

August 10, 1944

THE RATTLER

Killebrew Army Air Field
VOL. 11, NUMBER 11 PYOTE, TEXAS AUG. 10, 1944

Outdoor Boxing Monday Night

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"Off-Limits" To Be Here August 20

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See Cover

Page Two



Bond Sale Success Hailed In Letter From Col. Jones

Colonel William W. Jones, Station Commandant, has issued the following letter addressed to all station personnel:

"Final figures of our Fifth War Loan Drive show that we went over the top with a total of \$109,440.00 worth of Bonds purchased during the campaign. This amount includes only cash sales, over and above the Bonds purchased regularly through monthly allotments and pay reservations. Our Fifth War Loan quota was not only the highest of Fields of like size and population but also the highest this Field ever had to meet and the impressive total of Bonds purchased is ready testimony that we are backing the attack in every way possible.

"The fact that Pyote passed its War Bond quota is extremely gratifying to me and it will be a great pleasure on my part to convey to higher headquarters the information that the military and civilian personnel of this Field have made the recent War Bond Drive a huge success.

"The fortunes of war are such that it is not possible for all of us to be on the fighting fronts but every Bond purchased here by us means another weapon in the hands of those overseas who are waging this War of Survival.

"We have done our job and done it well in the Fifth War Loan Drive. Now let each and everyone of us continue the purchase of Bonds and carry on our regular jobs with all determination and efficiency so that the day of victory may come that much sooner."

The Cover—

Dear Joe:

Thanks a lot for the package you sent me. It is so sweet of you to remember me when you are so far away. Those funny little grass skirts! and the beads and trinkets—if's just like those at the carnival.

Joe, it has been so hot here for the last month that I have often wished I were where I could wear this thing.

I can't ever tell you how much I think of you, Joe, and wish that you were here. I want to send you something in return for the package, so I decided to have a picture made in the grass skirt. Hope you will enjoy it.

Love,
Theresa Tubbs.



FOUR OF THE LASSIES . . . who are doing their part to make "Off Limits" the best g.i. show ever seen in this part of

the Southwest take time out at rehearsal to give the cameraman a chance to do his stuff. Left to right, Bobby Tubbs, Ber-

nice Lee, June Mann and Theresa Tubbs. For further details on this mammoth g.i. show see Page 3.

Bond Deliveries To Be Changed September 1

An improved system of delivery of War Bonds will go into effect here at Pyote on September 1 according to the latest War Department circular on Bonds. Under the new system of distribution, War Bonds purchased through Class B allotments will be made out by the Finance Officer and turned over to the commanding officers of the various Sections who will see that they are put in the hands of the purchaser shortly after payday.

If some other person, other than the purchaser is designated as recipient of the Bond, the Finance Office will mail the Bonds to the party designated by the buyer.

Installment buying of Bonds has been eliminated and this new system of distribution applies to all Bonds, including the G.I. Bond which sells for \$7.50 and is valued at \$10.00 at maturity date.

SALT LAKE CITY CNS)—Susie Greymountain, a 209-pound Indian, tried to break jail here shortly after her arrest for insulting a policeman. She made a rope of her bed sheets and eased herself through the window. Then Susie and rope both fell three stories to the ground. She had neglected to tie the rope to anything in her cell.

Thursday Club Sets Program

A luncheon and business meeting were held at the August 3rd meeting of the Thursday Club. Reports were given by committee chairmen as to what had been accomplished to date and what plans were being formulated for the future.

After the business meeting, a bridge party was held, in which Mrs. James Shannon won the prize, a set of shelf ornaments, and Mrs. George Payne won the bingo prize. Hostesses were Mrs. Ralph Watts, Mrs. Robert Hull and Mrs. Harold Glucksman.

Remaining on the program for August is another luncheon, set for August 17. Hostesses for the event will be Mrs. James Wyatt, Mrs. O'Dillon Foulk, Mrs. William Jones, and Mrs. Sidney Ruderman. Bridge and rummy will be played after the luncheon.

Bridge and rummy parties will be held the 10th, 24th and 31st and will start at 2:00 p.m. A short musical program will also be given on the 31st.

Mrs. Robert Gantz will be hostess on the 10th, Mrs. Benjamin Stone and Mrs. Don Willard on the 24th, and Mrs. Norman Appleton and Mrs. Charles Schierholtz on the 31st.

New Books In At Station Library

The following new books are now available at the Station Library:

"Jitter Run", by German—story of a family of devious ways, passionately devoted to a life of uselessness; "Joseph The Provider", by Mann—fourth and last volume of "Joseph and His Brothers"; "U. S. S. R.", by Duranty—how and why the Soviet nation came to its present stature; "Red Cock Crows", by Gaither—the Old South in a fast-moving and dramatic novel; "Avalanche", by Boyle—an American girl, uncoccupied France and the underground; "Mr. Tompkins Explores the Atom", by Ganow—combining modern physics and fantasy in a sequel to "Mr. Tompkins in Wonderland"; "How New Will the Better World Be?", by Becker—discussion of post-war reconstruction; "Wild River", by Strong—story of the electric heart of the Ukraine, the Dneiper Dam; "Sanape Vert", by Thorby-Marcelin—Haitian atmosphere in a novel by native authors; "Behind the Steel Wall", by Fredborg—who dared to stay after the last train left Berlin; "Struggle Is Our Brother", by Felsen—Cossack guerillas against Nazi invaders; "Rookie of the Year," by Tunis—colorful, honest picture of life in the major leagues.

"OFF-LIMITS" TO OPEN MONDAY AT ANDREWS

USO Show, 'Hold Tight', Features Accent On Comedy; Here Aug. 16

A new streamlined USO Camp Show hit, "Hold Tight", comes to Pyote Army Air Field next Wednesday night. Two performances are scheduled at Theater No. 1, at 8:15 and 9:30 p.m.—free.

Joe Lane acts as emcee and does a double act with Pearl Harper. These comedians, who have been featured in Joe E. Brown movies and have shown in the nation's theaters, furnish the high spot of the evening's entertainment.

Sam Hearn, better known as "Schlepperman," who won fame as that character on the Jack Benny program, will appear. His dialect character is a riot. Schlepperman recently made a tour of camps in the United States and Canada with the Jack Benny show.

The Catherine Behney Girls, six beautiful girls with shapely under-pinnings, have a novelty dance routine that is always a success wherever they present it, and especially with GIs. Their windup is a match rendition of the Beer Barrel Polka, which they do on barrels.

The Keller Sisters, a harmony duo which used to appear on the radio, heard regularly over the air around Rochester, N. Y., sing popular songs. Gerry Wright, whistling dancer, has a distinctive act.

The Nathane Brothers, known as the "Musical-Acrobatic Comets", are bringing their act which has been shown at the best hotels in this country, and in Europe

FOR SALE—Furniture, living room, bedroom and kitchen. Priced to sell quickly. Contact Cpl. Miles at the Band Hall, phone 25-R-2.

Original G. I. Musical Comedy Here Sunday, August 20th

Featuring soldier and civilian talent, "Off Limits", an original three-act musical comedy, written by the irrepressible Pfc. Ed Koops, opens an extensive tour of surrounding towns on Monday night when the show will be presented in Andrews, Texas. The purpose of this show is to raise sufficient funds, through donations, to build a swimming pool for enlisted men. This show will be given here on the Field on Sunday evening, August 20th, at Theater No. 1 and the sole price of admission is your good looks. It's absolutely free.

A bevy of beautiful belles and a collection of perplexed G.I.s round out a cast of twenty for this show which is being produced and directed by Pvt. Monty Ash.

Space doesn't permit a listing of the entire cast but included are: Bobbie and Theresa Tubbs, Fort Worth's gift to Pyote. Bobby has been featured in some of the Thursday night shows at the Service Club and has proven quite the hit. The kid sister, "Shorty", is listed as the liveliest member of the cast. For further info, see Page 1.

Gene Elston, one of Pyote's best MPs, was a professional singer back in the dear civilian days and was featured with Ronald Reagan in sports broadcasts over WHO, Des Moines and later with CBS. Wac Louise Riden is making

her first appearance in a musical comedy in this show. Her previous experience included dramatic roles in her home town New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Others in the cast are George Kahn, an old timer with the grease paint, Wallace Gregory, once a member of a regular radio show in his native Tennessee, and Fred Lundberg, making his debut.

Corky Van Husen, Clyde Hecox, Dave Palmer and John Bates are the members of one of the finest quartets in these parts. All boys have had plenty of experience.

Bernice Lee, native of Odessa, is one of the hardest working members of the cast while Beth Marshall, Miami Beach, Fla., hit the footlights while at Overett College, Danville, Va.

S-Sgt. Charlie Rudolph, member of the Little Theater and Actor's Guild of St. Louis, has just returned from 25 months service overseas where, in his spare time, he produced and wrote G.I. shows.

Dance directors are Don Morris and George Brown. Musical score, written expressly for this show, is by William Turnbull of Denver, except for two numbers by Pyote's Ken Bentley and Don Root.

Monahans USO

Aug. 10—Quiz; Protestant Discussion Group.

Aug. 11—Informal Activities; Beginners' Spanish Class.

Aug. 12—Dance, Cabaret night.

Aug. 13—Buffet Supper; Song-fest; Movies.

Aug. 15—Dance Class; American Legion meeting.

Aug. 16—Better Halves' Luncheon; Catholic Discussion Group; Photography Class.

Square Dancing

A special feature of the regular Saturday night Officers Club dance on Aug. 12 will be a bit of real old-fashioned "square dancing" during the intermission, it was announced by the club hostess, Mrs. McLain.

Three costumed couples will perform the square dances traditional in the West. "Put Your Little Foot", the Scottische, and various polkas will make up the program.

Fund For Pool Growing Daily

There isn't going to be any financial bottleneck to block the building of an enlisted men's swimming pool on this field, it is indicated by an estimate of funds coming in.

A fund of \$4,305.76—split about evenly between military personnel and civilians—contributions—has been built up, it was stated today by Lt. Col. William H. Cocke, custodian of the fund. Col. Cocke said he had ten or eleven thousand dollars "in sight" for the swimming pool fund. It is estimated that about \$13,000 cash will be needed to construct the pool.

Contributions from enlisted personnel total \$1,289.76, and Officers on this field have contributed \$1,016.

The Kiwanis Club of Houston, Texas made a \$1,000 cash contribution and two citizens in that city donated \$500 apiece to the fund. Another Houston citizen, W. E. Simpson, is donating all of the sand and gravel for filters needed.

Other sources of income are expected to swell the fund to the point needed. Some post funds will be tapped, it is expected.

Signature Needed

Attention of all station personnel to certain regulations governing the cashing of government checks is invited by Mr. John Powell, manager of the Pyote branch bank.

Main thing lacking for many customers is a comparison signature of the person to whom check is made. For instance, if you are cashing an allotment check which is made to your wife, you must show the check, with proper endorsement, plus another signature (a letter, pass or any official paper will do). This is a government regulation which is printed all over the checks, but many persons come in every month without a comparison signature, causing delay and inconvenience in their transactions.

Mr. Powell pointed out that more than 350 million dollars has been swindled from families of soldiers by allotment check racketeers. It is for the protection of every man that these regulations have been set up—and compliance with them will make check-cashing a lot easier all the way around.

Theater Schedule

Thurs.—STEP LIVELY, with George Murphy, Gloria de Haven, and Frank Sinatra.

Fri.—DIXIE JAMBOREE, with Frances Langford and Eddie Eddie Quillen.

Sat.—DESPERADOES, with Randolph Scott and Glenn Ford.

Sun. & Mon.—SENSATIONS OF 1945, with Eleanor Powell and W. C. Fields.

Tues.—THREE LITTLE SISTERS, with Ruth Terry and Mary Lee; and THE MUMMY'S GHOST, with John Carradine and Lon Chaney.

