keep the vocal chords in order. I think the latest Bugs Bunny cartoon will do a lot to clarify the situation (the one about the South Seas.)

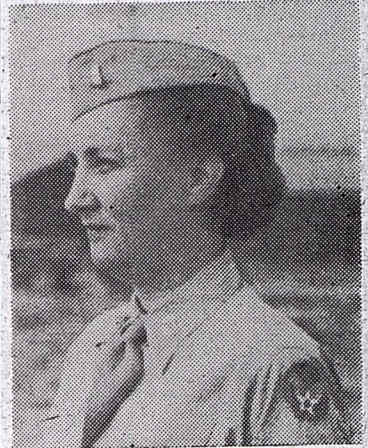
There were plenty of worthy souls a year ago who wondered if we would make it. Today that skepticism has vanished, except for the die-hards. But then it was up to us to prove to everyone that we were sincere in our desire to do our part and our efforts to replace men for active duty. Duty assignments were the first step in doing this. Lt. Bogart at the Station Classification Office had a tough time of it for a few days, for everybody wanted to go on the line and learn all about the planes we were going to help keep in the air. We had enlisted to "Keep 'em Flying" and practically every Wac had the intention of personally pushing off the ramp every plane that went up. Naturally there were disappointments when some Wacs were assigned to places other than the line, but this feeling soon wore off as the girls realized that it is an intricate and extensive machinery that keeps those Fortresses up there, and that a driver in the Motor Pool, for instance, or a clerk in Headquarters is doing a job as necessary as any other. With this spirit to guide them the Wacs soon were filling important posts all over the base.

Our first big thrill in Pyote was our initial appearance in a review. Capt. Moran, then our CO, led us on the ramp as we took our place beside the men. Incidentally, it was the first time many of our members had been near the B-17s, and you can bet your life

(Continued on Page 13.)



After a hard day's work, an evening's dancing to the tunes of the Station Orchestra boosts the morale of all GIs, where male or female. At left the khaki-clads mingle on the dance floor of the Service Club in one of the weekly dances.



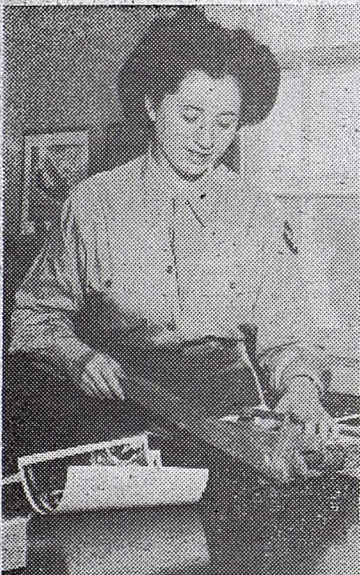
Boss of the Wacs at this station is 1st Lt. Edith Haslam (above) shown here at a review formation. Lt. Haslam has been with the Wacs here since their debut on the field a year ago today, and has watched them grow from a fledgling outfit into skilled and dependable members of the nation's military establishment.

Jobs all over the base are being filled capably by Wacs today. Here Pvt. Adele Birlowitz (below) is trimming prints in the Station Photo Section. Mechanics, drivers, clerks have been supplied and many administrative positions have been filled, thus releasing many men who would otherwise have been required for these jobs.

The Cover—

Cpl. Margaret Ereksten gives an anniversary salute as the flag is lowered at retreat. Cpl. Ereksten, a resident of Staten Island, N. Y., was one of the original cadre of Wacs (WAACs then) which arrived at Pyote on June 1, 1943. She is a duty NCO.

—Photo by Sgt. Joe McGrath



Not only do they perform the duties of soldiers—they also get drilling in many lines which might prepare them for overseas service some day. These Wacs (right) are taking instructions in how to fire the rifle on the gunnery range. S-Sgt. Jack France is giving the instructions, and the girls seem to like their lessons.



MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By T-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

"It must be a mirage," was the contention of many who 'flat' couldn't believe the Lake near Grand Falls was a reality. Many had to be shown! A very pleasant evening was spent on the banks of that "Desert Oasis." Some, who had no intentions of swimming, had their minds changed for them quite suddenly. Remember what a fleet foot Lt. Igou turned out to be!!! "Saved by the bushes," I believe, we could call it. Now, who slipped that time?

This was the first occasion the Medics have had opportunity to have the party off the base and many interesting side-lights resulted: Cpl. Allen was actually caught drinking a coke. Sgt. Piel finally had his pants returned but don't ask by whom or when! Easy-Penrod! Then there was the Pfc. shirt delivered by the motor pool, the surprise "Sue" got when NOT swimming and that cigarette holder from Egypt that Pfc. (Zabre) Suoda eventually got back. Pfc. McCune found sun-bathing quite the thing—and did Timmons and Klucyzski ever "burn up," and it wasn't the "cheese dinner" entirely that did it.

It looked so accidental but it worked! That was the deal about Cpl. Wehling and Schreckengost, Inc., getting left behind. Pfc. Williams has full proof on his forehead that it's not wise to dive into two feet of water. What do you say Cliff?

Sgt. Buc has become the proud father of a daughter, so the telegram from Windy City says. Congratulations! Then there is our "Long-Lost Cousin" that the entire field has been talking about. It couldn't be Cpl. Doherty or could it! T-Sgt. Swain will think twice next time. Major Tenhouten is still wondering when the Sgt. started answering to the name of "Sweetheart." Well!

All due credit goes to Sgt. Masters, our guidon bearer, who has done a very excellent job in carrying that attractive "pole" that nearly always has the prize winning ribbon attached. Another faithful and unheralded worker is Pfc. Carrillo, who has constructed a remarkable irrigation system which adequately supplies the large flower garden adjoining the nurses' quarters. Stop by and see it; it's really clever.

If there are any spikes around you don't want broken—hide them! Pfc. Herman Kovin, professional strong man from Philadelphia, will not only break them, but can also tear telephone books and decks of cards in half.

That furlough Sgt. and Mrs. Dwyer just returned from really must have been rough. Now, Greg, you can't blame all of that on the trains. With one of our popular nurses, 2d Lt. Bebee, it was somewhat different, however. For at Carlsbad Cavern she reported: "Ah, this humidity is about to get me down." Still Miss Bebee tramped on but she didn't hesitate to take the elevator to the surface! Barracks chatter still includes the incidents about Sgt. McTigue, sleeping in the same bed with a dead rabbit. Wonder what Cpl. Maleski knows about that? And again the Cpl. (Brute) Longergan has been advised to be careful who he "hob-nobs" around with. What could be behind that? Wherever you see Pfc. Barr, you see "Betsey," who really gets around—if the gasoline supply is available.

