

THE BULL SHEET

VOL. 7

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN "BULLTOWN" & "COWVILLE"
OCTOBER 21st 1944

No. 42

ALL-STAR SOFTBALL TRYOUTS MONDAY LT. MORRIS ISSUES CALL FOR PROSPECTIVE CANDIDATES

by Phil Packard

With the Mudville League well underway, and with teams bringing glory to their outfits, the time has come to try to bring some bacon back to Ramgarh. Ball fans remember previous seasons where our teames traveled and we also played many out-of-town teams at the Mudville League stadium. Once again the time has come for Bulltown to get an all-star aggregation together.

On Monday, October 23rd, on field No. 2 at 5:30 p.m. all ball players are invited to try out for the "Ramgarh All-Stars." This team will be managed by that lovable centerfield character of the Officers' team, Lt. Martin Morris. Those who have played against the Lt. will agree he knows his ball and with his constant chatter will no doubt give Ramgarh a top-notch team.

Fr. Charles Leigh of mission school Ranchi, former museum curator, will give another talk on "Snakes of this region," Monday night at 6.30 p.m. over Station VU2ZT.

Taking a fast look around the league, I can see a post team that will really be tough to beat. With potential players like pitchers, Howman, Kruszynski, Tilley, Romano and perhaps a dark horse or two, the mound staff is loaded with plenty of shutouts. Scouting the infielders, it looks like an airtight combination in players like McGann, Petti, Ruggiero, McBee, Kapan, Scarpelli, Sziget, La Forgia, with many more trying to fill infield positions. Heading into the outfield we can see such players as Oliva, Thompson, Turocy, Flynn, Stanul, Presto, Tanner, Bilyeu and lots of other ball hawks. The catchers look great in Hall, Prukin, Erikson and Lindeman.

We can't miss in having a great post team. If there were names of good players omitted, please excuse it; we can't think of them all at one time. The No. 1 target for the All-Stars will be that sensational Commandtown M.P. team. So let's go all you ball players, we've got what it takes or a star All-Star team.

WHO SAID THE GOLDEN GATE IN 48?



Our sincerest thanks to Mr. Chester Weil of King features and I.N.S. for the next [few months, CHEESECAKES.

FAREWELL, CHAPLAIN SEEFELDT

It was with deep regret we learned this week that Camp Ramgarh's Catholic Chaplain, Nilbert T. Seefeldt, native of Chicago, is departing from our midst.

Since July of 1943 Father Seefeldt has been celebrating Mass at Chapel Camp 17. In later months, after his arrival here, the Father began Catholic services at 19/1 area and of late at the Tent City.

His cheery smile and welcome words brought him a host of friends, and this editor, on behalf of the BULL SHEET and Special Service Office, says farewell, Father, but continued good luck in your future duties to God and country.

A priest from the Ranchi Catholic Station will celebrate Mass on Sundays.

54th A.S.C. REVIEW MAKES REAL HIT IN RAMGARH

Playing before capacity attendances of Camp Ramgarh G.Is., the fast touring 54th A.S.C. Review of A.P.O. 465 staged a knockout show here last Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

The variety stage show, originally produced by Capt. Melvyn Douglas of movie fame, and directed by Cpl. Walter Schwartz, performed their talented wares at 19/4, Uncle Joe's and Tent City theaters. Also at Post Hospital, Chinese Convalescent Hospital, Officers' Club and also in Ranchi. At each showing their performance was well received by the large audiences.

CAN YOU DANCE?

If not, why weren't you at the classes last Wednesday and Thursday at the Monsoon Inn? The instruction ran smoothly, and great progress was made. But more men are needed to make the program worthwhile. So don't be bashful, come down to the Inn—1st Sgt. KELLY and the girls await you with open arms and plenty of rhythm.

Wed. 7.30 Tap dancing
8.30 Ball-room dancing

The MC-ing was capably handled by Walter Schwartz, and among the entertainers, all of whom deserve plenty of credit for their successful performance in Ramgarh, include the following: Jive-O-Leers—Phil Thompson; Drums—Gene Wysocke; Bass—Morris Boltin; Guitar—Tom Terrell; Clarinet—Joe Daugherty; and Sax—Charlie Pace.

The four Stink-Pots, Walter Schwartz, Mike Lasalata, Phil Thompson and Morris Boltin, did a mighty fine exhibition of the famous Ink Spots.

Magical tricks for the evening's entertainment was well taken care of by Aldini (Al Weiner assisted by "June" John Fowler). The "Shifless Skonks", comprising Camillus Ochs, Gilbert Kreutzer and Gene Wysocke, did a fine imitation of the "Grand Ole Opry", they being called back on to the stage for several encores.

A comedy team, including Chick Chidini and Walter Schwartz, did a comical dance act which was greatly appreciated by the audiences.

Editorial

In these critical days and as another national election descends upon the U.S. voters back home, this editor deems the opportunity at hand to pay due reverence and respect on behalf of the recent passing of two of America's most prominent political figures, namely, Alfred E. Smith, four times Governor of New York, and Wendell L. Willkie, the Republican presidential candidate in 1940.

Although they were both staunch believers in the doctrines of Democracy, Smith, democrat, and Willkie, republican, will always be remembered and paid humble respects for the great service they were always willing to render to make the United States the land of the free and the home of the brave. Smith, so nicknamed "The Happy Warrior" by President Roosevelt, after serving faithfully and conscientiously as New York's Governor for four terms, was the Democratic Party's choice for presidential candidate in 1928. Defeated that year by ex-President Herbert Hoover, Smith retired from the political field to devote his time as managerial head of the Empire State Building in New York.

It was politically published years ago that Smith's downfall at the presidential polls in '28 was largely due to his religious affiliation, that of a Roman Catholic.

Willkie, recipient of some 22,000,000 votes in his contest against President Roosevelt in 1940, the largest vote polled by any Republican presidential candidate, was a staunch internationalist. He made a tour of the world in 1942 as President Roosevelt's personal representative, and shortly thereafter published an account of his trip in the book, *One World*.

At the Republican presidential convention this year Willkie withdrew from competition for the G.O.P. nomination after meeting defeat on a primary vote in Wisconsin.

The ardent believer of Democracy once said: "If I could write my own obituary and had the choice between saying I had been an unimportant president or a person who had contributed to saving Democracy at a critical moment, I would prefer the latter."

Both who have passed to the great beyond are and will be mourned and missed for years to come by the respective political parties they were leaders of, but by the American people as a whole. It can safely be said that these two men were ardent advocates of the American way.

✠ RELIGIOUS SERVICES ✠

CATHOLIC MASS —

Sunday : 7.00 a.m. Recreation Hall, Tent City Area

8.15 a.m. Building 11, 19/4 Area

9.30 a.m. Chapel, Camp 17

Weekdays (except Friday) : 6.45 a.m. Chapel, Camp 17

Friday : 6.30 p.m. Recreation Hall, Tent City Area

Tuesday : 7.00 p.m. Novena in Honor of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal.

PROTESTANT —

Sunday : 9.00 a.m. Recreation Hall, Tent City Area

Chaplain F.A. Gumz

9.30 a.m. Hospital Day Room

Chaplain J.H. Jenkins

10.30 a.m. Monsoon Inn Song Service

Chaplain J.H. Jenkins

6.00 p.m. Evening Worship Hour,

Chapel, Camp 17 —

Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints.

JEWISH —

Friday : 7.00 p.m. Regular Friday Evening Service.

H.Q. 'TR' 124 CAVALRY,
TENT CITY
15 October 1944.

To The Editor,
"BULL SHEET"

Dear Sir,

I just read your editorial of Oct. 15, '44 and decided I should write you, and give you my opinion on it and the paper generally.

First, let me congratulate you on the general make-up of the paper, as I think it is good in its appearance and news set-up, etc.

The column "Deep in the Heart of a Chinese Soldier" shows how much in common we in the U.S. Armed Forces have had with the Chinese in this war.

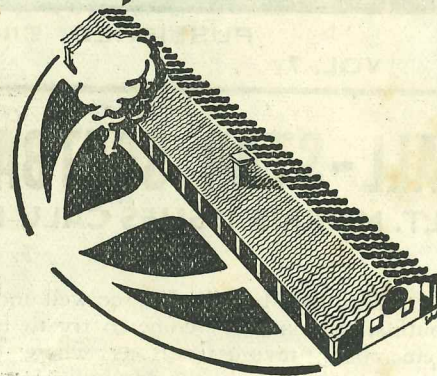
The column "I Say What I Think" is good, and typical of our American way of speaking out our thoughts — real proof of the difference between dictatorship and democracy.

While many of us do read your sports columns, the overwhelming majority are more anxious to get more home news, G.I. news, regarding the peace days, the future, etc. Your column "You Can go Back to School under G.I. Bill" has brought up many discussions and great plans for the future.

Your editorial is not altogether correct regarding the coming election of President, etc., in U.S. I have spoken to hundreds of men and they have decided definitely that a change of leaders now would be a danger to a speedy victory in this war. Typical saying around here is, "Rookies are not sent to the front, then no rookie Commander-in-Chief."

PFC. PATRICK J. REILLY.

monsoon inn song service



Chaplain Jenkins was announced last Sunday to speak on Rabbit-Foot Religion. It proved to be a sermon on prayer — the best many in his audience thought. Prayer is not a talisman or a charm to be used like a rabbit's foot to ward off evil, or punishment, but rather an opportunity for man to express his deepest desire, was the gist of the sermon. Another thought and a chance for argument from the chaplain was, "Prayer on a raft does not change God's will, but all men on a raft will pray."

The last Song Service was largely a Medical Section Day. Old attendants were pleased to see some of the "nursing sisters" from up Ledo Road way, who, in the early stages of the Song Service, were faithful members of its choir and members of social committees. They were welcome visitors. Coinciding with this visit of the nurses was a solo by Lt. Fredrick RAUCHER of the Dental Section, accompanied by Major-Doctor SKILLEN. Their selection was R.S. AMBROSE's 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'. They merited an invitation for a return to the service before too long. In the thought that a solo from week to week will add much to the service, Lt. BERCOVITZ and Sergeant McVEIGH are working on another for the service tomorrow morning. Called away thru transfer to other scenes: Private Alto JOHNSON, who for the past several weeks has been serving as pianist, was with us for the last time. No public mention was made of his service as pianist, but he has done well, and he will be missed.

PRAYER

Prayer is our acknowledgment of faith ;
worry is a denial of faith.

Prayer is putting my hand in God's,
trusting to His loving guidance ;
worry is withdrawing my hand and
denying His power to lead me.

Prayer leads through the door of faith
into the presence of God ;
Worry leads through the door of anxiety into
the darkness of loneliness and discouragement.

If prayer does not cancel worry,
worry will cancel prayer.

—Selected.

NEWS FROM HOME

CAMP NEWS SERVICE RELEASE

Laff of the Week

England — Sgt. Bennie Sheehan wrote home for some spaghetti sauce. Finally it arrived in a special can. Sheehan heated the can, tasted the ingredients, then gagged, sputtered, grabbed his throat and rolled on the floor. When he recovered he read a note his mother had attached to the can. "Hope you enjoy the tobacco," it read.

Chicago — When a woman patient fainted in his dentist chair, Dr. Cecil Fisher revived her with water. Later he complained to police that she had removed all the change from his pockets while being revived.

Dallas, Tex. — A sneak thief snatched the purse of Miss Pauline Griffith, as she was leaving her office. She chased him down the hall, felled him with a flying tackle, recovered her purse and threw him down a flight of stairs.

Halfway, Ohio — John Cook, a farmer, brought home a load of 1,500 chickens. That night thieves raided his coop and stole 600 of them. The next night they returned with a truck and swiped the remaining 900.

Indianapolis — Guards at the Indiana Women's Prison rubbed their eyes when they spotted someone climbing over the wall into the prison. It was the prison engineer. "Forgot my keys," he muttered.

McCook, Neb. — Jitterbugging Ernie Oliver spun into a hot jive, lost his balance and fell through the second story window of a local dance hall.

Minneapolis — A clerk in a local war plant knows how to get rich quick. His salary was raised from \$38 a week to \$125 a week when he discovered a new system of book-keeping.

Mobile, Ala. — Police are seeking a local thief with strange tastes. Recently he entered a local home, stole a bathtub, and escaped.

Montpelier, Vt. — A Vermont resident recently won an amateur contest in a local theater by playing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" on his wife's head with a spoon.

Ocean City, Md. — A good Samaritan, who removed his trousers, jumped into the sea and rescued a drowning swimmer, found his wallet stolen when he returned to the beach.