Wed. & Thurs.—MR. SKEFFINGTON, with Bette Davis and Claude Rains.

Service Club

Thurs.—EM Wives Luncheon, 12-1 o'clock; Gay Nineties Review, on patio, 9-11 p.m.

Fri.—Dance, 9-12 o'clock, Station Orchestra.

Sat.—GI Movies, on patio at 9 p.m.

Sun.—Bingo party, 9 p.m.

Mon.—Open House.

Tues.—Mending, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Wed.—USO Show, Theater No. 1, 8:30 p.m.



KOOPS' KORNER

SUGAR REPORT: Hiya, fellas! Inasmuch as Koops is missing train connections somewhere outside Saint Louis about now, his li'l unofficial secretary—Sugar—is going to handle the Korner this week. We have a few scraps of info left here by him, plus one thing and another we've heard about since he shook the dust of Pyote from his size 9-C brogans.

Dear B.: Koops checked up on that gripe of yours about having to go clear into Monahans to cash a Western Union Money order. And it did seem a little rugged to have to go clear into town when the field does have a telegraph office.

However, he had a little chat with the Telegraph office's Sgt. Holt about it. And it seems there are a pretty good bunch of reasons why it is as it is.

Seems that the person issuing the long-green has to be bonded. The civilians are not inclined to be bonded and accept this risk. And Soldiers can't be bonded.

According to Sgt. Holt, they've tried to correct this situation but so far they haven't worked out any practicable solution. So that, my pet, is the answer to that; and a sensible answer it is.

Koops attended a rehearsal of the musical comedy "OFF LIMITS" before he left, and he got all hot 'n bothered over that lovely group of pulchritudinous peaches. And when he heard that their costumes include shorts, pajamas, swim-suits, he said—quote—Wow! Wow! Wow! And even an Arf, Arf!

We heard a story the other evening that didn't set very well with us. A friend of ours took his wife to the movies, and a couple of GIs behind them talked. That wasn't so bad, but their conversation was so raw, so lewd, the fellow and his wife had to leave.

That isn't so good, fellows. And it happens rather frequently. The girls that walk through the PX don't mind a few whistles—but some of the fellows yell some remarks that aren't fit to print.

It's probably just a few GIs that act that way. But fellas, if you're around with them when that starts—remind them that there are ladies present—and gentlemen—and to cut out the dirt!

Any girl—every girl on this base is entitled to as much respect as you fellows want your sister, sweetheart or wife to have. And that isn't asking too much, is it?

We hear the base plans a boxing show once every week or so. And also we hear stories that the Theater lobbies are going to be re-decorated . . . with pin-up pictures. That we wanna see!

This billet-doux came into the office after Koops took off for the Nawth and here it is:

"To Koops, the Tom Paine of the enlisted man at Pyote:

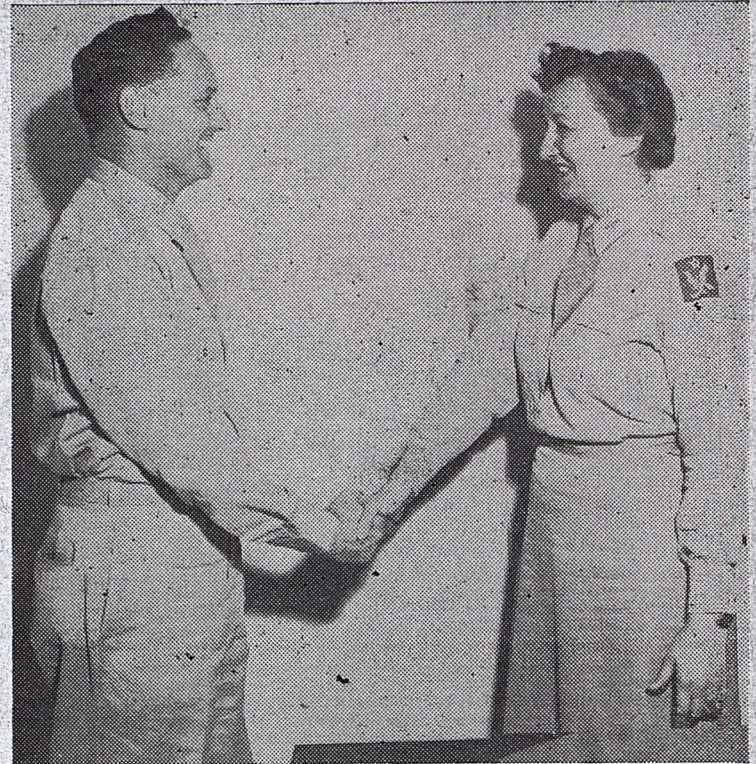
"Since your campaign against high prices and poor service has borne some fruit, we wonder if you would turn your caustic wit on one other item. At the fountain room at the Post Exchange, a new procedure has suddenly come to the fore. Formerly when a g.i. ordered a milk-shake or a malted, he received the entire contents of the metal shaker, or the equivalent of approximately 12 to 14 ounces. Now, however, a new situation rears its ugly head.

"You order the aforementioned beverages and all you get is the contents of a measly old paper cup, the contents of which will never exceed eight ounces with the greatest stretch of the imagination. Three of us ordered three milk shakes the other day; the girl made them up for us, gave us our measly allotment and took what was left and gave it to another g.i., thereby making an extra 15 cents from him and depriving us of our share.

"Now, Koops, this is in no way an attempt to chisel or get something for nothing but why should the enlisted man always get the wrong end of the stick?"

"We used to get twice as much for our money before and since the p.x. is supposed to be run for our benefit, why don't they show their profits to us in reduced prices, or a little more for our money? Sincerely, Cpl. Morris Walk, A. T. U."

Dear Walk: Lt. Stromfors, the Post Exchange officer, said the other day the above situation will be corrected. Now regard the



Lt. Colonel William H. Cocke extends congratulations to Lt. Haslam, commanding officer of the Wac Section which purchased \$4,100.00 worth of War Bonds during the Fifth War Loan Drive which saw Pyote purchase

the largest amount of Bonds to date. The amount purchased by the Wacs was \$1,805 more than their quota. The Wac Section has been one of the Field's top Bond buying organizations.

Vets Ask Tougher Training

By Camp Newspaper Service

Lay off the ten-minute breaks in training. There's no time for anything like that on the battlefield.

That's some advice picked up by a Stars and Stripes reporter as he made the rounds of a hospital in England, a hospital stocked with men wounded in the Normandy landings and in the battle for the Cherbourg Peninsula.

Some more advice from combat: Watch out for German snipers. They work hidden away in the branches of trees. When you get close to them they let you have it.

Dig in. Then camouflage your foxholes. Foxholes themselves

won't give you all the protection you need.

Don't hug the roads all the time. The enemy has every road mapped and zeroed in. It's a good way to get plastered by 88 fire.

Don't trust the German. He's sneaky and as treacherous as the Jap. Be suspicious of "natives", too. Don't expect help from anyone but your own men.

The German, the wounded men said, isn't as good a fighter as the Yank, but he's sneaky. One Yank platoon captured five German soldiers sniping at them from trees. All the Germans wore civilian clothes.

distribution of profits. Each Section on the Field has been getting its share of Post Exchange profits and those parties which have been held recently at Fort Stockton were financed by Section funds which came into being through the Post Exchange profits. Steps are being taken by Exchange authorities to do the best in order to lower prices. That comes direct from the P.X. boss and he sounds like a man who means business. Hope that helps clear the atmosphere.

Boss, if you get a chance why not knock out an opus about a dangerous practice which is liable to result in plenty of trouble if the g.i.s aren't more careful. We refer to the practice, indulged in by all, of lighting up cigarettes, pipes, etc. in the theater as soon as the show is over. This is in direct violation of all fire regulations and it is a rule designed for our own protection. So let's wise up.

Which winds up this Sugar's sugar report. Next week Koops will be on hand to write his own column . . . from Chicago, and give us the latest news on what is going on in the outside world.

Love,
Sugar



WAC GUIDES . . . At the field's "Open House", observed Tuesday, August 1, in honor of the Army Air Force's 37th anniversary, these Wacs served as guides for the hundreds of civilians who visited Pyote Army Field. Left to right: front row—

Pvt. Margaret Phillips, Pvt. Fay Cutler, Cpl. Claire Harrell, Pvt. Florence Eisenstadt, Pvt. Edna Smith, Pvt. Evelyn McGuire, Pvt. Barbara Kzaley; second row—Pvt. Alma LeBranche, Pvt. Betty Wick, Pfc. Cecelia Klevin, Pvt. Jeannie Oneal, Pvt. Tele-

tha Collins, Pvt. Bernice Ross, Pvt. Grace Newsome; third row—Pvt. Annie Ross, Cpl. Marjorie Snyder, Cpl. Louise Riden, 1st-Sgt. Mary Roman; back row—Pvt. Elsie Baysinger, Sgt. Rita Burke.

What's Your Question?

(Ed. Note—You can get a correct answer to any question by submitting it to The Rattler, care of this department. Questions relative to any matter concerning military personnel will be answered. Health and welfare questions will be given first priority, pay and allowances second, uniforms and equipment next and last, miscellaneous questions will be taken up. Answers come from Lt. Stanley R. Bowman, Base Administrative Inspector.)

Q. My Bonds are not being delivered for as long as six months after they are paid for. What can be done about hurrying them up?

A. The War Bonds are being distributed by the local Finance Officer now and the delivery service at the present time is very good. However, there are some old cases that existed before the new method was initiated; for these see the Administrative Inspector for personal attention to the case.

Q. Why is it that the PX barbers don't give the 35-cent plain shampoo?

A. The PX Officer states that the price is wrong—it should be 50 cents. The sign will be changed and you will be able to get a plain shampoo.

Q. I have several decorations that have not been presented. Who can I see to get them?

A. Take a copy of your orders to your commanding Officer and ask him what can be done, or see the Grievance Officer.

DENVER (CNS)—"I'm sorry," a stranger told Mrs. Martha Martin after he had batted her in the eye on a Denver street, "I thought you were my mother-in-law."

HARDIN, Ky. (CNS)—So severe has been a three-weeks' drought here, that local authorities let the county's only well digger out of jail so he could dig some more wells.

LANCASTER, Pa. (CNS)—28-year-old West Virginian has written to Lancaster's mayor, asking his aid in finding a bride. "I want one not so bad-looking," he wrote, "not too wild and not too tame."

MUSKOGEE, Okla. (CNS)—War nerves were responsible for the extraordinary behavior of Lefty Smith, authorities believe. He recently wracked havoc in downtown Muskogee by flinging eggs at every woman he saw who wore slacks.



Q. I'm now contributing \$22 a month to the support of my mother through a Class B allowance. Soon I'm going overseas and when I get there I want to take out a Class E allotment of pay for my mother in addition to the other allowance. Will this be possible?

A. Of course. Many soldiers both at home and abroad, authorize an allotment of pay on behalf of their dependents in addition to the family allowance, in order to provide their families with additional security.

Q. Is it compulsory for a soldier to apply for a family allowance for his Class B-1 or Class B dependents?

A. No. A family allowance for eligible Class B-1 or Class B dependents is entirely optional with the soldier and may be stopped at any time at his request.

Q. Where should I wear my marksmanship medals?

A. The proper manner of wearing marksmanship medals on the Army uniform is on the

First Copies Of 'AAF' Sold Out

The first shipment of the new book, "AAF," "The Official Guide to the Army Air Forces" has been sold out at the Post Exchange and new copies have been ordered.

Containing 1800 entries and 10,000 references, the book covers the time from the Civil War to Pearl Harbor, including information on the ultra-massive B-29s. The book is designed to give a concise, handy source book for instant reference; to give each member of the AAF an insight into the necessity for his own job and how it fits into the whole pattern of air force operations; and to cover current operations from an historical perspective.