And until the verdict is given the foremost question is: What will happen to Barracks 5's 'happy home'?

WE'RE ALL IN THIS FIGHT TOGETHER

NEW YORK (CNS)—Cafe Zanzibar, a New York night spot, is doing its part in this war. The club has hired a beautiful girl whose sole duty is to awaken soldiers on furlough in Gotham. All a GI has to do is tell the Zanzibar when he wants to get up and the beautiful girl will buzz him in the morning, talk to him soothingly for a few moments, speed him on his way.

At The Chapel

PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday, June 4, 1944

0915—Chapel Service, Section C.
1030—Base Chapel Service.
1130—Civilian Housing Service.
1930—Vesper Service.

CATHOLIC SERVICE

Sunday Masses:

0800, 1615 and 1745

Weekday Mass: 1830 (except Thursday)

Communion Distributed between 1630 and 1830.

Hospital Mass: Thursday at 0930.

Evening Devotions: Tuesday at 1900, Friday at 2100.

Confessions Saturday: 1500 to 1830; 2000, 2100; and before all the Masses on Sunday.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICE

Thursday at 2000: Led by Mrs. Mabel New Homes.

OKLAHOMA PILOT NEW ETO AIR ACE

ENGLAND (CNS)—Capt. Robert Johnson, of Lawton, Okla., a Thunderbolt pilot, tied the American fighter ace record when he shot down two Nazi planes on a recent mission bringing his total to 27 planes destroyed in the air.

Sharing Capt. Johnson's record is Maj. Richard Bong, AAF, with 27 Japanese planes downed. Capt. Don Gentile, of Piqua, Ohio, has downed 23 planes in the air and seven more on the ground.

DON'T . . .



. . . Sit under heavy hanging objects.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

There was once a Methodist Minister from Maryland who decided to transfer and take a charge in California. Plans were made and finally on the last evening in Maryland, the family, as was their custom, gathered around for evening devotions just before bedtime. When it came time for the little four-year old daughter to pray she asked God as usual to bless Mama and Daddy and brother and sister, but at the close of her little prayer she said, "Good-bye, God, we are going to California."

Too many of us, perhaps have had that same kind of feeling as we left our homes and began our army life: as if we were entering a venture in which God was being left out.

Perhaps one reason for that is the fact that God cannot be seen; we cannot touch him with our hands. But it isn't always those things that we can see and touch that are the most powerful. We cannot get at the power in lightning, nor see the life in a seed, nor check the force of the tide, but they are real and dynamic.

Just so it is with religion—even though not seen, it is nevertheless real and dynamic. God can be very real to us no matter where we are if we maintain our contact with him.

One of the things we are fighting for is the privilege to worship God according to our own conscience. It would be too bad to preserve that right only to find that we had forgotten how to worship. Let us avail ourselves of the opportunities of worship as they come to us that we might gain strength and courage.

It is a pleasure to be with such a fine group of officers and men. I hope to see you in Chapel on Sunday.

—Chaplain Chapman

THREE STATES PASS SOLDIER VOTE LAWS

WASHINGTON (CNS)—The states of Maine, North Dakota and Oklahoma recently have enacted new soldier-vote laws making it possible for eligible voters in these states to apply for a ballot by sending in the official WD post card (WD AGO Form 560) to their respective secretaries of state.

BRITISH GIRLS GET HEP

LONDON (CNS)—Classes in "basic American" are being conducted here for English brides of American soldiers, the Daily Mail reports.

**M
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BY
MILTON
CANIFF



YOU DID NOT ASK PERMISSION — THEREFORE YOU WERE ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE! THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY DESIGNATE THAT AS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE!

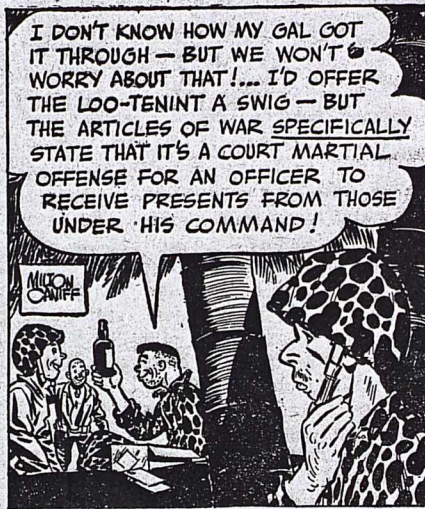


YOU LOST YOUR PIECE? LOSS OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY IS SPECIFICALLY NOTED IN THE ARTICLES OF WAR AS A COURT-MARTIAL OFFENSE!

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ALL PUBLIC PROPERTY TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY IS THE PROPERTY OF THE UNITED STATES! THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY STATE ...



I DON'T KNOW HOW MY GAL GOT IT THROUGH — BUT WE WON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!... I'D OFFER THE LOO-TENINT A SWIG — BUT THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY STATE THAT IT'S A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE FOR AN OFFICER TO RECEIVE PRESENTS FROM THOSE UNDER HIS COMMAND!

QM Sees

By CPL. HAROLD MELVIN

Back again to give you yesterday's news tomorrow. Hold on tight.

Personalities-in-the-news: Sgt Gagnon is having a really busy time of it in the General Supply Office these days. With work coming in in great big bunches, Sgt. Gagnon has been known to absent-mindedly pick up the phone receiver, call Base Headquarters, and ask for Sgt. Gagnon. Choice bit has been the one-way conversation of "Hello, Red? This is Gagnon speaking."

"G.I.'s go to movies on Government time" would make quite a headline outside camp, although until yesterday it was the truth. A number of the QM'sters going to the training film had difficulty finding their way back to work. In fact what with the P.F.R. tests etc., the Mess hall K.P.'s are still wondering what caused the 11 o'clock rush.

The Quartermaster detachment here has something quite unusual for this Army—a man who is entirely satisfied with his job. Barracks Orderly Hamsley says, "It's a dang good job" and adds that it's still expanding. Possessor of a G.I. bike, he now carries telegrams and message center mail to various parts of the camp as well as handing out the daily quota of "sugar reports." Judging from the clean condition of the barracks and latrine, satisfaction makes for good work.

In the Quartermaster section of camp the sun sets at approximately 9:15 P.M. (we're not sure about the other end.) That gives hard-working Q.M.'s a chance to get four hours of sun after-hours if they want it. Almost without exception the detachment's jobs are inside warehouses or offices, which in terms of a tan make us the palefaces of the base. Whoever said that you could tell a Quartermaster man by his stoop and white-of-the-egg look must have had this in mind.