Ogden, Utah — The meanest thief in Utah? He's the low scoundrel who stole Mrs. Ethel Prickett's life savings of \$140 from its hiding place in the family Bible.

Portland, Ore. — A stout woman climbed into a street car and handed the driver two tickets. "I weigh 481 pounds," she explained, "and I take up two seats."

Army Wins Fight On Chest Wounds

Italy — During the fighting in Italy, chest wounds, which in previous wars claimed a high toll in life and injury, were brought under control to an amazing degree.

Reports submitted to Maj. Gen. Morrison C. Stayer, chief surgeon in the Mediterranean Theater, American soldiers wounded in the chest were returned to the front in remarkable numbers due to advances in thoracic surgery and careful planning by the Theater Medical Section.

Cavalry Lauded For Jungle Fight

Southwest Pacific — A glowing tribute to the First Cavalry Division was made by Col. Marion Carson upon his return to the U. S. from action in this theater.

"The job accomplished by the First Cavalry Division in the Southwest Pacific was the same as that encountered by any of our topnotch Infantry troops," Col. Carson said. "Once the First was on equal footing with the Japs in the matter of jungle experience, it was merely a question of time before the Japs were eliminated."

No Color Line On War Fronts

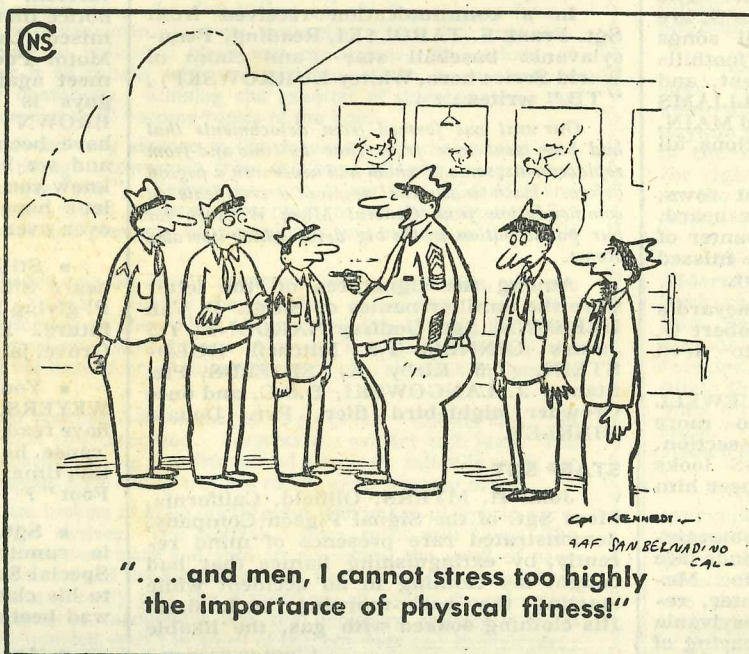
By Camp Newspaper Service

There is no "color line" at the front, where White and Negro troops share the "democracy of danger," Russell C. Stroup, a U.S. Army chaplain serving in the New Guinea sector, reports in the August 16 issue of *The Presbyterian Outlook*.

"All share a common peril, common hardships and, I hope, a common glory," chaplain Stroup declared, adding, "no group of men ever more richly deserved it than the Negro troops with our command."

He expressed the hope that in the solution of the difficult "race problem" of the South we may gain "inspiration . . . from the record of the Negro in this war."

Chaplain Stroup is pastor-on-leave from a Lynchburg, Va., church.



"... and men, I cannot stress too highly the importance of physical fitness!"

Rochester, N. Y. — Miss Ada King—age 80—has registered as a co-ed at the University of Rochester. She's taking an extension course in Sanskrit "because I want to learn all I can in this world to get ready for the next."

San Francisco — Lightning struck twice for unhappy William Santos-Barboza, two weeks after his completion of a two-year stay in jail as a draft dodger. William was arrested again — on the same charge.

Woonsocket, R. I. — Fined \$10 for biting a policeman, a local resident has appealed to the State Supreme Court. He claims he has no teeth.



Meet the Gang!



by Cpl. Peter P. Barry

DEPARTURES

There is a strange silence that permeates the air in tent row one. The Missouri boys, BAKER and BALES, are gone. The yip and yodel of hill songs that spoke for a boyhood in the foothills of the Ozarks is strangely absent, and SCHLACTER and LOEW, McWILLIAMS and LESSMAN, MUSKARDIN and MAIN, the Motor Pool and the Pigeon Sections, all feel the parting.

In the south end of the tent rows, ABINANTI'S chatter is no longer heard, while we feel sure the continual banter of BLACKWELL and TRAUFFER is missed in the vicinity of GREGORY'S tent.

Mail call is different with Vineyard's passing, and at the Supply Sir Robert O. DONAHUE misses somebody to devil since FOSTER'S farewell.

In the breeding section, DUEWELL and HEMBRECHT compare no more notes in the feed tent. In the flying section, below the breeding lofts, WEISS looks glum with no JACOBOWITZ to cheer him with his Rabelesian humor.

Where Sgt. MURPHY (Drobiazgiewicz to you) rules, the smiling, blonde face of JANKOWSKY is missing. Joe McCaffrey, the erstwhile coon hunter, revels no more with his tales of Pennsylvania woods on moonlit nights and the baying of Blue-ticks and Redbones. McCALL of Supply flashes no more grins and gets no more laughs. Blonde, bright ROSE of the volleyball team and table tennis tournaments plays a more rugged game now.

Little John RYS, who hails from a long line of the Philadelphia pigeon-men, leaves a void that only his satire and cynicism could fill. The team of STACHOWIAK and STEELE cling together to the end and leave smiling, disillusioned but game. The partnership of VANDEKERCKHOVE and ZDZIARSKI has at last washed out like a lot of dreams in recent months and even the ever-confident VENDOLA looked a little down in the mouth, as he bid the boys good-bye.

FIFTH ARMY CITATION

In a picture, framed with despair to the hobbyists of the pigeon sport, comes one redeeming ray of satisfaction. In far off Italy, emerging from the bloody and hard-won beaches of Anzio, the 6681st (Provisional) Signal Pigeon Company received the Plaque and Clasp for exceptionally meritorious performance of duty during the month of May 1944. The Fifth Army

Citation, issued by Mark W. CLARK, Commanding General, stated: "Members of this unit displayed a high degree of technical skill and courage without regard for personal safety. The 6681st Signal Pigeon Co. (Provisional) served all units of the Fifth Army and operated in tactical assignments along the entire army front, providing rapid, convenient service which contributed materially to successful operations."

Once again pigeons have proved their ability, and to such men who were former members of this Signal Pigeon Company and the many others who make up the present 209th Signal Pigeon Company that the provisional Pigeon Company was later converted, we offer congratulations and recognition as the outstanding pigeon unit in service to date.

In a communication received from Sgt. Frank S. TABOLSKI, Reading, Pennsylvania baseball star (and chum of World Series hero, Whitey KURKOWSKI), "TB" writes:

Our unit was formed from detachments that had been sent over from time to time and from replacements, some of whom had never seen a pigeon before. Each individual received a certificate of commendation from General Mark W. Clark for our participation in the big drive which liberated Rome.

Among the signatures on the letter were the familiar names of S/Sgt. D. Van HERSUNN, Sgt. Godfrey NARDONE, T/5 James GINNEL, T/5 Mitchell GOLDSTEIN, T/5 Kirby A. SHIELDS, Pfc. Stanley J. LANGOWSKI, D.S.C. and once Crowder night-bird flier, Pvt. Donald BINKLEY.

STAFF SGT.

John H. MYERS, Oilfield, California, Mess Sgt. of the Signal Pigeon Company, demonstrated rare presence of mind recently, by extinguishing flames that had caught his clothing in an accident while starting the early-morning cook fires. His clothing soaked with gas, the likable

(turn to page 12)



WITH POST TRANSPORTATION

by Sgt. "Teddy Bear" Dobner

■ Well, well, and another well — Don't fall into any of those wells; you might get wet, water you know. What I was going to say is that rotation has finally reared its beautiful head in S.O.S.—Ramgarh version. Several of the boys have received notice that they are to return to the "Promised Land" from the gang at the Motor Pool bon voyage, and let's hope we meet again some day. One of the lucky guys is our own Sgt. "Pani Walla" BROWN M. of the Texas Browns. You have been with us a long time, "Bub", and we hate to see you go, but we also know you are glad to go. Luck to you, and let's hope we meet over there before it's over over here.

■ Still on the same subject I overheard S/Sgt. "Blow your Top" BROWN P. giving his version of rotation in the near future. He said, zig, zag, zig, zag, Pine Grove, jaiga — S'all!

■ You all remember "Tangle Foot" WEYERS, don't you? Someone must have read my request in last week's column, 'cause he's done it again — FURLOUGH this time. Tough fight, isn't it, "Tangle Foot"?

■ Sgt. Max "Beetle Nut" GERBER is running keen competition with the Special Service dancing class — Admission to his class: eck beedie cigarette, and eck wad beetle nut. Malum hai?

■ As sorry as we are to see Brown leave us, we are equally as glad to have Lt. "Dutch" STURM back with us again — We did miss you, you know, rahally we did!

■ Honorable mention goes to Capt. "Ted" RACHEFF. I told him he had to get a new scribe, but he said, NIX, so o o o o, R.H.I.P. still exists.

■ When it comes to eating with chop sticks, Qudi Tzu to the Chinese, Capt. "G" ALLEN is super and nice, say he eats that a-ah-s stuff up. Ask him about it sometime, anytime.

■ Of all people, Cpl. "Lover" BODNER is in the bitch dept. this week. Unlike other bitches, he pitched a bitch. What was it you were drinking, "Lover"?

■ And speaking of bitching, did you ever hear of a T/5 doing just that because he hasn't enough work — for the crew who's working under him? T/5 "Swing Shift" HIPPI is the — you name it.

■ Be seein' you around, my friends, and of course that means you to Mary!

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER





COUNTY FAIRS

By Sgt. DeVore

The cooling breeze of the evening, the sight of sparkling crystals of dew on the grass blades in the early morning remind one of fall—back home—September, "Fair time".

In these long evenings when bull sessions are a major form of entertainment and a source of diversion, the boys reminiscence and build dream-castles of days to come. During our rambling talks real guys from real places, many who already had cut the first chips to form a niche in the wheat, lumber, cattle or businessman's business, states their views, their experiences; it's down to earth talk, based on individual ideals and convictions. Discussions, at times, are heated and varied, but it all smacks with individualism—which in our way of thinking is the true essence of democracy. Running the gauntlet of subjects as we do, farming, cattle, horses and what have you, all become topics of the hour.

Coming from a community whose very essence of life depends upon the success and prosperity of the farmer, all even though a townsman, from childhood till now, have always found a keen interest in our "County Fairs". Remember—one of my first. Grandpa and I drove eight miles in a surrey over rutted bolder-strewn roads to see the spectacle. For me it was a desire for entertainment and pleasure, for Grandpa it was more than that, as it is for all Grandpas.

This first could be more likened to a big family reunion: little organization, yet the spirit that built the present-day smooth, running, business-like corporation was never higher. Tethered to every small sapling on the rolling hills surrounding the big flat were horses and buggies, these in themselves a sight to see. No well arranged barns for the stock, no grandstand, just the big flat flanked on all sides with giant oak, chestnut and poplar, yet it was a fair.

As the years added one upon another, I still managed to go to our "County Fair"; to me it was a day or days of diversion and relaxation. Progress was evident each year. The addition of the large, white stock barns, the big grandstand, and a smooth, half-mile track for the Sulka races, where the slim-legged, high-strung trotters raced, were material proof.

The exhibits of homecraft, prize baskets of grain, picturesque specimens of hybrid corn, pumpkin, apple and peach lined the shelves. The festival holiday spirit still lives. The drivers with their colorful blue and yellow—black and gold stable colors, the smell of new-cropped hay, the crisp cleanness of straw and the picture of real horsemen with their three and five gated saddlers, who prance proudly pass the grandstand, all adding the color that belongs to a "County Fair". Scattered throughout was the miniature midway with its barkers, the concessions and rides, mingled with the smell of the hot dogs and hamburgers: here young and old bought pink lemonade and fluffy cotton candy.

But the fundamental purpose has never been lost, the exhibit in open competition of one's own beef herd or porkers, selected and placed, because this individual most closely conforms to the desired type that each farmer hopes to produce, why? because it's the most profitable.

