

THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Army Air Field

VOL. I, NUMBER 44 PYOTE, TEXAS FEB. 23, 1944

So Glad To See You



All soldiers in history who have been given an individual greeting by their CO probably wouldn't make a big enough group to handle KP at Mess Hall No. 5, but to that select group now comes Pvt. Freda O'Malie, new Wac dispatcher at this station. She is shown shaking the hand of 1st Lt. Edith Haslam commanding officer of the WAC detachment here. Pvt. O'Malie is the first replacement to join the Wacs here since last September when the women were permanently made a part of the Army. Besides the personal greeting from CO Haslam, Pvt. O'Malie also had the pleasure of seeing 1st Sgt. Alren H. Vincent carry her luggage, which is, to say the least a chore not usually performed by 1st Sergeants. Pvt. O'Malie, who enlisted in response to the Air WAC campaign, had made a previous visit to this station to visit her brother who was in training here, so Pyote was not exactly a new sight to her. Her home is in West Palm Beach, Fla., and she enlisted at Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

Art Of Blinding The Enemy

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A bit of action at the Air Base Unit's dance tossed recently at the Service Club, shows some interesting expressions as the crowd mills about. The girl in white blouse at center seems to be interested in the cameraman while her partner admires the jitterbugging being started on his left. The dance was attended by a large crowd and was one of the most successful EM functions in recent months. More pictures inside.

Pro And Con On Soldier Vote Question

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Supply Section Sets Record

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Maintenance Units Absorbed By Base Outfit

In a move designed to further conserve manpower, the most critical item in the Army Air Forces, a plan is now being worked out whereby the three Maintenance Units and the Training Unit personnel will be absorbed into the Air Base Unit. It is expected that this new move will go into effect shortly and will result in a large saving in key personnel.

Under the new set-up each maintenance unit and the training unit will hold one supply non-commissioned officer, two duty noncommissioned officers and one orderly.

All administrative functions will be handled through the Air Base Unit and in this way, the maintenance units and the training unit will lose their identity in so far as administrative personnel is concerned.

The functions of the absorbed units will remain the same but it is expected that the consolidation will result in greater efficiency in the operation of administrative details.

As a result of this move, a large number of key personnel, now working in the Maintenance Units, will be available for other important positions.

Loan Requests To Be Handled By Red Cross Office

In accordance with War Department Circular 54 and instructions from the Second Army Air Force, Army Emergency Relief offices will henceforth only make loans in exceptional cases which have been referred to it by the commanding officer of the Station.

The Second Air Force instructions read:

"Army Emergency Relief Sections of this Command will make loans and grants only in accordance with War Department Circular 54, current series. All requests for assistance will be referred to the American Red Cross Field Directors . . ."

According to the War Department circular referred to, Army Emergency Relief funds will only be expended at the discretion of the commanding officer of the Station when he feels the Red Cross cannot adequately meet the existing needs or when an unusual situation warrants the expenditure of these AER funds.

The Circular also added the fact that all Army Emergency Relief offices, not located at camps, posts or stations will be closed.

Air Base Unit Dance



Col. Bernard Castor found time to drop in on the Air Base dance last week. Here the new station commandant is shown looking on at a table with Miss Dorothy Robb (center), and Miss Eleanor Crowder, Service Club hostesses.



S-Sgt. Glenn Boode seems to have tossed a good gag at Miss Beatrice Edwards. Scene at the recent dance sponsored by the Air Base Unit shows the couple sitting one out while he amuses her with his line of chin music. Miss Edwards is employed at the Sub-Depot as a typist, and Sgt. Boode is in Quartermaster.

Pyote Bandsmen In Jam Session

W/O Irvin E. Zimmerman, station bandmaster, will be director next Sunday afternoon, Feb. 27, when a sextet of his hottest instrumentalists will be heard in a jam session at the Monahans USO. The musical will be open to the public.

Leap Year is having its effect, too, at the USO. On Tuesday night, Feb. 29, at "turn about" party will be held, and it will be up to the girls to ask for the dances. All tasks normally done by hostesses will be taken over by the service men, while the girls who serve regularly as hostesses will make like they're guests.

Fatigues Allowed In Service Club

In response to many requests from service men, Service Club rules have been changed to allow soldiers wearing fatigues in the Service Club cafeteria in daytime; it has been announced by Special Services.

This change in rules applies only to the cafeteria, not to the service club lounge, and is effective between 10:00 and 18:00 each day. In other words, no fatigues will be allowed in the lounge at any time and none will be allowed in the cafeteria after 6 p.m. each day.

The move was understood to be primarily for the convenience of the GI's who want to drop by the

War Bond Drive Extended To March 3rd

With the extension of the War Bond Drive on this Field to March 3, added opportunities for the cash purchase of War Bonds will be available on payday, according to Lt. Jerry A. Hrdlicka, War Bond Officer.

In order to facilitate the cash sales on the day the eagle flies so mightily, bonds will be sold to civilians and military personnel at the Finance Office and the Post Exchange.

All sales made up to and including midnight of the third will be counted in the Station's final tallies and it is hoped that this payday will see an upsurge in the amount of cash sales.

According to figures released by the War Bond Officer, there are now approximately 1750 Class B allotments in force among personnel on the base and it is desired that this total be upped to include all personnel.

Cash sales have passed the \$55,000.00 mark and with one more payday remaining before the drive officially closes hopes are high that this figure will be substantially increased.

Leading organization in the percentage of Class B allotments held is the Wac Unit which has 98 per cent of its personnel holding these allotments. Second place is in the hands of the men of Maintenance Unit "C" which boasts of 82 per cent having Class B allotments.

Officers have purchased more than \$27,000 worth of Bonds in cash sales while enlisted men are close on their heels with over \$20,000 worth of cash purchases. Civilian employees have bought nearly \$10,000.00 worth of Bonds over and above the Class A Pay Reservations which are in force for civilians.

Theater Schedule

Wed. and Thurs.—"Madame Curie," with Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson.

Friday—"Phantom Lady," with Franchot Tone and Ella Raines.

Saturday—"The Frisco Kid," with James Cagney and Margaret Lindsey.

Sun. and Mon.—"Standing Room Only," with Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard and Roland Young.

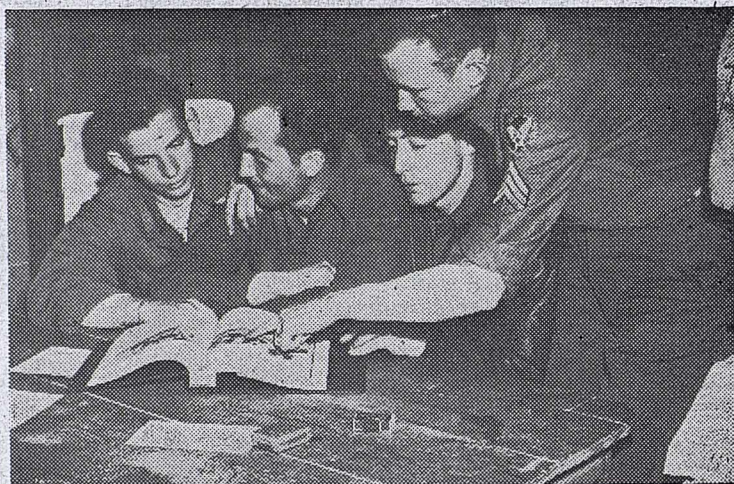
Tues.—"Timber Queen," with Richard Arlen and Mary Beth Hughes.

club at odd hours during the day for a cup of coffee or a short snack, without changing into class A's. It was approved by headquarters.

Combat Crewmen Relax In Off Moments



In a moment of relaxation, this quartet of aerial gunners appears to be deeply embroiled in a discussion of current jive artists. Portable radio furnishes cud for the chop beating. Names below.



When they've got no work to be done, all good gunners go to the barracks and study. That's just what these men are doing. Honest, that's a tech order they're studying, and not a prize pin-up assortment. Left to right: Sgt. Isadore Gertler, Pfc. Walter L. Cole, Pvt. James Kissock and Sgt. Edward S. Leonard. Sgt. Leonard has evidently found something interesting to point out to his buddies.



USO-Camp Show 'Around the Corner,' To Be Presented Here Tuesday Night

A blue ribbon event in entertainment will occur at the Recreation Hall on Tuesday night, Feb. 29, when the new USO Camp Shows production, "Around the Corner," will be presented. The show is a fast-paced joy-ride with a stellar cast.

Eddie Manson famous master of the harmonica, tops the list with his act that has won him acclaim in top-flight clubs and hotels throughout the nation. Eddie, who is a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music, has been featured on NBC and CBS broadcasts and has toured Canada and Mexico. His repertoire runs the gamut from Bach to Boogie-Woogie and includes such numbers as Bach's "Violin Concert in A Minor," "Rhapsody in Blue," and a full bag of standard current hits.

The production features also the Three Galli Sisters, the "Singing Sweethearts" of Eddie Cantor fame. This attractive trio has a different way of "sending" their music, which added to their sweet harmony and nice personalities, has put them among the top trios. They have made smash hits with servicemen wherever they have appeared.

Hap Hazard, the "Careless Comedian," does a high perch act that is a lulu. He and his partner, Mary Hart, have been very successful with their line of patter accompanying his high perch work. Yorke and Tracy give a hoke comedy act that is a smash hit wherever they go. Barbara Champeon, peppy toe and acrobatic dancer, does a fine toe ballet and some marvelous acrobatic dancing that includes, among other things, a flip-flop that turns into a split. Marjorie Manson is pianist and musical conductor for the numbers. An extra attraction will be the work of Konradi Leitner an outstanding mentalist.

Songs, dance, farce and thrills abound in "Around the Corner." Three of the acts enjoy an international stage reputation for cleverness and ability that has taken them to many countries.

And it is free to all Pyote servicemen.

Los Angeles (CNS)—Mrs. Jesse Koontz won a divorce after testifying in court that her husband had threatened to chop off her head when she put the wrong kind of milk in his gravy.



Eddie Manson, harmonica hot-shot who headlines USO Camp Show cast coming here Tuesday night.

PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday, February 27th

- 0900—390th Aviation Sq. Chapel Service.
- 1030—Base Chapel Service.
- 1130—Civilian Housing Service.
- 1930—Vesper Service.

Wednesday, February 23rd

- 1930—Young Men's Christian League.

CATHOLIC SERVICES

Sunday Masses

- 0800, 1615, and 1745.
- Confessions Saturday, 1500 to 1830, 2000 to 2100, and any day before Mass.

Week-day Mass: Daily at 1830 (Except Thursday).

Holy Communion: Daily from 1700 to Mass time.

Hospital Mass: Thursday at 1015.

Evening Devotions: Tuesday at 1900: Novena to our Mother of Perpetual Help. Friday at 2100: Stations of the Cross.

ASH WEDNESDAY; Distribution of Ashes: 0730, 1200, and 1830.