To be sure, a little sunshine won't change you from a 97 lb. weakling into a Burnus Lundy, but according to the medic sheet, "The Pill-Pusher," it's darn healthy. Softball players, Bill Harris, Bill Gentry, and S-Sgt. Bodde already have good examples of tanned torsos and a number of fellows have been getting out on Sundays.

Prize tan, we believe, is that of Cecil Sauter. Remember, however, when you go out in the sun, you don't have to vegetate there. For the first few times fifteen minutes or so toasting slowly on both sides should be about right.

Section E

By THE SULTAN

Ye olde Sultan has been away for awhile on a visit to his harem. No doubt he was missed by all but just couldn't pass up an opportunity like that—not after months of sun, sand and sweat—well, small beads of perspiration caused by recklessly imbibing two full bottles of Falstaff.

At any rate we're back, back in time for the medical lectures. To be more specific, back in time for medical lecture number two, which is hardly the proper way to welcome the Sultan back from a brief but oh so pleasant sojourn with his harem.

During our absence a most competent staff (whoever heard of a competent staff in the army?) has been snooping hither and yon over and under piles of sand, gathering choice tid-bits.

Chief tid-bit of the week is the announcement of Sgt. Jack N. Hancock's marriage to Pvt. Evelyn Brown. Yes, you heard me, Pvt. Brown. The two were made one by a Justice of the Peace in Monahans. Pvt. Brown donned civilian attire for the

occasion and cut quite a figure in a navy blue outfit with white trimmings. At present the couple is awaiting a room in the dormitory. However, after the war they intend to live at Jack's home, Savannah, Georgia.

One super sleuth on the staff reports T-Sgt. Hobbins pulled an Abe Lincoln when the lights failed a couple weeks back. The prop man was found reading by flashlight, and of all things a tech order. That spy is usually reliable but you'll never convince me it wasn't a Varga Girl Calendar.

News from North Africa seems to indicate the Day of Judgment is at hand. T-Sgt. Wortendyke reports he is practically a permanent K. P. Isn't that a pity?

Rossi, retired from the coke business, was seen in Pecos last week with a—you name it, I can't afford to feed it. Says her name's Jumbo she's the motherly type, even holds the sarge on her lap, which has ample space for two more.

Pat Furno isn't the steady customer at engine installation he used to be. At present Kappy seems to be in the lead with the new secretary but Newt's son is still in there swingin' and singin'.

Latest newcomer to the outfit is one Sgt. Murphy. The ser-

geant is a quiet sort of guy, just walks around on all fours and snaps at flies. At first glance he looks somewhat like a dog, as a matter of fact he is a dog. At present the Lumber King has been assigned the task of playing nursemaid to Murph. It must be trying at times to be a dog in Pyote, what with fire plugs so few and far between but Walsh treats him with the same tender, loving care every G.I. gets from his first sergeant. Just happened to think (which is strange enough) but I didn't see Murphy around today, and we had stew for supper.

Section "E" seems to be well represented at the hospital what with six men in the sick bay. Best wishes for speedy recoveries to: Pfc. Abbruzzo, Pfc. Jorgenson, Pfc. Taylor, Pfc. Clarke, Cpl. Kingery and S-Sgt. Wurdock.

CAPTAIN GETS ASSIST ON ANOTHER'S HIT

ENGLAND (CNS)—Capt. Hiram Conant, of Cambridge, Mass., looked out the window of the bomber he was flying over Germany and saw a 500-pound bomb rolling around on the wing. The bomb, dropped by a plane above finally rolled off and exploded on a military target below.

Warming Up For Tojo



Out to qualify in firearms is this group of soldiers. While the instructor (standing in khakis) gives commands the men load, lock and fire their pieces at the target which is not visible. The marksman in foreground has pretty good form, except one foot is not flat against ground, as it should be.

MELODY IN F

The enlisted personnel of Section F who toil at the Ground Gunnery Range threw a combination beer-bust and swimming party at Balmorhea last week. From all the reports that drifted into this office, the party was a huge success. Jack Badgett suddenly became allergic to G.I. soap in the Mess Hall the other day and was handicapped by mitten-type bandages on both hands when it came to eating . . . but he held his own whenever it came to elbow bending. A slight casualty developed when Walter Lambdin attempted to equip the body beautiful with a Texas sun tan and over-indulged in the sunlight. We won't mention any other cases of over-indulgence.

Did anybody see one of the Section F supply men bump into a door last Wednesday? It seems that he made a mission to the local taverns to sample some foaming fluid and one sample led to another. The question is . . . did the lad bump into a door . . . or did he skin his nose when he fell off the wagon?

Ramblings and revelations . . . The magazines have been running various articles about the eventual fate of Hitler. The boys in Barracks 536 got in one of those round-table conferences about what might happen to the writer of "Beautiful Texas" if he dropped in at Pyote. It's a toss-up between the fates in store for each of them . . . I dare you to ask Joseph "Gable" Corpening how

many ounces of weight he has gained the last twenty-four hours. I saw him in the Service Club the other night while he was drinking a quart of milk to add poundage to his frame . . . Wonder what will happen to all the gals who constantly call the glamor boys over the phone each day when the boys ship out? They always seem to have a message that must be delivered without a second's hesitation. When the war started we were already overseas. It took five months to get a letter to the folks back home to let them know we were safe. These poor gals suffer untold mental anguish if the message takes ten minutes to deliver.

Keeping strictly G. I. about the medical lecture series, this Section has been marching to the theater in formation. When the formation was ready to leave, the command of "Right Face" was given and all except one man executed the command properly. The one exception did a left face. When the command of "Forward March" was given everyone started off . . . the formation to the lecture—the rugged individualist to his barracks. Unfortunately, the local Gestapo detected the lack of basic training and hauled the guy into the Orderly Room. The lad admitted his mistake was not in the execution of the command but in getting caught! At press time he was slowly wielding a G.I. mop and deciding that it would have saved a lot of trouble to have attended the lecture.

I made a flying trip to Los Angeles to see how the outside world is bearing up under the war strain and know you will be happy to hear that the American way of life still exists in that fair city. Being a Detroitter myself, I en-

AT THE THEATER

Today—ONCE UPON A TIME, with Cary Grant, Janet Blair and James Gleason. (Tough guy Grant succumbs to a kid's friendliness). Also Community Singing and Paramount News.

Friday—BERMUDA MYSTERY, with Preston Foster and Ann Rutherford. Also Phil Harris and Orchestra and Color Cartoon.

Saturday—ADDRESS UNKNOWN, with Paul Lukas and K. T. Stevens. (A famed story of pre-war Germany makes effective vehicle for Academy

Award winner Lukas). Also Backyard Golf and Merrie Melodies.