The pocket size edition being handled at the PX sells for 25 cents; a deluxe edition is available for \$2.50. All royalties go to the AAF Aid Society.

NORFOLK, Va. (CNS)—The Navy's amphibious forces now have their own official insignia. It is a gold and scarlet shoulder patch with an American eagle rampant on an anchor, gripping a machine gun in its talons.

left breast, below the service ribbons. See AR-600-40, Section 53 (b).

'Battle Facts' Talks Geared GIs For D-Day

NEW YORK (CNS)—A series of talks on "battlefacts" in which GIs scheduled to take part in the invasion of France were psychologically conditioned for battle were described by Maj. Gen. Frederick H. Osborn, Director of the War Department's Morale Services Division, in a recent talk before members of the staff of YANK, the Army Weekly, here.

"The talks were about hard battle facts," Gen. Osborn said. "The first was about the Nazi soldier, his training, his background and indoctrination from youth. Another was a collection of personal accounts by American soldiers who fought the Germans in Tunisia and Sicily."

These talks, the general said, were prepared in booklet form and released to all troops as part of a training program to gear the men for invasion. In addition, radio programs over an American network of 49 stations, discussion groups among the troops themselves, and articles in both YANK and the Stars and Stripes were used to condition the men—most of whom never before had seen battle—for combat.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:

'I'm Just A Poor Cryptographer'. Cries Koops, Rattler Columnist

Edward Charles Koops, the best-famed and least-known of any member of the Rattler staff, delicately wiped the orange soda pop from his sturdy mustache, smacked his lips and went on with his speech.

"I wish to spike a rumor," said the great Koops.

This sounded interesting, for to his inner circle of admirers Koops is known as a man who be-

lieves in letting a good healthy rumor go its way. And if he simply MUST spike something he could certainly find a better object than a rumor to nail. Accordingly, a hush fell over the table in the southeast corner of the darkened patio of the PX. It was 2239 on the night of July 31st. The crowd was a little impatient, for in a moment the doors would shut on the tap room and the first 18-hour dry spell in the month of August would be officially under way.

"I am not an apprentice chaplain—I am not even considering taking up a profession," said Koops: "Consequently, fellows, I will have to quit punching TS cards. I'm sorry, but I've got to do it. The union has been complaining of late.

"You can continue to bring your troubles to Koops. Tell him about the mean old first sergeant, cuss the Mess Sergeant, tell the latest Whiz Bang jokes. We'll even discuss the election—if there are any progressives around. But this TS card business must go."

Thus did Koops, the Private's Westbrook Pegler, unload the detail.

"No! No!" the cries rang out. But Koops quieted them. "Yes, fellows, it must be. I'm only a poor cryptographer—just a cynical weaver of mediocre miracles. And there's no spec number for a job like that."

In case you are a recent arrival at Pyote, we're telling you this story to illustrate the way the GIs have taken this champion of the Sad Sacks to heart.

"Just a poor cryptographer—that's all I am," is his favorite line.

He tells it to his first sergeant, to his CO, to the editor, to the Special Service officer, to the KP-pusher. He's probably telling it today to his girl friend in La Crosse, Wis.—for the great Koops has finally snared a furlough.

This "cynical weaver of mediocre miracles" is a familiar figure to PX habitues. His large, soldierly mustache, and his wavy brown locks, his melancholy, myopic brown eyes and his continually weary expression veil effectively the whirling mechanism of the Koops brain, which is working every minute with one project or another.

"I'm just a poor cryptographer," he cries as he sets about his daily

tasks. He actually works six hours a day as a cryptographer, which as we understand it is very tiring work. During the remaining 18 he is available for listening to tales of woe, swapping jokes, and checking material for the Korner.

He has been at this base for the last 15 months, except for a short period at Galveston, where he was in training with an airdrome squadron before the outfit broke up.

Having had a year in which to learn to know and dislike this country, Koops thus speaks with authority when he writes an epistle on the native plants of the Southwest. And having worn khakis for about two years, he speaks with authority when he deftly dissects the supply sergeants with his mighty Underwood.

Our hero, who unblushingly admits being something of a genius, got his start in life back in La Crosse. He hustled right on through high school, working at the local radio station and going to school in his spare time, and didn't fool around with college. For a boy who flouted the tradition of a formal education, Koops has an amazing store of facts tucked away. If anybody wants to know who was the Prime Minister of England in 1740, or who beat Willie Pep for what title, ask him. Ten to one he knows.

After working for WKBH, in La Crosse, he armed himself with a battered Underwood and set out to conquer a part of the entertainment world. Koops worked a while for the North American Broadcasting Company in Milwaukee; WGN, Chicago; WSJS, Winston-Salem, N. C.; WOWO, Fort Wayne. And he picked up quite a hunk of experience by handling a beat on South State Street for the Chicago Tribune.

Thus our boy worked and travelled, picking up the knowledge which was, years later, to make him the Rattler's favorite columnist.

"Koop's Korner" started out as a Section F chatter column. Pretty soon it had so much "meat" in it that it was lifted from the organizational class and given a place of its own. Pfc. Koops has the corner bunk—no. 26—in Barracks 527, and that's where the term, "Koop's Korner", originated.



A MEDIOCRE MIRACLE . . . Pfc. Ed Koops, doing his bit to speed victory, consented to stand in for a part in "Off Limits", GI show to raise money for an enlisted men's swimming pool.

And like the eager beaver he is, Koops put his heart in his work. Bobby Tubbs, who has a leading role in the show, assists Koops in a difficult scene.

Only one mistake will he admit. Koops is probably the only man in the world who ever took an etching down to a hotel lobby to show it to a girl friend. It actually happened in Chicago. He had an original by Milton Caniff, whom he had known long before Miss Lace was ever dreamed of the first time. The girl wanted to see the etching so—instead of asking her to come up—Koops had her stay in the lobby while he lugged the six-foot etching and showed it to the girl friend—and a couple of dozen interested bystanders.

"I don't know what I could have been thinking of," he says.

But that shows how absent-minded these geniuses are.

Girls? His story is that his mother doesn't like for him to go out but he manages to sneak in a few dates while she's not looking. "La Crosse is so far away," he says. When he can afford to be choosy, he likes for them to: 1) Be

intelligent, and 2) have a sense of humor.

Stripes and bars hold no interest for him. He almost apologizes for having that lone stripe. "I'm coming out of this war a private, just like everybody else it," he says, and seems to be very happy about it.

In addition to his spare-time work on the Rattler, Koops helps Special Service by arranging shows and writing material for the office. He is the author of "Off Limits", the current GI show which opens this month to raise money for an enlisted men's swimming pool.

Also, he's the most prolific correspondent on the base. In one week he sent out 140 pages, typewritten and double spaced, in an effort to keep up morale on the home front. Besides, he's a poet, having written well over 1500 poems. He specializes in the "To Mary" type, so if you want one written especially for your girl friend, tell it to Koops.

NO REST FOR COAST GUARD ON 154TH ANNIVERSARY

NEW YORK (CNS)—Guns roaring from Coast Guard ships at every corner of the globe marked the 154th birthday of the United States Coast Guard on Aug. 4.

The Coast Guard was formed by Alexander Hamilton in 1790 as the Revenue Cutter Service to combat smuggling and enforce the nation's revenue laws.

SAD SACK IN PERSON STARRED IN CAMP SHOW

FT. DIX, N. J. (CNS)—The Sad Sack, banana-headed hero of Sgt. George Baker's famed YANK comic strip, is being brought to life in "Hi Yank," a GI musical now in rehearsal here. In the show the Sack will be portrayed by Pvt. Bobby Faye, former Broadway funnyman.

EDITORIAL

As The English See Us

There is no better place in the world to learn to know a people, either as individuals or as a nation, than in adjacent foxholes. There you can learn to appreciate a person's character; after prolonged intimate contact of this nature you are certain either to love or despise him.

Their battles reveal the Germans as methodical, skillful soldiers who are good at fighting but who have a fatal weakness for sticking to a plan even if it's not working. They also reveal Hitler's picked killers—the Storm Troops, SS Guard, and other bodyguarding, pseudo-military organizations—to be typical bullies. As long as they are winning, fine and dandy, but they aren't built to take it.

The war has shown the Russians to be great people—great in unity and great in strength, whether measured in the homes or factories or on the field of battle.

In like manner we reveal ourselves to our allies and our enemies. The British, long a bit miffed by some of more blatant aspects of American life as demonstrated by the Americans in England, have now had a chance to learn how the Americans behave in battle. As reported in Time magazine this week, a correspondent of the London Daily Mail wrote "no soldier could be more resolute".

"That apparent casualness and man-to-man friendliness which rather appalled our disciplinarians at home disappears. Commands are tersely given and tersely acknowledged with an immediate 'Yes, sr,' and a smart salute. All trace of casualness evaporates. These men go into it with the snap of Guardsmen . . .

"Often I wonder if the people back home in America, thirsting for headlines of captured towns, realize how many Americans lie newly dead in these Normandy fields; men who have died to win a few yards of hedgerow . . .

"They die quietly, these American boys—without fuss or complaint, perhaps muttering about 'Mom' just before the end . . .

"Grousing—'bitching'—as they call it—is left behind in the rear areas. No soldiers could be more resolute. I have seen them ordered to attack a strong point almost impregnable to infantry. They filed off without a word. Many of them died in that sortie. The survivors did not utter one word of private criticism of the task they had been set.

"Their deep American confidence in themselves—sometimes back home you thought they had too much of it—disappears from the surface and conversation goes inside, where it stays . . . You expect to see officers in the front line, but no army in the world sees the profusion of colonels and higher officers in the battle line more continuously than the American . . .

"American toughness is not just talk."

THE RATTLER

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The Wolf

by Sansone

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POLICIN' UP

By S-SGT. ROBERT NASH

Things are not going so well on the Russian front, according to radio Berlin. "On the Eastern front," says Berlin, "the Russians are aiming to disturb our withdrawal."

And as if that dastardly accusation wasn't enough, the Nazis turn around and accuse the Americans in France of "employing Russian tactics."

A milestone, or something, in the newspaper game, was reached the other day when an El Paso paper used the headline, "FINLAND ON VERGE OF PEACE".

Remember the good old days when occasionally a country would get on the verge of war?

OVERSEAS DEP'T.

Lt. George Hoffman, former Special Services Officer at this station, is now arranging ball games and shows for boys in New Guinea . . . Lt.-Col. Temple F. Winburn, former Director of Station Services, is now stationed at Guadalcanal . . . Lt.-Col. Clarence L. Hewitt, who was Base CO here when this was the Rattlesnake Bomber Base, has gone overseas.

Cpl.: My wife is in town, and we're having our silver wedding anniversary. How about a three-day pass?

1st-Sgt.: Are we going to have to put up with that every 25 years?

He asked for burning kisses,

She answered slow and cool, "I may be a red-hot mamma, But I ain't nobody's fool."

Gal: Sorry, soldier, but I never go out with perfect strangers.

GI: Oh, that's all right—I ain't perfect.

Then there were the two nudists who broke off their friendship because they were seeing too much of each other.

1st-Sgt.: Look, Jones, you've already had time off when your wife was sick, and for your mother-in-law's funeral, and your little girl's measles, and your son's operation. What's the story now?

Cpl. Jones: I'm going to get married.

Cpl.: Do you neck?

She: That's my business!

Cpl.: Ah, at last a professional.

And then there's the strip tease girl who waked up one morning after a raid and found herself fully clothed. "Ye gods!" she screamed. "I've been draped!"

BAKEFIELD, R. I. (CNS)—When his rationing board granted him permission to buy one and one-half tires instead of the two he had requested, Edwin Northrup appealed. No one would sell him half a tire, he protested. The board relented.

