

July 27, 1944

THE RATTLER

Rothschild Army Air Field

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OPEN HOUSE ON TUESDAY

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Open House Tuesday Celebrates AAF's 37th Birthday

All Residents Of This Area Are Invited

Started In 1907; Bought Plane From Wright Brothers

Pyote Army Air Field next Tuesday will join the entire Army Air Forces in celebrating the 37th anniversary of the AAF, as "Open House" will be observed and the base will be thrown open to civilian guests.

Invitations have been extended to the citizens of Monahans, Pecos, Wink, Kermit and other surrounding towns to attend the event. In the B-17's used at this field the visitors can see the phenomenal growth of U. S. military airpower from its shoestring beginning on August 1, 1907, to its present dominating position in a world at war.

Visitors will be allowed on the field from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Formal retreat will be held, it has been announced, and the visitors are welcome to stay and watch it.

On August 1, 1907, the Division of Aeronautics was created by a WD Signal Corps order. The original office staff was one captain and two enlisted men. This organization, now known as Army Air Forces, has better than two million officers and men and more 75,000 aircraft, including 34,000 of combat type.

On August 2, 1909, the first airplane was bought after a number of trial flights on the parade ground at Fort Myer, Va. Built by the Wright brothers, it weighed 1,200 pounds including fuel, water and two passengers. By itself it weighed 740. Closest thing to a navigational aid was a piece of cotton twine about eight inches long which was fastened to the fuselage as a crude turn-and-bank indicator. Comparing it to the B-17 is like comparing a wheelbarrow to a late model car.

Gen. Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, commanding general of the AAF, was one of the first three officers to earn his wings at College Park, Maryland, which was the world's first military airdrome.

The Cover—

Both on and off the base the MPs must enforce regulations. Their cooperation extends to every organization and department. Here Pvt. Alvin Breaux, of Los Angeles, stands beside his jeep on the line. His work connects with Flight Control.

Latest Model Studebaker



Here's the new Studebaker—1944 model, the latest car turned out at that company's plants in South Bend, Ind. In the Army it's known as Cargo carrier M-29, or the "Weasel." Designed for Arctic reconnaissance and Commando raids, this chubby little vehicle can do everything but climb trees. Chief reason for its versatility is the low weight of pressure per square inch of ground contact.

Sec. M. Takes Parade Honors

The Medics of Section M capped their last week's work by walking off with parade honors Saturday.

They were crowded by four other sections which held between them the next two places. Tied for second honors were Section E and Section F, and in a deadlock for third place were Section A and Section D.

New Schedule For Ft. Stockton Bus

The new Monahans-Fort Stockton bus schedule which goes into effect August 1 is as follows:

Bus leaves Monahans at 1:30 p. m. and 9:25 p.m. daily; bus leaves Fort Stockton 7:40 a.m. daily and at 5:20 p.m. daily. There is a two-hour interval between busses at Fort Stockton.

The Deadline Is Saturday

The Rattler wishes to remind its contributors that the deadline for news copy is 1700 on Saturday preceding the Thursday of publication.

The paper is not made up at that time, but due to limited mechanical facilities we must start early.

One page is held open for spot news up to Tuesday night, but organizational copy and regular news matter will have to be in by Saturday afternoon. The place to submit your copy is the Public Relations Office, Headquarters.

SAVANNAH, Ga. (CNS)—C. B. Werm has spent 38 years as chief clock winder at the Savannah County courthouse and during that time he has never spent more than 48 hours outside the city of Savannah. "I like it here," he explains.

Pyote Short Of Fifth War Bond Goal By \$7,000

With only one week left to go in the Fifth War Loan Drive, Pyote Army Air Field stood short of its goal by eight per cent, a check of sales totals showed Tuesday.

A total of \$99,275 worth of bonds has been sold on the field. This is \$7,725 short of the goal of \$107,000.

An all-out last minute drive is being staged today in order to keep the field from falling down on the drive. If the goal is not reached it will be the first time in the history of the field that this has happened.

A "mechanized band" is touring the field daily stimulating bond sales, giving bond buyers the opportunity to direct the band, and drive officials are trying in other ways to go over the top.

Both the officers and civilians on the field achieved better than 100 per cent marks, while the enlisted men trailed with only 70 per cent of their allotted quota. The officers have bought \$43,900 worth, civilian purchases amounted to \$20,275, and enlisted men have purchased \$35,100 in bonds.

Of the station's eight sections, half had gone over 100 per cent and the other four were under their quotas. The Tuesday totals were, by sections:

Section	Amt. Sold	Pct.
Sec. A	\$21,750	131
Sec. B	3,575	156
Sec. C	650	12
Sec. D	6,375	30
Sec. E	3,025	58
Sec. F	20,950	103
Sec. M	8,075	136
CCP	14,600	90

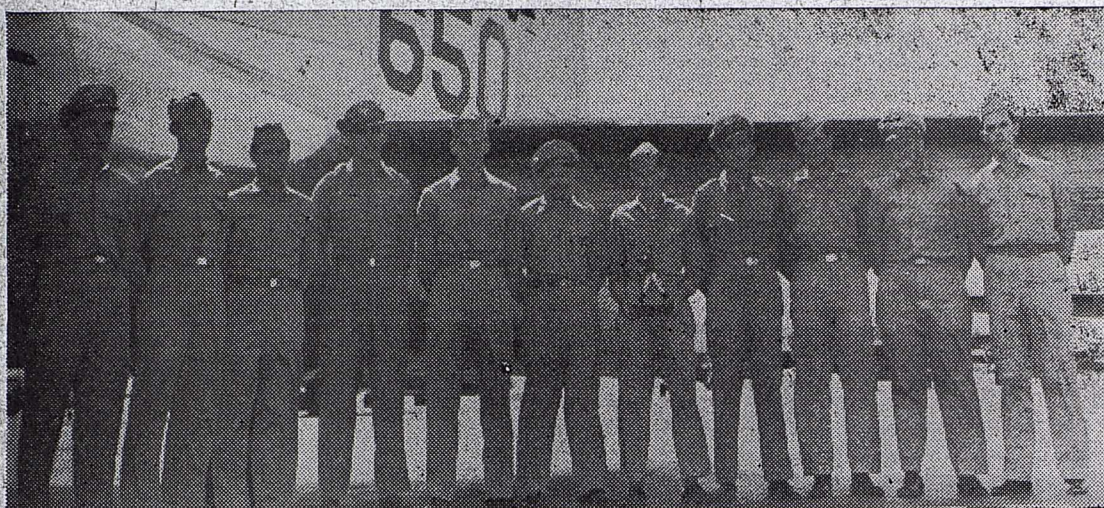
With over-the-limit figures reported from every section of the nation, the drive has closed on the civilian front. But among military personnel the drive extends to July 31. Purchases made here on the base will be counted up to next Tuesday against the Fifth War Loan total. This includes civilian purchases.

EM will have a good chance to make up their deficit with their Monday pay.

Let's play our full part in the Fighting Fifth, and buy enough bonds to go over the top.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. (CNS) — Locked up on an intoxication charge when he was unable to pay his \$5 fine, Harry Hunt found a \$10 bill in his cell. Calling the jailer, he paid the fine, walked out, bought more whiskey. He was back in jail again that night.

Fortress Crew Typically All-American



The crew of the Flying Fortress "Pam" (they don't have their own ship but they've picked out a name) is typically an all-American outfit. The ten men come from nine states, and represent as many occupations. Left to right: Lt. Ralph E. Stolz,

pilot, San Luis Obispo, Calif.; S-Sgt. John E. Harper, Corsicana, Texas; Sgt. Albert Waldmiller, Lancaster, N. Y.; Lt. Conrad Hohing, Lonaconing, Mich.; Cpl. Thomas McDonough, Wheeling, W. Va.; Capt. Lenard D. Nye (not a crew member),

the crew's flight commander; Pfc. Donald McPherson, Rochester, N. Y.; Lt. George A. Minich, Marceline, Mo.; Pfc. Thomas Lehman, Tucson, Ariz.; Lt. Howard W. Grote, Springfield, Ohio; and Cpl. Howard Hagan, Jersey City, N. J.

Here's The Dope On New Ceiling Prices For Beer

Ceiling prices for beer, under digest of order No. G-1 under General Order No. 50 establishing maximum prices for malt beverages in Region V, went into effect July 1. Posting requirements and price ceilings under the order must be observed by all eating and drinking establishments in Texas, which is in Region V.

Under this order the maximum price any dealer may charge for the ordinary sized (not family size) bottle of beer is 26 cents—and the average price is just about half that. This price is for the first group of dealers selling highest quality beer.

Dealers are divided into three groups which have different price scales, depending on whether or not they had previously established price scales. If dealers had not previously qualified for one of the first two groups, 1-B or 2-B, they are automatically in Group 3-B, which has a top of 18 cents for the highest grade beer and other prices scaled accordingly.

Malt beverages are divided into five tables. In table II, which includes most popular brands, ceiling prices are as follows for a 12-ounce bottle and family size bottle: Group 1-B, 21 cents and 40 cents; Group 2-B, 16 cents and 35 cents; Group 3-B, 13 and 30 cents.

For table I the corresponding ceilings are: Group 1-B, 26 and 50 cents; Group 2-B, 21 and 45 cents; Group 3-B, 18 and 40 cents.

After July 31, complete price lists must be either carried on the menus of establishments coming under the order or displayed prominently where they can be seen by the customers. Also, establishments must put up posters stating their group classification. If you think you're getting hooked, ask to see the poster and you can tell how much you should be charged.

orer-gunner, is from Wheeling, W. Va. Before coming in the army he was a student at St. Mary's College in Maryland, where he was working on a math major.

Pfc. Donald McPherson, the youngest man in the crew at 19, is from Rochester, where he attended high school.

Pfc. Thomas Lehman, tail gunner, of Tucson, Arizona, was in the show business before the war, and figures on going back after it's over. Billed as Thomas Phil Lehman, III, he was an emcee around San Francisco.

This All-American Fortress Crew Typifies Teamwork Of Air Force

The ten men on the crew hail from nine different states in the Union and each represents a different occupation—that's Crew No. 5970, a training outfit picked by the instructors in Section I as a typically All-American crew.

New York is the only State which has two men on the crew—a pair of gunners from upstate.

Here at Pyote the crew is being welded into a fighting aerial team that will carry the merits of all sections of the country into combat. Capt. Lenard D. Nye, C Flight Commander, says: "This crew, coming as it does from all sections of the country, is representative of the crews now in training. It is very typical of the spirit of teamwork that is such a vital part of the Army Air Forces."

Only one pre-Pearl Harbor soldier is on the crew—S-Sgt. John E. Harper of Corsicana, Texas, who has been in the army almost five years. The average length of service of the men is little over 19 months apiece.

An interesting sidelight on this particular crew, which probably wouldn't happen again in half a dozen training sections, is the fact that all four commissioned officers are of German ancestry. "That means, I guess, we'll get sent to the South Pacific," says Lt. Ralph E. Stolz, the pilot.

Members of the crew are:

Lt. Stolz, who has already exercised his pilot's prerogative and decided on "Pam" as a name, when they get their combat ship. It's for his four-months old daughter in San Luis Obispo, Calif.,

where he was a salesman of plumbing and oil products before joining the Army.