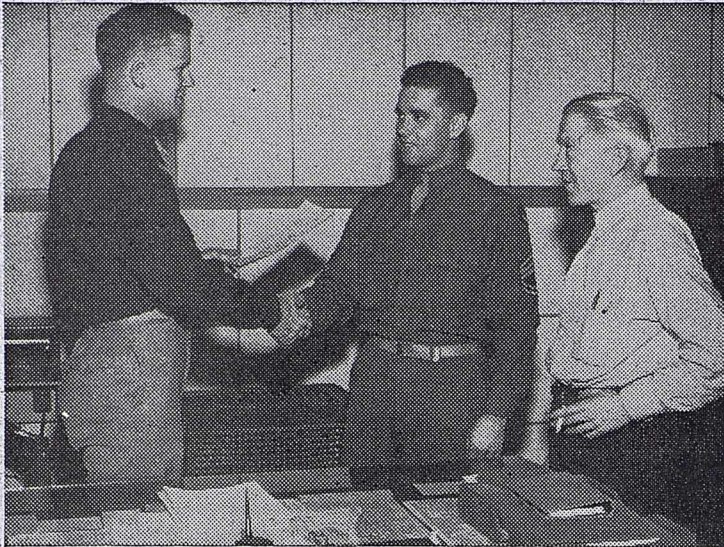
JEWISH SERVICES

Friday, February 25th, at 1900: Sabbath evening service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES
Thursday, February 24, at 2000.

Notwithstanding all opinions, poll results and statements to the contrary, the No. 1 recreation activity of a majority of soldiers is doing sack time. Sgt. Robert C. Umberger, of the Combat Crew Detachment, is shown grabbing off some sack time between flights. The pair of shoes beside the cot give eloquent testimony as to what soldiers would rather be doing when they have nothing else to do.

Pyote Men Set Fine Supply Record



Capt. Miles J. Frisinger, supply officer, congratulates T-Sgt. Robert E. Brown and Mr. Paul Reed, on their supply record. For 228 days no plane had been grounded for lack of parts when this picture was made.

| NO AGP - 228 | | DAYS | |
|-----------------------|--|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| NO AIRPLANES ASSIGNED | | 1-17-43 1-30-43 | |
| DATE | 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 | | |
| NO AIRPLANES OUT | | | |
| AIRPLANES AND ACTION | | | |
| DATE OUT | AIRPLANES TYPE SERIAL NO. CODE | ONLY FOR CRUISE PARTS NEEDED PART NO. | NOMENCLATURE |
| FEB 16 | 42-30324-171-42-50324-1000 | 5400-50-1053 | COXSW |
| FEB 16 | 42-30324-171-42-50324-1000 | 5400-706-055 | SPOT LIGHT |
| FEB 16 | 42-30324-171-42-50324-1000 | 5400-202-015 | GLASS |
| FEB 16 | 42-30324-171-42-50324-1000 | 5400-2175-00 | PORTHOLE |
| FEB 17 | 42-30324-171-42-50324-1000 | 4312-00 | THE RATTLER |
| FEB 17 | 42-30324-171-42-50324-1000 | 4312-00 | THE RATTLER |
| FEB 17 | 42-30324-171-42-50324-1000 | 4312-00 | THE RATTLER |
| FEB 17 | 42-30324-171-42-50324-1000 | 4307-00 | WIPER ASST |

This chart tells the story—"NO AGP—228 Days" means that for 228 consecutive days no ship was grounded here for lack of parts. This is one of the finest records for supply work held anywhere in the nation.

Supply Section Record Sets Pace For Entire Country

A maintenance and supply record known to be the best in the Second Air Force and also believed to be the best in the entire Nation, has been established by the Aircraft Parts and Equipment organization here, formerly the Supply Section of the 351st Sub-Depot which became a part of the Army Air Forces on January 1.

As this is written (Saturday, February 19) two hundred twenty-nine days have gone by here at Pyote without a single plane being grounded because of lack of parts. And to hear those responsible tell it, you can come back on July 4th and that record will be exactly one year old. It was on July 4, 1943, that this present pace was started and there is no signs of slackening off.

The excellent record of supply and maintenance has brought a commendation from Major General W. H. Frank, commanding general of the Air Service Command, Patterson Field, Fairfield Ohio, whose letter of praise and recognition has been received by Col. Bernard T. Castor, Station Commandant.

The story behind this record is one of cooperation by all units and organizations here on the Field aided and abetted by neighboring fields which have, at times, made available to Pyote certain parts which could not be located here.

The men primarily responsible for this splendid achievement are Mr. M. Paul Reid and T-Sgt. Robert E. Brown, who have worked wonders in securing the necessary parts to keep the Forts droning over Pyote.

While some other fields may have better records of supply for other aircraft, it is an established fact that Pyote is the only four-engine field where such a record has been attained.

This supply record speaks well of the cooperation of the civilian and military personnel on the Field and as Captain Miles J. Frisinger, Supply Officer, said: "No one person can be given the entire credit for this achievement. Every organization here played a part in bringing this record about."

From the Stock Record girls, who have to keep ready checks on all supplies handled by the Aircraft Parts and Equipment organization to the men on the line, who often come through in a pinch, "The Rattler" takes this opportunity to thank them all and adds the wish that when the first year is rounded out, the Status Board will read "No AGP—one year".

Sgt. Brown added during the course of the interview the fact that Pyote owes a lot to the Army Air Fields at Hobbs and Roswell for these installations have often been the supply source for parts which couldn't be located elsewhere.

German Treatment of POW Far Cry From Jap Brutality

Conversations with 14 American prisoners recently repatriated from German prison camps as unfit for combat duty have furnished a picture of prisoner treatment in that country in gratifying contrast to that prevailing in Japanese controlled areas.

The returning prisoners, two officers and 12 enlisted men, were unanimous in stating that there

is no mistreatment either in hospitals or prison camps, that the food is insufficient to maintain health without the continuing supply of Red Cross food parcels, and that the camps are administered fairly in accordance with principles laid down by the Geneva Prisoners of War Convention.

None of the flyers brought down in Germany were molested by the civilian population nor had they met any who had suffered such treatment. Very few attempts at avoiding capture are successful. The wounded are dispatched to the nearest hospital and the unwounded go to the Dulagluft, the main transit camp for airmen, where they are given a number and officially listed as prisoners of war. Assignment to a permanent

camp follows three weeks later. Six months usually elapse thereafter before the prisoner may expect to hear from relatives.

Strict control of relief supplies (Red Cross food parcels) is maintained. All supplies are locked in a storeroom and opened jointly by the camp spokesman and the camp commander for the needs of the day. Relief food is usually shared in groups. All canned food is punctured so that it must be eaten promptly to preclude hoarding for an attempted escape. The rations supplied by the Germans, consisting chiefly of black bread, potatoes an inferior quality of margarine, and a thin soup, are described by prisoners to be "quite insufficient" in maintaining health.

Lent Season Begins Today

Today is Ash Wednesday, the opening day of the holy season of Lent. For all peoples of the Christian belief, this is the season for self-imposed penance for sin, in anticipation of the celebration of Good Friday the day on which Christ performed His great act of penance for the sins of the world by dying on the Cross.

For those of the Catholic Faith especially, Lent is a time of public penance. True, man and women in the Service have been dispensed by the Church from the traditional lenten fast, but are expected to impose upon themselves suitable acts of self-denial as a

substitute.

Catholics here at Pyote will publicly acknowledge the beginning of Lent by participating in the distribution of the blessed ashes today at 0730, 1200, or immediately following the daily Mass at 1830. They will further commemorate the sufferings of Christ throughout the season of Lent by attending the Stations of the Cross every Friday night at 2100.

TERSE COMMENT

LONDON (CNS)—Sgt. George R. Knied, of Dobbs Ferry, N. J., a Liberator gunner, had this six-word description of a recent attack on Pas de Calais: "No flak, no fighters, no fun."

Indiana



I PAY TAXES TOO, says S-Sgt. Russell R. Roberts, who takes care of aircraft forms in the Flight Line Engineering Department. Roberts is from Indianapolis, Ind. "It is a lot of trouble to vote, the way things are now, and if the voting act doesn't go through a lot of us won't vote. They say this is a civilian army, and as civilians we should have the right to vote."

Illinois



TEXAS SHOULD WAIVE POLL TAX, says Lt. James G. Shannon, Jr., a Chicagoan and this station's weather officer. "Every soldier has an inalienable right to vote—even more than civilian," is the opinion of Lt. Shannon. "I don't care how the balloting is arranged—whether it is a state or federal ballot. The important thing is that he get to vote. I think Texas ought to waive her poll tax law for all military personnel stationed in the state, and allow all soldiers a free vote."

Voting Bill Is Important Issue To Many Soldiers

Is the pending soldier vote bill, which has many a congressman in a verbal lather these days, really important to the average soldier?

That was the question posed recently in a bull session in which a Rattler staff member sat in on. One GI insisted that the matter was of relative unimportance and meant very little except to "the politicians."

The question was intriguing. So, with unaccustomed facility and energy, we set about to find out the answer. Ten persons were interviewed—seven enlisted men, two officers, and one Wac. Their answers, individually and collectively, were surprising.

Every one of those questioned had a strong opinion about the matter. Each had his personal idea of how the thing should be managed, but all were of the opinion that voting is a right that means a lot to the soldier, and all favored some arrangement to facilitate absentee voting by members of the armed forces.

Some favored it as a matter of principle but were aware of the obstacles confronting such a step.

One Connecticut man who preferred to remain anonymous said: "Why should I pop off? It's out of our hands. Maybe we'll get it and maybe we won't. The real implications of the issue are going to be kept covered up, and what we'll hear is a lot of loud noises that don't mean anything." He was apparently well informed about the matter but not greatly concerned over it.

A Texan stated, "Well, I'm going to vote whether or no. I've got my absentee ballot already." It cost him a dollar and six bits.

All agreed that the matter is probably of much greater importance to the soldiers overseas, inasmuch as absentee balloting in the States is comparatively a lot easier. Two or three hinted at various political ramifications of the idea, but withheld their quotes and stuck to the main issue.

Massachusetts



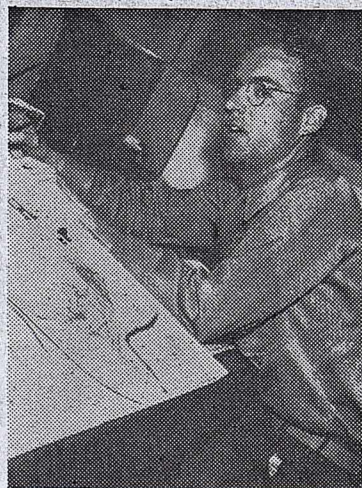
IT HAS ITS DRAWBACKS, states Lt. Maurice Leverault, gun camera officer. "I favor this move as a matter of principle, but as a matter of application I am doubtful as to its success. It has many drawbacks," was his opinion. Lt. Leverault is from Willimansett, Mass., and intends to make Colorado his home after the war.

Alabama



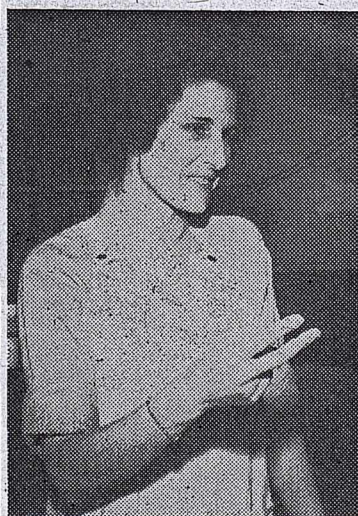
MONEY FOR THIS, TOO, is requested by Pfc. W. G. Bentley, of Birmingham, Ala., who used to be an inspector in a steel mill and is a mechanic now. "After all, we're fighting this war and I think we ought to have a right to vote. The government is spending a lot of money on other things and could do this too. It could be handled okay by the national government."