"Texas Has An Answer"

There used to be a Texas,
A state of peace and cheer,
Until it filled with Yankees.
The Army brought them here.

It used to be that people
Knew 'most everyone they met,
And the honest folk of Texas
Lived by Bible, work and sweat.

But then came the invasion
And Texas was alive
With deprecating Yankees,
Just like back in '65.

There is too much Middle West,
Of Massachusetts and Maine.
But even such a mixture
Is not the major pain.
Worst of all the patience
With which we have to treat

Every goddam Yankee
In uniform we meet.

They cuss our lovely scenery,
And jeer the way we speak.
And praise their lousy cities,
And say crick instead of creek.

They say our gals are homely,
These simple country lads,
But just the same they court 'em
And marry them, by gad.

Some day the war will finish,
And the Yankees may be home,
Then peaceful, tranquil Texas
Can swelter on its own.

Next time instead of shipping
OUR boys out to fight the war,
We'll put them on our borders
To keep out Yankees evermore.

—Anonymous

"There's No Shade In Texas Trees"

I think that I shall never see a tree

In Texas state, so far from home;

A tree which rises up in majesty

And really looks like a poem.

True, in Texas there are trees,

But here's a problem can't be beat—

Where to find a tree with big, broad leaves

To shade you from the blistering heat.

So, I live in a state of hope,

And daily with the Lord I plea

For elms and maples, pines and oaks—

Oh Lord, please send any kind of tree!

By Herman Gelband, Sec. D (BSM).

INDIANAPOLIS (CNS)—Burglars here have strange tastes. On successive nights recently, thieves stole a grandfather's clock from a local residence, a black cat from a backyard fence, a rooster from a barnyard and 40 watermelons from a fruitstand.

BROOKLYN (CNS)—If you ask anyone in Brooklyn who the "meanest thief in the world" is, they'll tell you he's Harry Miller. Harry volunteered to tend a blind man's cigar stand while the blind man was out to lunch, then swiped all the receipts. He's jugward bound now.

RETROSPECTION

Time was when we could pick and choose

Anent our favorite brand of booze;
Champagne, Bourbon, rye or blend,
Scotch, ale, vodka, rum or gin.
In retrospect we muse upon
The good old days just past and gone,

When mail was something we abhorred—

Always a dun from our landlord,
Nor we, with bated breath and spent,

Would stand in line outside a tent
For that which bill collectors sent.
I 'mind now how the telephone
Would beckon in another tone
From that which now it summons me

To answer to seniority,
For blunders I made yesterday
Or those I shall commit today.

Male Call

WHY SAILORS GO TO

OH, I KNOW JUST HOW IT IS
—I SAW 'DICKIE DAINGER'
"JOLLY TARS AT SAVO".
ISN'T IT NICE THAT HE'S
4F SO HE CAN PLAY IN THE
WONDERFUL MOVIES?



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"To Toni"

My dear, when this, which we call love, lies dead.

As in a box on which we've closed the lid,

I may recall a hundred things you said,

And countless gay and trivial things we did . . .

Our favorite haunt for tea . . . the April day

You shopped for hats (the following day it poured!)

. . . The book you liked, or did not like — the play

That shocked you through, and left me merely bored.

But there will come a day when I shall meet—

Say, on a bus, or casually in some street—

Some woman vaguely like the you I've known,

And wonder . . . did your mouth curve thus? or so?

And were your eyes a deep or lighter brown?

And half-ashamed, confess I do not know.

Lt. Wesley T. Farraday

"There Are No Atheists"

A fiery burst as enemy cannon bark;

A mortar shell exploding near at hand;

The lightning flash of tracers thru the dark—

The soldier, nervous, fondles his Garand.

For this is it—this is the acid test—

The climax of the weary hours spent

In grueling training. He and all the rest

In silent meditation bow—repent

And each makes known his every shadowed deed

Unto his own specific God and Lord;

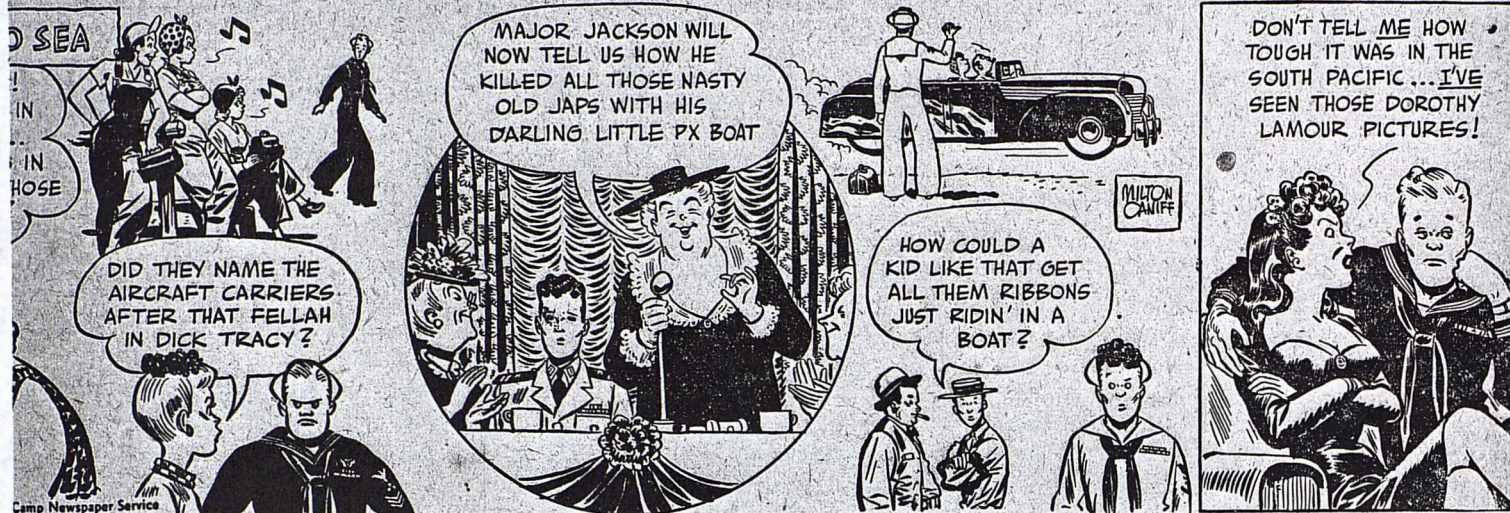
For everyone, regardless of his creed,

Knows he is not immune to shell or sword.

—Pvt. K. Nett, Sec. D

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Betwixt Wind And Water



Camp Newspaper Service

THE ROAD TO TOKIO

We are on the Road to Tokio
Six million yankees strong,
And as we march, fly and sail
We all join in this song.
The road will not be all roses,
But we'll get there somehow.
And the Army of U. S. workers
Will keep us in guns and chow.

And those little yellow monkeys
Who were born without tails,
Will know we Yanks are coming
For the Yankees never fail.
They came into Pearl Harbor
When no one was on the job
Like a bandit or a burglar
A sleeping man to rob.

When we go into Japan
Our flags will be flying high
And good, old U. S. flying Eagles
Will shoot them from the sky.
Then our battleships and subs
Their navy they will sink,
And all their slant eyed sailors
Will be floating in the drink.

Then the brave boys of the Army
Will take the job of mopping up
And will treat those yellow devils
Like they would a mangy pup.
They may have trouble finding
them

For they won't be hanging 'round,
When they wake up and discover,
There's a million Yanks in Town.
Then our boys will all come sailing
home

To a place they love so well,
And the Japs will say, "Excuse us,
Sir,"

Those honorable Yanks have sent
us all to Hell".

—M N. Miles

"West (By God) Virginia"

If you've fished in clear waters, and waded in mud;
Watched the calm rivers, seen many a flood;
Traveled the highways on good roads and bad,
Cussed like a trooper, yet seldom are mad,
I bet you're from West Virginia.

If you've sweated in the valley, cooled off on a hill,
Tramped thru the mountains, drank corn from a still,
If you like a good fight, can lose yet grin,
Get up on your feet and try to win,
I bet you're from West Virginia.

You ain't afraid of the devil, got fire in your eye,
God-fearing and loving the Father on High,
Go to the limit for friends but slow to forgive,
Nursing that hurt as long as you live,
I bet you're from West Virginia.

You've drunk sassafras and Old Mountain tea,
Used PENNYRILE for the bite of a flea,
You say what you think, whether sober or drunk,
Can tell by the wind, the trail of a skunk,
I bet you're from West Virginia.

If you've cleaned your teeth with a birch tree twig,
To Old Dan Tucker danced many a jig,
Stole behind the barn, away from your folks,
For Indian stogie and corn silk smokes,
I bet you're from West Virginia.

If you've talked pig latin, sung the old gray mare,
Felt the bite of a chigger, love a good county fair,
A bit clannish of kin, tho' ornery they be,
You admit it yourself, but dare us to agree,
You hate the damn Nazis, and almond eyed lice,
Itching to fight them and not count the price,
You're proud of your state, and thrill when you hear,
The Star Spangled Banner and stand up and cheer,
Well, I know you're from West Virginia.

—Sgt. William Rose, Sec. D

"Or Would You Like K. P."

Whether rhyme or reason promotes his scheme,
Or whether it's somebody's wild-eyed dream,
You can't just tell him, "You're off the beam!"
To hearken is to obey!
And if you think his logic a bit far-fetched,
And it looks like something he might have "ketched",
You can't just murmur, "I think you're tetched."
He's the Officer of the Day!

Pvt. K. Nett, Sec. D.

The Biggest Fools—

I am Hitler—I am God,
Heil Hitler! You bastard Poles,
Come till my sod
What right have you to live
Except by nod
From me.

I am Hitler—I am God,
Heil Hitler! You filthy Czechs,
Come work my fields and plod.
My chains are fastened 'round
your necks
You have no right to live
Except by nod
From me.

I am Hitler—I am God,
Heil Hitler! You dirty Greeks,
I conquer you so now the hod
Fits well your back which reeks
with sweat
You have no right to live
Except by nod
From me.

I am Hitler—I am God,
Heil Hitler! You German fools,
I took your children; yes it's
odd
You gave them to me—needed
tools,
And now they bleed and die.
You have no right to live
Except by nod
From me.

—An Officer, This Station

BOSTON (CNS)—William James Sidis, famed boy prodigy of 35 years ago, died here recently, an obscure clerk living in a hall bedroom. Sidis could read and write at the age of three and spoke several languages before he was nine. He entered Tufts College at 10 and Harvard at 11, graduating at 16. At 20 he was a mathematics instructor at Rice Institute but a few years later was found running an adding machine at \$23 a week. "I'm tired of thinking," he explained at that time.

DANVILLE, Ill. (CNS)—Arrested for driving his car with last year's plates, a motorist explained that he tried hard to but "I could not get the old plates off."