Here is real sportsmanship, no hidden secrets, here gathered in little groups everywhere are men in blue denim or Sunday best—it doesn't matter, talking the same talk—farm. They are the most congenial of all peoples. They are already raising sons and daughters to carry on.

To arouse a real interest are the grange clubs and forage clubs, whose exhibits one marvels at. Youngsters—14—16—18 racing a blue-blooded Hereford or a Polon China, getting the feel of it in their blood. Talking to them one is carried away with the enthusiasm and inbred interest that is theirs.

Other buildings with their modern farm equipment and better patterns for rural home arrangement were evidence that the townsman was added to those already concerned. A good fair to me is a barometer of the dollar and cent value of the past year's productive wealth of our county. Good fair—good business.

Aside from all this is the humanness of it all. Men like Grandpa with their weather-beaten, honest faces, big, strong, work-worn hands that have faced life at its best and worst, gamblers all, more colorful than they know, more important than most of us realize, with a sparkle in their eyes and a chuckle to themselves, they watch budding romances of the coming generations, and where else is there more romance, more realism than at a "County Fair"? I should know—I fell in love at a "County Fair".

The time has come to bid farewell to two of our sergeants and one 1st lieutenant, namely, T/Sgt. HANKA, M/Sgt. KUHLMAN, and 1st Lt. KESSLER. To these and other real old-timers goes the credit of laying the foundation of the present smooth-running organization we now have. They can go home happy and with a real feeling of satisfaction of having done a job and done it well.

Speaking for every one of us, it's 'best of luck to you all, and we shall really miss you.'

U.S. Has Five Bases In Northern Canada

Canada — The U.S. has five large air bases located in Canada's vast northern waste-lands, Canadian sources have disclosed. The bases connect with Canadian fields at Goose Bay, Labrador, and at Mongon, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

BURPS & BLASTS FROM BUFFERMAN'S BAR & GRILLE

"Seldom Equaled Never Excelled"

by Brownie

The Senator's many adherents will be more than pleased to read about last Saturday's melee at Sen. BUFFERMAN's. Sen. welcomed all, and appointed 12th Ward Heeler PLOTKIN of Richmond fame to be collector in the E.B.B. Dept.. Sen. was particularly pleased to announce that Fred ALLEN was at his old post as major "domo". "Welcome back, Fred!" echoed all.

Up spoke Alderman Dan MARTIN, "Somebody get the Senator off the ice box." "Fred, kind of keep an eye on the Senator, he acts kind of nervous." The Senator gives him the old habus squabus while opening a cold one. Drops bottle on the floor. "Never happened to me before," quoth the Senator. "Guess I'll have another—" Bur-rup.

"Well, let's get down to business," says Senator. "Who knows anything about the 50-cal. machine gun?" "Can anyone tell me if the right track is right or is the left track right?" "Are you on the right track if you're on the left track or on the right track? Come on, pooch, you make tracks out of here."

"You'll pardon me, Senator," says Alderman Martin, but the boys in the back room are getting kind of thirsty". Say, Senator, "now that you are in a serious vein, what's your opinion of the rotation policy?" "Quite simple," replies the Senator. "You put the warm ones on the left and the cold ones on the right." Three Aldermen and 12th Ward Heeler Plotkin nearly choked on that sally.

"Now that that rotation is clear in everyone's mind, let's get down to real business. How about that 50-cal. machine-gun? EATON wakes up. Stop dreaming about PHYLLIS. My Lahore cohorts tell me she's dying for you to play a return engagement. Well, who knows what track is the right track?" Nobody! Well, drink up, fellas, this one's on DEWEY.

"I'm still for Joe ELY", this coming from Alderman MARTIN. The many admirers of Martin, alias the Prince of Erie, will be glad to hear that he still has faith in the party (Democratic).

Senator at this point sent out two ward heelers to gather in the 54th A.S.C. Review stage show, but we never did bid them welcome. A volunteer graciously consented to hike to the inn to bring back the boys some tasty sandwiches.

Several ward heelers arrived from the cinema at this time. Senator set up another round. "Say, Senator," reports Congressman JONES, "I hear the P.X. is running out of beer." "Well," the Senator says, "The P.X. may be running out of beer, but Senator Buffermans is bos hogia on beer right now." Meeting Adjourned. Stay on the right track, boys... or is it the left track? Oh well, Fred, let's clean up. Good-night, Senator, chorus we all.



Cregon's Chronicle by Whatcha' Know Joe

FAREWELL TO INDIA

Land of heat and sweaty socks,
Sun and sand and loads of pox,
Streets of sorrow, streets of shame,
Harlots, thieves, pestering wogs,
Stinking smells and slinking dogs,
Clouds of flying sand which blind,
Swarms of flies and shattered minds,
Natives' Heaven, soldiers' Hell,
Land of B——S fare thee well!

■ Another anniversary was chalked up in the books this week. One year at Ramgarh has not been so bad. We have had a roof over our heads. The chow, with the exception of a few pieces of buffalo leather, has not given us too many ulcers. We have movies, radio, a club, dances and blood shows. Disease was at a minimum. There were cigarettes, beer, soap, showers. Don't get us wrong, we haven't been walking in the sun bareheaded. We realize it is not like home, but what the hell we have only nine months to go?

■ Cpl. Charles "The Voice" RAY, Alexandria's gift to the Armed Forces Radio station VUZZT, did a wonderful job of announcing during the pre-fight band broadcast. He sounded big time.

■ On the Political Front — Cpl. Angelo PIRONE collaring all the Jersey voters in support of Alexander SMITH, Princeton statesman, and old friend of the Cpl. Pirone is making it his business to see that Mr. Smith goes to Washington.

■ Where were Pat FLYNN and Tony LISTOWSKI hiking to at sundown Sunday?

■ They tell us Chief MEYER had a

little trouble with Bob REYNOLDS, tool-room babu. Seems the Chief wanted to draw a wheelbase adjuster for a short wheelbase GMC.

■ The ball team lost another tough one, 1-0. Bases loaded twice with no-outs, but they just couldn't get a hold of a fat one. Oh well, the season is just starting.

ON THE FIFTY RANGE

■ Ralph SCOTT taking one low and on the inside.... Del JENSEN bucking for combat, putting about one hundred out of one-twenty-five into the target..... Joe FORGERON frying the back of his hand on a hot barrel.... Bob REYNOLDS chopping down targets with a pipe in his mouth.... Chief MEYER having trouble baloon busting.... Clarence PEACHY missing a news broadcast.... Lt. CUTLER and August LAWSON flitting from gun to gun, putting stops to stoppage.... JONSEY clicking away with an eight-MM, while we bit off hot "ones".... Dan EATON reading the life of P.T. Barnum between blinks.

SODYPOINT SLAPSTICK

■ First apple knocker, "How'd yer taters turn out, Will?"

Second apple knocker (Sternberg), "Didn't turn out. Had to dig them."

■ We are about due for another gripe. Can't anything be done about the guy who engages you in a lengthy conversation while you are racking your brain to think of something to write home?

■ During a recent beer bout the conversation led around to which is the best state in the union. Starting next week we are going to give you guy a chance to tell us in about twenty five words why you think you come from the best state. We will publish as many of them as possible. Let's go you Texans!

■ Getting to the bottom of things — Uncle JIM earning a mechanic's medal under a troublesome truck.

■ They tell us Joe FORGERON volunteered to relieve the Gurka guards at quitting time since the beebes started work on the new building.

■ Is it true that T/5 KILLIAN gave all his coveralls away? Bucking for bars no doubt.

■ Highlights in the Hill — Sgts. Robinson MOSGROVE and PEASONER grass-cutting... None-come CASEY having cow trouble but saving rupee... Dak bungalow at Barrille—the boys chasing the cats and coolies off the concrete and then stretching out themselves.... ROWE having trouble locating a beebe even slightly lighter than ebony.

THUMB-NAIL DESCRIPTION OF A BAR-FLY

Cpl. Walter MARCINIEG came into the Army from Midwest Chicago with a tooth brush, three sets of underwear and a very dazed look on his kisser. He landed at Camp Grant, stayed long enough to pick up some extra clothing, change his underwear and then it was off to Fort Bragg, North Carolina for two months of infantry training.

He arrived at Camp Pickett, Va., in October of '42 and took over the lubrication job. At Camp MacKall, also in North Carolina, he passed up the lube job to take over the tire repair shop. On coming overseas (ISENHOWER) took charge of the bigger and better vulcanizing shop until recently when construction work closed the shop temporarily.

At present he is learning all there is to know about transmission, transfer cases, differentials and steering gears. He is very enthused about mechanics works and hopes to continue in a general repair bay

under one of the better mechanics.

Before coming into the Army, Walter attended Harrison High where he excelled in math and science. He spent over a year in the CCC's road-building in Idaho and in fire control throughout Michigan and Wisconsin. He worked four years in Chicago for the Ground Sheetmetal Works, as a repairman and welder.

About a year before coming into the Army Walter was best man at the wedding of a friend. From his first glance at the maid of honor Walter couldn't keep from swallowing his tongue. After a courtship of a little over a year Walter married his pretty wife Annie at the Chapel in Camp Pickett, Va.. Bill ROHDE and Walter Wallace gave the groom moral support during the knee shaking ceremony.

Walter's mother is still living in Chicago. His brothers, John and Casimir are fighting in France. He looks forward to a grand reunion about a year from now.

The Once Over

by H. I. Phillips

GETTING OUT OF THE ARMY

"Demobilization will be carried out through separation centers established in many parts of the country." — (News item)

(Scene — Any Separation Center)

Doctor — Take your clothes off!

G.I. — I'm getting out of the war, not into it.

Doctor — Going or coming it's the same routine. Open your mouth!

Ah, your tongue is coated.

G.I. — If you'd eaten all the canned eggs I've had to eat in this war, your tongue too would be coated.

Doctor — Your throat looks a little red.

G.I. — Yeah. That's from swallowing all that salt water in establishing new beachheads.

Doctor — Take a deep breath and exhale slowly. That's it. I hear a rumble.

G.I. — That's my stomach.

Doctor — Your stomach isn't up here in your chest.

G.I. After what I've been through in the war, I wouldn't be too positive.

Doctor — How are your eyes?

G.I. — We had a little argument on that when you classified me 1A.

Doctor — Can you read that chart?

G.I. — No.

Doctor — Then how did you get into the Army?

G.I. — That's what I always wanted to know! And if anybody can give the right answer, you can.

Doctor — You have only 50 per cent vision.

G.I. — I can find my way home with even less, so don't quibble at this late date.

Doctor — How is your heart? It seems to be rapid.

G.I. — Believe me, I have been in spots where it beat faster.

Doctor — I can't accept you for demobilization with a heart like that.

G.I. — Lissen, doc, be as broad letting me out as you were letting me in.

Doctor — We've got to be careful.

G.I. — Why?

Doctor — I don't want to return you to peace unless you're in condition to stand it.

G.I. — It can't be any tougher than the war.

Doctor — That's what you think. How are your feet?

G.I. — Terrible, thank you.

Doctor — Why thank me?

G.I. — You're the same doctor who saw 'em when I was inducted.

RAINBOW ORDNANCE

by Cpl. Wally Farris

PROMOTIONS

P.V. ROGERS — Staff Sergeant, ENGLAND and RICE — T/3 — Congratulations! Sunday's soft ball game with Hdq. S.O.S. resulted in a 5-2 victory for Rainbow Ord. S.O.S. got the first two runs of the season off "Red" TILLEYS' pitching and one was a homer. Don't feel bad, Red, that happens to the worst of us. Bill SMITH got his first hit of the season. The boys played their usual top brand of ball altho' some were seeing double from the night before (one year blow out). But STEWART says "That was to our advantage, I saw two balls and hit one for a homer." This is the sixth straight victory and without a single defeat to mar our record. Nothing can stop the ORDNARE SCORE!

The Case of the "Missing Candy Bar" is brought to light. After passing the buck on to a poor de-pantless sweeper, the evidence points to a certain Staff Sergeant who had his binoculars trained on that tasty sweet — and the sweeper gets ground glass in his khana.

I hear DREXLER and GUIDOUX are training for another Battle of Ramgarh 10 to 1 odds on "FREDDIE".

HUFFAKER twisted my arm Sunday. I tried to go straight.

HOSPITAL — Two Pfc's. HURT and WEAVER. Good luck!

You can travel the globe, including China, India and Burma, but there's no place like the good old United States — Tera Firma!

A YEAR AGO

THIS IS IT! That was it when we took that long, hot train ride that marked the beginning of a long long year, ONE YEAR AGO. There are fewer of us left intact now, and none will forget the feelings that go with a company on the alert.