Lt. Howard W. Grote, the navigator, who comes from Springfield, Ohio. He was a bookkeeper for a spring company in Springfield.

Lt. Conrad Hohing, the co-pilot, of Lonaconing, Mich. He was a science instructor for a National Training School, operated by the Bureau of Prisons, Department of Justice, in Washington. Lt. Hohing got his B. S. degree from the University of Maryland.

Lt. George A. Minich, the bombardier, is from Marceline, Mo. Before coming into the army he worked in aircraft plants in St. Louis and Kansas City.

S-Sgt. Harper, the engineer.

S-Sgt. Harper, the engineer, originally hailed from Corsicquish his citizenship papers in favor of California. S-Sgt. Harper is the only man in the crew who wears a fogey and he's half-way home on his second lap, which makes him the ranking member from point of service. During most of his time in the army Harper was stationed near Hollywood and it was too much for him. "That's my home now," he says. Before joining



GOOD LUCK PIECE . . . Is this little trophy which was donated by a kind lady in Jal. N. M., one night recently to enlisted crew members. They'll take it with them on all their missions. (This does not constitute an endorsement of any product by the Air Force.)

the army he attended Corsicana High School and was employed in a bakery.

Sgt. Albert Waldmiller, the upper gunner, who's from Lancaster, N. Y. He worked as a patternmaker for a steel company in Buffalo before getting in the army.

Cpl. Howard Hagan, the radio operator, is from Jersey City, N. J., where he worked for the Army Transportation Corps as a civilian.

Pfc. Thomas McDonough, arm-

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

Shipp, The Happy Medic, Looks Like A Man Who Dislikes Work

But Iowan's Record With Local CTP Gets Commendation From Air Surgeon

Lawrence Shipp, an Iowa boy who has been known variously as Larry, that brat, the smartest guy in the class, "Globe Trotter," just another A-1, private (three times), Mister (OC), and now T/Sgt. Shipp, is one lad who intends to enjoy himself in spite of the army.

He's been doing all right at it, too, for the past three years, and now his overflowing fun-making ability has been channelled into a spot where it will do the Army real good—he's the non-com in charge of Station Hospital's CTP. This CTP stands for Convalescent Training Program, which has been hailed by many top-ranking authorities as a solid new achievement contributing to the war effort, in that it puts men back in shape for duty a lot quicker.

It operates on the idea that as soon as a patient gets over the worst part of his illness, he recuperates much more quickly if he has something interesting to do.

That's Shipp's job. And how well he has done it is indicated in a recent letter received here from the Chief, Convalescent Training Division, Office of the Air Surgeon, which stated:

"Man hours of physical and educational training are very good (at Pyote); the entire program appears well organized and adequate in scope."

Which is enough about CTP. Now for Shipp, the clown prince of the Mad Medics.

After a brief stand around Tripoli, Iowa, necessitated by family ties and the fact that he was born there, Shipp went out to conquer the wide, wide world via the textbook route. He carried with him a diploma that stated that Lawrence H. had carried out the family tradition by becoming a valedictorian of his high school class, and entered Luther College at Decorah, Iowa.

There's a rumor that we tried to chase down but missed. Seems that while he was in Luther a song was written and dedicated to his dormitory dean. Name of the song: "I'm Waiting for Shipp's that Never Come In."

After four years of more or less regular attendance he had another pigskin (M. A.) and a confirmed wanderlust which earned him the nickname, "Globe Trotter," back in Tripoli. Shipp had figured out shortly after high school that if he stayed on the road nobody could pin him down and make him work. Consequently he spent his summers and spare time touring the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Of course that didn't make him a globe trotter but it was enough for the folks back at Tripoli. Besides, Larry figured on hitting Europe in 1941 and

making "le grand tour de continent." But he stopped off at New York's Columbia University to study law (another fine way of avoiding work, he had found) and was enmeshed in that city's social life when that irresistible summons reached him.

In June, 1941, he started wearing khakis, getting his first GI garments at Fort Jay, N. Y., and going from there to Maxwell Field, Ala. There he interspersed his fun-making routine with enough military accomplishments to rate one of the "T" ratings which were in style then. This he lost when he ran into administrative difficulties.

The glint of brass in his eye then led our mad nomad to the vicinity of Abilene, Texas, to a Medical Administrative Officer Candidate School at Camp Berkeley. He was doing right well, too, until one fine weekend when he journeyed into Dallas.

Whatever it was that kept him in Big D a few extra hours—Shipp doesn't say what it was but does say "it was worth it"—cost him a pair of gold bars. "Get packed, Shipp," he was told on his belated return to camp.

Next an overseas replacement center drew a long straw and got the erring officer candidate. For some strange and unfathomed reason—maybe the ORC didn't have the proper maps, or maybe somebody was just prejudiced—he was sent to Pyote Army Air Field on March 22, 1943.

And here he's been since, spreading cheer lavishly and working those poor little Medics into exhaustion. In a few weeks he had become a sort of Simon Legree with the common touch. After the work was done in the evenings Shipp took his boys down to Pyote where serious conversations over weighty subjects occurred amidst general revelry.

Thus was born "Local No. 237"—easily the most famous social group in the history of the base. Shipp was the president and guiding genius until the competition and hot weather



AMAZING, ISN'T IT? . . . That a man could still be happy after more than a year at Pyote. That's the way it is, though, with T-Sgt. Lawrence Shipp of the Medics, who brushes off the blues for himself and the patients with maddening ease. While his left hand is changing the disc on a record-player, Shipp is giving his afternoon newscast as a part of the Station Hospital's Convalescent Training Program. He says he never works but his record with CTP belies such modesty.

Moonlight Swim Climaxes Evening Of Entertainment By Monahans USO

A hamburger roast and all its trimmings will be prepared by volunteer workers of the Monahans USO on Wednesday, August 2nd. The hamburger party will be conducted at the picnic grounds just opposite the USO. Potato salad, pickles and all the trimmings are on deck for GIs who will take part at this food-fest.

No Excuse For Not Writing

An adequate supply of distinctive, attractive stationery is on hand at the Service Club office. You are welcome to use it at any time.

forced it to fold. Inactive at present, the organization is expected to throw off its cloak of hibernation and again welcome all fraternizers into the fold, comes autumn.

For any who might have wondered about the origin of that title, Local 237 is the name of a bakers' union in Chicago, and what's good enough for Chicago is good enough for Pyote.

That is Shipp's story, about himself and about the CTP. But those who work with him consider the energetic, constantly chuckling good humor man one of the key men on the base and one of the Medics' most valuable assets. He never slows down, and he always has something to do. As one of his many extra-curricular activities he writes a column for the Rattler about the Medics. In a year he hasn't missed a week (except when on furlough) and his weekly gossip column is always well read.

Old fashioned singing by the fire side will follow, with music supplied by western hombres.

The highlight of the evening will be a moonlight swim especially arranged for by the USO staff for all service men and women and their families. The pool will remain closed to the general public after 10:00 p.m. and will be made available for all the guests at USO.

Don't forget this picnic and moonlight swim.

Bingo Tonight At Officers Club

A Bingo party is scheduled at the Officers Club Thursday night, July 27, 9 to 11 o'clock, it has been announced.

All officers and their friends are invited to attend the party. Prizes will be given.

BROOKLYN (CNS)—A kibitzer, peering over Dominick Ericolo's shoulder while Ericolo and four cronies were playing pinochle in an empty lot, didn't care for Ericolo's card playing, so he stuck the stem of his briar pipe in Dominick's ear. The kibitzer, unknown to the other players, fled immediately and the police are still seeking him.

Rehearsals Started For 'Off Limits', GI Talent Show

Theater Schedule

Thurs.—THE HAIRY APE, with William Bendix and Susan Hayward. "How to Play Football" & Paramount News.
 Fri.—SECRET COMMAND, with Pat O'Brien, Carole Landis and Chester Morris. Shorts—"Unusual Occupations", "Students of Form", & "Slightly Daffy".
 Sat.—MANPOWER, with Edward G. Robinson, Marlene Dietrich and George Raft. Pete Smith short: "Movie Pest".
 Sun & Mon.—WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, with Irene Dunne, Alan Marshall and Frank Morgan. Paramount News.
 Tues. (Double Feature)—NIGHT OF ADVENTURE, with Tom Conway and Roger Long; and HENRY ALDRICH'S LITTLE SECRET, with Jimmy Lyden and Charles Smith.
 Wed. & Thurs.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY, with Deanna Durbin and Jean Kelly. Army-Navy Screen magazine & Paramount News.

At The Service Club

Thursday—EM Wives' Luncheon 12-1:00. Gay Nineties Night, featuring Ty's Tumblers, songs by Babs Eastman, community sing with Dutch at the piano. Beer served in Patio. 9:00 p.m.
 Friday—Dance 9:00-11:00 p.m. Hostesses from Andrews, Odessa, Ft. Stockton, Wink, Kermit, Grandfalls & Monahans.
 Saturday—Open House.
 Sunday—Free movies, 9:00 p.m.
 Monday—Open House.
 Tuesday—Mending, 10:00-5:00. Dance 9:00-12:00 in patio. Hostesses from Andrews, Odessa, Ft. Stockton, Wink, Kermit, Grandfalls, & Monahans.
 Wednesday—Free movie revival: "Top Hat", with Rogers-Astaire.

'Gay Nineties' Set Tonight

Gay Nineties fun is on schedule tonight, when the EM Service Club turns back the clock at 9 p.m. to bring back to good old-fashioned fun of the neighborhood beer garden.

Despite the inclement weather and the shortage of lager, last week's revel was pronounced a definite success; and those in charge assure sufficient beer to please all.

Attractive waitresses will wait upon the tables, and two hours of solid, steady entertainment is promised.

Dutch will preside at the piano to lead the community singing; Ty's Tumblers will present an exhibition of gymnastic delight; and Babs Eastman, a gorgeous sorrel-topped lass who sang with Benny Goodman's Orchestra, and who recently concluded an engagement at a Phoenix night club, will croon the ballads.

"Do you know what they're saying about me?"

"Yeah, I just heard, and came over as fast as I could."

What's Cookin' On Broadway & In Hollywood

Broadway: Teddy Powell, dance band leader, has been arrested for bribing draft officials to keep him out of the army . . . Olson and Johnson, the Hellzapoppin' hellers, are readying a new show for New York for fall opening. It's title: "Laughing Room Only" . . . Mae West will open come autumn in Billy Rose's production "Catherine Was Great". The story, by Miss West, features some 60 gentlemen who responded to her invitation to come up and see her . . . Gene Krupa is back with his own orchestra, packing them in at the Capitol . . . Gertrude Neisen is wowing audiences with her singing of the naughty-naughty "I Wanna Get Married", in the musical comedy "Follow The Girls" . . . Ella Logan and Duke Ellington's band share top-billing at the Roxy.

Hollywood: Danny Kaye's new film, "The Wonder Man" (and it'll have to go some to beat "Up In Arms") was held up when Danny injured his leg during a dance routine . . . Warner Bros. is re-



WHY, SURE . . . Marilyn Maxwell knows other sports besides softball, and her form is as good in one as another. We can see where there's going to be a post-war rush for umpiring jobs. Money, too, they get.

making "Of Human Bondage" which brought success to Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. The two stars for the '44 version are Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker . . . Press Agent squib: "When Betty Hutton sings "My Mama Thinks I Am A Star" it is the first time she deliberately shows her legs in pictures."—But oh, buh-rother, those lovely accidents! . . . Bing Crosby, the race-horse owner, is producing a movie of his own—"The Great John L.", dealing with the Boston Strong-boy, Sullivan .