Sunday & Monday—SHOW BUSINESS, with Eddie Cantor, Joan Davis and George Murphy. (A solid musical with crowds of headliners). Paramount News and Army-Navy Screen Magazine.

Tuesday—(Double feature) FOLLOW THE LEADER, with East Side Kids; also THE BLACK PARACHUTE, with John Cardarine and Larry Parks.

Wednesday & Thursday—GAS LIGHT, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten. (London murder mystery about a man who tried to drive his wife insane, and almost succeeded. Is morbid but very suspenseful). Also Paramount News.

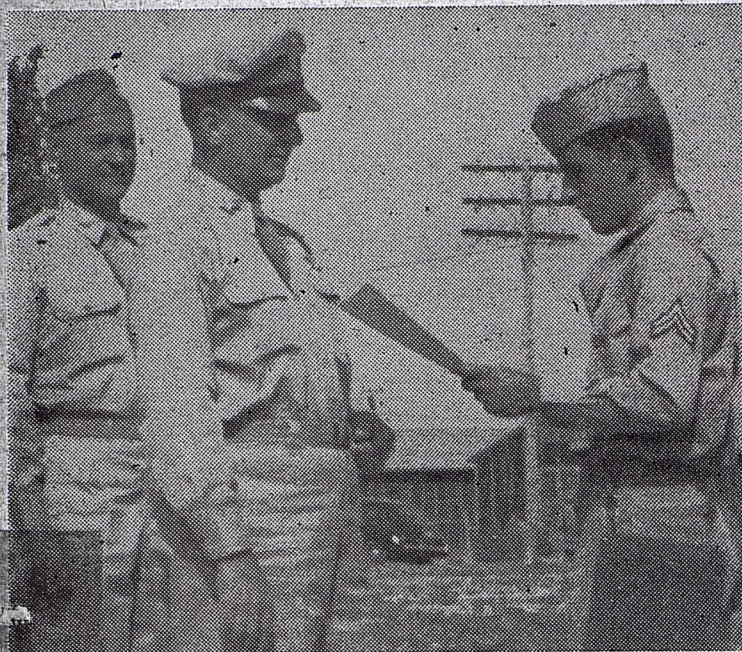
tered Los Angeles as an unbeliever but saw the light in due time. What a town . . . First run theaters open all night . . . night clubs going strong at two despite the 30 per cent tax . . . Drive-ins and car hops . . . The Hollywood Canteen . . . Drinks over the bar . . . NO CURFEW . . . NO DUST.

ST. LOUIS (CNS)—A flour mill has added a rock-tosser to its payroll. The man is paid to stand on the banks of the Mississippi river and throw rocks at wild ducks because the mill has been shut down five times in one week by ducks which dived into the river for food and were sucked into the plant's intake pipes.



"You know—I had the most fantastic dream last night!"

March Dedicated To Col. Castor



The "Col. Castor March", an original composition by Cpl. Anthony R. Grovannitti of the Station Band, has been dedicated to Col. Bernard T. Castor, former station Commandant. Col. Castor is shown receiving a complimentary copy from Cpl. Grovannitti. Looking on as the presentation is made is Lt.-Col. William H. Cocks, Station Executive Officer.

Wacs' Story—

Cont'd. from Page 8

that the hearts of all of us were beating fast and proud as we marched that day. To make the event more memorable, the blue and gold ribbon signifying first place in the marching was awarded to us. We really "showed up" the boys that day, but we believe we gained their good will.

Things progressed smoothly until the latter part of July when we received the news that we were being taken into the regular Army. For some of us this was "Our Day." On August 6, 1943, those of us who had decided to stay took the Army oath. Then we became privates and corporals and so on, instead of auxiliaries and leaders as we had been called in the WAAC. Up to this time we had all the ARs thrown at us but we didn't have the privileges, but dropping that "A" and becoming WACs changed all that. Soon Lt.-Col. Hewitt presented us with our green and gold WAC ribbons which signified that we had served in the WAAC and had taken our Army Oath without a break in service. And that's the answer to that question that we've heard: "What's that ribbon for?"

In September we shed our GIs for the first time in four months, put on our frilly garments (over which we wore the utility coats as evening wraps) to attend the

opening of the Service Club.

Thanksgiving came, and to many of us it was the first one to be spent away from home. We were low—lower than Hitler's chances—but the cooks knocked themselves out to prepare us an extra fancy meal, and we were allowed to invite one guest each which made things a lot better.

In June they said we brought the rains . . . and in December we must have brought the snow, for a beautiful eight-inch blanket fell, the first sizable snow in several years here.

With the New Year calls started coming for overseas duty. As the old-timers were shipped overseas, more new recruits replaced them. Lt. Stewart, Roberta Deason and Sylvia Wexler were on a recruiting tour for several months and were sending replacements. The new girls started in where the old ones left off and now we have Wacs all over the place. We have auto mechanics, welders, machine shop workers, weather observers, flight control operators, and various other types of workers. In fact we are taking over bigger jobs each day, which proves that we, in our small way, are accomplishing the job we set out to do. Our stay in Pyote has, on the whole, been pleasant and, with the exception of being overseas or at home, we would rather be here than anywhere else.

Do you see what I mean, Alphonse? A chapter indeed! It had better be a long one.

"A" Men

By SGT. WARD HOWELL

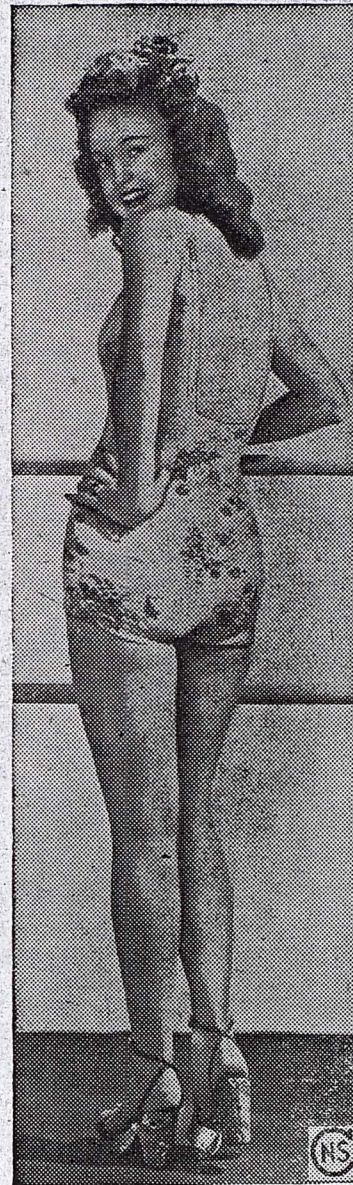
Section "A" hardball team cleaned the Monahans Colored team 23-5 in a game at the Monahans field last week. "A" led with three singles by Stover, two hits apiece by Buckner, Rhodes, Cruz and Linsky. Five extra base hits were garnered—a double and triple by Buckner, a triple by Abrams and doubles by Linsky and Ownby. Demolino and Ownby divided pitching honors, the former striking out three and the latter two.

