

Gen. Confusion Says:
Con, Old Crumpet, The
Papers Say We've Bombed
The Jap Island of Haha

Pfc. Confucius Reply:
Celestial Event Will
Make Nip Laugh Out of
Other Side of Face

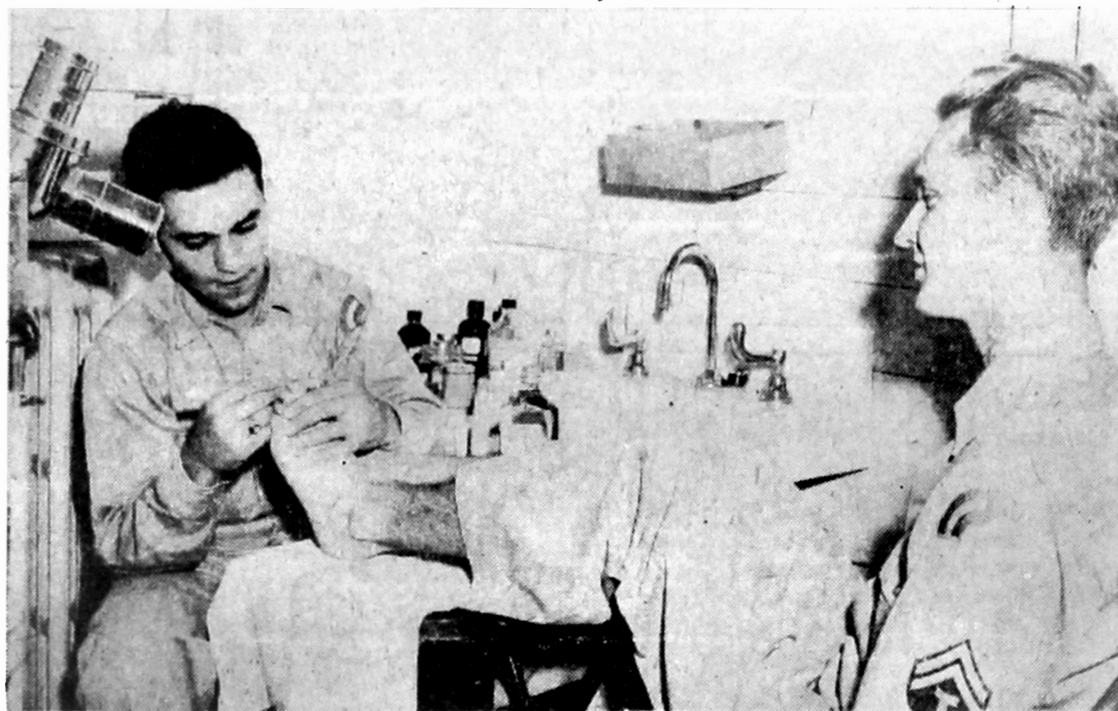
RAINBOW REVEILLE

VOLUME 3

CAMP GRUBER, OKLA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1944

NUMBER 7

Soldier-Podiatrist Treats Infantry's Old Foe—Foot Trouble



Podiatry, (treatment of foot ailments) is the specialty and chosen profession of 20-year-old Pvt. Martin Zeinick, Co. A, 122d Med. Bn., who is here deftly and painlessly removing a callous from the foot of T-5 Woodrow L. Morgan, Co. D, in the foot clinic of the 122d Medical Battalion. Zeinick, who was in the Air corps and ASTP before coming to the Division, studied chiropody at Temple University, Philadelphia. He became interested in this field after visiting a chiropodist to have an ingrown toe nail removed. The doctor performed the job so skillfully and painlessly, Zeinick decided then and there that was the field of medicine in which he'd like to practice.

Front Line Doughboys Think Medics Deserve Combat Infantryman Badge, Too

That front line Infantrymen feel strongly that front line Medics deserve to wear the Combat Infantryman's Badge — or its equivalent — was revealed this week in an Associated Press dispatch written by Kenneth L. Dixon under a "With the AEF in France" dateline.

"Shortly after it (the Combat Infantryman's Badge) began to be issued several months ago," Mr. Dixon states, "various medical aid men who work right along the combat line with the doughboys, often taking even greater chances than they in order to care for the wounded, also began wearing it."

Not long following this, how-

ever, a War Department Circular was issued denying the medical aid men the right to wear the badge, based, apparently, on the fact that wearing the badge might affect the non-combatant status of the aid men. Correspondent Dixon decided to ask the Infantrymen themselves how they felt about it. Here are some of the answers he got:

"Who the hell deserves them more than the Medics," one GI retorted.

"Perhaps the War Department would like to know that the German shells don't move aside when they are coming at a Medic with a red cross on his sleeve," said another.