Next Wednesday evening, the Service Club will welcome the nostalgic movie-goers, when it presents a free showing of "Top Hat", starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Film-goers will remember this opus as one of the best in the Astaire-Rogers hit-series. Show starts at 9:15.

Original Story, Musical Score Are Featured

Production Will Tour Area For Swim Pool Fund

The musical comedy, "Off Limits" went into active rehearsal this week, as it prepared for an extended tour of nearby towns to raise \$20,000 for an enlisted men's swimming pool.

The production features an original story and music with a bevy of talent from the base and from surrounding communities.

The story of "Off Limits" concerns a platoon of GIs who find themselves—through some wierd twist of the War Department—attending an A. S. T. P. school. The school, however, happens to be Miss Fassafren's Finishing School for Young Ladies.

With this as a start, the comedy gets involved in some of the most amusing and naughty situations imaginable.

The score includes such sparkling numbers as "Take Off Your Hat When You Mention The West (For the West Is Like Mother to Me)", "Rhumbatism", and "Song of the Flatfeet", plus seven other songs that range from romantic ballads to scorching jive.

All in all, it's quite a show. A few roles are still open for both men and women. For further details, stop by the Service Club or the Special Service Office.

Arrangements were made last week to present "Off Limits" at various other army installations in the surrounding area. The tour begins August 14th at Andrews, and will play Wink, Kermit, Ft. Stockton, Monahans, and will be presented at the Pyote Theatre, for two performances, on the 20th of next month, free of charge.

USO SCHEDULE

Thurs.—Fortune telling; hobby hour.
 Fri.—Cake party; informal activities.
 Sat.—Variety Show; refreshments, entertainments.
 Sun.—Coffee hour 11 a.m., buffet supper, 6:30 p.m.; songfest, 7:30 p.m.
 Mon.—Movie, "Country Gentleman," 8:30 p.m.; songfest, Mrs. Wray at piano.
 Tues.—Dance class, 9-10 p.m.
 Wed.—Better Halves Club Luncheon, 12:30 p.m.; barbecue and splash party in evening.



KOOPS' KORNERS

(Editor's Note: Winchell has his "Girl Friday", Ed Sullivan has his "Miss Africa", and this week's KORNER is composed of notes and memos from Koop's own girl-Friday, Sugar... as Koops is on KP.)

SUGAR REPORT: . . . Koops, somebody stopped in to say that the PX Cleaners are now accepting ties and caps to be cleaned—and you don't have to bring along a pair of pants or a shirt with the order. I thought you'd be pleased. . . About your raving for old movies, Miss Crowder at the Service Club wants you to know that two old films will be shown during August—at the Service Club. Wednesday, the 2nd, they'll have Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "Top Hat", and on the 30th, "The Informer". That's a step in the right direction for those people who want to see these old movies over again . . .

Emily over at the library has a raft of brand new books for the GIs—and the stock includes all the Thorne Smith stories. Incidentally, Ed, I read "Mr. G. Strings Along" by Robert Wilder, and it's terrific in a naughty-but-nice sort of way. This girl, Christine, is something! No Thorne Smith heroine is fit to cross her knees with Christine. It's at the library. Be sure to read it, Koops . . .

Somebody wants to know what's this about the ice cream at the Service Club? Seems the girls were dishing out too much ice cream in a scoop, so now they've been shown how to shave the ice cream down; and the servings are puh-lenty measley. Look into it, would ya?

. . . Also there are some nasty noises from some of the guys about the PX Shoe Repair Shop. Their prices are higher than those in town, according to some of the fellas. Anyway, that's what I hear . . .

Oh yes, the WACS are now allowed to wear formals in parties at their own day-room, and they should soon be throwing a shindig over there that should be swell. Any chance, Ed, of your being invited? . . . Next time you hand out Gigs and Ribbons, don't pass up the band. We just don't appreciate them enough. The last USO troupe that played here said our orchestra was the best they'd come across in a month of Sundays. Nice goin', fellas . . .

The Beer Party at the Service Club went pretty well last Thursday. In spite of the wind and the dust and the beer shortage. So tell the fellas that tonight they'll have twice as much beer as last week, and to pray for nice weather. From what I've heard, Ed, these beer parties are strictly what the guys and gals want, and tonight's show should be better than ever. (Which reminds me, I'm ashamed of you for telling that last gag, Koops. I'm blushing. Really!) Better get there early tonight, Koops, and grab a table; they're starting serving promptly at 9:00.

Incidentally, did you know that all the waiters and waitresses volunteered their services, without pay? They deserve some real applause for that . . . And Bobbie's song last Thursday was swell. Tell her so for me, will ya? . . . Mention in the KORNER that all profits from these Thursday night Beer Parties are going toward the swimming pool!

If \$20,000 can be raised, we'll have a swimming pool for the EM on the base. Monty Ash, the guy who's putting on the show, wants you to see him about the musical comedy. It's going on the road the middle of next month, to raise the cash for the swimming pool from the various surrounding towns! . . . It's a knockout of a show with chorus-girls, original music, costumes, and goodness knows what all! He says he can use the services of anybody who wants to help—singers, dancers, pretty girls, stage-hands, electricians, etc. If they're interested, have 'em stop by the RATTLER office, Special Service Office, or the Service Club. They'll be doing the base a real favor . . .

Hey, Koops, don't forget to register for the fall election. After all the yelling everyone's done about soldier's voting rights, they should all make arrangements to vote, now that they can . . . Capt. McLaughlin, Public Relations Officer, is in the hospital with the grippe. He's over in bed pan alley (Ward 9). Should you go over and see him or would that give him a relapse? . . . Picked up a good story for you about a fellow who had some clothes for salvage. He sent 'em to the GI laundry, got 'em back, took 'em into supply, and the Supply Sarj says: "Hey, this stuff has gotta be clean, before ya turn it in!"

They Just Putter Around, She Says, And It Speeds Recovery

By MARY HALL

(Miss Mary Hall is the new recreation director at the Station Hospital's Red Cross House, where patients spend many hours between their confinement to bed and return to duty. We've asked her to tell a little about the work and the following article was prepared by Miss Hall.—Ed. Note.)



LET'S 'EM PUTTER . . . And the patients are usually glad to do it under the guidance of Miss Mary Hall, new recreation director at the Hospital Red Cross House.

"Putter room" is what it's called, and what I mean is—we really putter up here.

Take, for example, Sgt. Bill Rigney, a patient who hailed originally from the City of Brotherly Love. Sent here from Abilene Army Air Field to have some hem-stitching done on his shoulder, he ran around for two weeks with his arm in a sling. You can imagine how limp the appendage had become during that time, as he couldn't even push a pen.

He decided to help Nature along by spending a few spare minutes in the Red Cross putter room. His first venture was a small reed basket—but being practical, Bill wondered what he could do with it. When it was suggested he fill it with candy and send it to his girl back home, the basket was promptly finished and shellacked. He later filled it with potato-holders made from Jersey loops. Also, he has covered an empty wine bottle so that it can be hung from a living room wall sometime in the future when this war is over.

There are other patients who braid belts, make plexi-glass novelties and a variety of things of their own choosing. The Putter Room exists primarily for the fun of making things, but it often proves valuable in taking stiffness out of muscles, maintaining precision and providing a means for soldiers temporarily "laid up" of making small articles to send home. Men are encouraged to develop hobbies which might be of value after they return home.

The room is open to all patients in the hospital. Materials are provided by the Red Cross. As a part of recreation, Red Cross all over the world provides this form of activity for hospitalized servicemen. Here at Pyote we feel that it has a definite therapeutic value, if for no other reason than that it is fun to do things.

NEW YORK (CNS)—New York's police force, which is bigger than Ireland's Army, is red of face today. Someone stole \$400 in cash and \$350 in war bonds from a safe at police headquarters.

What kinda laundry is that, huh? . . . The girls on the nightshift at the PX hangar on the line say thanks for the Ribbon you gave 'em a couple of weeks ago . . .

I got a quote of the week for you, too, Ed. A GI says "Sure, I took myself a wife when I was on furlough. But her husband showed up, so I hadda give her back!"

—Sugar

EDITORIAL

Time For A Rally

Ever see a football game won in the final fast-moving minutes of play? Most of us have seen just that—seen a club come up from behind in the waning minutes and play more football in the last minutes than the first 55.

Sometimes it happens when the opponent quits. But usually there is another reason—a team wants to win so badly the desire becomes strong enough to forge eleven Joes into a winning team. Without that desire you might as well fire the scorekeeper and go home.

It happens that, relatively speaking, there are only about five minutes left in the 5th War Loan Drive—just a few more days in which to make purchases that will count toward the station's quota. And the station has sold 92 per cent of its allotted quota.

For the first time in history, Pyote Army Air Field is going to fall down on the job of buying bonds, unless something pretty big happens in the next few days. Admittedly, our quota seemed higher than the usual Army camp goal, but that's no reason for quitting while a victory is possible.

We're being nosed out, 7-6. If enough soldiers, officers and civilians want to, we can go over the top in one day. Practically every camp and every town in America passed their goal long ago.

How about it? Are we going to take a one-point beating?

Taking The Long View

Hitler has told so many lies that many people use a standard method of figuring out his speeches: They believe just the opposite of he says. You can't always do this, though. Sometimes he tells the truth by accident.

Once he said that if the Nazis did not succeed in their mad dream of world conquest, he would pull the nation down in ruins about him. (This is a rough wording, as our files do not carry his speeches.)

This he seems to be doing today, as far as Germany is concerned, by his purge of all suspected elements. No credit is due der Fuehrer for making a correct prediction, but quite by accident he is saving the Allies some work. For one thing, he is knocking out some of the best military brains of Germany thus simplifying our task of smashing the Reich's military machine in the field. This, after all, would be a better end to the war with Germany because it would probably result in a more lasting peace than if a "home front" collapse occurred. Also, his purge is saving us the post-war trouble of removing these keystones of militarism permanently.

The situation in Germany looks very good to any observer. But it wouldn't be wise to get all hepped up and thinking it's all over now. Hitler and Himmler have things definitely under control. But the long-range implications of the abortive officer-led revolt are even better.

THE RATTLER

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

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The Wolf

by Sansone

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"I can't understand it! Every time you come up here—you get something in your eye!!"

POLICIN' UP

By S-SGT. ROBERT NASH

Pfc. Eddie Julipp of Fort Smith, Ark., has come up with the simplest, most sensible and most nearly workable post-war plan of any we have seen.

"When this war is over," says Pfc. Julipp, "I plan to go home to Fort Smith and stay there, minding my own business for the rest of my life, hoping to set an example for the entire nation."

FOR THE SAKE OF THE RECORD

The girl was filling out an employment questionnaire for work at an army post. She came to the blank marked "sex", and and misunderstanding it slightly, she wrote "no" instead of "female".

When she came to the end of the form she read carefully the long spiel about "any misrepresentation of facts in order to secure work will result in immediate dismissal, etc."

After a minute's hesitation she crossed out "no" and filled in "yes".

"I know I'm not good looking like Sgt. Jones," sighed the aspiring but inept suitor. "But I love you, honey. I know I haven't got a car like Jones has, or a lot of money like he has, but I love you, honey. I'll do anything in the world for you."