What they used to be: S-Sgt. Robert Blissitt—a grocery store clerk in Senora, Calif. . . . Sgt. Robert Gehlhaart—a student at the University of Wisconsin in Madison . . . Sgt. Willard Davis—a shipping and receiving clerk in Cushing, Okla. . . . Pvt. Harold Timmerman—an airplane inspector in St. Louis . . . Pvt. Harry Harrison—a jeweler in Chicago . . . Pfc. Richard Nell—an upholsterer in Billings, Mont. . . . Cpl. Martin Harris—a clerical department chief clerk in Rome, NY. . . . Sgt. Walter Clardy—a fireman with the AAF at Moody Field, Ga. . . . Pfc. Wayne Conyer—a dry cleaner in Huntingdon, Tenn. . . . Sgt. Frank Comyns—a linotype operator in Los Angeles . . . Cpl. Henry Engelsman—a commercial photographer in Holland, Michigan.

Here 'N There in A: Sgt. Dan Pittman, Sgt. John Rogers, Pvt. Paul Botte, Pvt. James Jones and Pvt. Arthur Grudnowski were recently commended by Lt. Colonel Cocks for excellent work. That's a swell welcome to Art, who is new in Headquarters . . . Sgt. Harry Becker and Miss Clara Shapiro rung the wedding bells on the seventh. Mrs. Becker is from Denver, and the couple is making their little nest in Monahans . . . Only addition to A's family roster this week is the daughter born to T-Sgt. and Mrs. Robert Hale . . . Loss of Beverly Reese will really be felt when it comes to the ball games. Sgt. Reese's transfer is a definite loss to Pyote . . . How have these pool games between 1st Sgt. Stanley Schmidt and S-Sgt. Cataldo Cimarrusti been coming out lately?

KP isn't so rough these spring days since pusher Andy Gazak's thoughts are mostly on a certain little WAC and less gruesome glances are tossed at the humble KP . . . So long and best of luck to Cpl. Mike Fedor, Pfc. Ray Black, Sgt. Lamar Smith, Cpl. Arthur Katz and Sgt. Eddie Lockamy . . . Father Gannon is on a well earned leave of absence . . . S-Sgt. Charlie Allen is back from furlough. Charlie saw his brother who is just back from overseas.

Comin' Up

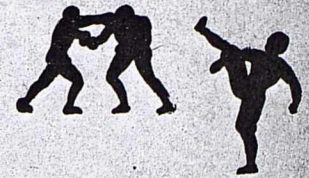


This is Janice Hansen, 17, of Union City, N. J., who recently won \$1,000 in war bonds for having the most beautiful legs in New Jersey. She's going to show them to soldiers in camps all over the U. S. in a forthcoming coast-to-coast tour. Of course, the Rattler advised her that Pyote lies somewhere between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Adios to Sgt. McDonald, Cpl. Leroy Lewellen, Cpl. Gustav Barabas, Cpl. Vern Theakston and Pfc. John Krafinski . . . SCOOP! Sgt. Edward David is plenty glad to see Vivian Payne back at Headquarters, cause when HE admits it, he's really on the level. Take it from there, Vivian . . . Then there's the one about the Australian kangaroo which, after pausing several times to scratch her stomach, yanked two baby kangaroos from her pouch and thrashed them soundly for eating crackers in bed!



RATTLER SPORTS



Rattlers Open Crucial Series Saturday With Tucson

Improving Pyote Nine Aims For Twin Killing; Clemenson To Hurl for D-M

By PVT. CARL LAMKE

On Saturday and Sunday, June 3rd and 4th at diamond No. 1 the high powered Davis Monthan "Mustangs" will meet our Pyote "Rattlers" in a twin bill which will just about decide the winner of the 2nd Air Force Baseball League.

Coming to Pyote and riding high on a 8 and 0 record in league competition the "Mustangs" seem

to be in a class all by themselves. The "Rattlers" winning six out of their last seven starts, have come a long way since they dropped their opening two games to Davis Monthan at Tucson. Pre-game 'dope' indicates that the Rattlers are about the only remaining team in the league capable of dropping the "Mustangs."

Coach Hal Glucksman boys have been playing inspired baseball in their recent games and he reports "don't be surprised if you see a double upset, with the team making it six straight after this weekend double-header." At any rate 'ball-playing' from both teams of a Class A caliber will be witnessed. The Mustangs will be parading a strong pitching staff in Bill Clemenson, ex-Pittsburgh Pirate hurler, and Eddie Radwin, curve-ball artist. The former will be remembered as having hurled a one-hit shut-out game against the Rattlers at Tucson.

Clemenson, who is also Manager of the Mustangs will field a team that is strong in every position. 'Buck' Scheffell, property of the Cincinnati Reds, will handle the catching while Gus Mills, recently inducted and former New Orleans 'Pelican' player will be at third. Rovello, Weiffenbach and McCarron, a slugging trio responsible for most of Tucson's high scoring will be in the outfield. Two flashy fielders in Cogswell and Herrell will be at short and first respectively.

Coach Hal Glucksman will start Walter Ward, speed-ball hurler, in the first game with 'Moe' Moran to go in the second. Masi, ace Pyote backstopper, will be on the receiving end in both games. The Rattler Murderers Row of Kleppe, Ward, Matalavage, Masi and Cargile definitely assure us Clemenson will not go back to Tucson with a shutout.

Both games will start promptly at 2:30 p.m. and capacity crowds are expected.

Sec. A Takes On 'Texans' In Opener Tonight

The Pyote Air Field Baseball League will open tonight at the Civilian Personnel diamond with Section A against the Civilian Personnel "Texans." 'Pop' Nova-gradac and Doug Pilcher, Section A's managers have rounded up a strong ball club but Mr. Paige, Texan Coach, promises a tough ball game in sight.