Remember the arrival at P.O.E. with full field pack, rifle and barrack bag, the long walk to our new quarters and the confusion that followed (and never stopped). The routine you go thru in a P.O.E. makes an Induction Center look like a Rest Camp. We had so many show down inspections; we wore our equipment out just putting it in and taking it out of the bags. "Hurry up and Wait" that was the pet phrase. The daily Shipping Order rehearsals, dashing out shouting Name and A.S.N. Fall In, Fall Out. Of course that last series of Overseas Shots. (Did I say last?) We got them in a Gymnasium and they weren't shots at the basket. My arm looked like the heat rash and felt like someone else's. Have you forgotten that Final Physical check up? (frame up) I went by the Doc so fast, he looked at my shadow and marked down "Missing in action". That line made the Indianapolis Speed Way look like a midget race. Remember the girl in the bread wagon who pretended to be asleep and she saw a better show than the Bald-Headed row at the Burbank — and for free!

THIS IS IT! That final morning when we got our shipping orders (my first taste of Rotation). The crisp fall air seemed to fit into the cold atmosphere of the situation. Loaded down in the usual manner, we started out trying to keep in step with Lt. PRICES' cadence that sounded like a wounded dog (Hieh Hoeh). At the end of that jaunt my tongue hung out so far I was walking on it. Then came the train ride, packed tighter than an Indian festival, and we tried to sit down without taking our equipment off. Remember that "sinking", feeling you had when you saw the boat? The Red Cross Girls were there passing out coffee and I was passing out Period! The Band (Morale Builders) were playing "Blues In The Night". Everything was just like you don't see in pictures. In spite of being so low I could have walked under a pair of roller skates, the things I heard, saw and experienced left a lasting impression. Szewezyk out of breath, Capt. Graham out of patience shouting "where's McDonough," Lt. Pethtel out of Ocs, Me out of my mind, Tom Pierce loosing his gas mask, Pappalardo loosing his cookies (and I don't mean Uneeda), Frenchie loosing his fiddle, Greene worrying about getting back by Christmas (I just wanted to get back), Trevor saying "and they told me I was too old", Carr saying it reminded him of San Pedro (reminded me that I wished it was), Idapence carrying a load of candy, Lt. Berry carrying a full pack fo chewing gum, Capt. Graham carrying a load of model aeroplanes, Lt. Rabalais carrying a load. Everyone carrying a heavy heart, Bill Smith just married, Seward calling all cooks and KPs' together (including me and I wasn't a cook), Sgt. Alphabetsky calling the top De-Graders together, Ramos saying "they can't do this to me", Tex and Prince talking about going over the hill (I couldn't find one to go over), Tilley anticipating a home run (and I don't mean baseball), Koone and Holloway trying to go up gang plank side by side, someone pushing me, Dunn being trampled and I was under him, Pruskin wanted to know if it was a "Dry Run" (I hoped it was dry), Capt. Graham was still looking for Mac. Allan was looking for the Chaplain, everyone was looking for something and I was looking for a way out.

A coincidence occurred to me, wasn't it Patrick Henry who said, "Give me a Liberty Ship?"

COWBOYS' JAMBOREE

by Sgt. Bill Voris

On last Monday evening at eight o'clock sharp 200 cowboys (Cavalry) from the Tent City gang descended upon the Audrey House, Ranchi for their fare-well dance. Everything had been prepared for them in advance, very good food was laid on well in advance by the capable mess sergeant from this organization. It was served Buffet style on the "come and get it" and make your own sandwich, hot dog, cheese, double ham spam and corn beef. The *Swing Hao* band was in its usual good form, and really gave out fine music, as well as giving birth to the *Swing Hao* junior band. Some 60 ladies were in attendance, and it was very pleasant to see Miss Porter who is Lady Rutherford's secretary, as well as 5 British nurses who are guests in the Government House. During the intermission brightest spot Sgt. George Owens who was a former trumpet player with Skinney Ennis played Red Hot trumpet solos. A supper was served to the band at the intermission. The second half was very lovely, and the only regret was that eleven o'clock rolled around too soon, and after "thank you speech" to the ladies by Lt. Bercovitz for their good attendance, the boys were all packed on the trucks and sent back to their camp with memories of a very nice dance. The plans and invitation were all out for the coming Armored Forces dance on this Monday evening which promises to be a good one according to reports from Sgt. Conroy who states there will be delicious food, abundance of women, 150 enlisted men and 55 officers of that organization.

As the writer of this article and in closing I should like to say a few words to all concerned for their splendid co-operation with British-American Club, and in the future I hope the project continues with the same success, as it is definitely a good thing, and my only a regret is that I can no longer be associated with it. Good-bye and good luck on all your future dances at the British-American Club.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Yes, Bill, all of us on the BULL SHEET staff as well as Special Service workers hate to see you depart, but in your doing so we wish you all the luck in the world.



MOTOR SCHOOL Screws

Again we have met defeat in our baseball dept. The boys played a fine game against C.T. & C.C., but we came out on the small end of the score which was 1-0. There can be no excuse for losing, except that the C.T. & C.C. pitcher, a boy from Wooster, Ohio, named HOWMAN, really had us baffled. That's all C.T. & C.C. had though, just a pitcher. This is the consensus of opinion from players, spectators, officers, bat-boys, etc. Up to now we have won 3 and lost 4. Not good, but not too bad.

On Tuesday, Oct. 10th we had a Chinese holiday, corresponding to our Independence Day. Eighteen of the more hardy souls spent the day at Hondroo Falls. Beer was the order of the day, and the Mess Sgt. in 19/1 area fixed us up with food. A good time was had by all, in spite of the climb up and around the falls, and no casualties have been reported to date. Among the picnickers were FRITZ, SMITH, CANNON, VAN BLARCUM, SCARPINO, McCANN, GERRED, VOGT, JANERO, GAYLE, BILYEU, WAGGONER, HASSMAN, WAWRZYNIAK, SPERLING, WIMMER, TALLON and MIKES.

The 124th Cavalry was winner in a matter involving three Motor School boys, and it is with regret that we say "adieu" to TALLON, GARRETT, and SCHUSTER. We almost lost KAPAN, our shortstop, also.

REESE and Lt. WILLIAMS have returned from the jungle and report they are glad to be back in Ramgarh.

Our "Big Boy" STARCK is now out of the hospital — for good, we hope — and Reese going in (temporarily).

SWARTZ has received a letter from SHARP, who is basking in the Florida sunshine awaiting reassignment. SHARP claims there's no place like the U.S. — as if we didn't know!

Lt. MORRISON, walking to the ball game last Sunday, has more ambition than most of us. The bicycle must have been broken.

QUESTION OF THE DAY!

What guys in what shop are giving their beer rations to what Lt.-Col.? That's one way to make points.

SIDELIGHTS; "Old Man" FRITZ giving well-meant advice to GARRETT — Van BLARCUM absent from the ball game. Off on a big deal, no doubt — DUFF baffled by a command car — DAVIS really in trouble with a rotor that wouldn't "rote" — STACHNIK still goldbrick-ing with that bad finger — the "baldy" haircut displayed by BRAATEN — PRITCHARD getting more mail and writing less than anyone — HUMMEL gaining weight. He's found a home in India — "CASEY" planning a long trip — Van BLARCUM, Lt. MORRISON, MIKES, SMITH, etc. all receiving tickets (free) from the M.P.s. Nice going, boys! — LUNA forsaking his co-workers at the ball game and fraternizing with our opponents, the C.T. & C.C. boys — SMITH and WIMMER really pulling some big deals in the last few weeks. Which one is the magician? — So long until next week.

REMOUNT ROUGH-RIDERS

"KNOCKS & COUNTER-KNOCKS"

by S/Sgt. "Whitie Wildcat"

I wonder what that piece of paper was that the M.P. handed our C.O., after he ran through a "stop-sign".

One of our "drug-store" cowboys rode gallantly toward Riverside with some horses the other day but somehow, when it came to the ride back he begged for relief. What was the matter, were you saddle-sore, "Hatless"?

"Wild" WILEY were you giving your horse a bath in the river or did he just lay down on you because he thought you needed a bath?

The people of Ramgarh and hereabout, complained of being awakened in the small hours of the morning by three prowlers, several weeks ago. Do you know anything about this T/4 THOMAS, T/4 KIKO-SICKI and T/Sgt. GILLET? You see lads I hear and see all, so don't get so cockey.

"HORSESHOER'S BLUES"

Here's to the days I'll well remember,
When my limbs were liff and limber.
Now it hasn't been long say, forty-two,
Before I had an incounterance with an army mule.
These mules are fat, fresh, and trim,
And have more kicks, than a quart of gin.
There is a black, a blue, a brown, and a grey,
That will make any T/4 earn his pay,
This horseshoeing racket is a rough old game,
For you never know when you will be kicked again,
That I've been kicked, stomped on, and bit,
By these ornery, long eared mules, I hate to admit,
Now we have horses too, that are fresh off the range
That are walleyed and snorty and are waiting to be tamed,
So we horseshoers get set,
For there is no use to fret,
We light up our forge and shape up the shoe,
And before we realize it we are all through,
Now if there is anyone in doubt of why I am stiff,
Just drop around sometime and give me a lift.

I would like to pass on to you the accompanying poem written by T/4 Louis EVANS, for it well describes a profession in the army that most know little about. It is a profession that calls for skill, patience and endurance and to those who have mastered it, I would like to let you know that you are held in the esteem of those who understand your work.

You all have accused your supply sergeant for having eccentric ideas and strange ambitions. Although I do not agree with you and I do not claim to be different from the rest, I must admit that I have a strange ambition. This is to be a supply sergeant for a company of W.A.C.'s. Now, so that you will not think me entirely off my "nut", I will give you some sound reason as to the advantages and pleasure that could be derived from such a set-up.

For days, weeks, and months, I have been requisitioning clothing and equipment for enlisted men. The orders, will run something like this:

30 pr. Drawers, cotton, od. size 32
8 ea. Undershirts, ctn., od., size 36

Now this gets monotonous, but if I was supply sergeant in the W.A.C.'s. my requisitions would read like this:

30 pr. Panties, WAC, Summer (minus fringe on bottom)
8 ea. Slips, WAC, knitted rayon (no stretch).

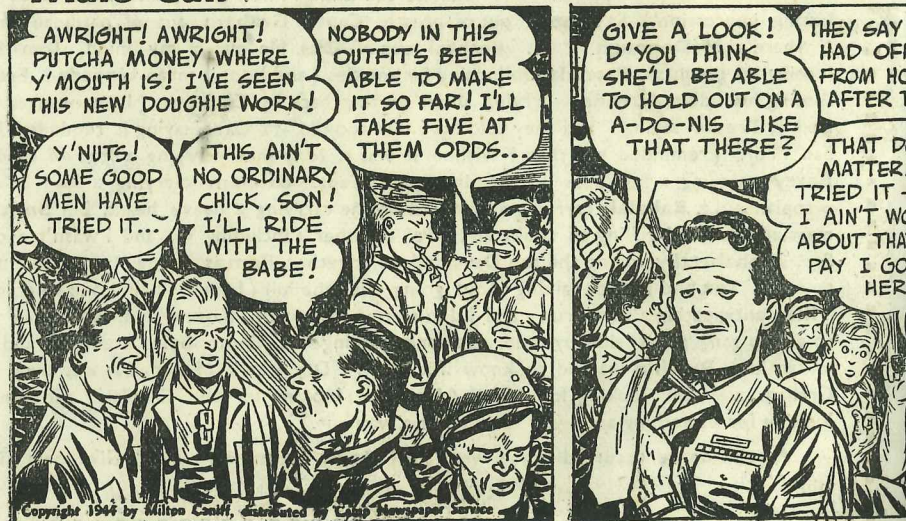
I ask you, do you think I would tire of making such requisitions out? "Hell" no.

Often a man comes to me who has forgotten what size undershirt or jacket he wears, so I look at his bulging chest and make a fairly accurate guess as to his size. Now a man's chest is a dull subject to look at and it bores me. But, to have a W.A.C. walk in and tell me she has forgotten what size brassiere she wore, I would look with interest at her bust and tell her that she would probably take a brassiere, size "D"-cup, of course smaller girls would take "A"-cup. Another thing too about this particular article of clothing, I could

(turn to page 16)

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "T



ARMOR SCOOP

■ After quite some vacation the Armored Force Column is back for a regular stay, we hope. We are depending on you armorites to help us by submitting your discoveries, your uncoverings, your rhymes, reasons, philosophies or blessed events to the following reporters in your departments: T/Sgt. Harold DUTEAU, S/Sgt. Jack WOOD, T/5 Jimmy CAMPBELL, S/Sgt. Narvin DATSON, T/4 Abe KADIS and T/3 Darrell BASS.