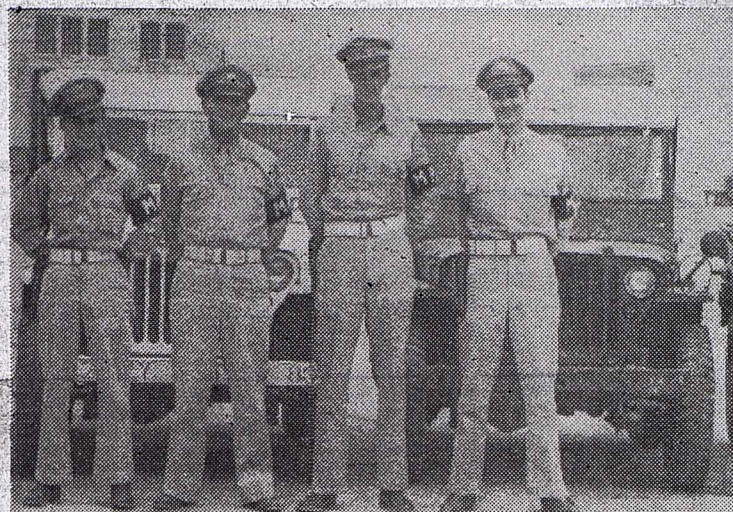
"Okay. Introduce me to Sgt. Jones"

She stroked my hair, she held my hand;
The lights were soft and low.
She raised her eyes with sweet surprise,
And softly whispered, "No!"

THE LOCAL AREA . . . Stories we're investigating: The one about the memory whiz over at the Hospital who could, at one time, rattle off the serial numbers of every man in his outfit. There were about 175, and he never missed. Also this over-35 discharge talk, which bobs up every time another German general is liquidated. That is pretty often these days . . . Things at the Service Club are picking up, with Monty Ash lining up outside talent for the weekly Gay Nineties event. Bobbie Tubbs' number last Thursday really set the wolf pack to howling . . . It's too hot to study football, but here's something to look forward to: Special arrangements are being carried through to bring a big-time game to Odessa's Fly Field this fall, especially for the benefit of Pyote. An announcement can be expected shortly . . . What's the trouble over at Section D on the 5th War Loan drive? The boys raised less than a third of their quota of \$20,585. If they'd made it the station would be over the top now . . . On the ailing list is Capt. Joseph Jordan, the Sub-Depot officer .



Work of the MPs must be closely coordinated with that of civilian law enforcement agencies. Here a group of Pyote MPs is shown in the Monahans City Police office with Bob Ball, Assistant Chief of Police in Monahans. Seated is S-Sgt. Claude E. Meese, of Springfield, Mo. Standing, left to right: Pvt. Roy Ballanger, Elizabethtown, Ky.; Pvt. Roland J. Carter; Pfc. Crenshaw, Frost, Texas; Pvt. Lawrence Fox, Los Angeles; and Pfc. Ezell Collums, Derman, Mississippi.



When working on or off the base, the MPs must present a neat and snappy appearance. Here four men on duty on the base are shown in front of a pair of the organization's jeeps. One of the biggest jobs on the base is the enforcement of traffic regulations; tickets are given to cars improperly parked, those left in restricted areas, and drivers who are caught violating the speed limit. Another important job is the guarding of strategic points on or near the base.

'PRETTY GOOD BUNCH OF BOYS'

Curious Rattler Scribe Follows MPs Around And Finds Them 'On The Beam'

By PVT. MONTY ASH

... "and on top of that they're the best bunch of boys in this command"

The above concluded Major S. E. Willam's eulogy of the MP's on this base, and we are inclined to agree with him particularly after seeing the boys at work.

We had always been under the impression that the average M.P. was just a guy who had been a cop before the war and took great delight in being one during the war, and that he ate hapless GIs for breakfast, lunch and supper. But so help us, it's not true. Not a single G.I. has been eaten by an M.P.

since Pyote began; of course they have been "chewed out" a little, but not enough to be noticed. The other strange thing is, that from Major Williams on down, there isn't an M.P. who was a cop before the war, so immediately two illusions that we had were blown to the winds of West Texas.

There are 117 MPs on this post, not to mention the three Wacs that work in the Provost Marshall's office. Their job covers everything from patrolling the metropolis of Monahans and other nearby towns, to being a life guard in the Monahans swimming pool.

We went out to Monahans the other night to see how the boys operate. Their headquarters is in the local police station, and we were told in no uncertain terms, that they give the civilian police the fullest cooperation on all matters concerning military personnel. We rode around with the guardians of law and order, just to see that everything was under control and that no one was twisting the arm of any of our boys in order to get them too drunk.

We stopped off at one of the

"gay night spots", where a rather large dance was being held, and everything was just ducky. No fights, no nothing. We were just a little disappointed, as we had wanted to see the boys in action. However there was one thing we noticed, and it should be mentioned.

When the MP's walk into any place, they don't go in with a chip on their shoulder and a look which says, "Oh-boy, I hope there are some nasty-old-drunks in here that I can knock hell out of." No, the Pyote MPs go in with a grin on their faces and a look which says, "Have a good time boys, we're not going to stop you."

We stayed a few minutes and went on our way. Everything was under control throughout the town and finally we went back to the station, just in case anything exciting had shown up. There wasn't even an automobile wreck, but we did find out that the minute there is one, the boys are on the scene and if any GI is involved they take over from there on in.

The Pyote Guard Section has

four Negroes who patrol the colored section of Monahans, and we are told by their boss that they are doing a bang-up job. We went over to talk with them and were convinced that Major Williams is right. One of the quartette is on furlough but we were able to get a little from the other three. Pvt. Leroy Young is from Arcola, Mississippi and has been in the army 15 months. Before he entered the army he worked in a dry-goods store, but somehow or other he likes the army better. Leroy is being sent to the Provost Marshall's school, Barksdale Field, La. in a few days, where he will spend four weeks, working his head off, on a course which is supposed to be one of the very toughest.

The second member of this group is Pfc. Willie Winters of Knoxville, Tenn. Willie has been in now for nearly eighteen months, and was a truck driver before entering the service. We asked him if he had had any excitement during his career as an MP, but either he was being modest, or just didn't want to talk. However he likes his job and that was as far as he would go.

The last member is Pvt. Percy W. Jones, from Chattanooga, Tenn., who is a mere baby as far as time in the army is concerned. He has been in just nine months and had worked in a lard plant as a civilian. Percy has two brothers in the Air Corps, stationed somewhere in Florida, who will grad-

uate as mechanics in a few weeks.

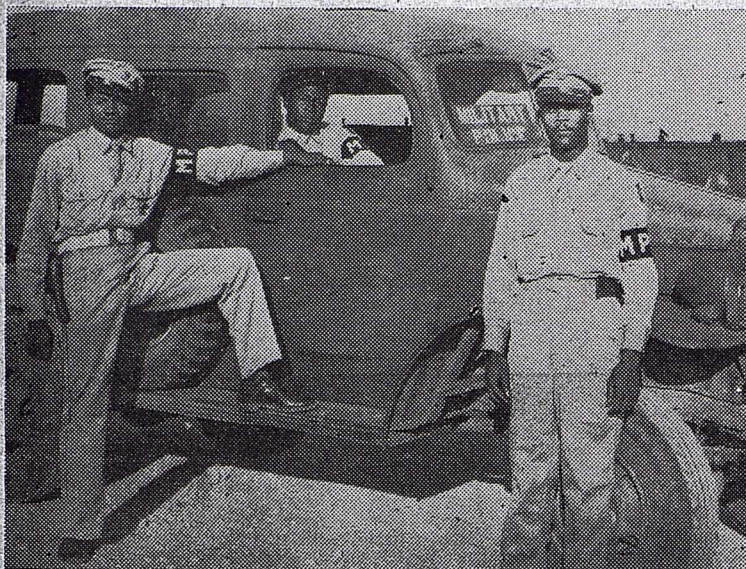
The work of the MPs on the base is divided into several categories, such as traffic control, the gate, identification, etc. The men are so well trained that they can work at any one of these jobs, alternating every few weeks.

We rode around in one of the radio jeeps with Pfc. Phillip G. Muise, from East Boston, Mass. We heard all manner of conversation between "Mousey" and other radio jeeps and the Provost Marshall's office. Phillip has the unique distinction of being the smallest MP on this or any other base, but believe us, we wouldn't want to tangle with the young gent.

Before entering the service eighteen months ago, Muise was a grease monkey at a service station in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. A reliable authority told us that Phillip was able to crawl into an exhaust pipe and clean out the muffler, but we think this is just propaganda.

The traffic squadron tours the base to see that all is well as far as parking is concerned, that no one exceeds the speed limit and that stop signs are obeyed. In case of a wreck, the boys must be on the job to get a true story of the accident.

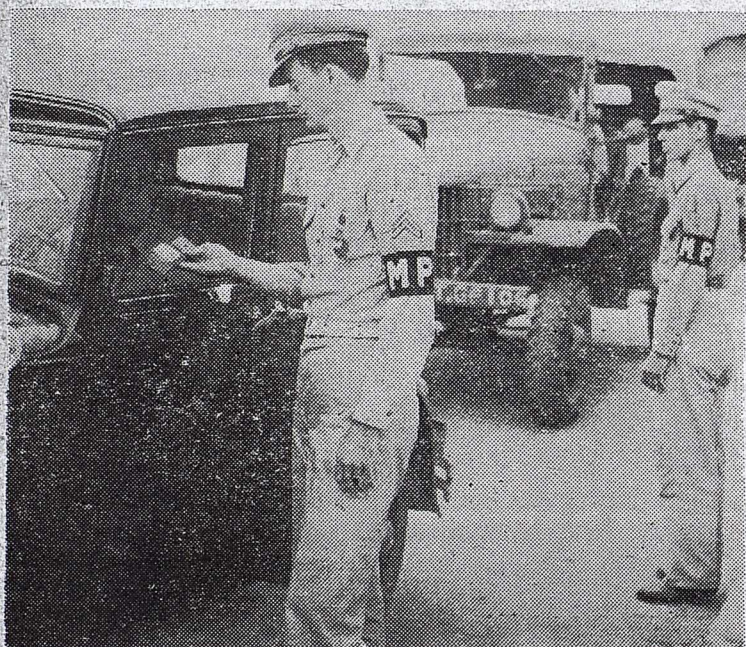
The MPs are on the job 24 hours a day, and one of the most vital spots is the gate. We don't think that we have to mention too much



Four colored MPs patrol the colored section of Monahans and take care of any Section C personnel who may run afoul the ARs. One of the boys is on furlough right now; above are the three who are handling it by themselves now.



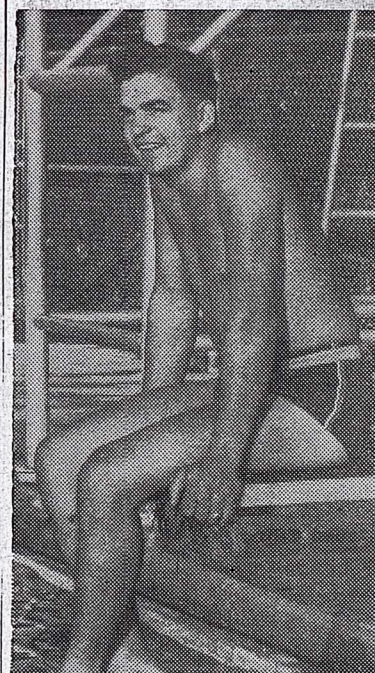
Identification work is carried out in the Provost Marshall's Office. Here Pvt. Sharon Castle is taking an identification photo of Pfc. Lloyd Gibson. All civilian and some military passes must be accompanied by pictures.