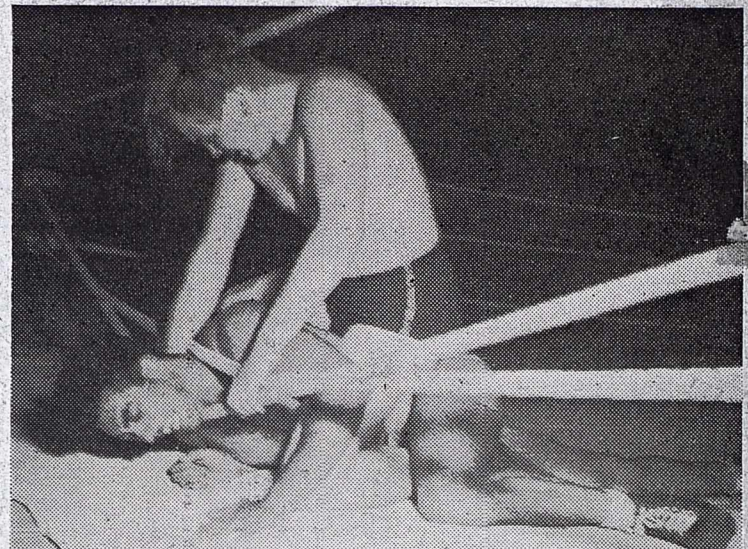
To date six teams have entered the League which will run thru-out the summer with games to be played at the Civilian Personnel diamond and the Group Athletic Field. All games will be seven innings and will start promptly at six o'clock.

Besides the two teams playing tonight the Aviation Unit, Section E, Section F, and the Medics have entered clubs in the PAFBL. Two late entries from the Combat Crew and Section D, the latter mostly Hangar No. 1 workers are expected to get in shortly.

Much spirited competition can be looked for from the teams in the League. All seem to be evenly matched with Section A perhaps having the edge in the pitching. Section F's newly organized team show signs that they're going to make it rough for the rest of the circuit while Section E's "Commandos" are known to be able to play a good brand of ball. Dark horse of the League appear to be the outfit representing the Medics. If they produce a team that plays baseball as well as their Softball team has done they will be difficult to beat.

Umpires are wanted for this league and they are requested to leave their names at the Recreation Hall.

'Hey! That Hurts My Tonsils!'



But Strangler Brown paid no attention to this cry, and Muscle Man Greco, shown snared between the ropes, had to suffer until he could break away. This fun-loving pair of wrestlers tried their best to maim each other on the recent ring card at the Rec Hall. The action became so real at one point that Col. William H. Cocke jumped into the ring to stop them. Muscle Man and Strangler slowed up for the colonel, but when the referee tried to break up some bar-room tactics, they ganged him and GI-ed the mat with his profile, to the huge enjoyment of the crowd. Another boxing and wrestling card will be presented as soon as it can be arranged.

Static Chasers In Grudge Game With Clubbers

There'll be weeping and gnashing of teeth tonight when the final softball game between the highly touted Canadian Club and equally highly esteemed Static Chasers is over. Undeclared throughout the season the Static Chasers will endeavor to wipe the Athletic Field with the personnel of the Canadian Club, starting at 6:30 p.m.

Confidence runs rampant in the Section F crew and they are offering two to one that the Canadian Club will bite the dust tonight.

Eward will hurl for the Canadian Club and it is expected that Kane will take the mound for the Static Chasers.

This game has developed into a

bit of a grudge affair with Static Chaser personnel accusing the Canadian Clubbers of hogging the headlines in this newspaper.

Monday night saw the Canadian Club go down to its first defeat before the fine hurling of Joe Okenka of the Medics as the latter squeezed in with a 2-1 victory in the last inning. Although the Medics have already suffered at least one defeat, the Pill Pushers put on a fine game and deserved the win.

Kuna scored with the decisive tally.

Each team collected five blows but the Medics had the punch when it counted. Eward and Okenka each struck out eight men.

If the Canadian Club can cop tonight's clash against the highly confident Static Chasers, it will mean that the two teams will have finished out the Rattlesnake Softball League tied for first place.

THE SCORE

Canadian Club 000 001 0 - 1-5-1
Medics000 100 1 - 2-5-1

Moran Twirls 3-Hitter At Marfa To Register First Shutout Of Season

Rattlers Get Practice Running Bases At Russell

Jay "Moe" Moran, ace Pyote hurler, really pitched himself a ball game last Sunday in the second of a twin-bill when he registered the first 'whitewash' of the season over the Marfa "Bobcats" at Marfa, Texas.

Moran struck out the first four to face him before Tucker got the first of the three Bobcat hits, a triple to right field. However the latter died on third when Moran proceeded to strike out the next two batters. Relying chiefly on a fast ball mixed in with a deceptive 'sinker' Moran struck out at least one Bobcat every inning, walking none and facing only 25 batters in the 7 inning contest. At no time was Moran in trouble during the game and eleven of the first fifteen batters went out via the strike-out route.

Matalavage started the "Rattler" scoring with a line single in the 2nd after Masi popped out. Cargile's long triple scored Matalavage with the first Pyote run and the latter came in when Emmert laid down a perfect 'squeeze' bunt. The Rattlers picked up another in the 5th when Wynne reached first on Davidson's error, advanced to second on Moran's sacrifice bunt and scored on Kleppe's single. The final run came in the 7th when Kleppe opened with his third hit of the game, a single. Ward's bunt sacrificed him to second from where he scored on Matalavage's line smash single to left.

There was at least one Pyote hit every inning except the first, Cargile getting a triple and single and Kleppe and Matalavage three singles apiece.

RATTLERS CRUSH FORT D. A. RUSSELL 20-2

Our Pyote "Rattlers" traveled to Marfa, Texas, last Sunday, May 28th, and in the first game of a double-header walloped Fort D. A. Russell 20-2 in a seven inning non-League game.

Leon "Sleepy" Saraille went the distance for Pyote, and showed good form and control in chalking up his first win of the year. Saraille had the Fort D. A. Russell team 'eating out of his hand' all afternoon.

Eleven walks along with eight Fort D. A. Russell errors contributed largely to the "Rattler" high score. The boys literally wore themselves out running the bases. Leading 2-1, the Rattlers went to town in the 4th when eleven men went to bat, seven of them scoring. Six more crossed the plate in

the 5th on only two hits aided by three errors, a walk, wild pitch and a hit-batsman. In the 6th Pyote batted around for the third inning in a row, five more runs being scored on four hits and three infield errors.

George "Muscles" Wynne, finding his batting 'eye' came thru with two timely hits and along with Masi, both drove in four runs apiece. Wynne's double and Matalavage's two triples featured the extra-base hit attack.