■ Private Lum Wing CHEW hasn't been caught "flying low" recently, but there seems to be some difference of opinion as to the definition of a STOP sign. What's that Lum? You say you don't believe you can win the war by resting 30 minutes at each stop sign?

■ Volunteers Cpl! Norman L. STEPHENSON and Tec. 5 James M. BLEVINS were accepted by the 124th Cavalry and are to start training immediately. Good luck men from all the gang!

■ And wasn't Leo "Zephyr" ZONCKI the proud one when he displayed the newly arrived photos of the Mrs. & daughter. Don't blame you Zonck; they look swell to us too.

■ Tec. 4 Shorty SHALOY has been making up his own Nomenclature. What did you call that front axle when it fell on your hand?

■ The man of many aliases such as, "Bonehead", & "Stoneface" has another handle "Bathless". What next, "JACKSON"?

■ "You don't know whether you are coming or going"! That common expression could be literally applied to Sgt. Louis STEINBERG last week. Louis was in the middle of going and coming. Now we understand he definitely is here to stay.

■ We see that a couple of the boys have become bicycle enthusiasts. Funny part is, those bikes always take the same route — to Ramgarh Town (or thereabout). How about that CAVENDER? You too, "Red" DOWNS.

■ ROBERGE, how about a housewarming at your New Villa????

■ They say Tec. 4 HECKMAN is still trying to determine which is the fifth wheel. So far he has it narrowed down to three possibilities; steering wheel, spare wheel or flywheel. Which is it, Heck?

■ A stream of requests are pouring in requesting a lecture by one, S/Sgt. James E. TUROCY, on the "Organization of an Armored Division". Where shall we gather, TUROCY?

■ The gang down at Supply are wishing "Battling Joe" CONNOR the Texas boy all the luck in the world in his new venture with 124th Cavalry: Give 'em hell Joe!

■ I insist that Buffalo Bill is not alive! Now don't keep arguing this point, CONROY, on the basis of "didn't Buffalo Bill furnish buffalo meat for the U.S. Army and don't we have water buffalo at Chow?" Remember the Captain who brought home the "Bacon" on Monday morning?

■ On Monday evening of the 23rd we will all have an opportunity to "trip the light fantastic" by attending the dance sponsored by the Armored Force Section at the Audrey House in Ranchi. (NOTE: All officers bring girls; all wolves check their heads at door).

■ THIS IS INDIA: Don't swat at the offensive fly; he likes to be fanned, but don't get me wrong, brother. You can't fan him out!

WAR NEWS

OLD ZONCHI PREDICTS

■ EASTERN FRONT — That the Russians have the advantage in this week's offensive. The southern line is no set defense, so the "Vatka Boys" have the edge on ground gained.

■ WESTERN FRONT — Watch the northern end of the Siegfried Line for a definite break thru.

■ PACIFIC — The Japanese have a headache at Formosa. The Navy boys are sparring for an opening at the China Coast. Hirohito's "Imperial Shortys" will come out and try for the kill.

I am heading for more coffee!

FUN FACTS C.T. & C.C.

by Joe Morris

First we would like to thank the fellows in the 54th Monsoon Review for the swell show they gave us last Friday night. All the boys agreed that it was a number one morale builder.

They call Betty GRABLE "The Shape", Frank SINATRA "The Voice", John HALL "The Body" and S/Sgt. PRINGLE "The Barrel".

Sgt. BOWES was forced to fire one of his chickos the other day. He cried all over BOWES, but is didn't do any good, because he is as hard as a rock. Oh yeah!

If HOWMAN can strike out sixteen with one eye, what would he do with two?

For six months S/Sgt. JASIEWICZ did exercise to get in shape, but he quit. Now he is trying to get back in shape by missing breakfast every morning.

All you, boys, who like potatoes, had better get in the mess hall early; for once S/Sgt. ZERNOVACZ gets started, there isn't much left.

"Crash" CARNEY is taking it easy now. The last time he was seen on his cycle, he was going slow. (50 m.p.h.)

Our ball team won its first game under the new managership of "Tex" LINDEMAN when it defeated the Motor School Club by the score of 1 to 0. George HOWMAN pitched a beautiful no-hit game and in addition struck out sixteen of the Motor School boys. LINDEMAN, BALL, SCHULTZ, and R. MILLER did the hitting for the C.T. & C.C. Club. "Dutch" Schultz scored the only tally of the game.

The entire team regrets losing our former manager, S.T. MILLER to another outfit, but we wish him the best of luck in his new venture. We have a winning team in our organization; so come on out and support it. You know we can always use a little support on the sidelines.

Congratulations to Pvt. Robert GRANT of the Signal Platoon who received word last week that he has a fine baby boy waiting for him in Miami, Fla. Tell us, how does it feel to be a Pop? Those sure were good cigars you passed out too, Grant?

Our day room is nearing completion, and all our thanks goes to 1st Sgt. LEIS for the wonderful job he has done and still is doing.

There is a big surprise in store for all the fellows in C.T. & C.C. in the very near future. So keep your ears open.

"Gus" MORIATES to "Bull" KELEMAN: "India is certainly the land of palms."

"Why do you say that, Gus?"

"Everybody, you see, has their hand out."

BARRINGER and KENNEDY are back to duty after spending a few days in that place of rest. (Hospital)

Can you imagine anyone trying to catch up on the latest news in one of these Indian newspapers? 1st Sgt. KELLY seems to think he can.

and the Pirates"



BULLTOWN SPORTS



by Phil Pockard

C.T. & C.C.'s HOWMAN SETS RECORD

We have seen George Howman when he's been hot and cold; last Sunday he was sizzling. I guess it was all due to the 2nd inning when George was at bat, he tried to hit a pitched ball, he fouled it and it rolled up his bat and bingo, it caught him square in the right peeper closing it for the rest of the game. He was mad, and the boys of the Motor School paid for it. Howman pitched no hit ball and struck out 16 batters, something never before done in the league past or present. The only man Howman failed to whiff at least once was Gayle whom he walked twice. This is the 5th shutout he has pitched since the league started. Hats off to HOWMAN!!

C.T. & C.C.

Motor School

| | ab | r | h | | ab | r | h |
|--------------|----|---|---|--------------|----|---|---|
| Ball,cf | 2 | 0 | 1 | Casey,sc | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Clark,sc | 2 | 0 | 0 | Janero,1b | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Habas,lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | Kapan,ss | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Schultz,3b | 3 | 1 | 1 | Bilyeu,rf | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Howman,p | 3 | 0 | 0 | Wawrzniak,2b | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Miller,2b | 3 | 0 | 1 | Reece,3b | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Sherlock,ss | 2 | 0 | 0 | Gayle,cf | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Granger,ss | 1 | 0 | 0 | Barnett,p | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Fritsche,1b | 2 | 0 | 0 | Shaw,lf | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Bowes,1b | 1 | 0 | 0 | McCann,c | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Etolen,rf | 2 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| Lindeman,c | 2 | 0 | 1 | | | | |
| C.T. & C.C.- | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Motor School | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

KRUSZYNSKI BLANKS MEDICS

A hit plus an error was enough for "Slim" Kruszynski to win from the Post Hospital. In the 1st McQuatters first man up lined over 2nd to center DeFazio, Medic centerfielder let the ball go through him and McQuatters came all the way home. Slim had pitched a perfect game for 6 and 1/3 innings not a Medic getting to 1st, with one away in the 6th the Hospital's Wilson hunted a pop, Slim went after the ball and slipped Wilson beating it out for a hit. Had he not slipped Wilson would have been out and Kruszynski would have gone on to pitch a perfect game. The Hospital hit Slim hard but he got great support from Flynn and Jasen. The Hospital came up with some Swell plays, La Fera and McGann sparkling.

Arm'd Force

Post Hospital

| | ab | r | h | | ab | t | h |
|---------------|----|---|---|-------------|----|---|---|
| McQuatters,ss | 3 | 1 | 1 | Toth,2b | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Flynn,cf | 2 | 1 | 0 | Workman,c | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Turocy,sc | 2 | 1 | 1 | Merino,sc | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Drobac,rf | 3 | 0 | 2 | McGann,1b | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Scarpelli,2b | 3 | 0 | 1 | DeFazio,cf | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Eriksen,c | 2 | 0 | 1 | Ellis,rf | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| DeAngleo,3b | 3 | 0 | 0 | Kreiglow,rf | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Sage,1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | Wilson,lf | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Jasen,lf | 2 | 0 | 0 | Napotnik,ss | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Kruszynski,p | 2 | 0 | 0 | LaFera,3b | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Romano,p | 2 | 0 | 0 |

Umpires:— Loesing & Heffernan

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Arm'd Force | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 3 |
| Post Hospital | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 0 |

BAR-FLY'S WIN 3rd STRAIGHT

A combination of 3 walks an error and 2 hits, with each man batting around in the first, the Bar-Fly Ord. team scored 5 runs in the 1st which was enough for them to beat the Pigeoneers 5-1. Kenat pitched a good game scattering 8 hits.

Bar Fly Ord.

Pigeoneers

| | ab | r | h | | ab | r | h |
|--------------|----|---|---|------------|----|---|---|
| Rafferty,3b | 2 | 1 | 1 | Bogert,lf | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Plotkin,cf | 2 | 0 | 2 | Moore,lf | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Jeune,cf | 1 | 0 | 0 | Chmiola,2b | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Stanul,lf | 2 | 1 | 0 | Hiller,sc | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Oliva,sc | 3 | 1 | 1 | Glenn,3b | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Sternberg,1b | 3 | 1 | 1 | Mommer,ss | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Hall,c | 3 | 1 | 2 | Beer,p | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Kenat,p | 2 | 0 | 0 | Frazer,cf | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| Robinson,2b | 3 | 0 | 1 | Thomas,c | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Heffernan,ss | 2 | 0 | 0 | Loesing,rf | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Magarelli,rf | 1 | 0 | 0 | Carlsen,1b | 3 | 0 | 3 |
| Shutter,rf | 2 | 0 | 0 | | | | |

Umpires:— Fudge & Fritsche

| | | | | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bar Fly Ord. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 5 |
| Pigeoneers | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — | 1 |

TENT CITY HAS FIELD DAY

Scoring 6 in the 3rd, 3 in the 4th and 10 in the 5th the Tent City boys behind "Charlie" Moses ran away with our local slenters, Moses and McBee hitting for the circuit.

Tent City

MP. Det.

| | ab | r | h | | ab | r | h |
|---------------|----|---|---|------------|----|---|--------|
| Ladner,c | 4 | 3 | 2 | Czarnik,2b | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Jimenez,sc | 3 | 2 | 2 | Alley,cf | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Rush,2b | 3 | 1 | 0 | McBee,1b | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| Beaman,1b | 3 | 2 | 3 | Lynn,3b | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Knight,ss | 3 | 1 | 0 | Canty,lf | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| Anderson,lf | 4 | 2 | 2 | Szigeti,ss | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Lucca,3b | 4 | 1 | 1 | Smeigel,sc | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Herrera,rf | 3 | 1 | 1 | Porter,c | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| Birmingham,cf | 2 | 3 | 2 | Day,rf | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Moses,p | 4 | 3 | 2 | Lawson,p | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Umpire:— Leis | | | | | | | |
| M.P. Det. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 0 | — 6 |
| Tent City | 0 | 0 | 6 | 3 | 10 | 0 | × — 19 |

OFFICERS RIP SPECIAL UNITS

The Officers let their hair down collected 14 hits, 14 walks and scored 14 runs, to walk away with this game.

Officers

Special Units

| | ab | r | h | | ab | r | h |
|---------------|----|---|---|--------------|----|---|---|
| Shirley,2b | 3 | 3 | 2 | Newhouse,lf | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Robinson,c | 3 | 1 | 0 | Grooms,c,p | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Kirksey,cf | 2 | 2 | 2 | Witter,ss | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Wilmet,3b | 4 | 2 | 3 | Kimsey,cf | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Hughes,ss | 4 | 2 | 2 | Rogers,3b | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Lofland,1b | 3 | 1 | 1 | Baxter,p,c | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Meussen,lf | 3 | 1 | 1 | Deeter,1b | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Phillips,sc | 1 | 0 | 3 | Hopkins,sc | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Gardiner,rf | 2 | 1 | 1 | Battaglio,2b | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Yokel,p | 4 | 0 | 2 | Rathburn,rf | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Officers | 3 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| Special Units | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

RAINBOW ORD. WHIP S.O.S.