Checking of passes at the gate is something that is familiar to all station personnel, military and civilian. Checking a civilian workman's pass is Cpl. Eugene Elston, Des Moines, Iowa. Other MP in picture is Pvt. Rudy Ballard.



Like a modern police department, the MPs have their own communications system. Sgt. Harvey Snyder of Roanoke, Va., talking to the office.



One of the duties which not everyone knows about is that of lifeguard at the Monahans Pool.

about the gate, other than there isn't a civilian or a GI that can get in or out without showing that little pass. Any civilian coming to the base to visit—a husband, son or brother—must stop off and have a short description taken, as to age, height, weight, etc. Seems to me that some of the gals who have been visiting around here aren't too honest about that weight situation.

Finally we have the Provost Marshall's office. The place where you go to get the permanent pass, to check in your camera or your six shooter. The place, where you are "mugged" and given a number, for your

pass of course. This is really an interesting office, particularly because of the three attractive Wacs that work there.

When we walked in that morning, things were happening. Someone was talking over the radio to a jeep, some young lady was having her picture taken, and Corporal Frederick Skrzypczyk (that's no kidding) was fingerprinting a young gent who was about to go to work on the base. Fred is from Buffalo, New York, and although we asked him how he pronounced his name three or four times, we decided to call him Fred.

One of the most popular men on the base is M-Sgt. Paul Ellis of

Seattle, Washington. Paul is the first sergeant of the guard squadron, and has the privilege (?) of being the first MP on the base, in fact he was the whole cheese. Which reminds us that he was a salesman for Kraft Cheese before he entered the Army three years ago. Ellis went through at Geiger Field, Spokane, Washington, then Salt Lake and arrived at Pyote on Christmas Day, 1942.

In conclusion we would like to quote something that we have heard many GIs say, "You know, the MPs on this base are the best bunch of guys I've ever run up against." To which we add our wholehearted endorsement.

FARRAGUT, Ida. (CNS)—How the skipper of a destroyer saved his blazing ship by giving it a bath in the wake of the aircraft carrier Enterprise was described by Thomas Russell BM1c, formerly a gun captain and now a patient at the naval hospital here.

The destroyer, said Russell, caught fire when attacked by Jap planes. Its skipper swung into the wake of the Enterprise and maneuvered his ship so that it rocked heavily, dipping its sides and decks into the sea on one side, then the other. Finally the fire sizzled out and the destroyer moved back into position.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By T-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

The "million dollar" landscape job is well under way. The original desert vegetation is gradually being replaced by rocks and red soil. There seems to be two distinct schools of thought: there are those who feel that it's a very advantageous project and then there are those who have that deathly fear of marring the "beauty" of the desert. Regardless of that, the dirt continues to fly! There's plenty of sweat (no blood and tears), however.

The party last week for Sgt. Jankowski and Pfc. Larry Timmons was quite the affair. There weren't 16 tables as predicted, but anyone in the patio area must have known that the Medics had taken over. The product that "Made Milwaukee Famous" and plenty of Bacchanalian songs with the right gang will do it every time.

NCO's are still raving about the outstanding lecture Major Swingle gave on "How to Lose Your Stripes". The excellent illustrations used and the outstanding presentation of material; together with the marvelous "Will Rogers" type of humor has left a lasting impression. The terrific hand the Major received was indicative of the way the men actually felt about his well developed discussion.

Mrs. Weaver in Kansas City should have seen her 6' 4" son the other day. It was really out of this world! "Junior" didn't know any one was watching him but oh! he had to be caught in the act. There he was, masked and standing beside the crib of a week old baby holding the bottle and simultaneously mumbling to himself: "Now if you don't drink this I'll drink it for you!" Marvin didn't realize he was going to turn out to be a "nurse maid", but you can rest assured that any baby in his ward will get the very best of care.

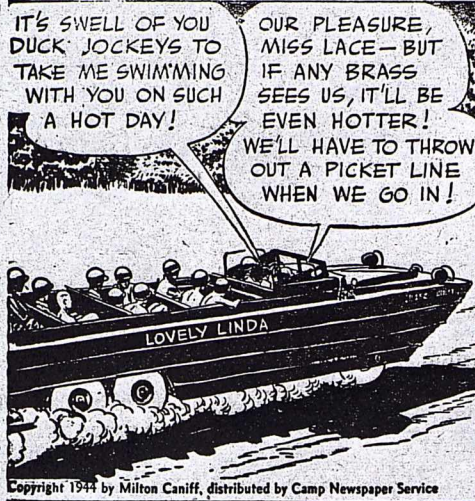
The men at the Flyers' Dispensary are still talking about a certain "Miss New Orleans—1932". This is a very current affair. It seems that the discussion is generally kindled when Cpl. Wehling is within hearing distance. Now what could Gus from Buffalo know about New Orleans?

Pvt. Walkowiak's pride and joy is that picture on his shelf. It's his inspiration. That charming brown eyed boy is his 7 month old son, whom he has seen only once. From those daily letters from his wife he keeps good contact with him, in spite of the many miles between Pyote and Milwaukee.

Sgt. McTigue must have

MALE CALL

By Milton Caniff



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thought he was back at Kearns last week while on the drill field. Do you suppose Mac really likes to drill or is it a lot of noise he enjoys making? Then there's that six-month old argument between Pfc. "Mortimer" Miller and Pvt. Bonney. The chief question seems to be: "Who's the most Indian and, of course, what kind?" Those "characters" in the Pacific Northwest are really rough and ready. We'll all admit that, I'm sure.

CTP is mighty proud of "Their Gal Sal". That attractive Wac is Pvt. Donally, who hails from Charleston, S. C. Sally has decided that a boiler factory would not be too noisy for her after CTP. Simultaneously newscasting, rehearsing, class, and recorded music is all in a day's work.

THIS WEEK'S FUNNY BROADCAST

LONDON (CNS)—Berlin's radio, in a broadcast monitored here, solemnly reported Japan's "peace terms" to the U. S. as follows:

1. Confiscation of the entire U. S. Navy.
2. All large merchant ships to be placed at Japan's disposal.
3. All expenses to be paid by the U. S.

WAC Flak

By SGT. THEORA FRENCH & PVT. BARBARA COLEGROVE
Pinch-hitting again this week, in place of furloughing Esther Veltum, are your two above correspondents.

It doesn't have to be June for the scent of orange blossoms to drift through the Wac barracks. Pfc. Catherine Lawhorne and Sgt. George Weil were married Sunday at Big Spring. Catherine works at Stock Control and George is a hot horn-tooter in the Station orchestra. After a couple of weeks the two will be on their way to New York for a visit with the groom's parents. Heartiest congratulations, and may your future be as melodious as Geroge's music.

The way things have been happening around here reminds us of that old couplet—Something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. Like this:

Something old . . . that's the news that Sgt. Opal Grandorff and Pvt. Grace Hall were transferred to Carlsbad Air Base a few weeks ago, and somehow it was over-

looked in the news columns.

Something new . . . Pfc. Eleanor Connolly (Plouffe to us), who has dropped the Pfc. and is plain Mrs. Connolly, is now helping to raise the next generation.

Something borrowed . . . That is, Pvt. Dorothy Lawler of Wichita Falls, Texas, who was transferred from Kearney, Neb. We are glad to have you, Dorothy.

Something blue . . . That's the way we all feel about you gals in the hospital . . . Cpl. Claire Lowitz Herrell, Cpl. Ruth Tucker, Pvts. Atkinson, Hoffmaster and O'Neill.

Reversing the old song, sometimes we're blue, sometimes we're happy. Now we're happy because of our open ranks inspection held Saturday. We are proud to announce that we passed with 100 per cent. Another thing we're happy about is the fact that we won the ribbons for our guidon last week.

McCALL, Ida. (CNS)—Local residents are complaining of the sea serpent that has been swimming around in Payette Lake of late. It's 35 feet long, bright yellow in color, and has bumps on its back, eyewitnesses declare. Local authorities, most of them scoffers, haven't said what they are going to do about it.

Suspense, It's Wonderful—

Koops Comes Clean About GI Laundry-Nude Deal Seems Permanent For Us

Only One Slip Per Bag Advocated, Although Non-Coms Make Half Dozen

By PFC. ED KOOPS

Well, here it is Thursday again! And you know what Thursday means. Oh come on, say yes. Why, of course! That's right! Thursday is Laundry Day!

(There is a movement afoot among responsible circles to observe Laundry Day by flying the flag at half mast, or perhaps substituting a ripped pair of shorts, or a reasonably accurate facsimile.)

It has come as somewhat of a shock to me to discover there are soldiers—soldiers stationed right here at Pyote—who have never taken advantage of this superb service.

For the benefit of such innocent young men, let me outline the method of using the GI Laundry Service. And soon, too, those lads can also wear the best-dressed salvage on the field.

First of all, it's Thursday morning. You awaken from a nightmare wherein Hedy LaMarr is pursuing you in an abbreviated swimsuit. First of all, you ask all the rest of the fellows in the barracks if they have a laundry-slip. This poll nets you 37 fellows piping up with the same wise-crack that "Dearie, I never wear one" All that remains is for you to travel to the Supply Room and obtain a laundry-slip. The supply room is always located no less than 2 and a half miles from your barracks. (Old-timers advise packing a small lunch and taking your shelter-half along when venturing such a distance.)

You finally get a laundry slip. (There is a difference of opinion on how many laundry slips one should fill out. There is the Non-com school of thought which says they should be filled out in sextuplicate in order that you might check what you get back with what you sent out. The other, or Sad Sack, school of thought is fill out 1 slip and save yourself a lot of grief.)

Filling out the laundry slip is quite simple. You merely note down how many of each item you are sending. Of course, you always make the sad discovery that you have 1 extra sock. For the first few weeks you find yourself in such a one-sock-dilemma, you will tear your foot-locker and barracks bag apart in search of its mate. However, save yourself this trouble. The only discovery you'll make is re-finding your Field Manual.

To the newcomer he shall have a bit of trouble in deciding if his fatigues are one-piece or two-piece. His problem is understandable inasmuch as his fatigues are dangling in 12 pieces and held together by a safety pin and a pray-

er.

However, filling out the laundry slip is merely a matter of hours. Then you stuff the soiled clothes into a barracks bag and take it over to the supply room. There you will obtain a bundle number. It is not considered GI to remember this number. Always ask "What's my bundle number?" Otherwise the Supply Sergeant will take you for a rookie and throw your laundry into a GI can.

That's all there is to it. After that, you have only the joy, the anticipation, the suspense of getting your laundry back. Oh, what a day it is! What a day!

At first, upon viewing your returned laundry, you will scream and wail in anguish. That is a time that tries men's souls. But, take heart! Be brave!

You will notice that the new shirt is missing one cuff, half a collar, and five buttons. (Those figures are considered "Quota by the guys that work in the laundry. If they consistently can rip off more than six buttons from a shirt, they win an additional stripe.)