In Our Midst

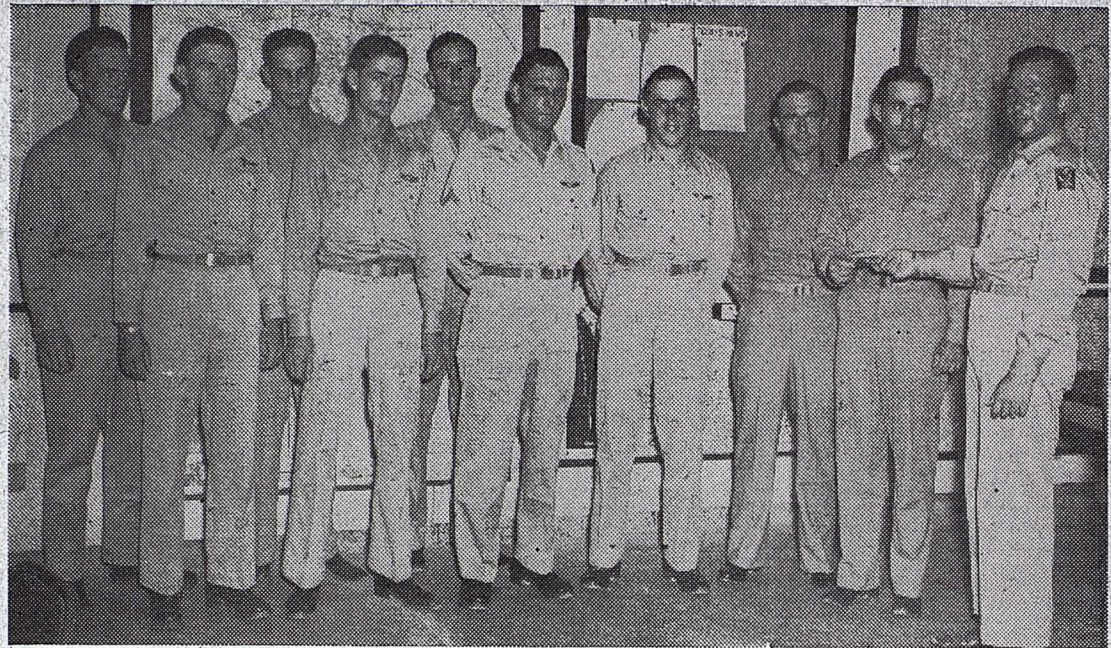
By SGT. THEORA FRENCH and
PVT. BARBARA COLEGROVE

We will end the suspense over last week's "Personality". Of course it is none other than our own G.I., that gambling mascot of the WAC Detachment.

This week we present another "Personality"—a favorite of all. The lady is young and by rights (and AR's) shouldn't be in the Army at all. Because she is the mother of several young children, but when she applied for enlistment her qualifications were so rare that the responsibility of the children was taken over by others. This "Gal of the week" is the blondest natural blonde in Pyote (or anywhere else)—and to prove it has the complexion and blue eyes to go with it. Our favorite gal this week (fickle, aren't we?) has more ways to conserve energy than we ever dreamed up, even under the threat of KP. We've never seen her in a hurry, or take an unnecessary step; if she ever expressed a worry over tomorrow we'd die of shock—her favorite saying is "Don't push me, pal, don't push me". With all her lazy ways she finds time to be the neatest, cleanest WAC in the Company, but the Army can't take credit for that training, she says, "I got it from Mamma". So we give a salute to our personality of the week, "The Blond Siren".

NEWS NOTES: That dynamo of energy, Pvt. Kay Wheelden, is back from furlough—phone 64 after 1800. Also back in our midst is Pvt. Sarah Pierce, one of the hardest working femme medics. Welcome home, gals! How do you like those fancy new off-duty dresses we burst forth with and in this week? That is what we have been waiting for, and with a strapless purse and brown pumps authorized, we are feeling additionally dressy these days.

A slap-happy gang of Wacs took off for the Davis Mountains last week and spent a tiring, luxurious day swimming, horseback riding and sleeping. Yes, real mountains, and at the comfortable Mitre Peak Ranch, honest live trees to lie under and clover grass to lie on under them. We didn't find any of the former with four leaves, and wonder if we had whether it would have prevented our aching —?x\$!!**. Anyhow, we took off across the Western plains (very plain) down old river beds and off into the distant setting sun. We never did like the sun in our eyes, and dragging back, standing up in the stirrups we contemplated on the life of Jesse James and concluded he had good enough reason to die young. That sort of thing



IDENTIFICATION CONTEST WINNERS . . . Lt. E. J. Kusel, pilot of the winning crew (second from right), takes prize money from Capt. Herman C. (for Victory) Traub, Section I Intelligence officer (right). Lt.

Kusel's crew won the money for having the best mark in the section's plane identification contest. Other members of his crew are: Lt. R. W. Smmons, co-pilot; Lt. J. B. Wechsler, navigator; Cpl. H. W. French, radioman;

Sgt. C. D. Rittenhouse, engineer; Cpl. O. C. Marks, armorer-gunner; Pfc. R. L. Groos, career gunner; Cpl. H. L. McKenzie, upper gunner; Pfc. C. H. Hoffman, tail gunner.

day in and day out is enough to kill anybody. We hope the horse is feeling better by now. Sad event of that otherwise happy day was slight accident enroute which resulted in a broken wrist for Sgt. Bobbie Zentz. The arm is neatly bandaged and the patient is doing fine, but how did it happen, Sarge? We had our backs turned, but I'd swear I caught a glimpse of the Sergeant with her foot on her wrist just as someone reminded her that the next day was her turn to GI the Dayroom, and the following day she was pulling KP. How about that, Bobbie?

BEST CRACK OF THE WEEK! Sgt. Burke, one of our Mess Hall cooks sat down to our delicious ranch lunch and said with a sigh, "My but it's nice to sit down to a good home cooked meal."

BEST PUZZLE OF THE WEEK: Is T-Sgt. Larry Shipp of the Medics really working in his proper MOS? We ask with good cause and sincere worry for the welfare of the patients. Last week, rushing out of his office to give an anatomy lecture, Shipp turned to us and asked "How the—many bones are there in the human body?"

Last week Lt. Edith Haslam qualified on the range, the second day out with a .45—we now rightfully call her our "Pistol Packin' Mamma".

GRIPE OF THE WEEK: The weather.

WE SAY: Put an end to the misinformation, and we won't be subjects for condemnation.

QM Sees

By PFC. GEORGE MAHANEY

A swimming pool for the Joes on this Field would certainly become a heavenly oasis, provided it could be ready while the weather is still hot.

Some of the older boys of the Q.M. can remember the pool we once had access to right in front of our barracks for about two weeks. Then someone came along and placed the lid back on.

While we are on the subject, let's have an outlet on the E.M. pool.

VITAL STATISTICS

Congratulations are due Sergeant and Mrs. Liddle on their first edition, an eight-pound ten ounce baby girl. Pappy Liddle has had to have the buttons on his shirt replaced twice during the past week and had to exchange his size seven and one-eighth cap for size eight.

The Q. M. bowling team fluctuates from fourth to last place about every other week, due mostly to the fact that only Rapley and Cannon remain as regulars. In Sergeant Bodde's absence these two boys have been doing their best to keep the team out of the cellar, and can generally be counted on for good scores. Now that Bill is back from furlough, the tide should turn in our favor.

Sgt. Cannon plays a twilight game of baseball, rushes to the bowling hall in time to bowl three

games, comes back and sings three loud Irish lullabys in the shower room . . . and bats out a long letter to his girl friend all in one evening.

Nick Ioaske says that "Horse sense is that quality of mind that keeps horses from betting on people."

COULD HE BE BUCKING?

Sergeant McCurdy lost a letter and while looking for the letter, he lost the keys to Mrs. McCurdy's car and misplaced his shirt. After accusing half the Joes in Q.M. of having conspired against him, he found the letter in his hand, the keys in his pocket, and the shirt on his back. Mac felt so good about all this that he saluted a messenger boy and two truck drivers on the way home that evening.

A great display of will power was demonstrated by Pfc. Amos soon after payday. Amos lay on his back while the cubes rattled away right under his nose. When the game was hot, Amos put cotton in his ears and moved into the next barracks, asking if anyone there would like to participate in a game of "Old Maid" with him.

The Q.M. Office is beginning to look and feel like the inside of a refrigerator. The boys accomplished this effect with a few pieces of insulation and some hard work during the past weekend. We would advise against continuing with the project, however, because it is rumored that if the Office comes down to a certain temperature, Lt. Ewald intends to pack it full of perishables some night.

New Column Is Started; Will Cover Hangars, Flight Line Activities

(Ed. Note—The following column, which intends to tell the weekly story of what is going on among the maintenance crews, is written by a boy who has been a contributor to The Rattler's columns in the past. Due to his innate modesty he prefers to remain anonymous for the present, but if you have anything to report see M-Sgt. Roberts in the Flight Line Office. Sgt. Roberts will relay the information to your correspondent. If you work on the line and know an interesting story or incident concerning line personnel, drop around and see Sgt. Roberts.)

Introducing a new column by and for personnel of the four hangars and the flight line. Comments, complaints, news or any humorous incidents will be gratefully accepted. Remember, this is your

column. Limited however to certain regulations, we are permitted to mention all that we'd like to, although there is little need for to be unaware of what is going on here and there as long as we're able to get the latest copy of "Strife Magazine".

There is great unrest on the line these days, or should I say little rest. Work is piled high and whenever the boys that make the big ones fly gather you can see furtive glances and mutterings of wishes they were back crewing a coke machine, with flying pay too.

Your column is a week late getting to press and your columnist got his wrist slapped for tromping gaily over a great big bunch of A. F. regulations. Now my ignorance has been turned to enlightenment and tho' I'm wiser, I'm sadder, but not bitter. S' help me, Ain't it awful?

The old cobblers who went up to Clovis, N. M., to school and then pulled up their formations at Rattlesnake to work at Biggs Field have returned to Pyote with hardly a chance to recover from the rigors of a 250-mile jaunt on the terrible T&P, (you know tiny & packed and rough and a lot more adjectives unprintable). Well, at any rate, they're back and not too much the worse for wear.

Anyhow Jaurez is still off limits, but to look at Hank Frosh you'd think he spent lotsa time there.

CLASSIFIED DEPT

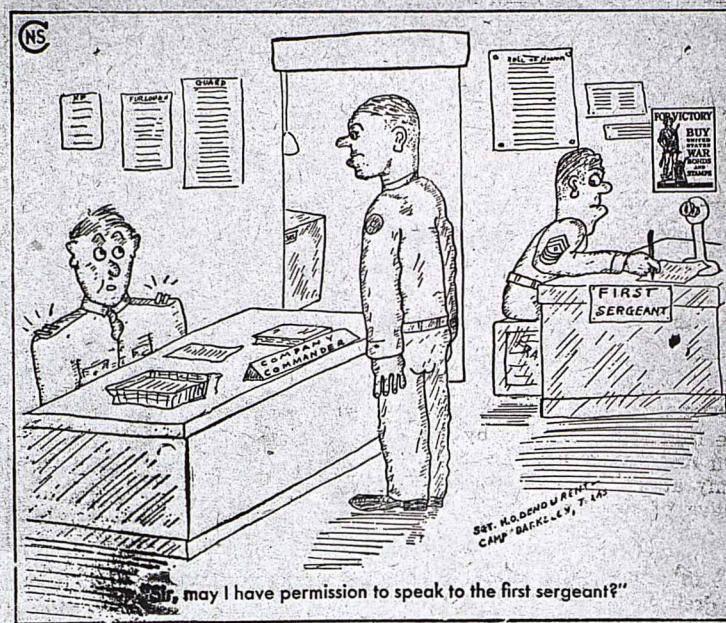
Please note, J. R. Wood, No. 1 electrician of hangar No. 2, sez he's gone into business cleaning watches, repairing radios, etc. I will say that if his personal enterprise is as successful as his work on the big ones you can trust him with your iron turnip as he knows his stuff, even if this isn't a paid advertisement.

Also noted the big grin M-Sgt. Long is wearing, sez he is happy about the whole big thing.

Well, sports, that ties it up for this week, except for perhaps to mention that this column is sponsored by Mr. Wyatt, C. W. O., Assistant Director of Maintenance, and former member of the 19th Bomb Gp. At least I hope it is, yet.

Comments for this column will be accepted by M-Sgt. Roberts in the Flight Line office.

LONDON (CNS)—Pfc. Janet Lippincott, of New York, was knitting a sweater in her WAC quarters here when a flying Nazi doodlebug bomb exploded nearby. Janet recovered a minute later, found herself unhurt—but sitting in the sink.