Several Combat Infantrymen agreed with one of their fellow fighting men, who said, "I respectfully suggest that the War Department make an honorable badge for front line Medics."

A rifleman wrote: "These boys whose lives at the front are always in jeopardy should be given an award or medal to equal the Combat Infantryman's Badge. Is it right that the doughboys from the front line can wear a combat badge while the aid man who has been constantly at his side through the battle goes unrecognized?"

The badge is a blue wreath on a shield with an horizontal rifle, and is prized, by Infantrymen, according to reports, more than almost any other award. Correspondent Dixon explains that even men who would scorn to pin on the Good Conduct Medal, overseas ribbons, and other "fruit salads" except when ordered to do so, feel that this particular badge is proof that they are men from the combat line—a sufficient decoration.

Seek Song Talent In New Contest

Wanted—Three or four good catchy songs to add to the Rainbow's own repertoire of the Rainbow Song and Mountain Dew. And for the songwriters who can produce them there's a three-day all-expense trip to Tulsa in store.

The rules are simple, just sit down at the piano and work out something catchy in way of a tune, then add the words and turn it in to Division Special Service Office, Bldg. 606, by midnight, 27 November. It can be a marching song—like There's a Rainbow in the Army—or something light and airy like the now famous Mountain Dew song that has been adopted by the Division as an official song. In other words, there are no restrictions. Just make it something that Rainbow GIs will go for—and sing.

Judges for the contest include some of the Division's best musical talent, headed by CWO Herman C. Giersch of the Division Band. Others named to select the winning songs are the leaders of the three regimental orchestras, Pfc. Eddie Desko of the 222d, T-5 Sol Talanker of the 232d, and Pfc. Irv. Slifkin of the 242d, and Cpl. John Baldwin, leader of the 222d Chorus, and Cpl. Geo. Lynn, of the Division Artillery Choir.

JEEPER CREEPER

T-5 Le Roy Menser of the I & R platoon, Hq. Co., 242d Inf., is now called "Lucky." The jeep he was driving the other day turned over and landed upside down on top of him. He crawled out from under the vehicle somewhat pale, but quite unscathed. His first words were, "Oh! My poor jeep!"

Colonel Sprinkle To Go Overseas

Word has been received at Division Headquarters that Col. Lester A. Sprinkle, who recently left his post as Division Chief of Staff for an assignment to temporary duty in Washington, D. C., has been further assigned to duty overseas.

The Acting Chief of Staff is Lt. Col. Robert G. Sherrard, Jr., whose regular post is that of Assistant Chief of Staff, G-3.

Three Artillery Tests Begin

Division Field Artillery guns will do a booming business this week as the Artillerymen undergo AGF Field Artillery Battalion Firing Tests.

The tests began Tuesday, and will continue through Sunday. Three tests, designed to determine the technical proficiency of the units, will be given:

1. Quick occupation of position.
2. Rapid methods of concentrating fire of a battalion with use of air photo or photo maps.
3. Precise massing of fire of entire Division Artillery.

This final test will take place beginning Saturday and continuing through Saturday night and Sunday, and all units will participate. For the other tests, two battalions will be tested each day.

Between the AGF tests and the Physical Fitness Tests which will follow shortly, Division Artillerymen are putting in one of the busiest periods of their career.

Ham Slims Quickly At NCO Club Party

A 45-pound baked ham lost weight fast at the Division NCO Club, 6th and C Streets, last Friday night when some 145 persons—about 25 ladies and the rest club members—attended a club party there.

Along with enough 3.2 to wash down the food and keep the atmosphere pleasantly convivial, the following items disappeared during the evening: 45 pounds of ham, 10 pounds of salami, 15 pounds of cheese, five gallons of cold slaw, two gallons of olives, 10 loaves of white and 20 loaves of rye bread, not to mention an unmeasured amount of liver sausage.

Hansens Almost Jumps At the Conclusion

Just to prove that the pen is mightier than almost anything else, Pvt. Melvin Hansens, Hq. Co., Second Bn., 222d Inf., almost got shipped to the Parachute School through a clerical error.

In time it was all straightened out, another Private Hansens took off for Ft. Benning, and Melvin was able to close his eyes and think about his future without getting faint and dizzy.

Col. Carpenter Takes Over Post Of General Winn

Col. Giles R. Carpenter takes over his new assignment as Division Artillery Commander today as successor to Brig. Gen. John S. Winn, Jr., who left the Division recently for duty overseas.

Colonel Carpenter comes to the Rainbow from the 205th Field Artillery Group stationed at Camp Gordon, Ga.

Born in Idaho 45 years ago, the Division's new Artillery Commander attended the Idaho Military Academy and subsequently went to West Point from which he was graduated in 1922. Colonel Carpenter also attend the Command and General Staff School, and is a graduate of the Army War College.