Fighting hard to stay in 1st place the Rainbow gang behind "Red" Tolley nosed out the service boys 5-2. It looks like this Ord. team is the team this year. They've got about the best infield in the league and with plenty of hitting power, they're ready to take top honors.

This game saw 2 homeruns a long drive by "Lip" Lipschultz and Stewart.

Rainbow Ord.

HQ. S.O.S.

| | ab | r | h | | ab | r | h |
|--------------|----|---|---|---------------|----|---|---|
| Tilley,p | 4 | 1 | 2 | Tanner,lf | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Ruggiero,3b | 3 | 0 | 1 | Kennedy,sc | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Petti,ss | 3 | 1 | 0 | Tarian,ss | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Stewart,rf | 3 | 1 | 2 | Babicki,rf | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Szyzewk,1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | Lipschultz,1b | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| Presto,cf | 3 | 1 | 2 | Nelson,c | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Pruskin,c | 2 | 1 | 0 | Suess,3b | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Luke,2b | 3 | 0 | 1 | LaForgia,2b | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Smith,sc | 3 | 0 | 2 | Breitner,cf | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Goldberg,lf | 3 | 0 | 1 | Fuhrman,cf | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Heisler,p,cf | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Gerber,p | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Rainbow Ord. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| HQ. S.O.S. | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |

MUDVILLE LEAGUE SCHEDULE

Sunday Oct. 22nd

| TEAM | TEAM | TIME | FIELD |
|-----------------------------|------|------------|-------|
| Arm'd Force vs. M.P. Det. | | 10.30 a.m. | No. 2 |
| Pigeoneers vs. Motor School | | 10.30 a.m. | No. 3 |
| C.T. & C.C. vs. Tent City | | 10.30 a.m. | No. 4 |
| Officers vs. Rainbow Ord. | | 1.15 p.m. | No. 2 |
| Special Units vs. Medics | | 1.15 p.m. | No. 3 |
| Bar-Fly Ord. vs. Hq. SOS. | | 1.15 p.m. | No. 4 |

Wednesday Oct. 25th

| | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| Bar-Fly Ord. vs. Rainbow Ord. | 5.15 p.m. | No. 2 |
| Hq. SOS. vs. Medics | 5.15 p.m. | No. 3 |
| Officers vs. Tent City | 5.15 p.m. | No. 4 |

Thursday Oct. 26th

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| Arm'd Force vs. C.T. & C.C. | 5.15 p.m. | No. 2 |
| Motor School vs. Special Units | 5.15 p.m. | No. 3 |
| Pigeoneers vs. M.P. Det. | 5.15 p.m. | No. 4 |

MUDVILLE LEAGUE STANDING

| TEAM | W | L | PCT |
|------------------|---|---|------|
| RAINBOW ORD... | 6 | 0 | 1000 |
| ARM'D FORCE .. | 5 | 1 | 830 |
| OFFICERS .. | 5 | 2 | 710 |
| C.T. & C.C. .. | 4 | 2 | 664 |
| POST HOSPITAL .. | 4 | 3 | 568 |
| TENT CITY .. | 4 | 3 | 568 |
| BAR-FLY ORD. ... | 4 | 3 | 568 |
| MOTOR SCHOOL .. | 3 | 4 | 426 |
| SPECIAL UNITS .. | 2 | 5 | 364 |
| HQ. S.O.S. .. | 1 | 5 | 166 |
| PIGEONEERS .. | 1 | 6 | 142 |
| M. P. DET. .. | 1 | 6 | 142 |

BULLTOWN HALL OF FAME

Another name is added to our list a-long side of KRUSZYNSKI and MOSES, George HOWMAN. Last Sunday with one eye open George went ahead to strike out 16 men and pitching no hit ball.

"Big" George is a swell guy, quiet and well reserved, never gripes about an umpire's decision, keeps putting that "riser" right in there. "Big" George comes from Wooster, Ohio, he is 35, married and has a little boy over a year old who is already starting to throw a ball.

Howman has been playing ball for over 15 years, he played in his City's American League, which was considered a very fast league, he did lots of travelling while playing for this league. To date Howman has pitched 5 shutouts.

LOCAL FIGHT NEWS!!

For the past few months "Terry" Tarantino hasn't been feeling too well. Ever since he was beaten in Command-town, he's been going around kicking himself. In his fight last week you will recall he stopped his man in the 2nd round.

On October 25th, Terry will be in Bigtown with your Sports Director trying to even the score. He is once again meeting Joe Frichez, undated here, in the main event of the first Commandtown outdoor Boxing show this season. This fight will be for the unofficial welterweight championship of the C.B.I.

Joe is an up and coming boy, young and strong, Terry a little old but plenty smart. Terry's been training hard, for he is trying to bring that so called "crown" back to Ramgarh. In their last fight Terry was not in his usual good condition, this time I think it'll be different. Good luck, Terry.

When Wilbert Robinson was manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the bewildering Bums were the funniest team in the circuit—not the saddest as is the case today.

It was during the colorful Robbie's regime that the Dodgers first earned their reputation for egregious bonehead plays. Indeed, their play became so grotesque that Robbie finally put his foot down.

"The next guy who pulls a boner," he announced one day, "will be fined ten bucks. In fact we'll form a Boners Club with a \$10 membership fee, and at the end of the season we'll split up the dough."

He glared around the clubhouse. The players were straight-faced, serious, subdued. Then the portly Robbie stalked majestically from the dugout and handed the umpire his laundry slip—instead of the lineup.

SPORT CHATTER

STUDIES IN PESSIMISM

Football coaches—unlike those happy and fun-loving gnomes, the fight managers—are traditionally gloomy, despondent, melancholy, pessimistic and readers of Schopenhauer. They are not a happy bunch.

We used to know a fight manager who habitually overmatched his bums against men of high calibre in the ring. To hear him talk about it, however, the tanks in his stable always had the punch of Jack Dempsey, the guile of Gene Tunney and the durability of Battling Nelson.

"My bum will molder him," he used to say.

We used to know a football coach, too, who habitually came up with the strongest teams in his conference. He always had a powerhouse, a team with fleet backs, a blockbusting line, and a hotel full of reserves. Yet, he would cry like a baby when anybody asked him what his prospects were.

"Those bruisers will kill my boys," he used to moan before the Spearfish Normal game. "We haven't got a chance."

This year all the weepers in football really have something to weep about. The lineups of college football teams in the U.S.A. this fall are as full of holes as a slice of Swiss cheese. You could travel from coast to coast without finding an outstanding team—if you skipped West Point and Annapolis. On the banks of the Hudson and at Crabtown on the Bay, we are pleased to report, there is nothing to weep about this year.

The Army, coached by Lt. Col. Earl (Red) Blaik, is very likely to have the best football team in its history this fall. And the Navy is quite likely to have a better one. When you think of what's going to happen when these two babies tangle, why, it's enough to make you shudder.

Army has a lot of great backs: Tom Lombardo, Glenn Davis, Max Minor, Bobby Dodds, Doug Kenna and Dean Sensengauher. Lombardo, a ten-second guy, is the slowest man in the back-field. Davis, Army's best back last year, is the fastest full-back in the game. Kenna, tabbed the best Army back since Red Cagle before he broke his arm 2 years ago, is ready to roar once again.

Sensenbaur, a plebe, was a sensational freshman scatter-back at Ohio State last year.

Navy, coached this year by Cmdr. Oscar E. (Swede) Hagberg, who has succeeded Capt. John E. Whelchel, has backs as good as the Army and a line as good as the Chicago Bears. The backs include little Hal Hamberg, mainstay of last year's once-beaten Navy team, Dick Druden, Bill Barron, Joe Sullivan, Jim Pettit, Tom Dwyer and Bruce Smith. The linemen include Don Whitmire, All-American tackle; Big Jack Martin, All-American center; Captain Ben Chase, a hulking guard, and a half dozen speedy ends.

Faced with the prospect of tackling this monster of the midway on Dec. 2, Col. Blaik is whistling bravely in the graveyard. "We have a better team than last year," the Army coach says, "but we still can't compare with Navy. They have everything."

His eye ran down the Navy roster and he shook his head and sighed. Then came the payoff remark.

"But that doesn't mean we won't beat the Navy," he said.

Army's schedule includes North Carolina, Brown, Pittsburgh, Coast Guard, Duke, Villanova, Notre Dame, Penn and Navy.

The Navy will play North Carolina Pre-Flight, Penn State, Duke Georgia Tech, Penn, Notre Dame, Cornell, Purdue and Army.



A Little Data That Doesn't Matter

The Washington Redskins won the first football game of the season when they topped the Fourth AAF of March Field, 7-3, before 50,000 Los Angeles fans who braved the August heat to watch the two teams play. The Redskins won when Mike Micka intercepted a pass by Jack Jacobs in the last quarter and ran down the field for

a score....Rollie Hemsley, Yankee catcher, has been assigned to the Sampson Naval Training Center where he will catch the slants of Johnny Vandermeer....Lt.-Col. Robert T. Jones, the greatest golfer of them all, was discharged from the Army as overage. He's 42....The Red Sox have lost Catcher Hai Wagner to the Navy.

PIGEON CITY NEWS

(contd. from page 4)

Mess Chef proved his mettle by rolling on the ground to extinguish the flames although a less quick thinking person would have "taken off" in sheer panic. Materially aided in his struggles, Myers was fortunate in having the assistance of Sgt. Ross LUEHR first cook, who beat out the flames on the Mess Sgt.'s back. Even cook Pfc. George SCHLACTER'S fatigue jacket took part in the affair.

Hospitalized for twenty days with second and third degree burns, Staff Sgt. Myers is now back on the job with his crew of first cooks: (former Mess Sgt.) Sgt. Joe BANKOWSKI, Middletown, Connecticut, expert bake artist, Sgt. Ross Luehr, versatile food preparationist, T/5 Everett BUTTRY, Norris City, Illinois, steak specialist, Pfc. Kenneth LOEW, master preparer of snacks and Pfc. George Schlacter Pittsburgh's own efficient, hardworking, cigar smoking example of what a good man with a ladle should be.

STIER'S BLUE LADY

Pigeon fanciers in the Army everywhere and particularly at Camp Crowder will recall the personalized pigeon stationery for sale there to pigeoneers. Though a considerable amount of the popular letter paper and envelopes was made available free by Mr. STIER and the writer to overseas pigeon-men, its use was not permitted due to regulations and security measures that at various times the conspicuous appearing letters would violate. No available space for censorship stamps was another reason for the prohibition of its use. Those who wonder what has become of Frank Stier's kind donation will be interested to know that the remaining amount undistributed at the P.O.E. was sent to Master Sgt. Joseph LOSEE at Camp Crowder for distribution there.

PUGILISTIC PIGEONEERS

From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania come newspaper stories and vividly written articles on "FIGHT BUSINESS" by one of the greatest prize-fight managers in the country. Ray FOUTTS, long recognized for his ability as a director of boxers' careers, is providing fight bugs with examples of his versatility and genius, not only in "making" champions, but penning stuff that covers a wide field and provides interesting reading matter to prize-fight fans.

To pigeon fanciers this is of particular interest for the East Liverpool, Ohio, strategist will be recalled as the manager and director of the fortunes of pigeon-racing, middleweight champion, Teddy YAROSZ, whose ability in the squared circle was exceeded only by the champion pigeons he flew.

What makes the story interesting is that after Ted abdicated the throne because of a knee-cartilage injury, his younger brother, Tommy, also a cracker-jack pigeon racing bug in his own right, is now knocking on the middleweight throne-room door under the management of Ray Foutts, who so ably directed Ted.

A recent compilation of middleweight contenders has young Tommy ranked ninth. In a recent bond rally boxing show in Pittsburgh Forbes Field the Pigeon hopeful was responsible for a \$100,000 "draw" in bonds and over a \$25,000 "take" at the gate. While advancing up the middleweight ladder in this bout, Tommy, who is now in the Infantry at

Camp Pickett, Va., gave Phil Muscato, able Buffalo middle, a lashing he'll not soon forget.

Coming from a fighting family of seven top-notch boxers, awaiting the end of his army career is also Joey YAROSZ, welter-weight champion of the Seventh Service Command, who has not lost a fight during his term in the service.

Pigeon-men from the Pittsburgh district point with pride to the FOUTTS-YAROSZ combinations.

IT HAPPENED IN RANCHI

One of the men from the Special Service Office was trying very persistently to make a date with a belle from Ranchi recently.