MEDICAL DETACHMENT

By T-SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

In spite of the torrid heat, the attractive Medics day-room is still a popular hang-out for many men after their day's work. The comfortable furniture, ample recreational facilities and the newest addition—drapes—greatly add to that "homey atmosphere" of the place. Then there's our "host", Cpl. Sanders, who is ever present to greet us. How those words ring in our ears: "And how about putting that coke bottle back!"

Have you heard? "The Old Sow Song" is now under lock and key. There's a mighty good reason too! There are plenty of people after that number and Lt. Collins is one of them. One Saturday (Remember?) our C.O. made the following statement: "I'd like to hear that song once a month—on my day off" Oh! such discrimination & "good music" too!

"We cannot fail", said Pvt. Lindahl as he continued that rapid pace down the main street in Wink. Yes, this red faced Kansan was determined. Tell us, "Lindy" what's this story the boys tell about "baby tending in the theater?" Careful—there are two witnesses!

Wasn't it Caesar who knew all his men by their first name? Well, our own Sgt. Piel could have offered plenty of competition. Did you know that he knows the serial number of every single Medic? Nice going, Penrod.

Our home-builders are still at it. According to the "neighbors" Sgt. Bloom's cigarette fell into his clothespin bag and only two late did he discover that "where there's

smoke there's fire". Yes, and it mad to be the one Abe borrowed from the Solicks! Cpl. Solick can't be bothered, however, for since he's been managing the civilian women's ball team he's plenty busy. No smoking during practice, so we hear. Just recently Mrs. Norek changed her address from Detroit to Pyote, adding another member to this "Medics Colony".

Those renowned midnight "Sardine Parties" have really become the rage. You'll hear more about them unless the Commissary hurries and gets more shrimp. There need not be an occasion; just find the time and place.

The tension is terrific. Bks. 6 is about to "declare war" on 5. Sgt. Bruske will lead his "tribe". In the meantime, Sgt. tell us where that apron and cologne came from. Sgt. Bruske was really having fun modeling that apron at a most unusual time and place.

"Moving into Bks. 5 means more to me than a stripe," said Pfc. Mercer as he moved his last possession. Now what could Cpl. Doherty have meant when he said, "I suppose Mercer will take his next furlough in Iowa"

S-Sgt. Masters has seen it all now. It cost him 15 cents to cross a street in Monahans. The charge—Jay-walking

"There'll be more good Italian Spaghetti," said Cpl. "Speed" Minyon as he unpacked those ingredients from his furlough bag. This industrious Medical Corpsman is really an ace at that culinary art. What are we waiting for, Speed?

\$2,837 A SECOND FOR WAR

WASHINGTON (CNS)—The U. S. spent \$89,721,000,000 on war during the fiscal year that ended June 30, Treasury Department figures disclose. At that rate of spending the war is costing the U. S. \$170,235 a minute, or \$2,837 a second.



Grace McDonald, Universal star appearing in "Murder in the Blue Room."

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS

Police departments of many of our cities today now have cars equipped with a loud-speaker which travel about the city, parking at street intersections temporarily. When the officer in the car sees a violation of some traffic rule, he bawls out the offender, "Hey, you lady in the tan roadster, wait for that green light," or "You in that blue sedan, no left turn here." The voice can be heard three blocks. If the violator ignores it, the police car takes after him and an admonition at close range follows, if not an invitation to the police station.

It is too bad that we are not reminded in like manner when we infringe on moral and ethical rules of God and society.

The officer of the rules of God that we call our conscience does make remonstrance, but since it does not speak in a loud, bawling voice, nor, if we persist in such violations, are we hailed into a court, we therefore have a tendency to ignore the warnings thus given. Nevertheless, even though the fine may not be immediate for the infraction of rules, the penalties will eventually catch up to the individual who persists in ignoring the "small voice" of conscience.

Those on the street who hear someone else get bawled out can smile with a sense of relief, thankful that they were not guilty of mis-conduct. So may those who heed the voice of conscience be happy because it will lead them in good living.

—Chaplain Chapman

VERSAILLES TREATY TRIPS CAPTIVE GERMAN

FRANCE (CNS)—Hitler's hatred of the Versailles Treaty boomeranged on him recently after the Allies had captured a German corporal during the fighting here.

The German refused, at first, to give more than his name and serial number. "I can't tell more than that, he said. "It's in the Versailles Treaty."

The interrogating officer realized that his captive meant the Geneva Conference, but pointed out that Hitler had condemned the Versailles Treaty."

"Py golly, dot's right," the prisoner exclaimed. He then told everything he knew.

READING, Pa. (CNS)—William Nagle is a patient man but he finally filed suit for divorce against his wife, Imogene, who, he complained, deserted him in 1897.



FAREWELL PARTY . . . When Section I got ready to depart these arid regions, the boys in Mess Hall Three cooked them a

big spaghetti meal as a farewell gesture. Here the Section I flying triggermen are shown digging in on the spaghetti.

Parachute Patter

By JANE CEARLEY

Some changes have come over the department. To start with, the place has been painted and we might add that it looks very nice. Next, we have a new secretary. We welcomed Mrs. Weaver from the Welding Shop into our midst yesterday.

Not only will we miss Ruth as a faithful worker, but also as a member of "the Gang." We hate to lose you, Ruth, and here's wishing you luck in your new position.

Mr. Harris, who has been on sick leave for several days, is back with us again and is in perfect condition.

Last but not least, Bugs Bunny has at last found his rightful place to call home. For those who don't know, Bugs Bunny moved to the department which is cleanest each week. He likes it here and he intends to stay.

All of us are looking forward to the party in Odessa's "Ace of Clubs" this Saturday night. For full details read next week's Rattler.

Linnie, can you tell us how to detract the attention of a "watermelon peddler?" Or how to do imitations with your hair? Oneta is sure to want to help you—and how about Selma?

Poor Monta. All she has to do is say hello and goodbye to her love light. This time it's a furlough to Iowa . . . We hear that Red is learning to dance, and is learning very fast. Must not like his teacher—eh, Red? . . . Betty looks twice as attractive now that she wears glasses . . . Lt. Bill Edelman bid Pyote a fond adieu last week. We will miss him and his jokes and will look forward to his return to this base this November.

3rd Echelon

By SELMA D. LANE

Lucille Wallace just left for A and M after a year's employment in Personnel. It's their gain and 3rd Echelon's loss . . . She will be missed by many.

Third Echelon was well represented at the Civilian dance last Thursday night, including the Parachute Dept. girls . . . Have finally gotten a much-prized invitation to one of those friend chicken dinners . . . What man was it who ate over there with seven women? How about that, Mr. Demasters?

An over-all picture of the bang-up job being done by teamwork was presented by Frank Williams at a meeting of all his clerks.

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD IT

A lady, left alone in her apartment one evening, heard the back door slam. She went to see what caused the noise but couldn't find it. She stopped at the refrigerator for a drink of water, and when she opened the door there sat a little rabbit, taking it easy.

Holding the door half open, the shocked lady asked Bugs Bunny: "Who are you and what are you doing in here?"
"I'm a rabbit," he said. "And I'm westing. This is a Westing-house, isn't it?"

Dowell Jennings will have to learn not to read letters over someone's shoulder . . . James Page is behind the 8 ball and wishes not to be disturbed for eight days . . . We're all wondering what it was Mrs. Longino had in that large sack . . . King Green, here's a tip: The signal for a right turn is raising the left hand up, not down. But we can understand that.

"A" Men

By S-SGT. ROBERT E. MILLER

All set for your ration of news and possibly a bit of slanderous (?) gossip? Well, hold on, here goes. The boys of Barracks 828, better known as "Ceasario's Gamblers Den" had quite a bit of fun ribbing Cpl. Sylvus (Curly) Jones about his "All Out" hair cut. It looked very much to me like one of Fullers' short bristled all purpose brushes.

All columns seem to have a gripe session now and then, so here's just one on mine; it seems that some of the boys think that the Thursday Night Beer Parties at the Service Club Patio are just a wee bit on the noisy side of late. Sleeping on that particular night is getting to be quite a problem since our barracks are directly across the street from said area. The noise, to my estimation is similar to a cheering crowd at Madison Square Garden on fight night.

We all miss Chaplain Gannon, but this is the Army, and where there's an army, there will be transfers. I need not say more. Chaplain Kuhns is the replacement.

Familiar Scenes in Section "A" . . . Sgt. Scotty Allen with his ear bent to the dayroom radio, listening to a news broadcast, or possibly a baseball game, preferably to his favorites, the Cleveland Indians . . . Pvt. Art Grundnowski "pleading" for some mail from home . . . Sgt. Jerry Finn, the allotment specialist, racking his brain to clear up some GI's class B, F, N, or what have you . . . Pvt. Seimon constantly combing his curly locks . . . enuf said.

Another communique direct from Berlin . . . A certain commentator, Herr Schmaltz, I believe was bellowing quite enthusiastically when he said "On a raid last night, the Allies lost six Flying Fortresses, five Liberators and seven Thunderbolts." Then in a more reluctant tone of voice he added "And all that we lost was Dusseldorf, Bremen, Munich, and a statue of our "beloved" Fuehrer" . . . Somebody's definition of a Wave: A Gable-bodied sea man.

S-Sgt. Royce Hansen made his homecoming to Pyote a rousing success by doing both some plain and fancy rug cutting at the NCO club, the other night.

We surely could appreciate some popular brand of chewing gum at the local PX, they have a brand that supposedly removes stains from the teeth, and just makes them "sparkling bright." From the taste of the stuff, I believe the slogan should read, removes the teeth.

Pvt. James (Gabby) Jones, claims that the ideal girl is the one who dances cheek to cheek from head to toe . . . Cozy. Eh what?

SWEET AND SOUR—

BAND NOTES

By CPL. GLEN BOOTH

The whole gang is back from furlough and once more we are operating on a full time schedule. The first of our efforts was the Starlight Concert. We hope you liked it.

Things happen so fast and furiously around here that it is impossible to put it all in this column. I'll try to hit the high spots.

CAN YOU IMAGINE. Irv Mar-der without a hair brush; Hubbs Glazier, Kuhlle Kuhlmann, and Danny Rassin missing just one night at the P Ex; Louie Bromfield not talking about one thing or another; Latta Williamson all caught up and no clerical work to do; Warren Koxvold and Bill Castagnino not wracking their brains for corny jokes; George Annis not worrying about his band; Phil Goldblatt in a serious mood; Clem DeRosa not in his sack every free minute he has; Marty Master not writing or receiving a letter; Mr. Zimmerman with long hair? I can't and I'm quite sure you could not either if you knew these boys like I do.

The latest addition to the "Fighting 728th" is Pvt. Frederick Williams. His home is in Virginia. Welcome Freddie and we hope you will enjoy the gang.

Orchids to Tony Giovannitti for the fine job he did playing the "Carnival of Venice" at the Starlight Concert.

These guys who like to box around the barracks and disturb others' rest—why not put them on the card for the next boxing show at the Rec Hall? What about Tipple and Arnoldi?

BAND GRIPE O' THE WEEK: Do we have to play Invincible Fidelity and Military Escort again?

Illinois Wac Named '105th Sweetheart'

FORT WORTH, Texas — Cpl. Lylas E. Satterthwaite, a blue-eyed redhead from Bloomington, Iowa, has been selected by Ina Ray Hutton as "Sweetheart of the 105th AACSS Squadron" stationed here.

The famous feminine bandleader said it was a difficult task to pick one of the 105th's many beautiful Wacs out for the signal honor, but after some close consideration she decided on Cpl. Satterthwaite.

Cpl. Satterthwaite is acting CH-OP in point to point and aeronautical station. She was the first Wac to be assigned to Tinker Field, Okla., and was later transferred here.