Don't be disheartened if you can't find one bath towel. It's there, only now it's 6 handkerchiefs.

Those pants? They shrunk? Think nothing of it. Just turn them into Supply where they are re-sold to a group of midgets or pygmies someplace.

Your socks? They're dirtier than when you sent them? Well, say now—for goodness sake, whatever else did you expect?

After all, the laundry doesn't say they'll clean your clothes; they don't make any claims they'll return them in the same condition you sent them; whatever kind of a G.I. Laundry would that be?

All the laundry does is exchange your clothes with everybody else's and by trying to trade them back you meet more people, win new friends. I still have a barracks bag with the name "Wesley T. Farraday" on it. How that lad gets around!

Who knows—maybe next week you'll get one extra sock back to mate with that extra one you

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

"WHY NOT BE FAIR TO THE FAIR?"

Since the very inception of the Women's Army Corps into the Army of the United States, there has been an incessant list of degrading and underhanded names associated with the name of Wac. Without waiting for the organization to prove its worth to our country, those who thought they knew better, immediately condemned any idea of women in the Army. Without giving our American girls and women an opportunity to further show their capability, the "better informed" individuals flatly stated that the idea wouldn't work.

This entire attitude has given birth to a host of unfair labels that have been pasted upon an organization whose very origin is to help our country in a critical moment in history. Frequently we hear remarks about our girls in the Women's Army Corps, that not only degrade our women from the military standpoint, but also from their position as products of our American homes. Scarcely is there any need to mention some of the accusations made against our women in the Service. We have all heard them. And if we are reasonable, we shall admit the fact that such statements manifest an attitude that is not only illogical, but most unfair.

We do not endeavor to assert that there are times when WACs make mistakes. Much less do we admit that in some cases, girls have joined the WAC for ulterior motives and other than love for their country. But by comparison with the men in our army, and the percentage of each, our WACs, up to the present time, have presented a most excellent record.

As members of the weaker sex, they have problems to confront, that seldom affect men. They are more subjected to homesickness—which can be very serious. When

have? Gad, small wonder the G.I. Laundry comes second only to the Irish Sweepstakes in excitement and gambling fever.

Hurrah for the GI Laundry! Anybody got an extra laundry slip? Here we go again!

Civilians Saved WD 22 Millions In Year

WASHINGTON (CNS) — The War Department has announced that its civilian employees saved their government \$22,242,197 during the first 12 months of the WD's "Ideas for Victory" program.

For this service the employees were rewarded \$230,714. They submitted 109,011 suggestions, of which 9,884 were adopted. Cash awards ranged from \$5 to \$1,250 with three employees receiving the top award.

MINNEAPOLIS (CNS) — Chas. Fagelund, 82, felt young again so he started to climb a tree. At Mineapolis General Hospital, his knee fracture is "improving" they say.

stationed in isolated places, they are at a disadvantage in obtaining recreation, because they cannot, by nature of the case, get around as easily as soldiers. Many of them are the wives of men who have already paid the supreme sacrifice.

To make constant disparaging remarks about our girls in the Service is not only illogical and unfair, but also a definite stand against the morale so necessary to our Armed Forces. It is illogical and unfair, because people of proper mental ability do not make statements without suitable arguments and definite proof. And as a matter of fact, in any case, no one dare condemn a large military organization until said organization is tried and tested by age and time. It is a definite stand against the morale so necessary for us at the present time, because the WAC is the work of the greatest executives of our land. To break down consideration for our women in the Service, is to find fault with those officials of our country who have formed and approved their organization. We are really hurting ourselves. We are perhaps indirectly affecting some of our own family, who may be in this organization.

There is one happy thought in the fact that there seems to be a gradual decrease in the antagonism of the general public towards the WACs. Slowly our girls in military uniform are being accepted, and taken into the fold. It is good to observe that many people are becoming aware of the fact that it is hard enough for many of the girls to leave their homes, besides fighting the unpopularity to which many have been subjected. If we wish to remain true to the real American spirit, to be consistent, we must be fair and loyal to all who march behind the Stars and Stripes, regardless of race, creed or sex.

—Harold W. Kuhns

Right Way To Lift . . . And The Wrong Way



Have Your Poem Ready For Issue Of August 10th

Rattler To Run Special Section Of GI Verses

If you're the type that occasionally woos the Muse, The Rattler has a real deal coming up.

Two weeks from this date—which according to our pocket calendar will be August 10th—we're going to run a "Poetry Special."

Then we're going to publish the seven-inch high stack of verse that lies upon a cluttered desk in the corner of the room. Anyone who feels the urge to dash off some deathless bit of literature can submit same and rest content that he or she will go down in history as a contributor to The Rattler—by-line and everything.

Deadline for contributions will be Saturday, August 5.

The Rattler does not have a regular poetry section each week, but as we possess a feeling of kinship and sympathy for all our fellow khaki-clads, we've decided this is absolutely the least we can do to give your morale a shot in the typewriter ribbon.

Of course we reserve the right to reject anything that is object-

Some workman every day suffers injury because he does not take time and trouble to learn how to lift an object off the ground or onto a higher surface. In these three photos S-Sgt. Charles Mahler, Seattle, Wash., instrument specialist, illustrates the right way and wrong way.

At left, top, Sgt. Mahler has lifted the object about a foot off the ground, using the correct stance and method of lifting. With feet set apart, squat before the object and stand up, using the legs for power.

At right, top, Sgt. Mahler shows how many men suffer back injuries. His feet are too close together and he is bend-straight over preparatory to lifting the object with his arms.

ionable, and we might want to cut a verse if it is too long, but outside of that the field is wide open. Where else will anyone agree to publish your works? This writer has been trying to get it done for years and all he's collected is enough rejection slips to paper two bedrooms and a chicken house.

Anyone may enter this metrical maelstrom . . . officers, enlisted men or Wacs. Bring your copy to the Public Relations Office, Station Headquarters.

NAXIS FLY U. S. FORT

SPAIN (CNS) — Nine Germans made a forced landing here recently in a U S. Flying Fortress and were interned. The Fort, undamaged, bore German markings



The same principle is used in making a one-handed lift, illustrated at right. Notice that Sgt. Mahler's legs are bent. By straightening them gradually he can lift the object without straining his arm or back.

Main rule to remember is to bend legs before making a lift so that they will provide most of the lifting force. If this simple principle is followed back and muscle injuries are reduced considerably.

and appeared to have been patched together with parts from Allied planes that had crashed in Germany.

Lounge Room Is Furnished For Transient Flyers

Furnishing accommodations which have been noticeably lacking at this base for some time, a headset issue room at Base Operations has been converted into a smartly appointed lounge for use by transient airmen.

Work of renovating the room was engineered by the American Red Cross, and was completed through the joint cooperation of Post Engineers, the Red Cross Camp and Hospital Council, and Sub-Depot Supply. It gives transient flying personnel a place in which to relax for a few minutes or few hours while their ships are grounded.

The room is furnished in rugged, attractive-California porch pieces. Supplementary pieces including a magazine rack, folding leaf bulletin board and bomb-case ash trays were constructed by Sub-Depot. At one end of the room are hung the photographs of all commanding generals of the 20 United States air forces, and on the opposite wall is hung a huge airways map.

Aiding the project with generous contributions to the council fund were the following organizations: Toyah Chapter 579, Order of Eastern Star; Toyah Baptist Church; Toyah Lodge 1077, A. F. and A. M.; Wink Rebekah Lodge 44; Wink Methodist W. S. C. S.; Wink Lions Club; Baptist W. M. U., Wink; Order of Eastern Star, Kermit. The Camp and Hospital Council is an organization of delegates from Ward, Reeves, Winkler and Loving Counties.

Capt. Port Is New Adjutant

New Station Adjutant is Capt. Albert J. Port, who has replaced Capt. Chas. R. Herpich.

Capt. Herpich was recently selected to attend special schools which will prepare him to assist as a war contract termination officer.

Correspondence which requires the Adjutant's signature will be prepared as follows:

ALBERT J. PORT
Captain, Air Corps
Adjutant

All routine station correspondence coming to the Adjutant's office for signature will be prepared as follows:

JAMES FRANKS
2nd Lt., Air Corps
Assistant Adjutant

QM Sees

By PFC. GEORGE MAHANEY

Our Totin' Mail Man from Tennessee, James Hamsley, sat on the floor and gave a demonstration of how he expected to spend his post war days. James closed his eyes in sweet repose and leaned back against the barracks heater (The heater simulating a big oak tree in Hamsley's back yard) when along came one of those little Texas ants carrying a pair of ice tongs which it fastened into Hamsley's foot.

James let out a roar of pain and removed his shoes in one movement, grumbling that everything in Texas wore horns, and that such a thing never happened until the Army put those dog-nabbed shoes on him. The Q. M. Boys owe Hamsley a vote of thanks for the swell GI party he pulled off all by himself last week, thereby saving them an evening's job with broom and mop.

Wednesday evening, July 13th, the Q. M. soft ball players were supposed to tangle with the Galloping Guards in another one of their hot gab-fests. After most of the team had departed for Non-Com School, Pfc. Singer decided to be a good Samaritan, so he gathered balls, bats, gloves, and masks and started for the diamond which is at the other extreme of this field. In the meantime the game was post-poned, but no one notified Singer and he wandered with his load slowly soaking in the Pyote dust and heat, his temperature rising with every step.

When darkness began to descend and the boys were beginning to wonder what had become of Singer there came a mighty crash as if someone had been thrown bodily thru the end of the barracks. Every man in the barracks jumped off his sack expecting to carry a casualty to the morgue, but when they saw bats and balls strewn on the floor and the dark look on Singer's face they remained silent. This silence continued for nearly five minutes when Jimmy Barone yawned. Singer took that for a starting signal and harangued the Joes for the next hour on their thoughtlessness and lack of consideration.

Without a doubt the saddest looking sacks are the boys who just came back to Pyote after spending a furlough back home where the swimming and fishing season is in full bloom and where trees form a canopy over every avenue. It is a look of despair and bewilderment mingled with looks of complete fatigue and a "who cares" attitude, but until you have seen Cpl. Lindquist come dragging back you have missed the whole show. The look on Pap-

Skelton's No Dope!



As Red Skelton said, he didn't fall for a bathing suit—he fell for what's in it. And this is what was in it, in "Bathing Beauty." First one to reach The Rattler office with the correct identification will get one (1) pin-up of the show's Miss Bathing Beauty, one of the most luscious gals who ever stepped from the diving platform to the screen.

3rd Echelon

By SELMA LANE

We are overjoyed around here that someone, namely one Ed Koops, has noticed the sad plight of the T. O. clerks. After a year

py Lindquist's face would make a Spartan sob.

SO THERE MR. KOOPS

In answer to Ed Koops' query as to why some arrangement can't be made by the Q.M. to give the boys a little more variety in meals. The food issue is not controlled by one small Base Detachment. The Eighth Service Command makes up the menus and the Quartermaster requisitions on the basis thereof. The market center does the substituting according to the availability of meats and vegetables on hand. Sorry, but we can only pass out the goods issued to us.

and a half of this T. O. business I am quite ready for a Section 8. Do you mind taking over, Anna, while I am gone?

Never let it be said that Sheet Metal is not "on the ball." They have won the "Elephant and Pig", and now are trying harder than ever to get the "Rabbit". Good luck.