Just as persistently she would say no. Finally, in exasperation, she exclaimed, "Look here, Soldier, for your information, I date nothing lower than a 2nd Lieutenant."

"Oh," said the private, "I didn't know there was anything lower."

CUTIES :: By E. Simms Campbell

Registered U. S. Patent Office



Copyright 1944, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

"You have the undying thanks of three airmen who prefer to remain anonymous. Happy landings!"

PLENTY OF FREE ARMY EDUCATION

The Veterans' Educational Plan (G.I. Bill of Rights) and the Army Institute courses will provide both war and peacetime education to Army personnel.

You can study now (during leisure hours) to review subjects or to prepare for post-war college, and at the same time obtain college credits. You may select your course and obtain credits from any school that lists your choice.

Then, after preparing yourself to your own satisfaction and upon honorable discharge from the Army, you can start your free college.

You are given one year's schooling for military service and an additional year for each year served in the Army. This includes overseas men.

The Veterans' Plan will pay up to \$500 per year for tuitions, books, etc., and \$50 per month subsistence. This will cover practically all costs, and you will not be in the Army or under its jurisdiction—except to meet the required grade standards.

It's too good an opportunity for free education to be overlooked. Act now!

Wacs Start Reducing

Washington—A checkup of 97 Wacs stationed here revealed that 67 had gained an average of nine and a half pounds since their induction. Result of the poll: 15 minutes of calisthenics every morning.

Second Helping

Naples—Discharged from the Army as over-age after three years' service with 18 months' overseas, Percy Bartlett, 44, came right back for more. Now he's back at the front again—with the Red Cross.

MOVIE SCHEDULE

19/4 THEATER

Sat. & Sun. Oct. 21 & 22
UP IN ARMS

Starring Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore

Mon. & Tues. Oct. 23 & 24

MR. SKEFFINGTON

Starring Betty Davis and Claude Rains

Wed. & Thurs. Oct. 25 & 26

MERRY MONAHANS

Starring Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan

Sat. & Sun. Oct. 28 & 29

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

Starring Eddie Bracken and Ella Raines

UNCLE JOE'S

Sat. & Sun. Oct. 21 & 22

MR. SKEFFINGTON

Mon. & Tues. 23 & 24

IMPATIENT YEARS

Starring Jean Arthur and Chas Coburn

Thurs. & Fri. 26 & 27

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

Sat. & Sun. 28 & 29

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Starring Phil. Baker and Marjorie Masson

TENT CITY

Sat. & Sun. Oct. 21 & 22

IMPATIENT YEARS

Tues. Oct. 24

UP IN ARMS

Wed. Oct. 25

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

Thurs. & Fri. Oct. 26 & 27

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Sat. & Sun. Oct. 28 & 29

MERRY MONAHANS

HOSPITAL

Mon. Oct. 23

UP IN ARMS

Wed. Oct. 25

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Fri. Oct. 27

MERRY MONAHANS

MOVIE SHORTS COMING OUR WAY

SNAFU in "OUTPOST", "HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY"

CONNIE MACK HONORED — Connie Mack, big league manager for fifty years, is feted at a dinner in Philadelphia at which his all-time, all-star team is assembled. Babe Ruth pays homage to the baseball veteran.

MANUEL QUEZON LAID TO REST — Washington, D.C. — Last rites for the President of the Philippine Commonwealth, with full military honors at Arlington Cemetery.

AIR CADETS EAT SNAKE STEAKS — Chapel Hill, N.C. — Air Cadets at AAF Preflight School in a jungle survival course learn to catch, clean, cook and eat snakes.

POPE PIUS XII GREET'S ALLIED TROOPS — The Holy Father gives audience to 4000 Allied troops and blesses them in ceremony at the Eternal City.

WAVES LEARN BOWLING TRICKS — New York City — Andy Varapapa, tricket bowling expert, shows Waves how to improve their bowling scores.

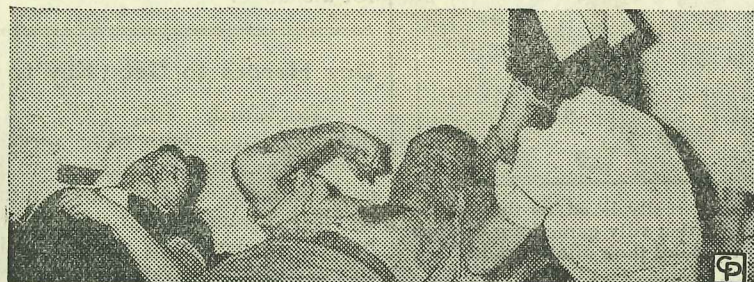
ROOSEVELT'S PACIFIC WAR COUNCIL — The President arrives in Hawaii for Pearl Harbor conferences with Admiral Leahy, Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur. They map strategy for final assault on the Japanese. Later the President visits wounded veterans of Pacific Island battles and reviews troops of the Army's famed 7th Division (Pathe News clip).

TABLE TENNIS TOPNOTCHERS

Table tennis, better known as ping-pong, has become a recognized sport. Two experts at the game, Coleman Clark and Allan Thoms, give a demonstration of the skill and precision needed in championship play and offer amateurs a few tips on how to improve their game.

HOW TO VOTE

Robert Benchley, the well-known humorist, appears in the role of a substitute speaker at a political meeting. He attempts to explain the platform of his candidate and becomes completely confused and involved, to the amazement and amusement of his audience.



CHAMP OBLIGES—Ex-champion of the heavyweight boxers, Comdr. Gene Tunney, donates a pint of blood at the New York Red Cross.

Army Bombs Mosquitos

Drops Insecticides on Malaria-Carrying Pests in Italy

Washington (By Science Service) — Low-flying A-20 Havoc bombers of the Army Air Forces combat malaria-carrying mosquitos in the marshlands and flooded areas of the Italian Peninsula and of Sardinia and Corsica with "dust bombs."

Using the same methods employed in crop-dusting in the United States in the home-front war against agricultural insect enemies, these bombers fly across breeding grounds of malaria-carrying mosquitos at altitudes of twenty or thirty feet and each plane drops about one and one-half tons of insecticide in forty-five minutes.

Dusting powder is preferred by those in charge of program where large, swampy areas are to be covered. However, there are some planes equipped to carry oil sprays, but they are used only on closely confined areas such as canals. The oil-carrying planes have four thirty-seven-gallon tanks. The whole load is discharged in one minute.

USO to Expand After War

Barnard Says Demands for Shows to Increase After Peace

Denver, (AP) — A prediction that the end of the war in Europe will bring an increase in the demand for USO services was made today by Chester I. Barnard, national president of the United Service Organization, Inc.

Mr. Barnard told a conference of USO volunteer workers from Colorado and Wyoming:

"USO camp shows are the only entertainment organizations permitted in the battle zones. And the end of hostilities will mean an unprecedented demand for shows, to fill in the period between the actual armistice and the evacuation of our boys from Europe."

The expanding war in the Pacific will require more entertainment in that area, he said.

Mr. Barnard said the budget for camp shows in the United States will be increased next year to \$15,000,000 and a \$4,000,000 budget has been arranged for overseas shows in 1945.

Soldier Makes Own Leg

Aided in Work by Red Cross and Germans While in Prison Camp

Washington, (AP) — The American GI can do anything—even make his own artificial leg while a prisoner of war.

Pfc. Everette W. Collins of Weeksbury, Ky., tankman wounded and captured in the Tunisian campaign, walked out of a German prison camp to be repatriated on an artificial limb he made while there, the Army reported today.

THE JAP — HOW HE FIGHTS AND HOW TO FIGHT HIM

Millions of words of analysis have been written about the Japanese soldier since our war with his nation began. Yet today, despite all these words, he remains an enigma even to those American soldiers who have met him in combat. No one can quite figure him out.

Just what is he like, this candy-legged, myoptic little man who sells his life so cheaply? How does he fight? What tricks does he play in the jungle? What makes him act the way he does?

Here are some answers to these questions from infantrymen who have fought the Jap and licked him — at Munda, Kwajalein, Attu.

A rifleman: "He has no guts, but he is treacherous as hell. He won't face an American soldier with an M1 rifle, but he'll burrow himself into a hole and stay there a month, sniping at you until you pick him off or dig him out. Then he'll blow himself up with a hand grenade before he'll give up."

An I&R scout: "I met him at Kwajalein. He's a dangerous little monkey, but, shot for shot, GI Joe has got it all over him in nerve, guts and common sense. When the Jap's leaders are gone so is his initiative and he'll crawl into a hole and just wait there for you to close in and get him. He'll try to get you first, however."

A reconnaissance sergeant: "He's kind of stupid, a poor shot, and no match for a Yank, physically, mentally or psychologically. But because he's such a determined, fanatic little ape, you've got to watch him every minute. At Munda, the bayonet fights were few and far between, but when we had them, our soldiers proved to be much the superior."

Rifle squad leader: "I found in the fighting on Kwajalein that the individual Jap soldier is not a good fighting man, especially when he is caught by surprise and doesn't have a chance to get organized."

A platoon guide: "He is a fanatic who will fight to his death and is therefore not to be taken lightly. However, fanaticism is a poor substitute for courage and clear-headed thinking. In many instances Japs attacking our positions made suicidal charges that doomed them from the beginning."

A rifleman: "He's a tricky little weed. I have known him to kill a GI, then take the GI's clothing and sneak into our lines. You can always spot a Jap, however, even in Yank clothing. The way he walks with short, choppy steps and a sort of shuffle always give him dead away."

And now, from these veterans, some advice on how to fight this strange soldier, who hides in trees and shoots at you and then waits there for you to come and kill him.

A demolition private: "In moving from one position to another, move fast, keep low, and hit the ground flat. Don't misuse the rifle. And don't wander off by yourself."

A staff officer: "Memorize your own position, know what your personal objectives are and remember that you're a better fighting man than the Jap. Keep your self-confidence."

A rifleman: "Don't get trigger happy when you're fighting the Jap. You're liable as hell to spray some of your own men. In the jungle, fire only when you've got a bead on a Jap."

I SAY WHAT I THINK

by John J. Cook

Q. — Why are you casting your ballot for Gov. Thomas E. Dewey in the Presidential election back home?

A. — Cpl. Pat Flynn — I am strictly a Dewey supporter. President Roosevelt has held that highest office now for a period of 12 years, and I honestly believe it's high time for a change in administration power. The New York Governor's record speaks for itself, as does his excellent record as District Attorney in New York State, cleaning the city of its racketeers. He's a fine Governor, and I believe Dewey, if given the opportunity on election day and sent to Washington, he can do some cleaning up there also.

A. — Sgt. Clarence Kenat — I believe that at present it is a bad policy to continue the same man in as President of the United States. That famous old slogan, "Never change horses in the middle of a stream", is *bos hogia*. I'm for Dewey, since I believe his record speaks well as far as his qualifications are concerned.

A. — T/Sgt. C. Robinson — I'm voting for Dewey. Two years ago or so I would say leave President Roosevelt in office and don't change horses, but at present the horse is in the middle, so let's start swimming. Roosevelt has definitely been in power too long, and the lengthier his term in office the more power he obtains. My reason for supporting Dewey — not that I hate Roosevelt less, but that I love America best.

A. — Cpl. Charles F. Ray — I'm distinctly for a change in political power at Washington, and so believe Dewey is just that leader who will start the ball a-rolling. Not being a too optimistic believer about the war's end soon, I do believe that Dewey should be elected President before the cessation of hostilities. Reason for voting for Dewey — I believe that Roosevelt has been in power too long and now's the time for a change.

Dog Heroes to Get 'Key to City'

Rockford, Ill., (AP) — Rockford's dogs of war, who have served in the K-9 Corps, will be allowed to roam the city unmolested after they return from service. License fees for the returning dog heroes, by action of the Council, will be suspended for the remainder of their lives. "The dog is getting his true consideration," said Alderman Harold Williams, as the Council adopted the measure.



"That progressive school seems to be gettin' Junior over his timidity."



"If they really liked us they could give up that silly game long enough to spend their allowance!!"

DEEP IN THE HEART OF A CHINESE SOLDIER

by Major Tso Piao — (continued from last week)

Among all the uncertainties that confused Wong there was one certainty. He wanted to put his feet on the good earth. He was happy at last to see mother earth come nearer. A long strip of concrete appeared and a landing was made. He was grateful that the airmen put down their flying house with as much gentleness as he used when handling his mother's precious dishes.