You can thank your own favorite brand of toothpaste for the smile but the rest is strictly Jean Parker, who, in the eyes of the editor, is one of the shining lights of Hollywood. Sad to say

there is little chance of Jean with those lovely eyes coming to Pyote but for our part, we are willing to travel to Hollywood if Jean will just say the word.

TOLD TO GIVE UP, NAZIS GLAD TO OBLIGE

FRANCE (CNS) — "Achtung! Achtung!" bawled the Allied loudspeaker on the Front Lines. And then the Germans were told they might as well give up because their resistance was hopeless.

The next morning 28 Nazis walked meekly into the American lines.

THIS WEEK'S FUNNY BROADCAST

LONDON (CNS)—The Berlin radio, in a broadcast picked up here, repeated the announcement of the attempt on Adolf Hitler's life and followed through with martial music in place of a previously scheduled discussion on "The Extermination of Rats."

GI Athletes Think They'll Hold Up Okay

By Camp Newspaper Service

Mix this with your Spam soufflé and chew on it a while.

Has service in the Armed Forces impaired the athletic efficiency of professional sports stars? Will GI Joe DiMaggio still pack that old wallop when he returns to the New York Yankees? Has Sgt. Joe Louis preserved the coordination which made him unbeatable in the ring? Will Shipwreck Kelly's legs hold out for a fast set of flag-pole setting?

This is the \$64 question that has become stuck in the craw of many of the best minds of our day and also those of the athletes themselves.

Part of the answer already has been supplied by such returning stars— as Willie Pep, the featherweight, and Dick Wakefield, the outfielder. Pep, discharged by the Navy, hasn't lost a fight since his return to the ring. Wakefield, also discharged by the Navy, returned at once to the Detroit Tigers' outfield and clubbed out a double his first time at bat.

Further light may be cast on the subject when Pete Reiser, the Brooklyn Dodgers' brightest pre-war star, gets the CDD he expects from the Army and when Ray Robinson, already discharged with a CCD, resumes his nose bending career in the lightweight ring. In the meantime, sports fans can catch an occasional glimpse of such GI stars as Pfc. Frank Kovacs, who trimmed Bill Tilden and Don McNeil in smart fashion during a recent Red Cross benefit tournament on the grass courts at Forest Hills, and Lt. Ben Hogan who plays golf week-ends and still hits one of the longest balls in the game.

Most of the GI athletes seem confident that they will be as good as ever when they come back. Some of them, like Zeke Bonura, the big mahout of the North African League, even think they'll be better. "My legs are stronger than ever," says Zeke, whose fielding for the White Sox was as messy as the waiter's apron at the Greasy Spoon Cafe. "I should be able to kick in more runs than ever before."

QUICK PURCHASE

GEN. EISENHOWER'S HEAD-QUARTERS (CNS)—Four correspondents ducked into a French print shop to dodge a flying bomb. They came out with a gift for Gen. Eisenhower. It was a color print showing the British Army's use of flying rockets in 1830.

RATTLER SPORTS

2AF GRIDIDDERS HAVE TOUGH 13-GAME CARD

To Meet North Texas Aggies In Odessa Oct. 21

Colorado Springs, Colorado, August 4—Second Air Force, one of the country's outstanding service teams in 1942, will play 13 football games this fall, according to announcement of Maj. Claude F. McGrath, 2AAF director of football.

Returning to the gridiron after a year's lapse, the team will show in key cities of 2AAF base areas to provide diversion and entertainment for men in the service as well as recreation for team members and the public.

The 2AAF will open its schedule Sept. 2 against Peru Naval V-12 at Sioux City, Iowa, and will perform in seven states before winding up its regular campaign, Sunday, Nov. 26, against the Fourth Air Force at Denver, Colo. The Fourth Air Force team of March Field, Cal., incidentally, is the only holdover from 1942 when the 2AAF highlighted an unbeaten season with a smashing victory over Hardin-Simmons in the Sun Bowl.

No opponent has been named for Sept. 16, but Maj. McGrath, former director of athletics at Gonzaga University, has several teams under consideration for that date or Sept. 17, a Sunday.

The 2AAF squad, which has been undergoing preliminary workouts for three weeks, will start practice the middle of August at Colorado Springs, under direction of Maj. William B. (Red) Reese, who also coached the squad two seasons ago.

The schedule:

- September 2
- Peru Naval V-12, at Sioux City
- September 9
- Colorado College at Colorado Springs
- September 16
- Open
- September 23
- Whitman College, at Boise, Ida.
- September 30
- Colorado Univ. at Boulder, Colo.
- October 7
- Iowa Seahawks at Lincoln, Neb.
- October 14
- U. of N. Mexico at El Paso, Tex.
- October 21

Pyote Maplers Sweep 3 Games From Odessa '5'

The Odessa 'Bomber Bowls' were no match for a hard hitting quintet from Pyote, last Friday night at the Odessa alleys with the Airmen taking three games as well as total pins, 2707 to 2481.

Paced by Buffamonte's 233, the locals were out for a 1000 single game as the match opened only to fall short by 34 pins. However their 966 first game total sets a new record for the highest rolled by any team from Pyote in competition. Rostick's 229 in the second game and Lauriello's 202 in the final featured the Pyote drive to new laurels with a 2707, 3-game series. This score will be something for local bowlers to strive after when winter bowling opens.

Kuck's 576 was high for the night followed by Payne, Odessa anchor, who finished with 561.

These two teams will meet again around the 1st of September at the Enlisted Men's Bowling Alleys.

● PYOTE

Buffamonte	233	154	149	536
Novogradac	187	173	155	515
Kuck	202	179	195	576
Rostick	167	229	140	536
Lauriello	177	165	202	544
	966	900	841	2707

● ODESSA

Shafer	139	161	171	471
Giles	166	133	149	448
Christen	180	178	126	484
Matthews	154	188	175	517
Payne	183	177	201	561
	822	837	822	2481

- North Texas Aggies at Odessa
- October 25
- Washburn Univ. at Topeka, Kan.
- November 4
- Amarillo Air Field, Colo. Springs
- November 11
- Fort Warren at Denver, Mo.
- November 18
- U. of Washington at Spokane
- November 26
- Fourth Air Force at Denver



GOODFELLOWS WIN . . . Boese, Goodfellow center fielder, singles in eighth inning of first game to highlight three-run rally which won for the San Angelo field team, 8-5, over the Rattlers

here last Sunday. Boese's blow scored Niederfer, shown coming in from third. Rattler catcher is Masi; Matalavage is on third; the umpire is Taylor.

Aces Make Tallies Out Of Sec. F Miscues, Wins 5-3 To Retain Lead

In a thrill-packed game Section A Aces took the measure of Section F Flyers 5-3 in a Pyote Inter-base League game to remain undefeated in second-half play.

Getting only five hits off the left-handed slants of Hogan, Flyer pitcher, the Aces made every one of them count in the scoring. The Flyers drew first blood with two runs in the 3rd on Duff's double, followed by singles by Clark and Battaligno. They picked up their final run in the last inning on Paulson's second hit, a single to left, a force out, walk and single by Muller.

The Aces tied it up in the 4th on two hits, two errors and a passed ball and went ahead in the 6th on a single, walk, error and Strauss' double. Altho the Flyers out-hit the Aces 7 hits to 5, 4 errors by the former infield with men on base accounted for two unearned runs.

Section D Dusters more than dusted Section D's Demons winning by the overwhelming score of 20-7. The Dusters had matters well in hand scoring one or more runs in every innign being aided by 12 Demon errors. Every Duster got at least one hit with Ward and Correia going for the circuit.

The Medics climbed into a second place tie with a 7-0 forfeit

over the Aviation Unit Royals.

SCHEDULE OF THE WEEK

- Thurs., Aug. 10th, Section A vs Avn. Unit at No. 1.
- Fri., Aug 11, Medics vs Section F at No. 1.
- Fri., Aug 11, Section E vs Civ. Personnel at No. 2.
- Sat., Aug. 12, Dusters vs Section A at No. 1.
- Tues., Aug. 15, Civ. Personnel vs Avn. Unit at No. 1.
- Tues., Aug. 15, Dusters vs Section F at No. 2.
- Wed., Aug. 16, Medics vs Section D Demons at No. 1.

STANDINGS

	W	L	Pct.
Section A	3	0	1000
Dusters	2	0	1000
Medics	2	2	500
Section F	1	1	500
Section D	1	2	333
Civ. Personnel	0	2	000
Section E	0	2	000

OUTDOOR BOXING CARD SLATED FOR MONDAY

Tickets Now Selling At Rec Hall

Robinson And Champagne Meet In Top Tussle

For the first time in the annals of Pyote's fistiana a boxing card of seven fast-moving bouts will be presented by the Athletic Dept under a star-studded Texan sky on Aug. 14.

Moving out of the Rec Hall, the scene of past fights, Monday night's card will be staged at Diamond No. 1 opposite the Station Hospital. Starting at 8:30, admission will be the same as in the past, 25 cents for Officers and Civilians and 15 cents for all GI's. Anticipating an overflow crowd, seating arrangements for 1000 will be made. Sale of tickets at the Rec Hall will be made starting tonight while late minute purchasers may obtain theirs the night of the fights.

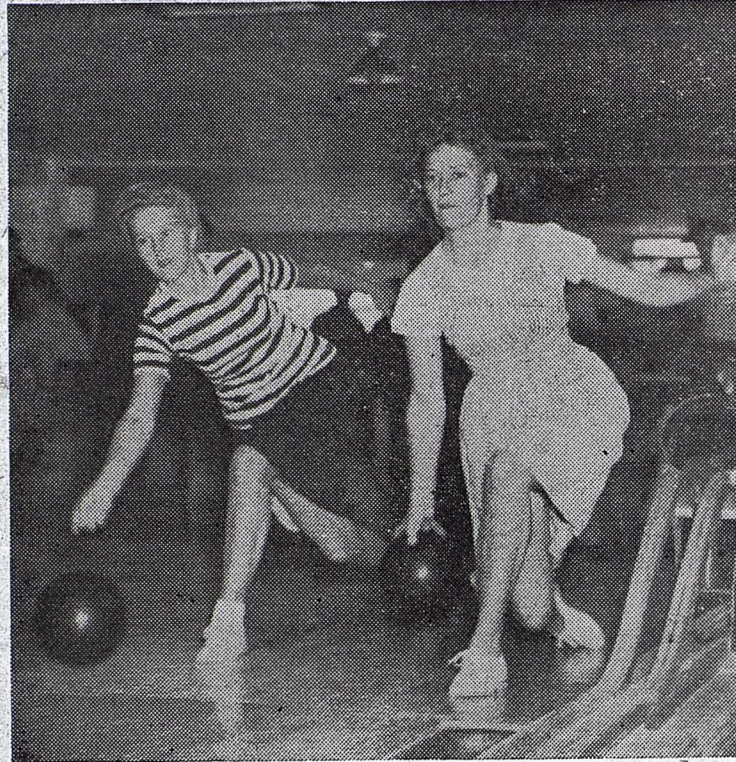
The feature attraction will bring together two speedy light-weights, Ike Robinson and Leo Champagne. The former, hailing from Detroit, won the Golden Gloves flyweight title of Detroit in 1939 going into the finals in Chicago before being stopped. Champagne, a newcomer to the field, is likewise a Mid-westerner, possessing a dangerous and powerful right hand wallop. Both weight 135 pounds.

Two heavies, Art Greco, of wrestling fame, and 'Kid' Kacer will appear in the semi-final. These two give assurance of being able to stand toe to toe and slug it out.

Luther Dodson, Golden Glove entrant last year at Midland will take on Charlie Bush, P.X. civilian in another bout that will have the fans more out of their seats than in. Both tip the scales at 130 pounds.

Curtis LeDoux, who fought a draw with Otis Delce in the fights held last May, will take on Danny Comaia. The latter comes from Brooklyn where the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury are taught to all youngsters while still in their three-corners, will appear for the first time in the ring.