How do you like beans and cornbread, Parachute girls? Let us in on that next time.

The upper lips of 3rd Echelon ball players look much better now that they've shaved off those alleged mustaches. Athey, however, is in the habit of straining soup through his and says he just can't do without it. George Adams was not satisfied with just a mustache but also grew a goatee. Well, I'm gone to Section Eight for a while; hope they are shaved off when I return.

NOTICE! To all workers of 3rd Echelon—An Amateur Night is being held at Civilian Personnel once a month. Let's all get in on this.

"A" Men

By S-SGT. ROBERT E. MILLER

Able columnist Sgt. Ward Howell is spending, one of those rare items called furloughs, and in his absence yours truly has been named "it". There is an old saying that an orator who doesn't have much to say should do it as briefly as possible, so please do not expect a "Kaltenborn Edits the News", will you?

All reports indicate the Sec. A-D-E picnic at Fort Stockton on Sunday, July 16th, was an outstanding social occasion. GI picnics have my approval, but after riding a chair all week eighty miles in a GI truck scared me away from it.

Financial troubles? Listen to the story of an infantry trainee at Camp Roberts, Calif., and then quit yelling about the scarcity of the dirty green stuff. He has the following deductions from his private's pay: \$22.00 for family allotment, \$7.00 for insurance, \$1.50 for laundry, \$18.75 for War Bond; total deductions figure \$49.95—net income, five cents!

Captain Bogart of Classification received word from Albert J. De Bor, a former personnel officer here as a warrant officer, who is now doing right well as a second lieutenant. Good work, Al. The little man behind the typewriter in S-1, according to the latest rumor, has been indulging in games of chance, poker to you guys. My, my. What'll Harry B. be doing next? S-Sgt. Larry (SO) Gerst just returned to the fold from a furlough at Wapello, Iowa. In case you've wondered, Larry says the corn in Iowa is larger than it's ever been before.

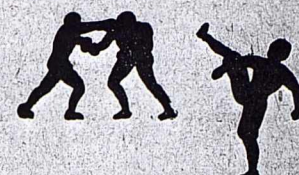
Just to break up the monotony, here's a bit of philosophy: "Some people wake up famous, while others stay awake all night trying to figure out how it's done." Odd, but very true.

A certain handsome corporal, Bruno M. by name, is wondering who the WAC is who secretly admires his singing, most of which usually occurs on the Monahans bus on Saturday night while returning from that well known "jernt", Tubbs Brawl—I mean Tubbs Hall!

Sayeth Sammy (Flash) Kaplan of Message Center, quote—Don't blame me if the mail isn't in—it's not my fault that the bridge in Monahans washed out—unquote. Our hats off to our CO for a swell lecture given at the Recreation Hall for Non-Coms on Saturday, July 15. . . . Farewell to T-Sgt. John Etubblefield and Pvt. Jack Robertson, recently transferred to Dalhart. Keep that ammo passing, fellas, and good luck to you. . . . T-Sgt. Richard L. Mott is leaving us for a few weeks.



RATTLER SPORTS



Royals Surge Into First-Half Tie With 5-3 Win Over Aces

By PVT. CARL LAMKE

With the Aviation Unit Royals taking a 5-3 win over Section A Aces the first Half in the Pyote Intra-Base League ended in a tie between these two teams, each finishing with five wins and a loss apiece. The play-off for these two teams will take place Sunday August 20th with the winner playing the winner of the 2nd half in a two out of three series.

The second half got under way last week with two games being played, Section A taking the Medics 21-6, and Aviation Unit drubbing Section D's Demons 17-6. Both games were free hitting contests, a total of six home-runs being hit.

Another game was postponed due to rain after three innings were played. This game, an important one in the second half schedule found Section D scoring three times in the 2nd inning with Section A coming back in the 3rd to push six across before old man Pluvius declared it no contest. No date as yet has been made for this game to be played over. Wynne started on the mound for the Aces with Stover catching and Comaia and Gahan handled the pitching and catching for the Demons.

The 2nd half opened with an eight-team circuit, the eighth team representing Mess Hall No. 5 and managed by Walter Ward. The Dusters can't be considered as a dark horse because Ward has rounded up a ball team composed of a few of the Base Team players and reports have it he is out gunning for the scalps of both Section A and the Aviation Unit.

SCHEDULE FOR THE WEEK

Thurs. July 27—Sec. D vs Sec. E

Fri. July 28—Dusters vs Medics

Mon—July 31—Dusters vs Aviation Unit at Civ. Personnel

Mon. July 31—Civ. Pers vs Sec. F

Tues. Aug. 1—Sec. E vs Civ. Personnel

Wed. Aug. 2—Medics vs Aviation Unit.

LEAGUE STANDING

(Final First Half)

Team	W	L	Pct.
Aviation Unit	5	1	.833
Section A	5	1	.833
Medics	4	2	.667
Civ. Personnel	2	4	.333
Section F	2	4	.333
Section D	2	4	.333
Section E	1	5	.200

Teams Locked In White, Red Kegling Loops

The Marauders and Star Gazers, with 25 points each in the White League, and the Pill Rollers and Communications, with 20 points apiece in the Red League, are all tied up as the Second Half opens in the Enlisted Men's Bowling Leagues.

The Marauders took two games and total pins from the leading Star Gazers to square matters for the lead only to find the Fighters close on their heels with a 16 point total good for third. The latter team, with Dullanty going like a house afire, promises to stay right up there with the leaders. Their 2233, three-game series gave them 2nd place for team honors in high three-game series, two pins less than the Star Gazers' 2235. Hertling, tossing them for the rejuvenated Shutterbugs, hit a 544 series giving him 3rd spot, and helping his team to gain 3rd place in single game honors with a 776 score.

Battling it out for supremacy not only in the Red League but in the Medcial Detachment as well found the Pill Rollers finally getting the edge on their arch rivals the Medicos. Both teams fought tooth and nail, hardly more than 5 pins separating them at the end of each game with the Pill Rollers taking two and total pins to add three hard-earned points to their total. The comets dropped three close games to Classification by 16, 20, and 24 pins, while Communications likewise had tough going against the Russelmen barely taking their three games. No change took place in either team or individual honors during the past week.

Consolidated Mess after holding the league lead since the start were finally dropped from their



high perch. Although they won only one game from the Musclemen, the Flashes were able to squeeze into the lead with a one point margin. Three teams, the Aleutian Aces, Consolidated Mess and Musclemen are tied for second with 23 points apiece. Hangar No. 1 back from furlough is 4th with 15, while taking two games good for 3 points from the Snoops, has given the assurance as the quintet to stop in the 2nd half. Tonight on alleys 3 & 4 the Musclemen and Aleutian Aces will battle it out to the finish with Timmie of the Musclemen and Gussie of the Aleutian Aces striving for supremacy of the fair sex. These two mystery bowlers have aided their teams greatly in league bowling to date and 1st place honors depends on the outcome of the game.

BLUE

Flashes	19	8	24
Aleutian Aces	17	7	23

Consolidated Mess	17	10	23
Musclemen	17	10	23
Hangar No. 1	11	13	15
Section 8's	11	16	14
Section E	7	20	9
Snoops	6	21	8

WHITE LEAGUE

Marauders	18	6	25
Stargazers	19	5	25
Fighters	12	12	16
Sawboners	12	12	14
Shutterbugs	11	13	14
Quartermaster	10	14	13
Chairsitters	7	17	10
Bombers	7	17	9

RED LEAGUE

Communications	15	6	20
Pill Rollers	14	7	20
Medicos	12	9	16
Classification	11	10	14
Comets	10	11	12
Russelmen	7	14	9

(Standings as of Mon., July 24. One point for each game; one point for total pins.)

Rattlers Looking For Revenge In Big Spring Tilt

Pyote's Rattlers intend to square matters with the Big Spring 'Bombers' this Saturday and Sunday at the local diamond with a double victory.

The Rattlers dropped two games to the Bombers, 6-2 and 7-5 on their last meeting but this time the visitors won't have any short right field fence to go for. Four home-runs at crucial points with men on base were the deciding factor in the Bombers twin win over Pyote.

Jay 'Moe' Moran and Walt Ward are expected to draw the starting assignments for the two game series with 'Smoky' Stover donning the mask and mitt. George 'Slugger' Wynne whose homerun, two doubles and single featured the Rattler attack in the meeting at Big Spring is expected to keep up his heavy stickwork.

Both games will be played at Diamond No. 1, Saturday's tilt starting at 1:30 and Sunday's at 2:30 p.m.

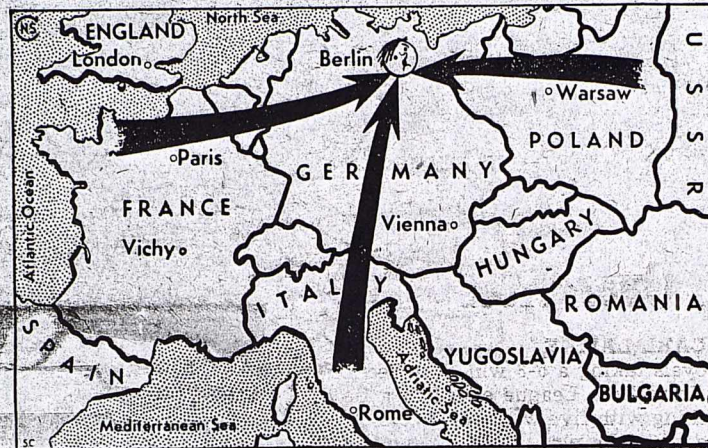
Baker's Dozen At Station Library

The following new books have been received by the Station Library, and are available for station personnel:

"The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes", by Queen—stories of the estimable Sherlock by famous authors; "While Still We Live", by MacInnes—a new tale of espionage by the author of "Above Suspicion"; "The Royal Game", by Zweig, how one man played chess; "It's 'Ard to Go Wrong in the Cactus", by Grant—Australian nonsense; "Here Is Your War", by Ernie Pyle—the was as viewed by the soldiers' correspondent; "The Curtain Rises", by Quentin Reynolds—who discovers the American Army; "Burma Surgeon", by Seagrave—the man who cared for Stillwell's wounded; "Long, Long Ago", by Woolcott—humor and sentiment in some really fine stories; "Mom Counted Six", by Gardner—as human as "Tree Grows in Brooklyn"; "Ten Years in Japan", by Joseph C. Grew—the U. S. ambassador saw it coming; "Knave of Diamonds", by Marks—the story of a heel, male; "Love at First Sight", by Spalding—how to join the Navy Air Force; "Bedford Village", by Allen—sequel to "Fort and the Forest".

DENVER, Colo. (CNS)—Asked how he spent his soldier's pay, Sgt. Dudley Sargent replied: "I spend the greater part of my monthly income maintaining civilian morale."

Three Roads To Berlin



The Allies' supercharged three-pronged drive on Berlin is designed to squeeze Adolf Hitler's capital in a giant nut-cracker. At present the Anglo-American forces in Normandy, the Allied Armies in Italy and the Red armies in White Russia are almost the same distance from Berlin.

Royals Play Hobbs Nine On Saturday And Sunday Here

The Section C Royals will play host this week end, in a two-game series, to the strong nine from Hobbs Army Air Field. The Royals, current leaders in the Intra-Base League, have come a long way and are looking for stronger competition.