"What have we here?" said Wong, for he at once saw that China and her customs had no place in this land. Somehow the word got around that this was Assam, India, and that these half-naked people who seemed to be everywhere in unlimited numbers were its inhabitants. As Wong stole a look at the half-naked women proudly walking by, he wondered what Eilin would think of his curiosity, did she but know. However, before long he found himself wondering whether these women were born with baskets on their heads. Soon too he learned there were other dwellers in this exotic land—the mosquito and the leech, these marked him out as fair prey.

Six days after arriving in Assam, Wong and his companions were put on a military train and then began the long journey to the training center. At every stop hordes of boys and girls, barefooted to their ears, and adults wearing soiled loin clothes, rushed at the train, and with outstretched hands cried, "Baksheesh." Wong wondered whether this was the only magical word their Buddha had ever taught them.

Eternities later Wong arrived in Ramgarh and in piecemeal fashion he learned something of the history of his new home. As Wong looked about at the military city with its brick barracks, its electric lights, its running water, he found it hard to believe that shortly before the war the tiger, the jackal and the wolf were the unchallenged masters of this area. Wong learned the meaning of all the high barbed-wire fences, and that at an earlier date thousands of Italian and German prisoners had also learned their meaning. Many of them, thought Wong, must have realized that war is not all parades and glory as they cooled off their feet behind that wire fence.

To Wong's great delight he learns that three times a week he

can go to the theater and see American films. To his great surprise he finds he can understand some of the characters. "Snafu" reminds him of his little brother. The lovely ladies remind him of Eilin. The American western pictures have scenery that remind him of wild green rice fields in the lower Yangtze valley. To him, however, the boogiewoogie music remains a mystery.

Next Private Wong finds himself in a place as new to him as the American flying house. Wong, in the hospital, was now suffering with one of India's innumerable tropical sicknesses. When the fever subsided and he saw his attractive American nurse with her golden hair, smart features and sweet smile, Wong wasn't sure that sickness is such a bad thing after all. Two weeks later he heard the doctor say "All gold bricks go out today", and he was numbered among them. Back he goes to his barracks.

Long before dawn the Chinese bugle murdered Private Wong's dreams of home. There were times when Wong thought its clarion call said: "Up, up, the Burma Road must be reopened." Most time, however, his thoughts were unprintable.

(To be continued next week)

CHIANG KAI-SHEK ACCEPTS AMERICAN MISSION'S RECOMMENDATIONS

Chungking—A spokesman for Donald M. Nelson, United States War Production Board Chairman, and U.S. Maj. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley, personal emissaries of President Roosevelt, said Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had accepted their recommendation designed to increase China's industrial contribution to the United Nations' war programme.

Hurley and Nelson arrived in China Sept. 6 on an economic and military mission for the President.

The spokesman said Nelson will return "very shortly" to the United States to report to President Roosevelt and to work out the American phase of the economic programme agreed upon in China. He said Nelson will return to China "later in the war when the operational phases of the joint programme are getting into full swing." Hurley will remain in China to study the military situation.

The spokesman's announcement said the recommendations "include definite plans for bringing more of China's presently available industrial potentiality to bear upon the combined effort to defeat Japan at the earliest possible moment." The announcement pointed out that material produced in China frees air transport tonnage over the "hump" from India for vital materials which China cannot produce.

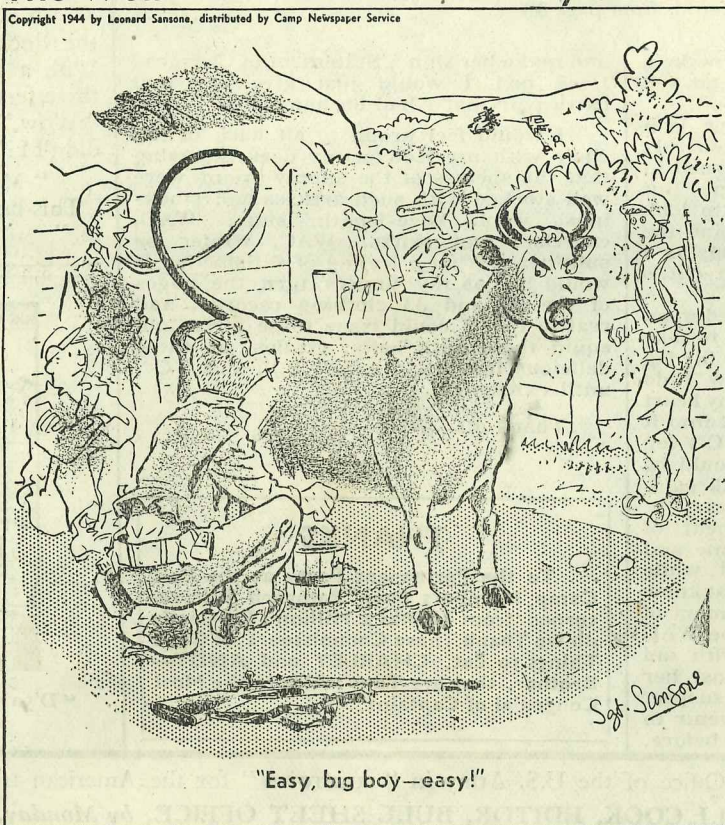
Nelson and Hurley praised the "complete candour" which prevailed during the discussions in China and said they had received the whole-hearted cooperation of the Chinese Government.

— USOWI.

The Wolf

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

by Sansone



New Book on Asia by Edgar Snow

New York—Edgar Snow's new book, *People on Our Side*, was published here September 11. Snow has specialized in interpreting Asia to the Americans. The book is based on his recent 60,000-mile trip to India, China, Burma, the Near East, and parts of Russia.

The first 50 pages give a clear, incisive history and analysis of India's problems.

Snow offers no pat solution for either India's or Asia's problems, but suggests an answer to all of them lies in "a world federation or central council of nations where ideas, needs, means and ends can be reconciled in planning for the common growth of mankind." — USOWI.

RAMGARH RADIO ROUNDUP STATION VU2ZT

PROGRAMS—MON. OCT. 23rd TO SUN. OCT. 29th

MONDAY, 23 Oct. 44

12.00 G.I. Jive
12.15 Personal Album
12.30 Luncheon Music
12.45 Spotlight Band
1.00 Sign Off
5.00 Melody Roundup
5.15 Sound Off
5.30 The Family Hour
6.00 Raymond Scott
6.15 Mercer's Music Shop
6.30 Blondie
7.00 Mail Call
7.30 Guy Lombardo
8.00 Arthur Hopkins
9.00 Cass Daley
9.30 One Night Stand
10.00 Sign Off

TUESDAY, 24 Oct. 44

12.00 G.I. Jive
12.15 Personal Album
12.30 Luncheon Music
12.45 Spotlight Band
1.00 Sign Off
5.00 Melody Roundup
5.15 Sound Off
5.30 Basin Street
6.00 Show Time
6.15 Mercer's Music Shop
6.30 Great Moment's Music
7.00 Ransom Sherman
7.30 Waltz Time
8.00 Amos N'Andy
8.30 Double Feature

9.00 Mystery Playhouse
9.30 One Night Stand
10.00 Sign Off

WEDNESDAY, 25 Oct. 44

12.00 G.I. Jive
12.15 Personal Album
12.30 Luncheon Music
12.45 Spotlight Band
1.00 Sign Off
5.00 Melody Roundup
5.15 Sound Off
5.30 California Melodies
6.00 Raymond Scott
6.15 Mercer's Music Shop
6.30 Music from America
7.00 It Pays to be Ignorant
7.30 College of Knowledge
8.00 Globe Theater
8.30 Melody Hour
9.00 Service Digest
9.15 Top of Evening
9.30 One Night Stand
10.00 Sign Off

THURSDAY, 26 Oct. 44

12.00 G.I. Jive
12.15 Personal Album
12.30 Luncheon Music
12.45 Spotlight Band
1.00 Sign Off
5.00 Melody Roundup
5.15 Sound Off
5.30 Down Beat
6.00 Show Time

6.15 Mercer's Music Shop
6.30 Music America Loves Best
7.00 Command Performance
7.30 Music Hall
8.00 Symphony
9.00 Mystery Playhouse
9.30 One Night Stand
10.00 Sign Off

FRIDAY, 27 Oct. 44

12.00 G.I. Jive
12.15 Personal Album
12.30 Luncheon Music
12.45 Spotlight Band
1.00 Sign Off
5.00 Melody Roundup
5.15 Sound Off
5.30 Yank Swing Session
6.00 Bandwagon
6.15 At Ease
6.30 Great Music
6.45 Melody Lane
7.00 Caravan
7.30 Eddie Condon
8.00 Dramatic Repl.
8.30 James Melton
9.00 Here's to Romance
9.30 One Night Stand
10.00 Sign Off

SATURDAY, 28 Oct. 44

12.00 G.I. Jive
12.15 Personal Album
12.30 Luncheon Music
12.45 Spotlight Band

1.00 Sign Off
5.00 Melody Roundup
5.15 Sound Off
5.30 Xavier Cugat
6.00 Raymond Scott
6.15 At Ease
6.30 Great Music
6.45 Melody Lane
7.00 Village Store
7.30 Jubilee
8.00 Saturday Nite Serenade
8.30 Hit Parade
9.00 National Barn Dance
9.30 One Night Stand
10.00 Sign Off

SUNDAY, 29 Oct. 44

2.00 Symphony
3.00 Hymns from Home
3.15 Raymond Scott
3.30 Service Digest
3.45 Melody Lane
4.00 Music We Love
4.30 Globe Theater
5.00 Andre Kostalanetz
5.30 Music for Sunday
6.00 Sammy Kaye
6.30 G.I. Journal
7.00 Dunninger
7.30 Hour of Charm
8.00 Gracie Fields
8.30 All Time Hit Parade
9.00 John Charles Thomas
9.30 One Night Stand
10.00 Sign Off

REMOUNT ROUGH-RIDERS

(contd. from page 8)

get an excess of them on hand and make a batch of sling-shots out of them and sell them to the kids in the neighborhood.

To a supply Sergeant a salvage is a headache and a lot of trouble in general; for you have to paw over all the turned in items and count it and size it up. But a WAC salvage would be a thing to look forward to, for you can just imagine the difference in pawing over such things as a Bag, WAC, Utility, than some old G.I.'s bag.

Then there is always the enlisted man, who takes a special size, and I have to take out a tape measure and measure up his leg length, waist and chest. Somehow I do this as just a duty, but I can't put my heart into it. Now, I could put my heart into it if I had to measure up some WAC's leg length, waist, or bust, so that I would be able to tell her what size preshrunk pajamas, summer weight she would wear.

Another thing is the Statement of Charges. Some G.I. will come to me and say that he lost his belt, web, waist, while carrying out some duty. Now you just know that he is lying, so you slap a Statement of Charges on him. But to have some WAC come to me and look up at me with sad eyes, and tell me that she had lost her belt, garters, do you think I would suspect her of giving them away as a souvenir to some nice young man the night before,

and make her sign a Statement of Charges? Heck no! I would just give her that extra pair that I had on hand.

I would feel proud to sit back in my chair with my feet on my desk, knowing that the shelves of the supply room were well stocked with such articles as: stockings, wool, knee-length, suits, WAC, exercise, and skirts, WAC, winter or summer. What a feeling of satisfaction it would be, as my fingers turn the pages of the 32 and 33 clothing records, and realize that I could issue these girls, and equip them with belts, girdles, in three delicious lengths, "A", "B", and "C" until exhausted.

That's all

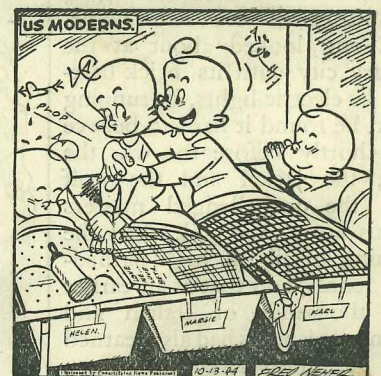
THANKS

To the Permanent Party at the Rest Camp, Members from Ramgarh just returned from Thanks a Million: Especially do we Thank Those Connoisseurs of Good Things to Eat, CHARLEY and ANDY—Brother, they are Tops: Also to the Most Congenial of Captains..

GI Chases Ferry Going Wrong Way

New York — A soldier dashed down the dock toward the Weehauken ferry. With a desperate broad jump he spanned three feet of water and landed on the deck. "Wow," he exclaimed. "Just made it, didn't I?"

"Made what?" a deckhand inquired. "This boat ain't leaving. It's just coming in."



"D'ya still think the stork delivered you to the wrong hospital?"