Mississippi



STATES' RIGHTS should be observed, says Pvt. William Cagle, of Clarksdale, Miss. a weather observer. "I think every soldier ought to be allowed to vote but it ought to be left up to the states to manage the elections."

New Jersey



MOST SOLDIERS FAVOR IT, says Pvt. Charlotte Robbins, a lamp technician in Station Photo Lab. "I think most soldiers are in favor of it, and they should get it." She's from Newark, N. J. Her two outstretched fingers represent the two votes she and her husband will cast this year.

There's More To Camouflage Than Meets The Prying Eye

Wee Willie Keeler once made himself quite a reputation as a baseball hitter by "hitting where they ain't". Reduced to its basic elements, camouflage is merely a process of putting things where they don't appear to be. All of which sounds mighty simple, but according to Captain Paul H. Gardner, Camouflage Officer, there's more to it than meets the eye.

In a spot east of the Station Hospital, a camouflage area has been set up. Many people have gone by, wondering about the strange collection of odds and ends which appear to be scattered haphazardly over that particular stretch of caliche but few have stopped to investigate. Be hereby informed that those odds and ends mark the extent of the camouflage area and far from being a haphazard collection, are the result of careful planning and plenty of hard work.

As part of the training of combat crew personnel, a short course on the theory of camouflage with emphasis on field expediency has been set up and at times, more than 300 members of the combat crews can be found in this area, learning that the basic principles of concealment and deception which may some day be instrumental in saving lives and equipment.

These combat crew members not only learn how to camouflage objects but also learn how to spot camouflaged planes, airdromes, supply dumps, gasoline storage tanks and anything else which might make a good target for an eager-eyed bombardier.

On the face of it, camouflage doesn't amount to much. Dig a few holes, scatter a few fish-nets, cover the nets with natural foliage and a plane is camouflaged. But there are many other angles to consider and one of the most important is to be able to break up the regular shadows cast by objects. All your camouflage in the

world isn't worth a farthing if the regular shadows, normally cast by a plane or house are not distorted. For, according to Captain Gardner, more often than not you first see the shadow and then the object when on a reconnaissance flight.

Field expediency is the main subject of the camouflage lectures and the reason for this is simple. Often airmen will be forced to take care of their own ship in some desert outpost and the more they know about camouflage the better the chances of protecting not only the plane but themselves.

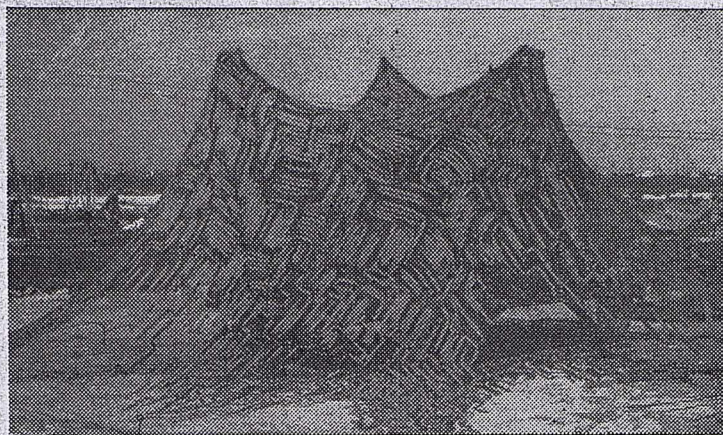
There's a very interesting camouflage poster hanging in various spots around the field. It shows two dead American soldiers, covered with blankets, a smoldering fire and a smashed jeep. The soldiers, without any thoughts of concealment or camouflage, stopped the jeep, built a fire and started to eat lunch. It was a perfect target for some marauding Nazi plane and unfortunately for the soldiers a plane did spot them and wiped them out.

The sad part about the poster is that the picture shows a fairly good spot of coverage in the background and if these soldiers had taken advantage of the natural cover they might be alive today.

Working with odds and ends picked up in various methods, the men working under Captain Gardner have done an excellent job. These pictures accompanying this story show the result of some of

(Continued On Page 7)

Things Are Not What They Seem



Casting an irregular shadow this dummy truck camouflaged with the aid of a draped garnished fish net looks, from the air, no different than the surrounding territory. Blending in perfectly with the desert terrain this truck would be a difficult target to spot from a plane. The truck might just as well be an anti-aircraft gun and the camouflage would be as successful.

In the camouflage demonstration area, located east of the Station Hospital, you'll find many a queer looking object but behind each object there's a purpose. How to make a comfortable hut out of packing bags and paper, how to effectively hide a plane with the aid of a few burlap bags and how to camouflage a gun emplacement with only the aid of a fish net and leaves and tree branches are some of the items of interest to be found here.



A bomb storage revetment, and camouflaged in such a way that from the air, it gives the appearance of a country road meandering across the desert is one of the leading examples of good camouflage at work. It took four men one week of steady plugging and hard digging to build this revetment and when they were through with the job, the camouflage was so excellent that, from the air, there appeared no break in the surrounding landscape.



Q. Is it permissible for a serviceman to change the beneficiary in his monthly allotment and his insurance?

A. That depends on the circumstances. A serviceman cannot authorize discontinuance of the regular monthly allowance to his wife. In a Class E allotment of pay, however, he can change the beneficiary or discontinue the allotment any time he wants to. He is also at liberty to change the beneficiary of his insurance at any time.

Q. My brother, a marine, is overseas. I'd like to send him a picture of his new baby. Is it OK to do this?

A. Sure. Photographs may be sent by first-class mail if they weigh less than eight ounces. But, listen, if you are sending a snap shot, make sure there is nothing in the background the censors wouldn't like. For instance, there should be no views in the background of military posts or war plants.

Q. I have a wife and three children. If I die from injury or disease received in line of duty, how much pension will they receive?

A. Under the present law, your wife will receive \$50 a month. She also receives \$15 a month for her first child and \$10 a month for each additional child. In your case, your family would get \$85 a month. The maximum payment for a widow and children is \$100 a month.

Camouflage—

(Continued From Page 6)

their work but the pictures can't tell the hard work which has gone into these various exhibits.

Pvt. Howard Meador and his fellow workers deserve a pat on their well-bent backs for the job they have done. Others working on the camouflage job include Pvt. Arthur Nelson, Pvt. Normar Weber, Pfc. Walter Rydewicz and Pvt. Robert Goad.

One of the biggest jobs yet undertaken by these men is now in progress. They are building a dummy B-29 which they hope to camouflage in such a way that planes flying at two or three thousand feet will be unable to spot it. If this can be done as well as they hope to do it, it will be quite a feather in their G.I. caps. For the B-29 is not built along the general lines of a Piper Cub and will take a powerful lot of camouflage to hide it from the prying eyes of the members of the Combat Crew Detachment.

Major Nelson's Right Hand Man



M-Sgt. Robert W. Huff, top enlisted man in the section that handles all ground training work, interrupts his telephone call to give the cameraman a shot. M-Sgt. Huff's duties are to take care of all paper work for the section which handles all training done at this base except flying.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

M-Sgt. Huff Handles Paper Work For Station's Ground Training Program

Master Sergeant Robert W. Huff is an Idaho farm boy who has made the Army a mighty good hand.

Huff started his Army life on Sept. 21, 1940, soon after graduation from high school back in Bliss, Idaho. Since then he's added six stripes, has had a lot of varied experience in responsible positions, and has amassed quite a store of knowledge concerning the ground training of Air Corps personnel.

In his present job Sgt. Huff works directly under Major John B. Nelson, the director of ground training. The ground training section is responsible for scheduling of combat crew trainees for ground school, and for all ground training done at this station. His job has no connection with flying, but includes supervisory work for various ground schools; namely, communications, engineering, gunnery range, bomb training, CNT training, link training, altitude training unit, and the scheduling of classes for intelligence and Medics' schools.

All of the enormous amount of paper work necessary in connection with running these schools passes over Sgt. Huff's desk, and if you don't think that's a lot of paper you're wrong.

The office of Director of Ground Training was created back in November at this station. Then for the first time was all ground training coordinated under one head. It is a tremendous job that Major Nelson has on his hands, taking care of the ground training of both static and trainee personnel at this station, and in performing this work Sgt. Huff has an important hand.

To handle the job, Sgt. Huff needs all the experience he has had since joining the Army. After being stationed at Stockton Field for eight months, he was sent to Gowan Field, Idaho, in August 1941. When he left there in December, 1942, he was a section head in Station S-3. He came here 14 months ago as department head in the old base S-3 office, then headed by Major Nelson.

Back in the high school days at Bliss, Huff showed the folks he could bring home the bacon. In 1936 he was a member of the livestock judging team that placed first in the Northwest, and a couple of years later Huff was named the state 4-H champion of Idaho, which is quite an honor in any state.

Today his pride and joy is his one-year-old son, Dickie.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

We were talking a couple of weeks ago about courage being fear that has said its prayers. We said that our fear would not know how to say its prayers unless we had some previous experience in that line.

Here is an extract from a Chaplain's letter that rather settles the matter of the necessity of prayer in battle:

"I can say that every day and night on this battlefield is a constant reminder of death. Last night, for example, the town in which we were located was shelled from midnight till 3 o'clock. Each shell came a little closer and each prayer became a little more fervent. When you are crouched against a thick wall where the air splits and the earth quakes there is one and only one thing to do: pray, boys, pray. Our Lord told us death would come like a thief in the night, quiet-like. He descended last night on this community like a cyclone, hitting the roads like a head-on collision on the Big Four. You wonder if you are the next to be called. It is a strange feeling, like a man being buried alive. I have learned one thing and that is: nothing counts but God. And in this game of life, flip, and sudden death the Presence of God is the supreme consolation. The lads have often told me the same thing.

"Yesterday afternoon I said Mass atop the hood of a jeep in a wood which Kilmer would call the Rouge Bouquet. So thick and deep was the mud that I found it almost impossible to turn for the Dominus Vobiscum. After Mass a little lad from Colorado we call Benny came up and asked me to say a Mass in thanksgiving. He had been fixing a wire along a mountainside. When he finished he moved down the trail. Three minutes later a shell hit right where he moved from. Like so many other lads who face death day and night he finds his greatest protection in the strong arm of the Lord. Thank God for our Faith!"

That should just about cinch the importance of knowing something about prayer now, before the chips are down. What do you think? Or do you think?

—Chaplain Bernard J. Gannon

Portland, Ore. (CNS) — When the burglar alarm rang in the Federal Reserve Bank here, police rushed to the scene. All they found was the bank guard, who had unwittingly locked himself in an elevator.

Section I Is Tops; Static Men And Trainees Put Unit At Head Of List

The trainees and static personnel of Section I are "on the ball," according to the latest set of figures released on the point rating system among the training sections.

Section I, according to the figures announced by the Office of the Air Inspector, amassed a few more points than did Section II or Section III and compiled a percentage score of 88.2. Section II, however, trailed closely with an average of 87.9 per cent—only three-tenths of a point behind. Section I had 854 points out of a possible 980. Section II had 782 out of a possible 890, and Section III had 840 of a possible 980.