BOX SCORE

Pyote	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Glucksman, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Paret, ss	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kleppe, ss	5	3	2	2	3	1	1
Hedges, cf	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Matalavage, 3b	4	3	2	1	0	0	0
Masi, c	4	2	3	8	4	0	0
Cargile, 2b	3	4	1	2	0	0	0
Jastitis, rf	3	3	0	0	0	0	0
Wynne, lb	4	2	2	7	1	0	0
Mitchell, lf	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Saraille, p	4	1	2	0	0	0	0
Hogan, x	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
	36	20	13	21	8	1	

D. A. Russell	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Torchian, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	0	0
Garcia, 2b	2	0	0	1	3	1	1
Pelc, ss	2	1	1	3	1	4	1
Engler, cf, p	2	0	0	1	3	1	0
Gonzalez, lf	3	0	2	0	1	0	0
Taibbe, c	3	0	1	3	0	0	0
Reinbolt, lb	3	0	0	13	0	2	0
Connors, rf	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bryant, p	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lohse, p	1	0	0	0	2	0	0
Thomas, p	0	0	0	0	2	0	0
Smith, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
	24	2	5	21	14	8	

	R	H	E
Pyote	0	0	2
D. A. R.	0	0	1

Second Game—

Pyote	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Glucksman, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kleppe, ss	4	1	3	0	1	0	0
Ward, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Matalavage, 3b	4	1	3	1	0	0	0
Masi, c	4	0	1	16	1	0	0
Cargile, 2b	4	1	2	0	1	1	1
Emmert, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wynne, lb	3	1	0	3	0	0	0
Moran, p	2	0	0	1	0	0	0
	30	4	9	21	3	1	

D. A. Russell	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Tarantino, 3b	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
Raisner, rf	3	0	0	2	3	1	1
Ransier, ss	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Knutson, c	3	0	0	4	0	0	0
Tucker, lb	3	0	1	6	0	0	0
Duff, lf	3	0	0	4	1	1	1
Stevenson, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Davidson, 2b	2	0	1	4	0	1	1
Johanssen, p	2	0	1	1	3	0	0
	25	0	3	21	8	4	

	R	H	E
Pyote	0	2	0
D. A. R.	0	0	0

Sec. A Gives 'Commandos' 6-1 Lesson

"Del" Delmolina spaced five hits effectively to give Section A diamond gang an easy 6-1 victory over Section E's Crippled Commandos last Sunday.

"Dusty" Rhodes, aided and abetted by a crowd of spectators that blocked a throw to home after a foul fly was sacked up by Third Baseman Cross of the Commandos, tabbed the first marker. Linsky's single scored Buckner with the deciding marker.

BOX SCORE

Section A	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Rhodes, ss-rf	4	1	2	3	0	2	
Strausse, lf-ss	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Ray, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0	
Buckner, cf	3	1	1	0	0	0	
Stover, c	4	0	2	8	2	0	
Linsky, 3b	4	0	2	8	2	0	
Vergez, 2b	4	1	1	1	0	0	
Abrams, lb	4	1	1	6	0	1	
Pittman, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0	
Dye, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0	
Delmolina, p	2	2	1	0	1	0	
	31	6	12	21	6	3	

Commandos	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Woodard, 2b	4	0	1	4	0	1	
Brown, lb	4	0	0	1	0	2	
Cross, 3b	3	0	0	2	0	0	
Fuiano, rf	3	0	2	2	1	0	
Kaminsky, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0	
Vizzini, c	3	0	1	5	0	1	
Dunlap, lf	3	0	1	1	1	0	
Cooper, lf	2	1	0	2	1	0	
Robinson, p	3	0	0	2	0	0	
	28	1	5	21	3	4	

Score by innings:	Section A	2	3	0	1	0	0	0-6-12-3
Crips	0	0	0	0	1	0	0-1-5-4	

Umpire—Stewart.

Free Air Mail For Soldier Vote Applications

By Camp Newspaper Service
GIs who are going to vote in the presidential elections this fall may get some of the information they need on absentee balloting by reading WD Circular 155, just issued by the War Department.

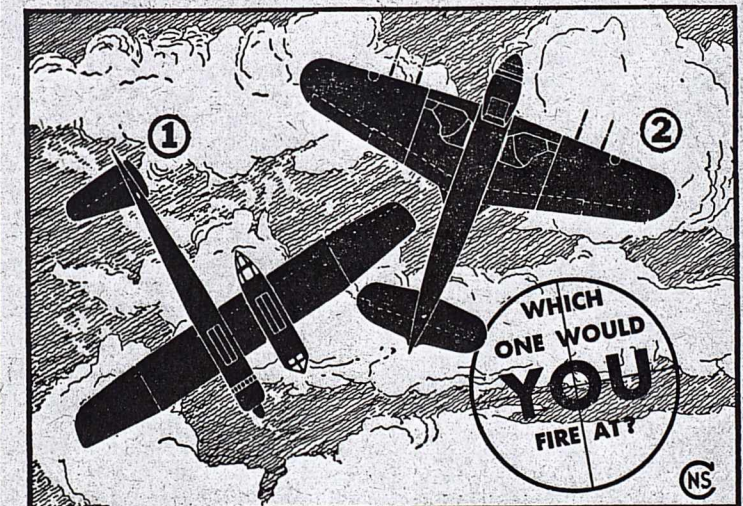
This circular recommends distinctive markings on postcard applications for absentee ballots to servicemen and back again to their home states. The purpose of this recommendation is to enable ballot applications to be sent by free air mail.

Many states are sending out ballots on their own hook complete with envelopes that do not bear these new official markings and many GIs are still applying for ballots with the old-style postcards (WD AGO Form 560) which do not bear the air mail markings either. Soldiers are urged to mark these old style postcards and envelopes in the following manner:

"Free Of Postage Including Air Mail (War Ballot)."
Then draw two heavy horizontal lines above the address and print between these lines the following:

Official Election War Ballot —Via Air Mail."

If you neglect to mark the postcards and envelopes plainly to let the post office know they are ballot mail, they may get buried in the regular mail and arrive too late to enable you to get your ballot back in time to vote.



FIRE AT NO. 1 . . . It's the German BV-141, a two-seat ship of unusual design reputed to be the first asymmetrical plane. The off-center fuselage balanced by the cabin nacelle and the half tail-plane make this plane easy to recognize. The center section of the wings is rectangular while the edges of the outer panels taper to broad, curved tips.

NOT AT NO. 2 . . . It's the RAF's "Typhoon", a low-wing, single-seat fighter and dive-bomber. A huge air scoop below the nose gives a deep appearance to the engine. The wings have a fixed center section and taper on both edges of rounded tips. The tapered tailplane has rounded tips and a single fin and rudder. This plane is a speed boy.

June 1, 1944

'Let's Have Invasion' Cry Jittery German Leaders

Nazis Say They Won't Protect Downed Flyers

Strong indications of a fissure in the propaganda-strained fabric of German nerves are seen in recent outbursts of the Berlin radio. "Germany would prefer for the invasion to come today rather than tomorrow," cried a spokesman last week.