With southpaw Gains along with Mount and Hatchell hurling good ball they expect to take the two ball games from the Hobbs colored boys. Willie Windon will do the receiving and along with Taylor these two are expected to furnish most of the power at the plate.

A slam-bang, exciting two-game series is anticipated. Saturday's game starts at 4:30 and Sunday's game at 10:00 a.m. Both are to be played at Diamond No. 1.

Road To Berlin

Here are the distances of Allied armies from Berlin, as of July 24:

- (1) Russian front—365 miles (measured in a direct line from Siedloe). This is 70 miles closer than a week ago.
- (2) Italian front—610 miles (from Ancona); 620 miles from Pisa.
- (3) Normandy front — 630 miles (from Troarn (near Caen).

Classified Ads

FOR SALE—1939 Ford Convertible Coupe. Call 92. Capt. Osbourne.

FOUND—One (well broken in) imported briar pipe of "Borrow" size (one pipeful of borrowed tobacco will last all day) of Sach's brand. Call 148.



Q. My wife divorced me six months ago and received an alimony allowance of \$10 a month, yet my orderly room continues to deduct \$22 a month from my pay. Can they do this to me?

A. No. Evidently your orderly room has not been informed that the ODB has ruled that when alimony of less than \$22 a month is granted a divorcee, only the amount of the alimony itself should be deducted from the soldier's pay. In your case, that amount is \$10.

Q. What are the qualifications for GIs authorized to wear the glider badge?

A. According to WD Cir. 220, 2 June 1944, personnel qualified to wear the glider badge must be assigned or attached to a glider or airborne unit, or to have completed a course of instruction in knots and lashings, loading organizational equipment in airplanes and gliders and safe loading principles, and must have participated in at least two glider flights or simulated tactical conditions.

WANTED

Boxers, wrestlers, tumblers. Instruction Class, Monday thru Friday at Recreation Hall, 3:00 to 8:00 p.m. Competent instructor in charge.

Train Ride's Murder But We Can Stand It

That's What They Are Saying Today About Furloughs

There just isn't any bad part to a furlough, it seems, unless it is the travel situation—and that's a hardship they'll gladly bear. That is the practically unanimous statement from a couple of dozen GIs who were asked this week's question:

"What is the best part about a furlough, and what is the worst part?"

No matter what's happened since the war's outbreak, the address on your dog tags is still home, according to Cpl. L. Rider of Sec. B. "Things have changed a lot since the war started, but it's still good to get back home"

"Rivers and streams" came high on the list of things most appreciated about furloughs. Pvt. J. D. Cole of Sec. A says: "It brings tears to my eyes to come back to dear, dusty Pyote after spending some time at Blue Ridge Lake in north Georgia."

T-Sgt. Whitney, who spends his furloughs going deer hunting, particularly dislikes the travel situation. "It takes part of a furlough to get over the ride," he says.

Cpl. Clark of Sec. A says he also dreads the train ride but—"Boy, how a furlough breaks the monotony!"

Sgt. Bill Hargrove, Sec. F supply man, has two weeks work waiting for him when he gets home—but he doesn't mind. His father, who has been working in a shipyard, has been advised to return to their ranch because of his health, and Sgt. Hargrove will have to move his family's furniture.

Pvt. Mike Mastrangelo says that leaving his friends is the worst part of the furlough. Having a little privacy and "a feeling like a civilian" is the best part about it to Sgt. Andrew J. Gazak. "Seeing a little civilization" and making the night spots is what it means to S-Sgt. Eonta of Sec. E, who is another one who hates the train ride back. The girl friend is the big item on the list of Cpl. D. H. Fernandes of Sec. D.

S-Sgt. Brajovich says the best news he can hear is that a furlough's coming up.

Sgt. Williamson of Sec. D summed it all up when he said: "A furlough means that I can go home and to me there is no better place. After a furlough I feel better and can get back to work again. I am just like anyone else, I hate to come back."

July 27, 1944

INNER REVOLT JARS HARD-PRESSED NAZIS

Lid Clamped On Home Front As Rebels Slain

Unfeigned dissension has cracked the ranks of the Nazi higher-ups, but Hitler and Himmler have welded things back together at least temporarily with a stream of bullets that cut down some of Germany's top-flight generals.

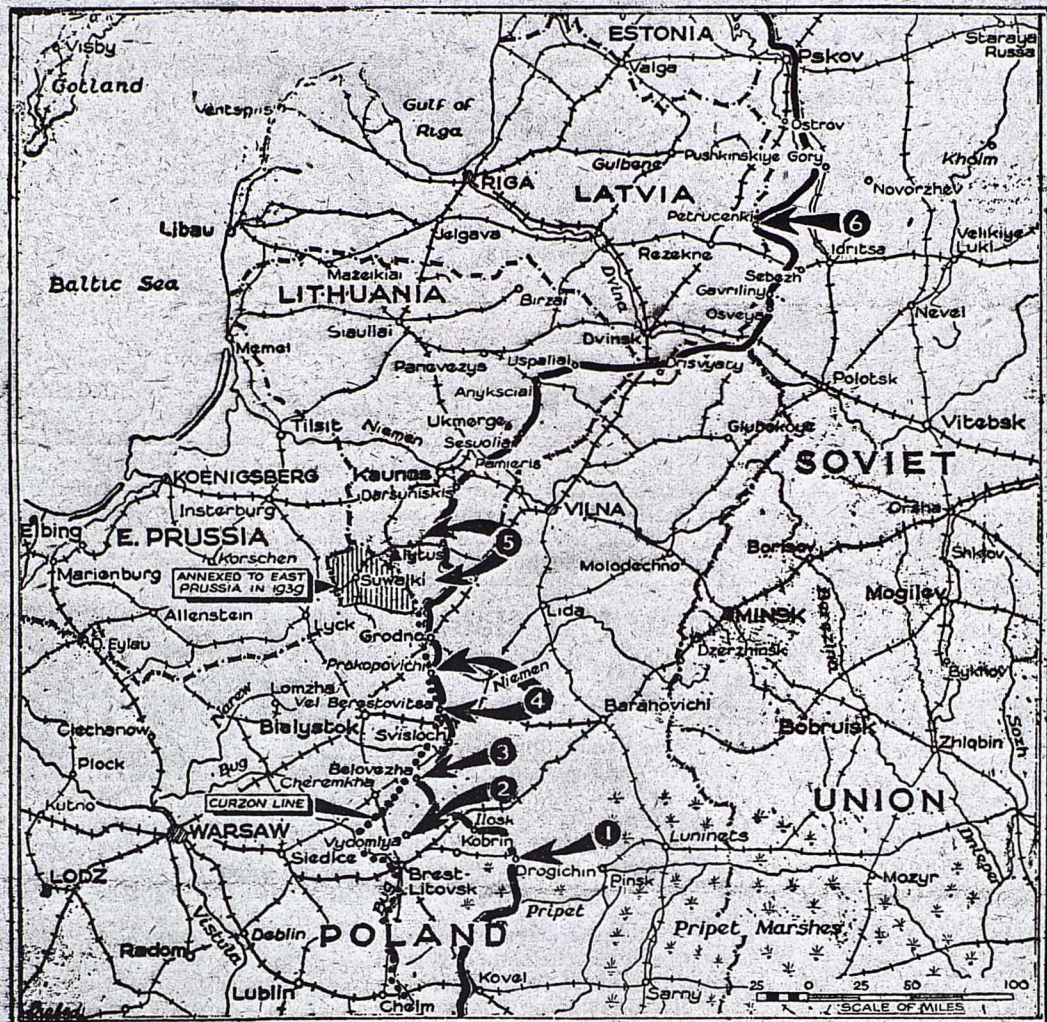
This seems to be the summary of the dozens of newspaper reports pouring out of manacled Europe within the last ten days. While the conquered countries groaned in hope that a domestic rift would hasten the war's end as it did in 1918, the rest of the world tried to count the heads that rolled and put some intelligent interpretation on the flood of broadcasts. Some of these were accurate to an extent but undoubtedly others were propaganda.

After his firing squads had spoken to the insubordinate generals, a drastic decree from der Fuehrer told the German people that every aspect of public life "must be subordinated to supreme necessities of total warfare." He ordered the German Army to substitute the Nazi stiff-arm salute for the traditional one, and on the home front instituted strict curfew rules.

No authentic details of the abortive revolt leaked out, but it is believed that after the first few insurgents were "eliminated", a great many members of the old caste of army officers, plus some high-ranking civilians, disappeared, possibly to go in hiding. One of the chief officers reported slain was Gen. Ludwid von Beck.

But the inner circle revolt in Germany, sensational as it was, could not take the headlines away from the fighting fronts for more than a few hours at a time. Continuing attacks and advances were reported from the three main fronts where the Allies are closing in a giant three-way pincer on Berlin.

The fast-rolling Russian armies have steam-rolled to within 50 miles of Warsaw, and now stand only 13 miles from the Vistula River, last big water barrier short of the German border. Red Bombers have already blasted at the river city of Deblin, indicating a drive to speed across the river and outflank Warsaw from the south is underway. The badly mauled German troops on the Polish plains have had little op-



A spearhead west of Pinsk was pushed to Drogichin (1) in the direction of Brest-Litovsk. Another aimed at the same city moved forward 25 miles to Vydomylya (2). In the direction of Chereinka the

Russians advanced to Belovezha (3). Drives toward Bialystok reached Velikaya Berestovitsa and Prokopovichi (4) and touched the Curzon Line. Again Moscow reported extension of the Nie-

men River bridgeheads around Alytus (5), but still without details. To the north the Red Army broke into Latvia and advanced two miles toward Petrucenki (6). —Courtesy New York Times

portunity to regroup for a stand.

The strategic rail city of Lublin, 88 miles southeast of Warsaw, has been captured and the Russians have surrounded the city of Lwow, Poland's third largest.

After a lull of several days on the Normandy front where rains slowed Allied preparations for an offensive, American troops plunged forward on a 20-mile front. A terrific bombardment of 3,000 planes including the largest number of heavy bombers ever dispatched on a single mission, preceded the attack.

Early reports from the Normandy battlefield indicated that the Allies are fully prepared to exploit the slightest break-through in the enemy lines. Planes patrol-

ing beyond the lines reported virtually no movement along supply lines either way, indicating the Germans have been told to stand their ground with what they had, at all costs. The Germans have been dipping recklessly into their dwindling stocks of munitions, it is known, in an effort to stop the advances in France.

West of St. Lo the Americans broke into enemy positions along a wide front, and the British and Canadians stormed straight down the Caen-Falaise road. Dispatches from the front said the morale of the defenders was fast ebbing as they realized they were beaten.

Guam Island, one of Japan's first seizures in her surprise attacks two and a half years ago, was the scene of American land

and naval action. Guam, Tinian and Saipan are the keys which will unlock Japan, the Philippines and the coast of China to advancing American forces, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal declared. Saipan is already in American hands and Tinian and Guam are being assaulted.

Their occupation will give America plenty of bases and harbors within 1500 miles of Japan and the Philippines. Fifteen hundred miles is a practical radius for fleet operations.

In rapidly overcoming garrison at Tinian, the Marines lost 15 men killed while they were disposing of 1,324 Japanese, a survey of casualty lists showed—almost 100 to 1 of the enemy killed for each man lost.