The point grading system, devised and put into operation recently at this station, is divided into four main parts, of which operational activities account for most of the points. In addition the static organization, intelligence section and miscellaneous work of each section is graded. And, to add liveliness, gigs and bonuses are awarded for exceptional work in any department—either that which is exceptionally good or exceptionally bad.

Briefing is an important item in operational activities, and is divided into two parts—the more complete briefings given the officers of the combat crews, and the briefing given enlisted crew members. Points covered in briefing are: Organization, presentation, thoroughness, control of trainees, bombardiers' briefing, and navigators' briefing.

Both the bombardier and navigator of each crew is graded, part of the grade coming from the staff bombardier and part from the tactical inspector.

Grading of flights is divided into two parts: Preparation and conduct of flight. Factors entering into these grades are organization of crew, pre-flight, ground operation radio procedure, crew discipline, use of available time, oxygen discipline, observance of flying regulations and ability, accomplishment of reports, including the performance log, oxygen log, and Form 1-A, and flight control.

Each section's records are graded, including the progress charts, A-300s, Forms 1 and files of memos and regulations.

Each static organization is graded on a basis of appearance, control and aid to the training program.

The intelligence sections are graded on maintenance of war rooms and initiative.

Miscellaneous items considered are ground schools, maintenance, and tactical office.

During the two-week period covered by the above ratings, Sec-

tion I received a 15-point bonus on competitive bombing of target, but had to pay off with two gigs of the same size, one of which was chalked against a bombardier, and one against a pilot for leaving magazines on and leaving live ammunition in a chin turret. No gigs or bonuses were received by Section II. Section III earned no bonuses, but lost 30 points on two gigs; one was against a crew for leaving a cleaning patch in the barrel of a ship, and one against a crew for burning up a gun barrel.

The ratings for each section are to be announced each two weeks. Purpose of the system is to increase the competitive spirit among the training sections, both of static and trainee personnel.

Letters to The Editor

The orchid for the week should be presented to Mr. Rausey Sewell for the article appearing in the Monahans (Texas) News, under the date of Feb. 18, 1944.

The article, in part, as follows:

"It is with a feeling of relief that we can report to you that within a very short while a number of new four-room houses will be under construction in Monahans, which when completed will be available, either for rent or for sale to civilians. This will help men in the service because a number of families will move out of existing buildings into the new buildings, thereby making their present dwellings available for servicemen."

Your Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Sewell should be commended for considering us servicemen, some of whom have been forced to sleep in the railroad station with their wives. Yes, we servicemen will have to take what no one else wants, thanks to Monahans.

It is hoped that the good citizens of Monahans who have sons, sweethearts or husbands in the service and stationed in other states, will again read the above paragraph and think. Yes, you Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Smith may wish to be near your husband in the service before he leaves for parts unknown. Would you like to live in some shack that no one else wanted? Is that what you would expect for your heartaches and lonesomeness? No, of course not, my dear ladies, but that is just what the other dear ladies are getting in Monahans, Texas.

With no apologies,
(A Man in the Service),

Earns Movie Try



Her dramatic talent displayed in "The Curse of the Cat People" won Jane Randolph, the above cutie, a shot at movie fame. We feel sure that radio is here to stay, when it uncovers such talent as this. Jane is from Ohio.

Insurance Company Offers Sales Jobs To Discharged Men

The Equitable Life Insurance Society of the United States is making an offer to all men receiving honorable discharges from the Army.

If you are interested in insurance sales work and can pass the interview, this firm will pay a salary and commission for a two-year period of intensive training.

Areas are available in Texas, or in any other section of the country. Anyone interested in this offer is advised to see Lt. Hoffman at the Special Services office and make arrangements for an interview with the company.

FT. DOUGLAS, UTAH (CNS)—Pvt. James Russell Miller, of Lewiston, Ida., was given a week's holiday from his Mississippi Army camp. He spent it here—visiting his father, Cpl. Lawrence Miller.

'Range Riders' Do Important Bit In Training Program

The "Range Riders" of the Aviation Unit, who push those GI trucks to and from the ground gunnery range, are doing their part to help the Combat Crew members meet their schedules.

These boys, who have been titled "Range Riders" down at the Station Motor Pool, have been assigned a job very important to the training program. That task is to transport Combat Crew personnel quickly and safely from the station to the ground gunnery range.

The run is handled by S-Sgt. George M. Moran of the Air Base Unit. It is timed to a split second to meet rigid training schedules. Drivers who handle this work are by no mean novices, for practically all of them have shuttled back and forth across the United States in convoys. They are:

Cpl. Morris, Pfc. W. Windon, Pfc. S. J. Hunter, Pfc. W. J. Winters, Pfc. C. W. Welch, Pfc. C. R. Tiller, Pfc. C. Watkins, Pvt. N. Beasley, Pvt. E. Briggs, Pvt. W. Taylor and Pvt. D. Dickerson.

Since this convoy run was initiated, there have been no accidents. This is attributed to organization, careful driving, and crossing guards which have been placed at dangerous intersections and railroad crossings in advance of the convoy. The boys say that their fine record will be maintained. All the help they ask is for cooperation from the soldiers and civilians who accidentally intercept the run.

Their motto is "Keep 'em Rolling."

Section I Has 'Best Barracks'

The following barracks of the Combat Crew Detachment were rated best in the order listed at the regular Saturday inspection by an inspection team of four officers inspecting the same barracks at the same time:

Section I—Barracks T-602; barracks chief, Sgt. Everett E. Van Horn; officer in charge, Capt. Leonard L. Cox.

Section II—Barracks T-610; barracks chief, S-Sgt. Thomas G. Sorafine; officer in charge, Capt. Vernon L. Bonn.

Section III—Barracks T-619; barracks chief, Sgt. Edward D. Higgins; officer in charge, 1st Lt. Arthur Goring.

In spite of their strict schedules the soldiers of the Combat Crew Detachment are keeping their barracks in good order the inspecting officers stated.

Pacific Veteran Has Important Job In Turning Out New Crews For Combat

Master Sergeant Richard L. Davis, sergeant-major of the Combat Crew Detachment Tactical Section, has seen service in many places far removed from Georgia, his native state, during the past seven years. He enlisted in the Army in April, 1937, and was immediately assigned to the airplane mechanics school, Chanute Field, Ill., where he completed the course in airplane mechanics. After fourteen months at this station, both as a student and on the line, he was transferred to Langley Field, Va., where he worked for a period of three years as machinist and parts inspector.

Sergeant Davis was one of a chosen few to proceed with an advanced cadre of the 19th Bombardment Group to the port of embarkation at San Francisco with the Philippine Islands as final destination at the time when storm clouds were gathering in the Southwest Pacific. At this port he was selected as one of three Army men to travel by freighter and was far out at sea, somewhere south of the Hawaiian Islands, when the world-shaking news of the attack on Pearl Harbor was radioed to them. This advance guard was immediately ordered to active duty at Darwin, Australia. Following a sixty-day zig-zag course through enemy waters, by way of the Fiji Islands, Melbourne and Brisbane, before reaching their destination.

During the ensuing year it was the duty of Sgt. Davis to direct the transportation problems of the 19th Group which was a tough assignment as the 19th had been the front line of defense all the way back from Singapore through Borneo and Java. With the ultimate evacuation of Java the reorganization of the 19th Bombardment Group was accomplished at Melbourne, Australia.

Master Sergeant Davis returned to the United States on December 20, 1942, and after a brief sojourn with home folks, was assigned to us here at Pyote. During the early days of reorganizing the field for training combat crew personnel, Sgt. Davis was selected as sergeant-major of the Tactical Section, and is more than proving his ability. His unlimited knowledge of Army requirements gained both in the United States and the Southwest Pacific, have been invaluable in his present job of conditioning crews for duty on foreign battle fronts.

"Dixie" Davis, as we have come to know him here at Pyote, has the job of coordinating the training program under the direct supervision of Major Pitts, Senior Tactical Officer. This is no small task.

We have observed that Sergeant Davis is not unlike members of the crews in training here inasmuch as it seems that one of the prerequisites of his job as sergeant-major is 'frequent and regular flights'. While these flights are not taken in a B-17, the sergeant's alert mind is constantly winging from soldiers with grievances, flight schedules, many interrupting phone calls, checking on class attendance, etc. In short, the handling of important daily procedure requires regular and frequent mental flights relatively as important as those flights taken by the combat crew trainees.

The goal of the Army Air Forces to supply all war fronts with better trained combat personnel is exceedingly more pressing each day. In this respect, Sergeant Davis is a one-man team through his untiring leadership and efficient handling of his important position, and in so doing is helping Pyote Army Air Field to meet the demands placed on it for trained combat crew personnel.

House Bill On Civil Service To Favor Vets

WASHINGTON—One of the government's answers to the servicemen's question, "Where can I get a job when this is over?" was to be found in a bill (H. R. 4115) granting veterans preference for federal jobs introduced in the House this week.

Because the bill has the backing of the three major veteran's groups as well as the Civil Service Commission, it is expected to have smooth going in Congress.

What It Provides

Among its provisions, the new bill includes the following:

1. Disabled veterans will continue to get 10 points extra for civil service exams. Other veterans will continue to get five points. Both rules, however, will be made a matter of law—instead of mere regulation, as at present.

2. Competition for guards, elevator operators, messengers and custodians will be reserved exclusively for veterans for five years after the war. So will certain other groups of jobs, to be

designated by the President.

3. Agencies which refuse to appoint qualified veterans recommended by civil service will be required, by law, to state their reasons in writing.

4. Veterans will not have to meet ordinary requirements of age, height, weight and general physical condition—providing such requirements are not essential to their duties.

5. Disabled veterans will retain their rights to be placed at the top of any civil service register (list of candidates) for which they qualify. However, this will not apply to professional and scientific jobs at more than \$3000.

6. Agencies which have to reduce personnel will be required by law to fire veterans last. To make sure there is no slip-up, they will be obliged—by law—to follow the commission's carefully worked out reduction-in-force procedure.

7. Veterans who think their legal rights have been violated will have the right of appeal to Civil Service Commission.

Dick Seay, veteran shortstop in the Negro National League, now is an Army sergeant stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass.

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BY
MILTON
CANIFF



EDITORIAL

Typical Nazi Boasting

Facing what is described as the greatest invasion force in all history, the Germans have begun to step up their screaming threats of "defensive solidarity" on the Western Front and are now reassuring their people at home that the attack, when it comes, will be met with a new assortment and greater numbers of weapons.

These reports, like so many of Dr. Goebbels' crazy outbursts, can be taken too seriously. Of course the invasion leaders have no intention of underestimating the enemy. But at the same time it can be remembered that this verbal fist-shaking is all a part of the war of nerves, and is only the natural out-growth of Germany's fears of the invasion. For the German leaders realize that they have only to lose this battle to lose the war.

Gen Somervell's statement that the forces now assembling in the British isles comprise the greatest collection of men and materials the world has ever seen gathered together for an attempt of this kind did not, perhaps, soothe the raw nerves of the Nazi Propaganda Ministry.

The "needling" in this battle of nerves is now being done by the Allies—largely by the combined American-British forces stationed in Britain. It has caused German eyes to turn westward, even at a time when their forces in the East are steadily absorbing damaging reversals. Allegedly, the Eastern theater has become of secondary importance, and seasoned troops are being transferred from Russia to France.