For weeks the minds of the Nazi leaders have been strained to the breaking point by the barrage of propaganda from across the Channel, most of it dealing with the old "second front" topic. At least once the Nazis have guessed wrong on the invasion date. Last week they came out with a long explanation of how the Anglo-American allies had allowed the date to slip by, due, according to the German theory, to the fact that the thousands of troops were not fully trained for battle.

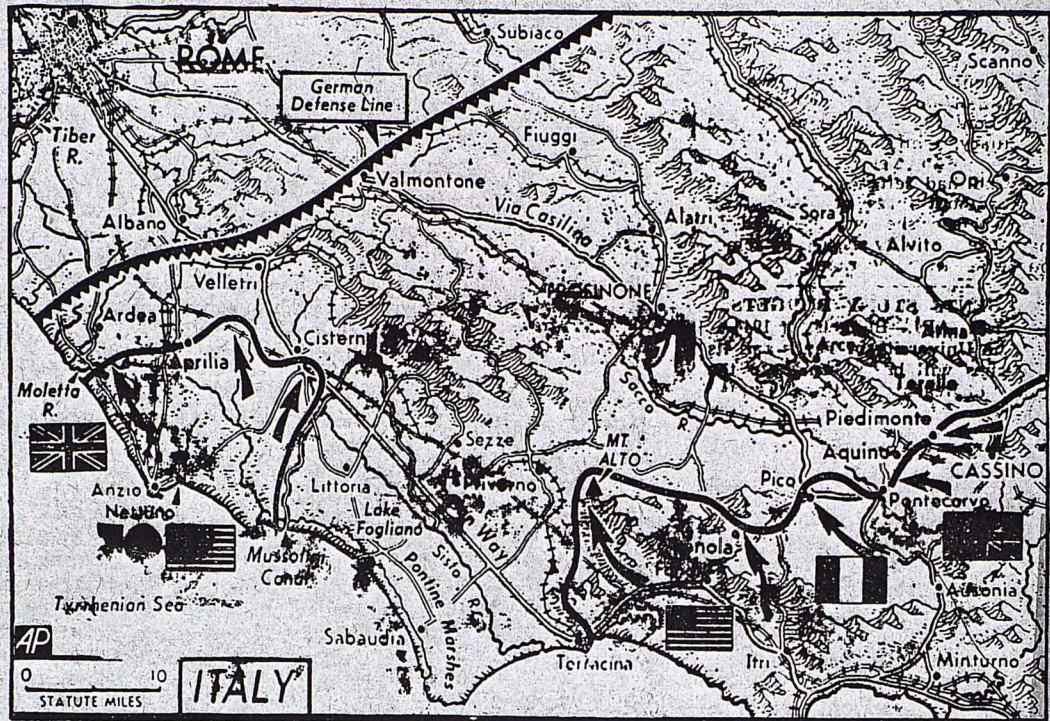
The only purpose such a story would have would be to relax the taut nerves of the soldiers on the Western Front who have been under the shadow of imminent attack for solid months.

How wearing this can be on the nerves is inconceivable to the person who has never had a like experience. To wake up each day with the thought that "today might be the day" and nervously await each hour's passing, then to try to sleep at night wondering if paratroopers will land between your station and your main supply base, is a peculiar brand of mental torture that eventually effects the strongest and best soldiers.

That their nervous tension has brought an emotional climax among certain of the elements on the Western Front is clear from the statement that Germany had rather have the invasion come off today than tomorrow.

Of course she would, because each rising sun sees the Nazi position deteriorating in every quarter. She is not waiting with confidence for the assault, for the Allies outmatch her everywhere. Her once-mighty air fleet has been rendered largely impotent, although evidently she has some planes hoarded away for harder times yet to come.

Raining destruction on German defenses from the channel coast to Yugoslavia, a force of approximately 2200 heavy



AT GATES OF ROME . . . After pounding through the vaunted Hitler Line in short order, Anglo-American-French forces in Italy are hammering at the gates of Rome. Gen. Mark

Clark's 5th Army boys have poured it on the German 10th Army, which is now in trouble trying to extricate itself. Via Casilina (Highway 6) is being knocked out as an evacuation

route. The Eternal City will fall in a few days and will thus be the first European capitol to be liberated, says Gen. Clark.

bombers and fighters made another bold challenge to German aircraft Tuesday. Sixty-six enemy planes were brushed from the skies by the invaders, and our forces lost 11 bombers and nine fighters. It was the first time that American heavies had struck Germany four days straight, and was the third straight day that such a huge fighter force (1200 planes) had been assembled for battle. At the same time, bombers from Italy roared out to plaster aircraft factories in southern Germany and Austria.

Germany's old boast of "honorable warfare" seems to have gone down the drain, although the Nazis were bragging a few months ago about their inherent chivalry and gallantry in warfare. Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels declared that Allied airmen bailing out over Germany no longer would have the protection of military and police forces against German civilians.

Goebbels, who has a warped foot and a warped brain, contended that recent Allied sweeps had been directed against field workers and women and children riding trains. This is the same Goebbels who has in the past lauded the

principle of total war, who sat by and watched the Luftwaffe hammering helpless civilians all over Europe with bombs dropped on open cities (Belgrade, Rotterdam and others) and machine gun bullets sprayed over traffic-clogged highways.

His is the same reasoning, completely fallible to the American mind but evidently compatible with the German sense of "chivalry", which the German Army used when they were taking refuge in the Cassino monastery. Now they are running out of places to hide, and as the situation gets worse for them we can expect that their methods will grow more irresponsible. A few days after Goebbels' statement the Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm newspaper Aftonbladet reported that American airmen who parachuted into three unnamed places in central Germany were "killed by agitated people." The item does not come from underground sources but was carried openly and was passed by the German censor.

Battering their way ahead with hard-hitting tanks, American and British troops stood before the final fortress wall guarding Rome.

"We now stand on the threshold guarding Rome," said Lt.-Gen. Mark Clark, commander of the 5th Army. "Before many days have passed we shall have freed this first of the European capitals from Nazi domination."

His attitude was mirrored in the German press with the attitude that only luck could save Field Marshal Albert Kesselring's forces in Italy. As the sounds of gunfire grew louder within the Holy City, Kesselring issued an order of the day in which he said, "everything is at stake."

The Nazis were offering savage resistance in an effort to stop the immediate threat to Rome until the bulk of the shattered 10th Army could be withdrawn up the Via Casilina and along the secondary highways from its disastrous stand along the Hitler Line.

Counter-attacks were being offered, whatever the cost in casualties, but these were being overcome and 5th Army headquarters said progress continued "satisfactory." The Eighth Army was pressing strongly against Frosinone, an ancient city of 20,000 population.