The remaining three bouts will feature two welterweight attractions and one middle-weight bout by boys from Section C. Fighting in the 145 pound class, Jack Thomas takes on Jimmy Barrow while John W. Jones and Otis Delce will trade punches. Stepping into the ring at 160 pounds each two bobbing



Minnie Belle (Timmie) Timm and Vivian (Gussie) Stout leave Pyote for the University of Texas as after 18 months of faithful work here. The girls are shown at the EM Bowling Alleys.

Look At Those Pins! Maple Loop Loses Stars, Timmie And Gussie

Off to get some 'book larnin' go two of Pyote's stalwart bowlers. The theatrical world may have had its '100 Men and a Girl', but Pyote, always wishing to excell, had its '300 men and two girls'. The Enlisted Men Bowling Leagues claim the above two feminine bowlers as their own.

The three leagues—the Red, White and Blue—now drawing to a close with their summer bowling sorrowfully bid adieu to Minnie Bell Timm and Vivian Stout. Known to all G.I. bowlers as just plain Timmie and Gussie, these gals were the center of attraction the nights their teams were hitting the maples. Both Timmie and Gussie left this week for home after more than a year's faithful work at Pyote Army Air Field.

Badly in need of a good 140 average bowler, to aid their teams, the Musclemen, with four wins out of 12 games, and the

and weaving artists, Lloyd Ware and Herman Gus will round out the card.

A fine card has been gotten together by Promoters, Lt. Milan Stancel, S-Sgt. Fred Root and Pvt. Ed. Phillpis. All fourteen fighters have been working out at the Recreation Hall for the past three weeks and from seeing them in action seven slam-bang bouts will be witnessed.

Hot Battles Due As Keglers Close Season

Bowling in all three leagues with another week remaining is a battle right down to the wire with the top four positions still undecided. At this writing the Pill Rollers and Communications in the Red League were all tied up with 26 points and the outcome of the games played Tuesday were too late to make the Rattler deadline. Playoffs for ties in the Red League will be rolled tomorrow night and present indications point to at least four teams who will be in there gunning for first place.

In the White League both the Shutterbugs and Quartermasters put themselves in a spot to grab some of the prize money with three wins and total points apiece over the Marauders and Sawboners. The Star-gazers with a four point lead apparently are in the drivers seat but can be tossed off by the dangerous Marauders when these two teams meet this week. Dullanty's Fighters, without Dullanty who rushed home to the coast to see his new-born son, dropped four points to the Chair-sitters, at the same time giving third place to the Shutterbugs.

The Flashes, in the Blue League still maintain a five point lead over the Musclemen. However the former have two matches left to roll to the Musclemen's three. Tonight the Musclemen take on the battling Snoops and tomorrow night the five from Consolidated Mess. All eight points in these two matches are necessary for the Musclemen if they want first place. The Flashes have only Hangar No. 1 as their toughest opponents to meet and a split in points will give them at least a tie for first place. Hangar No. 1 went into a tie with Consolidated Mess for 4th place and will be after 2nd or 3rd spot in their next three matches. Bowling in the Blue League should prove more than hectic in the next and last week.

SALIDA, Cal. (CNS)—The Board of Education has hired three men to take care of the heating problem at Salida's schools next winter. Their names are Cole, Wood and Sparks.

erage. Her 232 single game at-tests to her bowling skill. Timmie plans taking up Business Administration at the U. of Texas.

When asked if they intended using their prize money towards their books, both came back with, "Oh no. now that we're going to college, stockings are more essential."

Aleutian Aces with three out of six went out on the open market for talent. These two teams couldn't have made better choices. Whether it was Timmie herself or Timmie's bowling the Musclemen (P. T. Dep't.) suddenly hit their stride taking 16 of their next 18 games.

Gussie, despite her tender 18 years, is an old-timer to G.I.'s at Pyote. Coming from Kermis in December of 1942 she spent most of the time working at Ordnance. Thrownig a good straight ball Gussie is a typical strike bowler, her highest game a good 191. Her hazel eyes, brunet hair and 125 pounds were a familiar sight to all G.I.'s at the local Bowling Emporium. Gussie will major in Journalism at the U. of Texas.

Timmie came to Pyote from San Angelo in March of 1943 and worked with Stock Records at Sub-Depot Supply. This 19 year old, blue eyed blonde put every one of her 120 pounds behind the ball rolling better than a 140 av-

August 10, 1944

ALLIED FRONT WITHIN 100 MILES OF PARIS

All Of Brittany Is Now Cut Off; Brest Is Taken

Amid continuing rumors and unrest, Germany last week donned the "total war" garment designed by Propaganda Minister Goebbels while her armies on three fronts tried to stem the tide sweeping toward Berlin.

Allied forces in France sprang at the Germans with ever-increasing strength and speed, rolling to within 100 miles of the French capital on an arching 130-mile front. On the front in northern France, Canadians working as a separate field army Tuesday struck forward for total gains of five miles through hedgerows.

The Second British Army established a bridgehead across the Orne River below the Canadians. The Americans were admitted by the Germans to be in the Department of Sarthe.

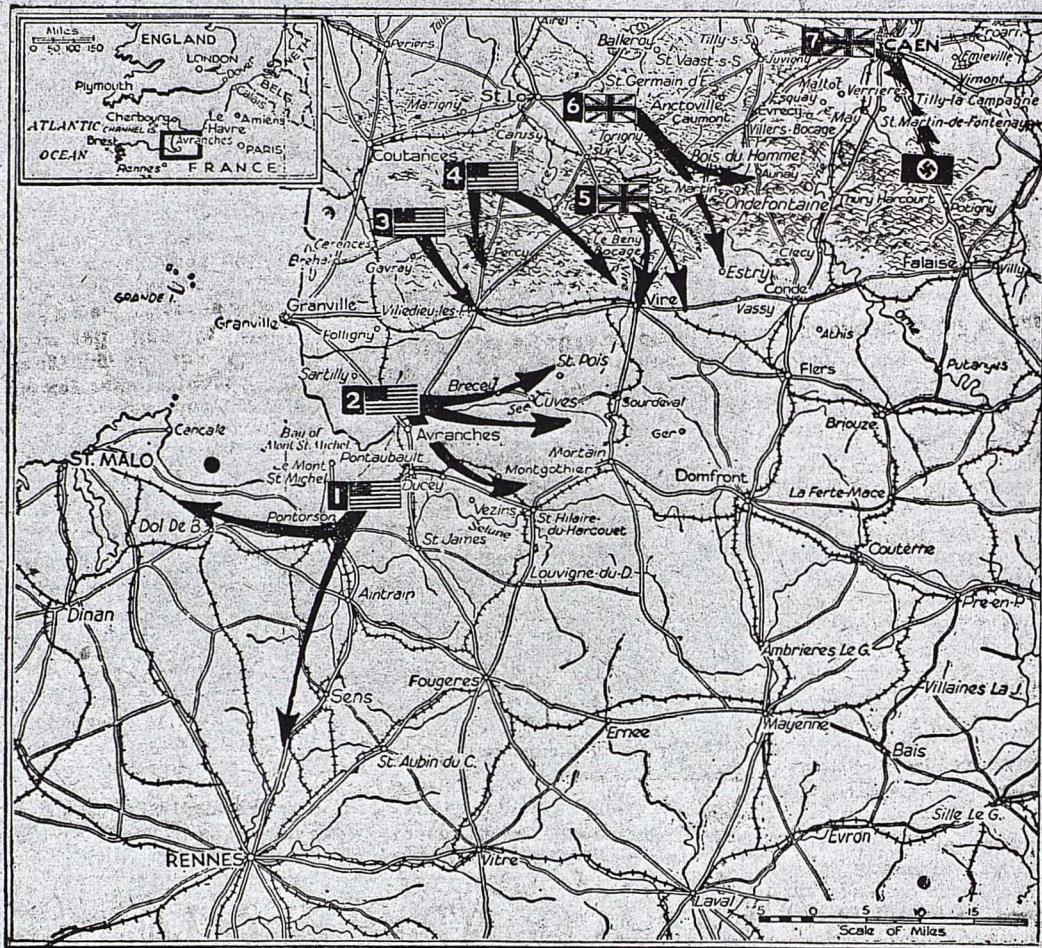
All these armies were aided in their forward lunges by the battering blows of fleets of bombers running up to 3500, which have pounded the Germans unceasingly night and day.

Entering Brest, the Americans put a 75 per cent dent into the Nazi submarine warfare, which virtually wipes out that weapon of the enemy. Brest was the main Atlantic port from which Hitler sent out his undersea raiders. The Allies have now to cut off practically all of Brittany.

Russia's great summer offensive appeared to be losing its mobility after tremendous advances of the past 40 days, but the crackling, 1000-mile Eastern Front was still the biggest headache confronting Hitler and his worried aides.

After smashing a determined German counter-attack on the Latvian-Lithuanian border, Soviet troops were advancing toward the prize city of Riga. German lines on the Eastern Front are still strained to the breaking point and any weakness which is shown will be fully exploited by the lunging Russian troops. The Germans have evidently started dipping into the strategic reserves in an effort to slow the Russians. This means that, having long ago passed the critical point in his manpower problem, Hitler is now forced to use his irreplaceables in an effort to hold out longer.

Around Florence, the British were busy wiping out pockets of resistance.



The "break through" battle of the Normandy peninsula has been carried out successfully by powerful Allied armies and the American, British and Canadian forces

are now fanning out in all directions as shown on the above map. History may well be repeating itself for it was during "Black August" of 1918 that the German hordes

suffered the defeat which convinced them the war was lost. This "break through" battle may be the blow which will ultimately lead to the Nazi downfall and defeat.

In the Far East, Gen. Joseph Stillwell was advanced to the rank of full general, indicating the possibility of large scale actions in that sector.

While Allies whittled away at Japan's armor of space, the Nipponese announced a major victory in China. They captured the key railway junction city of Hengyang, on the Canton-Hankow rail line in Hunan province, after weeks of fighting. The gallant Chinese defenders were wiped out virtually to the last man.

American troops on Guam Island had the Japs hemmed into an 18-square-mile pocket which they were pounding relentlessly amid a frenzy of Japanese suicides that extended both to soldiers and civilians.

Inside Germany the widening rift between the Party and the Junkers got another jolt with the news that eight expelled Army officers were executed. The high-ranking officers were said to have "con-

fessed" their participation in the plot to slay Hitler. The method of execution was hanging, which was a direct insult to the other Junkers, as this is the method of slaying reserved for the lowest of common criminals in Germany.

One of the fanciest rumors coming out of Germany—and one of the least-credited among Allied sources—was that which had Heinrich Himmler murdered. Hitler's squinting finger man was said to have been killed in another plot on der Fuehrer's life. Unfortunately, it seemed to be nothing but rumor.

Another of the four horsemen of the Nazi Apocalypse—Herman Goering—was reported to have been wounded in the same incident.

In the first high-level operation of the kind for which B-29s were designed, Super Fortresses of the Twentieth Air Force struck at Anshan, Japanese war-built town 53 miles south-

west of Mukden, where the famous "Mukden incident" gave the Japs their excuse to start the conquest of China 13 years ago. The mission was eminently successful. Working above the level of Jap Zero fighter planes, the B-29s dropped their load on the steel plants of Anshan with devastating effect. It was the blueprint for things to come.

For Germany it is indeed another Black August. In August 1918, the German forces suffered their heaviest defeat of the War. It was then that the leaders of the Kaiser's army realized they couldn't win and advised him to make peace.

On the face of the revolt, which resulted in an attempt on Hitler's life, it appears as though the Junker generals once again realize they can't win and want to get out now and save what they can. But the fanatical Hitler can't surrender. He will have to be eliminated one way or the other.