"The greatest minefield in history" is what the Germans claim invasion forces will run into. Other stories become more fantastic. According to one, the Germans say they have trained a large number of "killer dogs" to watch the lowlands and the French coast, making the territory unsafe for all alike. Just how this "killer dog" defense was going to work was not made clear. Perhaps the Nazis hope the dogs will take care of the invaders, then they can return and take care of the dogs. Equally fantastic claims were made along other lines.

We can remember when Herman Goerring said that if any Allied planes ever reached Berlin, he would change his name to Herr Meyer.

As "D-Day" comes nearer, America and Britain appear to have developed a firmer and steadier political policy to supplement the military invasion. This is heartening to the Allies, for one without the other is apt to fail. It must be a great blow to the Germans to read all this and to learn that the Bay of Biscay has been closed to all shipping, that the 9th Air Force has arrived in Britain, that Russia declares any separate peace with Germany an impossibility.

Yes, Dr. Goebbels is probably not enjoying his breakfast a great deal these days. The propaganda weapon which once served him so well is now making life miserable for him.

THE RATTLER

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COL. BERNARD T. CASTOR
Station Commandant

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Lt. Thomas F. McLaughlin, Public Relations Officer

S-Sgt. Robert H. Nash, Editor

Cpl. Hyman Brook Sports Editor, Circulation
CORRESPONDENTS: T-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp, PFC Jack Minkin, Sgt. Sylvia Wexler, PFC Ed Koops, Jane Cearley, PFC Mabel Bledsoe, Sgt. John Cannon, PFC James T. Collins, Pvt. Carl R. Lamke, PFC John R. Scofield.
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Sgt. Joseph J. McGrath, Cpl. Henry Englesman.

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The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Time'll go much faster if you know of any games we two can play."

THOUGHTS OF OTHERS

Begged, Borrowed Or Stolen

It is now possible without being privy to the secrets of government, and never forgetting the freakish nature of fate, to set down with reasonable certainty the broad outlines of German and Allied strategy, as the two warring sides gird for the final stage of the world conflict in Europe.

The core of both strategies is the coming invasion from the West. It is evident from a study of German propaganda alone that the Nazis realize they can not continue for long to wage war unless the invasion is repelled. The second front thus has assumed the place of first importance in the minds of the high command and in the minds of the German people. It is the main theme today in the press and radio of the Reich.

The second front is scarcely of less importance in Allied strategy. If the invasion succeeds there is little doubt that Germany will be knocked out of the war before the end of the year. If it fails no man can foretell the war's duration.

... No human being can predict with utter certainty the outcome of a major campaign in a war. But that our governments are supremely confident about the invasion and the ending of the war in Europe this year is shown in the remarkable political awakening in London and Washington.

At the eleventh hours—after years of almost inhuman blundering in the field—we are developing a political strategy to match our military. For a military triumph in Europe will not be enough. With it must go solutions if the war is really to be won and kept won.

Our own Republic, so timid, so muddled, so wrong so long in foreign policy, is now, it is a pleasure to report, waking up to the facts of life, the realities of the world, and the opportunities facing us by the prospect of victory.

In the first place . . . we are going to scrap our insane French policy . . . the French committee, which he (de Gaulle) dominates, will take over with our blessing as soon as the liberation of France begins. . . . We are about ready to drop the Italian king and his henchmen, Badoglio . . . We are not so tolerant of Franco, the Fascist dictator, as we were . . .

—William L. Shirer

CATHOLIC LADIES TO MEET

The ladies of the Catholic Church in Wink are giving a Mexican dinner next Thursday, Feb. 24, in the American Legion Hut at Wink. Enchiladas, tortillas, and tamales will be on the menu. Serving will begin at 7:30 p.m., and the tax is one dollar. No cover charge.

Sub-Depot Supply

By "CATTY-CHATTY"

This new title was prompted by some remarks that have come this way . . . But so be it. I'll burble on about the nicer things I know, and try not to offend anybody too much . . . (well, not much).

If there isn't any news, make news, so I've heard . . . so if you won't give me anything to write about . . . Don't say I didn't warn you.

Letha won't be going around asking people personal questions any more . . . The other day when she asked a certain soldier why he didn't have a G.I. belt on (It was a Sam Browne job) and got the rebuff . . . "To keep my pants up", she was stumped. That's what you get for being so nosey.

Jane Blackburn got two V-mail letters the other day via the front desk. Ask her why it took so long to receive the post card that came about two weeks ago. It has something to do with a blonde dancing partner, who has a mustache, but who didn't know how to write very well . . . (Could he really dance, Janie?).

J. O. Donaldson blew a fuse the other day . . . Must have had his wires twisted or something . . . his juke box just doesn't work any more . . . He had all the latest communique's from the tower coming in . . . Bet he likes to listen to police calls too.

Cpl. Little, who works in Voucher Section, has recovered from his recent illness and is back with us again. We're all glad to see you back, Bud, and sure did miss you.

Mrs. Miller sends word out that she has six pedigreed cocker pups for sale. So all you Dog Lovers see her for details. (This ad is costing her plenty).

Tennis seems to be a popular game around here of late . . . Here tell that you can meet some very interesting people on the courts. And some of them are younger than you think. So maybe it's more than the exercise that these girls are out for . . .

Who was that handsome "Pilot" that Jeanne Hearn was with last Sat. nite . . . Or would we know him . . . Donaldeen McDougal certainly seems to be taking an interest in our shipping & Receiving Department . . . Could it be John "Why do Gals Go for Me" Stanley?

Our candidate for the WOLF of the week is Lt. Hays, of Tech. Supply. Wo-o-o-o-o-o-of!!! Incidentally, he is doing a grand job in Supply too . . . Who is the lieutenant in the snappy little car who has been calling for Minnie Timm for lunch, almost daily??? Have a heart, Min we want to know . . . And does anybody know the sweet little blonde who was crying her

Care For A Dip, Drip?



Well, cut off my pants legs and call me J. Weismueller, if it isn't almost time to go swimming again! Of course you'll have to use your helmet for a pool, but look who you can have for company. How would this brunet beauty look, smiling at you from the barracks wall? If you can guess her name before all others, run, don't walk, to the Public Relations Office where your acuity and discrimination will be rewarded with an 8 by 10 glossy print of this movie siren. By way of prompting, we'll tell you that her folks come from Erin and her first name is also the last name of another famous movie brunet.

heart out over the fact that she lost a whole nickel in the coke machine??? Or was it that Bill was leaving . . . The warehouse gang wants to know why Billie Marsh is worrying about her boy friend going on nights . . . Edna Shoemake's been getting anonymous V-mail lately . . . Wonder who from . . . Another new bride . . . Myrlene Donelson left last week for Chicago to get married . . . Nina Gramling's red-headed sergeant seems to have hung his heart on her sleeve . . . Wonder what ever happened to that Jay person? Don't you love him any more, Nina? . . . Tooten Wooten has been wearing a very heavy looking bracelet of late . . . Could it belong to some MAN . . . Could why is she so anxiously waiting

for the 26th . . . Leap Year is all year long . . . so you still might get your Man . . . Mama Eckerman and daughter are doing fine . . . Father, as well as can be expected!!!

HATS OFF THIS WEEK TO WAREHOUSE THREE!!! For the splendid job they are doing . . . Mr. Neblett and his gang have been working day and night outfitting the boys . . . and only their conscientious spirit and pleasing personality, not to overlook their willingness, have kept things going smooth when the going was rough . . . But then a grand old man, like Mr. Neb . . . is a fine example to follow . . . Bet he's one of the best Supply Men in the business .

Training Unit

By PFC. EDWARD KOOPS

Once in a great, great while a newspaperman gets a real story of the man-bites-dog variety—or maybe, hydrant sprinkles dog. At any rate, we got it this week—and we think it's the millenium—or something. The other ayem, Cpl. Joe Markano woke up early. He was due for K.P. and just couldn't get to sleep. He finally figured it MUST be time for the C.Q. to be waking the guys up. So up got Joe, trotted over to the orderly room and found the C. Q. fast, fast asleep. How's that for a story, huh? K.P. wakes up C.Q.!

Last week, a formation was held in the outfit and our CO, Major Henry Bergsneider gave the whole gang a pep talk. As this is the largest unit on the base, Major Bergsneider hopes to have some intra-unit athletic competitions underway soon; he also suggested that the various departments get into a free-for-all to see which can contribute the most bond purchases before the end of the month.

T-Sgt. Al Chemerys shipped out rather unexpectedly a week ago, and missed saying goodbye to a good many of his old pals; so he asked us to do it for him—and particularly to a certain femme who toileth down at the warehouses. He didn't give us the name. But we STILL think we have an honest face.

Sgt. "Andy" Andezkowicz is the first to blossom forth with a spring GI fashion note. He has developed a new use for the barracks bag—as wearing apparel. With an intricate method of tying the strings around his waist, Andy gave a faded blue barracks bag an ersatz-leopard skin look, which should be quite the item for calisthenics.

GIGS AND RIBBONS: (A department in which this lowly correspondent awards hisses and huzzahs to those he thinks deserving them). RIBBONS and ribbons and ribbons to the terrific editorial in last week's Rattler. It packed a good wallop to the moaners. And deserves re-reading at any gripe session. GIGS: To the library for not putting the more popular books on some sort of a rental or priority basis to keep them moving faster; and while we're on the subject, what's the chances of their ever getting "So Little Time" or "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"? RIBBONS to the service club for posting the cinema schedules for the Monahans Theatres. Now how about the Pyote Theatre? RIBBONS to the fair lassies who grace the Service Club evenings and make life a lovely, curvesome thing. GIGS to the boys who give out with the foul talk regardless of where they are.

WAC Flak

Everyone has someone, or, so they say. Kay Kyser has Ish Kabibble; Jack Benny has Mary Livingston and we have Anna-belle Ogden . . . poet.

THE G. I. FIT

My slip thinks it should be shown
My panties have ideas all their own
My collar won't button
My sleeves are too long
And my blouse is tight
But just where its wrong.
My skirt is such a perfect fit
It won't ever wrinkle
'Cause . . . I . . . can't sit.

—ANNABELLE

Hope this little item doesn't backfire next time Kitchen police rears its ugly head but Mess Sgt. Ogden has a G.I. friend who woos her in a very tender voice with: Quote: "You are my little mess, Sarge!" Unquote.

Lt. Edith Haslam, is now sporting Silver Bars . . . Hooray, Hooray! Are we ever gay! When this Company was activated last June she was our Executive Officer and Mess Officer. In October, when Captain Moran left Lt. Haslam became our new CO and ever since Lt. Margie Stewart has been on DS, she has taken charge of everything. Being stationed in Pyote for nine months may be ample cause for the gripes but we've never heard any from Lt. Haslam. 1st Lt. Haslam, we congratulate you.

Introducing Freda O'Malie who hails from West Palm Beach, Fla., our new Private. Just out of Basic training, Ft. Des Moines, Iowa Freda says she'd rather be digging ditches in Texas than be a gold brick in Iowa . . . and she really means it.

Sgt. Mary Welch from the Statistical Office, whose home is in Ft. Dodge, Iowa joined in the conversation when she heard that state mentioned. Seems that Freda's bunkmate during Basic was an old acquaintance of Mary's. Dog-gone—but that Mary knows a lot of people.

CQ and KP (GI twins) are the sleepingest puppies there ever were—they never move—neither does GI, who has been having her meals in bed, served by our mess sergeant. Wonder if she includes them in the ration count she turns in each day.

Cpl. Roberta Zentz (QM Commissary) is the girl who can beat anyone at their own game—Ping pong, pool, baseball or basketball or swimming and others too numerous to mention. AND SHE is the one who puts us thru our P.T. each morning after Reveille, caring not one bit if we groan, grumble or fall headlong. When she yells, "Down on the floor"

and starts counting, Bobby just has no heart at all, but outside of that she's really swell.

Micky Brown (Pavel last week) returned from her three day honeymoon in Odessa, to a day of KP and the WAC Mess Hall but it would take more than that to erase that radiant smile from Mickey's face. Hope you stay that way, Mrs. Pfc. Brown.

Pfc. Edwina Mazzai was another traveler who breezed in just in time for breakfast and a lovely day of KP. Mazzai had been enjoying a furlough in Keenesburg, New Jersey.

It's nice to have Lila Hevriko back in the Barracks after missing her so long. She was in the hospital for . . . well it must have been weeks—but she surely looks good now.

Cpl. Blanche Lightborn, another WAC who has been missing from her work because of illness, has regained her health with the aid of the Medics and is back at the Library where the gals have to earn their dough.

Well, you know, it seems to me—One of the little items its more Blessed to give than receive is—**WORK.** —Bledso Saidso.

Fifth Column

By SGT. WARD HOWELL

Having replaced an arm full of stripes for two gold bars, Lt. Dan Kidder, formerly of the 30th Gas House Gang (Disorderly Room) returned passing through Pyote with his wife. Looking swell, Lt. Kidder has just completed two months training at Miami Beach and two at Harvard. Mrs. Kidder has certainly been missed in Classification where she was secretary to Lt. Bogart. Here's hoping they both come back to join the ranks of Pyote someday.

Looks like adios to Lt. Orville Stephenson, Adjutant of the Air Base Unit. He and Chi-Chi have shaken the dust of Pyote from their heels and have packed up for a new base.

The S-1 Office looks like swell since being reconditioned. The "boxes" were replaced by new desks, and new chairs are soon to follow—so we hear. This is due to the efforts put forth on the part of Lt. Edward Pykosz, Unit Personnel Officer, recently promoted to 1st Lt. incidentally.

This will be an opportunity to express thanks to the people who put over the Air Base Unit dance last Friday night. Reservations were made for 25 parties and 40 tables were filled. The orchestra was never better, and to allow more room for tables on the dance floor, was placed on the balcony. The Army Air Corps Song was played for Colonel Castor as he and his party came in.

Aviation Unit

By J. C. WILLIAMS

Another dead line to meet and your editor has a sore arm, do those shots hurt?

Have you seen the pictures of a couple of well known Sgts.? I hope the camera didn't have to be repaired . . . ! You should have seen a couple of Sgts. stealing in one night this week . . . One S-Sgt. just can't stay in camp nights, we wonder what the attraction is.

We are still lagging in the bond drive, let's get behind it and sign up now.

The boys are back from their furloughs, from their looks they can't take it being out with the civilians, how about it boys? One mascot missing, Butch is the name. Anybody that knows the whereabouts of our dog kindly get in touch with the Aviation Unit. Thank you! There were many sad looks this week. The Chaplain is away, boys. That's why no trip this week . . . There is a romance in the offing, have you noticed it? Isn't love grand? . . . A certain Sgt. is due for some trouble some night waking everybody up when he comes in. We wonder who? . . . The Red Cross is asking the boys to write home to the folks. That shouldn't be necessary—let's sit down and write now! . . . The new passes will be ready in the near future. What pictures!

Let's Get Personell!

This week is dedicated to S-Sgt. Frank S. Brown, the Beau Brummell of the AVN. UNIT:

Sgt. Brown is single and 23 years old, and lives in Steelton, Pa., with his parents. He was inducted in the Army at Ft. George Meade, Md. He took his basic training at Keesler Field, Miss., and from there went to basic clerical school at Atlanta University Atlanta, Ga. He then went to Salt Lake City and from there came to Pyote. He has worked himself up from a Pfc. to a S-Sgt. Sgt. Brown is the chief clerk of the organization and has charge of all records. He is capable and a willing worker as the outfit will testify, and is always willing to help an enlisted man in any way possible. It is to our regret that he will be leaving us in the near future, heading for Officers Candidate School. He carries the best wishes of the Unit with him. Signing off—Your Editor.

BRITISH DEVELOP NEW PENICILLIN PAD

LONDON (CNS)—Two British doctors have developed a home-made penicillin dressing pad costing only a few cents. It is composed of a gauze impregnated with mould grown on proper laboratory methods. Results obtained with the new pad have been described as spectacular.

'A'ck 'A'ck

MAINTENANCE UNIT A

By CYRIL L. THOMPSON

Well gang, here I go sticking my chin out again. Nothing serious happened to me last week—only a few dirty looks and three or four cokes thrown in my direction. That's okey, boys, but next time please take the stuff out of the bottles first.

With Cpl. John Gilhooly reclining in the hospital we have no fresh comments on the pros and cons of beautiful Texas and I don't want to start any. However, while on that particular subject I should mention the conversation I overheard following the movie, "The Desert Song". Sez Nick Louzzi to California Fernandez, "Could it be possible they used Southwest Texas as the setting for that picture?"

Our basketball team, The Fighting Armorers, bagged another win last Tuesday evening over the Guard Squadron aggregation Pete Jasaitis, who incidentally, used to play semi-pro football in Chicago before Uncle Sam grabbed him was high scorer with 21 points. The transfer of Big Art Blarr and John Hajlo will leave a very noticeable gap in the lineup, and that by the way calls for more support for the team. How about it, fellows?

Cigars will be forthcoming from George Philo, whose wife was blessed recently with a baby soldier. S-Sgts. Baldi and Erbes expect a visit from the stork in the not too distant future.

It is rumored that certain engineers are regular visitors to church socials in Monahans. We wouldn't mention any names but Sgt. Carpenter and Mailman Smoots say the chicken salad is delicious.

This should bring a smile to many. Cpl. Fred Beeley, who hails from a cold state, slaps Sgt. John Baumgartner kiddingly on the back and speaks thusly: "Are ratings the only things that are ever frozen in this part of Texas?"

While loitering around in the "Rear Compartment" of the Day Room we picked up a new alias for Crosby's fading rival—Frankie Not-So-Hotra.

LAST MINUTE SUGGESTION

—Why not move the sign board resting inside above the front entrance to Mess Hall No. 5 to a more conspicuous spot. In case youse guys haven't read the same recently, it says: "Did you write home today?"

That's "30" for this week.

Belleville, Ill. (CNS) — Burglars broke into the local Elks club, emptied a crate of eggs on the kitchen floor, filled the crate with 44 quarts of liquor—and silently stole away.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By T-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

NOTE: (Aboard the 'Katy Flyer' somewhere south of Kansas City, Mo. enroute to Lincoln, Nebraska.) Large snow flakes fall as the temperature soars downward and from all indications 'Old Man Winter' had struck in full fury. Low hanging clouds of a sullen gray hue made a decided contrast from Sunny Texas. Numerous passengers peering from capacity packed coaches through unwashed windows wonder if the powerful 'Iron Horse' will bring them through on time. Soldiers, sailors and marines lounge throughout the train in the most unusual positions imaginable. Distant lights penetrate the gloom and soon the "Flyer" slows up as it approaches the Great Meat Packing Center.

Literally thousands mill around the great station with that perplexing look on their face. "Is the train on time?" "Will proper connections be made at the next station?" "Why is the line always so long at Information?" "Harvey's lunch is packed so where shall we eat?" Soon Gate No. 9 opens and crowds jam the entrance everyone hoping to get one of those few remaining seats. All aboard!! The train is off. After Lincoln and Des Moines (and 3 days) the ticket reads—TO PYOTE. And where besdies West Texas can one see more unusual personalities than on a train! There was Kentucky Jim who was so lonesome for the Hills and the "Corn" and to think the Army was going to send him to Abilene—why he said he would not trade the magazine on the next seat for the whole state of Texas! Now 'Miss Fort Worth' sitting right across the aisle didn't like that AT ALL. Mrs. Sullivan from Detroit was coming all the way to Beaumont General Hospital to see her son, John P., and did she have her 'Rounds' with the conductors. After 35 hours of riding the conductor quietly whispered "Pyote, next stop". Ah! and like Pennies from Heaven there was Sgt. Nugent and with transportation, too! Thanks!

(Back at the Desert Hospital in less than one week.) Everything seems to be proceeding on schedule and those familiar faces look better than ever. Ah, for a good night's rest and no worry over 'That Pullman Reservation' either. Army life isn't so bad after all.

Phone '93 rings—"No, Captain Battock isn't here; he's gone to the movies". That can be repeated nightly and the answer would be

Idol Of Stool-Worshipping Sect



How a mere soda fountain stool can rise to fame is, undoubtedly, a story that could happen only in Hollywood. Once upon a time, Lana Turner sat on the stool; and while seated there she was "discovered." Now, don't you wish you were a scout? Or at least a soda jerker? Here she is, fellows, with a smile for you Pyote wolves . . . the one and only, Luscious Lana Turner.

the same. Consequently Station Theater No. 2 has been given another name. Let's listen:

"For the best show of all, Come to Battock Hall."

What's the rumor over at the Flyers' Dispensary about 'Tex' there could be an Abilene somewhere over there; there's one in Kansas. For further information see Sgt. Sandoval or Cpl. Wehling. Who said that "Blackie" Marcello was bashful? Judging from the last local No. 237 meeting the two "strnagers" from Missouri weren't strangers too long! Right fellows? Was it the music or the bed that went round and round the other night for Cpl. Schweibinz? Anyway he wanted to go fishing too but such an un-earthly hour! Cpl. Dwyer is so proud of his Good Conduct medal that he wears it on his hospital robe. Of all people, his best buddy is green with envy—What's wrong, Cpl. Doherty—Oh, we understand; you didn't want one anyway!

It's definitely a 'Clothing Secret' but what officer had to buy \$250 worth of new clothes? Now what "Prune" could have gotten that information! And for towels and DEWITT OPERATED HOTELS you might see Pfc Petherbridge. And who said that Barracks 5 resembled a morgue! Was it Nissen, Nassiff, or Bonney?

ATTENTION—It's still not too late to join Cpl. Mete's Jitter-Bug Class that meets in the day room three times a week. Louie says he'll make a dancer out of the clumsiest of Ox's: Sign up early, fellows.

DOGS GO TO ARMY, RECORDS GO TO DOGS

MAMARONECK, N. Y. (CNS)—Ezio Pinza, Metropolitan Opera star turned his two Dalmatians, Boris and Figaro, over to the Army's K-9 corps the other day and with them he gave an album of his operatic recordings. "If they get lonesome," he said, "play my records for them."

Mail Call

After a week's absence we are once again trying to make an appearance in The Rattler. Due to lack of time we failed to make the deadline last week so we will make nanother effort at journalism.

After spending the past three weeks in the hospital, Cpl. Piercy is back on the job. What with "Killer" Boggs on the job anything can and probably will happen.

"Killer" is still having women trouble. Now he has to carry a club around with him to keep the girls fought off. We still haven't learned his secret but we are beginning to suspect that it is the movie star powder and the way he sings that causes the girls to fall for him. That is his story so far as he will tell. He says that he does not give out his method of how he can get so many.

For the past month the Post Office has been running the No. 1 and No. 2 mess halls. Seems that they must do a very nice job of it for they are still running it and it is supposed that they will do so for the duration. It takes a good organization to hold down two jobs but that is just what we do only we can do only one job at a time and since we have been running the mess that is all that we have done. The best that we can do is to get someone to stay in the office and answer the phone and explain to whoever may call that we do not have time to be bothered about the mail for we have to "keep 'em eating."

Before this column reaches the public eye we will have lost two of our men to the army. At least one of them says that we will refuse to heed the call unless they promise him to put him in the Air Corps. That is none other than Mr. William Whitford Gatlin. That is what you call patriotism. He says that he wants to get his basic training over with and get back into the mail room of some bomb group.

Next we lose Harry Lersch. Where he will go has not been decided as yet but we believe that he also will take the Air Corps. What was that oft quoted proverb of Barnum's?

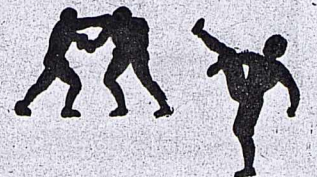
The Rattler is fast becoming known the world over. For the past few weeks I have been sending a copy to Mrs. Nell Mathis in Galveston as well as to the 'old home town and word from both of them say "Keep sending them." We do believe that this is one if not the best camp newspaper published.

Captain Duff is having a hard time keeping the doors closed here in this cool weather. He has come to the point where he has decided to put a guard on the door and arm him with a blackjack to keep the door closed.



RATTLER

SPORTS



Diedrichs' 'C' Breeze

MAINTENANCE UNIT C

By PVT. CARL LAMKE

Our C.O., Capt. Diedrichs, has pulled many a "coup d'etat" in his time but probably never a one like he did during this recent Bond Drive. All the hard and difficult 'cases' were turned over to him and though Capt. Diedrichs' vocation may be the Army, his avocation must certainly be "selling". The result, 83 per cent of the Squadron signed up for Class 'B' Allotments—over 265 EM, and as they say 'that's not peanuts'. The WACs had better hit that 100 per cent. We're close on their 'heels' and threatening.

'Salt Water Fever'. Ever hear of it? It's in the air again! The squadron seems to be hard hit with it. These 'Overseas Physical Exams' we've been taking in the past week seem to be the cause of it all . . . Pfc. Harold Katz has now developed a bad case of the 'jitters' . . . S-Sgt. Frank Marchal was asked "if he could crawl" and after replying in the affirmative, was passed . . . We suggest reading an inspiring article on this subject of 'Salt Water Fever', called 'Pyrexia Cum Salis'. You'll find it in the Dec. 1943 issue of "Our Army". It's pretty good. Look it up!

Much could be written about this 'Quantumvirate' of S-Sgt. Stutz, Sgts. DeRoma and Latuga and Pvt. Moyto, but a quite rigid censorship has put the 'clamps' on us. At any rate we do not know that these "Odessa Romeo's" (our C. O.'s 'non de plume' for them) are 'east bound' weekly. Seems they're taking 'lessons' from a few of that town's 'fair sex' and correcting home-work papers as remuneration.

No more Reproduction Room over at Third Echelon! Seems that the boys were turning it into a 'beauty saloon'. Maybe that had something to do with it. Pfc Boots, of basketball fame, was found getting his curls set and waved up there the other week, and by none other than Flossie.

The 'Dies Irae' (day of wrath) is on us once more! Shots, shots, and more arm punctures! . . . Pvt. Ray McAllister's both arms are now the color of his hair. Claims they stood him up along side the wall and threw 'chlorea and typhus' darts at him.

QM Sees

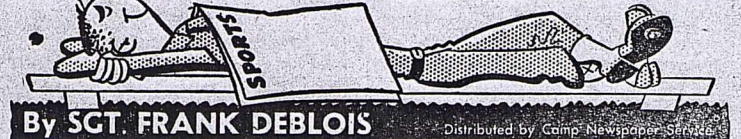
By SGT. JACK CANNON

WARNING: Anyone heard singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia", within earshot of the Quartermaster Barracks is inviting disaster. Sgt. "Red" Gagnon and Pfc. Singer have just returned from a grueling session at Camp Lee and any mention of that fair state of the Old South is met with howls of derision from these two. Singer was heard to remark that he never knew the state was so large until he had to cover half of it one fine afternoon crawling on his stomach with a 35 cal. machine gun firing over his head and just inviting him to raise any part of his body a few inches off the ground. Among Red's fondest memories was getting up at 4 a.m. Christmas morning, not to see what Santa had left him but to pull a full day of K.P. The stay at the Quartermaster school had its good points also, among which were Red's session with a certain Major Curtin during which they discussed the advisability of going to mess ahead of the formation. "Very enlightening," says Red. A little bird also told us that the pride of the commissary had a charming guest over the New Year holiday. Better come clean now, Red, and tell us the whole story. You know how those things sound coming from other people.

Song of the week! With the number of eligible privates whittled down to three, the detail of K.P. has been taken up by corporals and a new song has taken over first place on the QM Hit Parade, "The K.P. Blues". You may have heard of the Three B's, Brahms, Bach and Beethoven but they can't hold a candle to our three B's, Barone, Barone and Barrafatto when it comes to singing the latest hit. Experts predict that it will even replace "Mares Eat Oats, Does Eat Oats, Etc".

Anyone seeking information as to the positive date of the end of the war should contact Cpl George Eisenger in Whse. 3. He claims to have connections with those who are in the "know", and who are we to doubt the statements of such a B.T.O. Maybe he made those connections when he was on Guadalcanal. We have reason to believe that the near-

WARMIN' THE BENCH



By SGT. FRANK DEBLOIS

Distributed by Camp Newspaper Staff

Twilight for the Tar Baby

Sam Langford sits all day long in a broken wicker chair in Harlem and listens to the radio. In the morning the sun streams through the window of his dingy hall bedroom and sun slants fall across his face. But Sam doesn't know if the sun is out or not because the thousands of punches he once absorbed in the ring have left him blind in both eyes.

Sam gets a few dollars a month from a foundation for the blind. It's really not enough to live on, but he gets along. He gets up early every morning and a couple of small fry who live down the street lead him into a restaurant for breakfast. The kids lead him back to his room about 10 o'clock in the morning and Sam just sits there in the dark until six when he goes out and eats again.

It's a pretty dreary twilight for

est he has been to the South Sea Islands is to sit in the front row center at Minskys and watch the girls do a Hawaiian number.

Covering the local nitespots: Recently seen at one of the town's most well known places of entertainment, the Service Club, were WAC Ruby Lepardus sipping a coke with three members of the QM detachment. What has that girl got that gets them? Three no less!!

The Quartermaster seems to always have a couple of the movie projectionists in its ranks. The latest addition to those who provide us with our entertainment is Pvt. George Mahaney who is doing a stint in the projection room in the absence of Pete Kaminkas who is on furlough.

Orchid of the week. This week our prairie goes to Miss Lily Ward Roper our efficient Chief Clerk. A veteran of Quartermaster, hers is the task of keeping everyone happy and todate she has done just that. With a smile, she takes care of any problem that presents itself and settles it to the satisfaction of all concerned. Our hat is off to everyone that can keep all bulletins, memorandums and reports straight and still maintain their sense of humor.

the old Boston Tar Baby, one of the greatest prize fighters the ring has ever known. A hall bedroom in Harlem is a far cry from a packed house in the Boston Garden, where thousands of people once turned out to see Sam beat the great Joe Gans.

Sam weighed 135 pounds for that fight and Gans weighed 132. Langford scaled 148 the night he lost a split decision to 194-pound Jack Johnson, the heavyweight champion of the world, but he gave Johnson such a battle that the champion never would fight Langford again.

Sam started to lose his eyesight when he was 11 years old and a pail of lime spilled over his head. He lost the sight of his left eye entirely in 1917 during a fight with Fred Fulton. He fought the next seven years with one eye, then a cataract grew over that one and he moved out of the ring into the twilight. Sam had had his day in the sun and there was nothing left for him but a dingy hall bedroom in Harlem.

Maybe you think that Sam is depressed by all this, but he isn't. He's pretty cheerful, in fact. He's happy and proud when people come to call on him and he tells them funny stories about his days in the ring. He won't tell any of those other stories that aren't very funny.

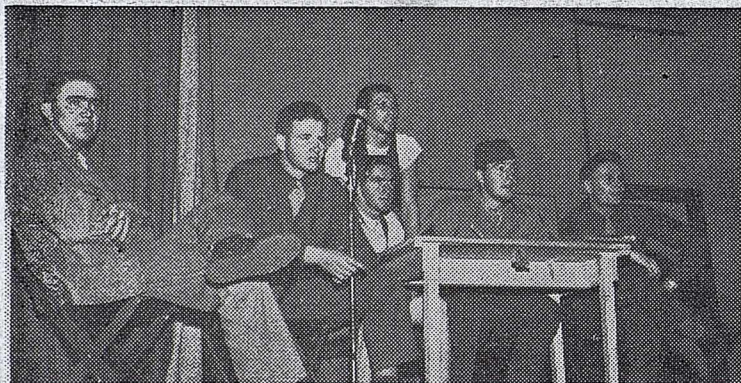
A month or so ago a New York newspaper reporter uncovered Sam up in Harlem and wrote a piece about him for his paper. One of the big news syndicates picked up the story and piped it all over the country. Pretty soon dollar bills and quarters and dimes started to come in for Sam from Detroit and New Orleans, and San Francisco, and Meat Hook, Ohio and everywhere else. In a couple of weeks there were enough dollars and quarters and dimes in the till to provide Sam with a few of the comforts of life for a while.

When they told Sam about the money he was going to get he straightened up in his chair and grinned. "Most folks is good folks," he said. "If I had my eyes back, I'd cry."

Officials Undergo Strain, Too



Here's a bit of under-the-goal action as two of the station basketball quintets clash in circuit play. Four pairs of legs are off the floor as the players attempt to control the ball, and it looks like the big boy on the right will get it.



All activity is not confined to the hardwood. The score-keepers and various officials have chores that keep their eyes glued on the game. Expressions on their faces mirror the intensity of the players' struggle.

Commandos Cling To Hoop Lead Nosing Out Sad Sack, 29-28

The Feed Bag

By KAY PASTRAMI

There ain't gonna be no funny stuff in this here colyum. I been doin' a little reading this week in War Department Training Circular 118, and it has give me a lot of things to think about. It says in this here circular that us GIs ain't been doin' all we could in the matter of saving chow. We been told about it plenty by everybody from the CG on down the line. But I a'int ever thought much about doin' anything about it except to read the signs and the posters and still try to slip by the mess sergeant with whatever grub I had left on my tray and dump it into the garbage pails.

Now I know that ain't right, fellers, and since readin' over TC 118, I'm plenty ashamed of myself. We all know it's a habit with us GIs to gripe about the chow, but Uncle Sam says, and he's got the figgers to back him up, that not only are we the best fed sojers in the world, but that we are the best fed individuals in the United States. If you don't believe that, just compare your weekly menu with the ration allowance of the folks back home, and think it over.

Now the sad part of it is, a recent quartermaster survey showed that one fifth of the food prepared in army messes was never eaten. However, 73 per cent of that was caused by methods of delivery, etc., and has been corrected. The other 27 percent is up to us. The folks back home go without a lot of things so we can have the very best there is. They are proud to make these sacrifices if it will help us in any way. The least we can do is take care of what we've got and use no more of anything than we need. I don't mean that we shouldn't take all of everything on the menu we want and can eat, for we should. I mean we should not throw away anything. If every sojer we got in this man's war (and at the last count there was a good many millions) would leave a half slice of bread on his plate, it don't take a arithmetic expert to figger out how many loaves that would run into. Nor to figger out how much sugar would be thrown away if every man left a half spoonfull at the bottom of his cup. Or the tons of butter a tiny dab on everybody's plate would amount to. And so on down the line. It's staggerin'.

What can you do about it? Brother, I tell you what I'm gon-

With only a few more games remaining before the play-off series starts, the Rattlesnake Basketball League is rapidly approaching the end of the stretch and as the loop draws to a close the games get tighter and tighter.

Last week saw two of the best games played in this league when the Crippled Commandos, league leaders since the first week of competition, were nearly toppled from their throne.

The third-place Sad Sacks a hard-fighting crew, just fell short in their attempts to upset the favorites and when the final whistle was blown, the Sacks were on the short end of a 29-28 count and the Commandos were still safely ensconced in first place.

It was a nip and tuck struggle all the way through and the few Sack shots that hit the rim and rolled around and fell the wrong way were the difference between victory and defeat.

The Sacks held a 6-4 lead at the end of the first quarter but with the start of the second stanza, he Commandos moved out in front and managed to hang onto a lead that ranged any where from one to six points.

Harry Cooper once again set the scoring pace for the Commandos as he dumped thirteen points through the hoop to take marksmanship honors in this tilt. Pfc. Joe Boots, Cooper teammate, trailed in scoring with an even dozen markers chalked up for the night.

Rolls Neill led the Sacks with eight points while Ghione and Winters with six apiece trailed in this department.

The hot and cold Fighting Armorers blew plenty hot in their game with the Galloping Guards and marked up a 44-31 victory, dumping the Guards from the second place shelf. Pvt. Pete Jasitis copped scoring honors in this game with twenty-one points swishing through the nets. Cpl. Bill Ray, league leader, tanked another dozen points while Pvt. John Camp Galloping Guard, hooked in ten.

Thursday night saw only one game as the Aviation Unit Falcons were unable to floor a team due to reasons beyond their control.

na do. I'm gonna adopt this motto for the duration: "A clean plate after every meal." I know it ain't much, but I remember the fable about the field of corn that got watered just because one little raindrop did what it could. And no individual part in this thing is so small it can't be added to the all-powerful whole it is going to take to crush Schickelgruber and his ilk. —KP.

Standings, Scorings

| LEAGUE STANDINGS | | | |
|-----------------------|----|----|------|
| | W. | L. | Pct. |
| Crippled Commandos | 6 | 0 | 1000 |
| Vincos | 4 | 2 | .666 |
| Galloping Guards | 4 | 2 | .666 |
| Sad Sacks | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| Fighting Armorers | 2 | 3 | .400 |
| Gun Busters | 2 | 4 | .333 |
| Falcons (Avn. Unit) | 1 | 5 | .166 |
| Question Marks (Band) | 0 | 4 | .000 |

| BOX SCORES | | | |
|--------------------|----|---|------|
| | G | F | Pts. |
| Crippled Commandos | 5 | 2 | 12 |
| Boots, f | 6 | 1 | 13 |
| Cooper, f | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Sartori, c | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Perchek, g | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Shoneberg, g | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| McCutcheon | 13 | 3 | 29 |

| INDIVIDUAL SCORING | | |
|--------------------|--------|------|
| Name | Team | Pts. |
| Cpl. William Ray | Guards | 97 |
| Pfc. Joe Boots | Comm. | 82 |
| Pfc. Harold Cooper | Comm. | 78 |
| Cpl. C. Maxwell | Vincos | 66 |
| Cpl. J. Camp | Guards | 52 |

| | G | F | Pts. |
|------------|----|---|------|
| Sad Sacks | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Shipley, f | 3 | 0 | 6 |
| Ghione, f | 4 | 0 | 8 |
| Neill, c | 2 | 1 | 5 |
| Plank, g | 3 | 0 | 6 |
| Winters, g | 13 | 2 | 28 |

Truk Attack Shows Growth Of U. S. Pacific Power

Installment Paid On Pearl Harbor; Japs Fear More

The amazing fact that emerged from a blur of headlines last week was: U. S. naval and air strength in the Pacific has reached the stage where none of Japan's possessions is safe at any time.

Sketchy communiques from Admiral Chester W. Nimitz painted by inference such a picture of American strength that the full import of the news was not realized for several days by the home front, keyed up over the tense Italian situation and long grown cautious over the government's tight-fisted news policies.

Nineteen ships were sunk and 201 Jap planes were destroyed in the bold stroke, which consumed at least two days. "There was no enemy air opposition on the second day of the attack," said the admiral. This terse sentence is one of the most portentous statements made by an Allied spokesman in recent months. For, if Japan cannot maintain an air fleet at Truk that could hold its own against carrier-based planes, where could she maintain such a force?

Truk, you remember, is Japan's mightiest bastion. For over two decades no foreigner has been permitted to come near. It was common news among all nations long before this war's outbreak that Truk had been fortified to the gills. We had Pearl Harbor; the Japanese had Truk.

"The Pacific fleet has returned in Truk the visit made by the Japanese fleet (at Pearl Harbor) on Dec. 7, 1941, and effected a partial settlement of the debt," said Admiral Nimitz.

Grim warning for the Japs, this. "Partial settlement."

Powerful stimulant to Allied nerves. We can be sure the same sort of thrusts will be continuously made at the perimter of Japan's far-reaching defense lines.

Premier Tojo himself took over direction of the Army and Navy, dismissing in disgrace the chiefs of staff who had allowed such a thing to happen. This action, which betrays all the nervousness and insecurity inherent in the Jap position, is very probably the logical outcome of a steady string of successive defeats in the Pacific. Like lightning the Marines had struck in the Marshalls. Then came the blow at Truk. Before the Japanese had retired from the shock, U. S. bombers struck at Wake, at Paramashiru.

In these diverse actions the U.

S. displayed that it had reached the point where either a succession of steady blows directed against one point or a stream of scattered poundings of widely separated objectives, was within the realm of possibility.

The old question of Navy, Navy, where's the Japanese Navy had a little light shed upon it when a Japanese spokesman said it "would not be forced into unnecessary battles," tacitly admitting Japan's inability to risk a sea battle for fear of incurring disastrous losses. Time, it would seem, is a prime objective of the Pacific foe, but some wonder is aroused as to whether time will serve the enemy as he hopes. Since the day of Pearl Harbor, American strength in the Pacific has been growing and that of the Nipponese steadily declining.

In two years such a reversal of fate has been experienced that the premier himself steps in to lend steadiness and strength to the Jap military. That the Japs in a desperate attempt to stave off inevitable defeat would risk at least a part of their fleet in open battle, was the secret hope of the American sailors.

The news was received joyously but seriously over the nation. Our few losses (17 planes at Truk, one ship "moderately damaged") were equally encouraging, but no one discounted the grim task ahead.

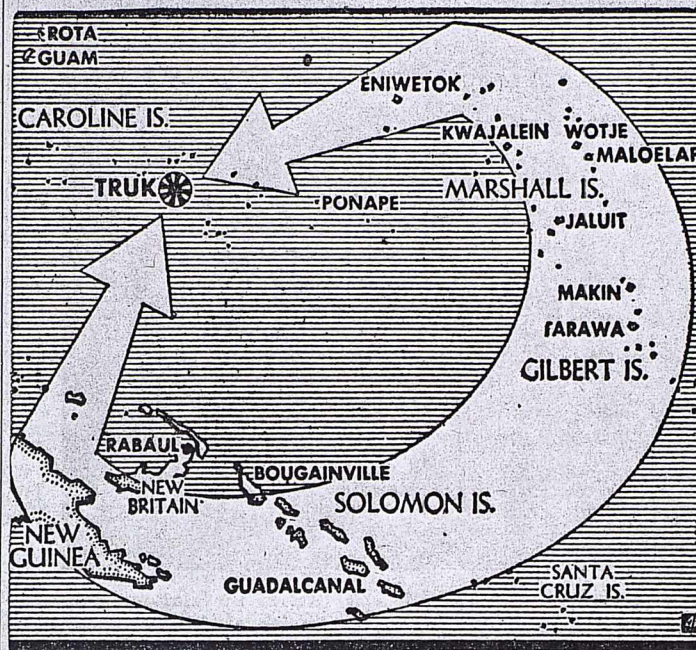
On the European front, Americans and Englishmen went ahead with supreme confidence on invasion plans. The stockpile of men and materials being assembled in Britain was described as the greatest invasion force in the history of the world.

Politics continued to play an increasingly important supplementary role in European activities. Little Finland was torn between desire and necessity—the national desire for peace and the dirty necessity of maintaining relations with Germany, who still has strong forces within Finland. For the Finns to ask for peace now would be tantamount to her asking to change sides, for surely Germany would not see her leave the fold amicably.

Great pre-invasion air battles raged over the Continent. In one raid American and British bombers forces destroyed a large part of the enemy's fighter plane production. The 9th Air Force landed in England to carry on the aerial war against Germany.

For the first time, Air Force headquarters in London went beyond the description of targets, damages and losses and interpret-

Switch Lineup After Truk Hit



Truk, Japan's great Pacific bastion which hadn't even been seen by a white man for 25 years, has been crippled by a surprise attack of U. S. Bombers. The mighty pasting caused the Japs to admit extensive damage had been done and precipitated a shake-up among Nippon's top military leaders.

ed the meaning of an attack.

"At stake, to a great degree, is Germany's ability to meet the coming invasion. The ultimate objectives are not only to complete the domination of the air when the invasion comes with a resulting decrease in ground and naval casualties, but also the increased freedom for bombers to make precision daylight attacks on war industries and communications."

Russia's indomitable armies moved ahead, consuming space and Germans with awesome regularity. Several new drives were opened in an effort to take the next main objective, Pskov. They were within 27 miles of that city and had already begun bombarding it from the air.

American anxiety over the situation in Italy was eased greatly with news that fierce attacks launched by the Germans had been thrown back and successful counter-attacks made. An all-out, reckless German assault by the Germans was precipitately stalled by the Yanks, who then shoved their

armored columns mightily into the Nazi flank. According to one on-the-scene correspondent, the tide of battle had turned; on the day set by the Germans for extinction of the beachhead, he cabled, "the beachhead was never more secure than today." German attacks had drawn such bloody casualties, he asserted, that they could not again be launched on a similar scale.

An interesting sidelight last week was the amount of discussion concerning the scruples with which war should, or should not, be waged. American forces were reluctant to bomb a Benedictine monastery at Cassino, although it was known to contain a German observation post which had undoubtedly contributed to German strength. Finally it was shelled to pieces. If Germany decides to use Rome as the natural fortress it is, a fate just as bad as that of the monastery would seem to be in store for the Eternal City. American leaders regret it but cannot forego the military necessity of such action.