General Winn, Division Artillery Commander from September 1943 to the time of his recent departure, was in command of XI Corps Artillery before coming to the Rainbow last year. He graduated from West Point in 1918 and joined the Third Division in Germany after the Armistice. In the succeeding years he served with the First and Second Divisions and in various staff and command assignments. He received his brigadier general's star shortly after his arrival at Camp Gruber.

Soldier Help Asked In Taxi Rate Survey

Instances where soldiers visiting in Tulsa have been overcharged by taxi drivers are desired by the Tulsa Police Department, according to a request received by the Camp Commander.

The Tulsa City Taxi Inspector is making a preliminary investigation of such overcharges and has requested the assistance of soldiers in reporting them. Anyone who has been overcharged is asked to report it to his company, battery or troop commander who will in turn pass the information along through channels.

Reports should include the name of the taxi company, number of the taxi, the date and time the overcharge occurred, and the points between which the taxi service was used.

Building on 22nd Street Opened for GI Parties

The old Officers Club building, located between E and F streets on 22d Street has been opened as a place where group parties and other social functions may be held, according to announcement by the Camp Special Services Office.

With these additional facilities offered by this building, Service Clubs will no longer be available to individual Battalion and Company parties, the announcement states.

Reservations for the building may be made through the Camp Special Services Office.

Have OD's Ready For Use Tuesday

Get ready to hang up your khakis and get out your OD's, men. The olive drab winter outfit again becomes GIs' proper formal attire next week, and by Tuesday the brace of uniforms (w-blouse, OD, woollen) hanging in every man's wall locker should be ready for any call—to retreats, reviews, weekends or furloughs.

Tentative date for donning OD's is 15 October, but Division Headquarters announces uniforms should be in readiness by 10 October. Points to check: braid on OD cap, and collar insignia on blouse if you transferred into the Division or a new unit during the khaki season; stripes on sleeves if you've received new rating since 15 May.

RAINBOW REVEILLE

Published by and for the Men of the 42nd Infantry Division, Camp Gruber, Okla.

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Licking the Nips

Battering the Nips to their knees until they cry, "Uncle!"—"Uncle Sam!" to be specific—isn't going to be any push-over despite the pace at which Japan is being stripped of her island bases in the Pacific.

Counterbalancing this has been the unpleasant fact that the understaffed, underfed, under-equipped Chinese, for all their heroic ability to stand, fight and die, have been forced to retreat before the new Jap offensive in Hunan province—an offensive as costly to us as to the Chinese. Among its direct costs to both of us has been the loss, to date, of four air bases.

Even without these recent setbacks, the Office of War Information sees ahead of us an "absolute minimum of 18 to 24 months" of fighting after the defeat of Germany before the Japs are crushed. Not the pleasant prospect in the world but the OWI, setting aside hopes, wishes and dreams of an early return to our home fires, sought the blunt facts from the War and Navy Departments in making its survey. Its findings point, among other things, to the enormous shipping job that must be done before a major invasion can be hurled against Japan, the millions of men, the millions of tons of ships, planes, landing barges, ammunition and supplies that must be moved across the Pacific. After Germany's defeat, it may take several months before shipping can be transferred from the Atlantic to effective use in the Pacific. Japan's major asset lies in her manpower on which only slight inroads have been made. The Nip Army boasts some four million men; two and a half million more are available but have not yet been called up; in addition, some one and a half million youths in the 17-20 age group, which is below the Jap draft age, will soon be eligible for their country's armed forces.

Victory over the Nip is sure and certain, but he's an enemy not to be underestimated in numbers, staying power and fanatical spirit. Let's not sell ourselves short on a long job.

Service Club Doings

Service Club No. 1

Thursday 2000—"Is There an Expert in the House?" Quiz program. Friday 2000—Open Dance, Div. band. Saturday 2000—Variety Show. Sunday 1830—Open Dance. 97th AGF band. Monday 1830—Language classes. 2000—Bingo; Dancing Lessons. Tuesday 2000—Songfest; Movies. Wednesday 2000—Open Dance. 200th Army band.

Service Club No. 2

Thursday 2000—Concert, 222d Glee Club. Friday 2000—Open Dance. Saturday 2000—Bingo. Sunday 1400-1700—Dance; 1700-1900, Dinner dates; 1900-2200, Dance. Div. Orch. Girls from Beta Sigma Phi, Tulsa. Monday 2000—GI Movies.

Movie Schedule

Theaters Nos. 1 and 3

Thursday—"San Diego, I Love You," Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton, Edward Everett Horton. Friday—"National Barn Dance," Jean Heather, Robert Benchley, Lulubelle and Scotty. Saturday—"A Lady Takes a Chance," Jean Arthur, John Wayne, Charles Winninger. Sunday and Monday—"Marriage Is a Private Affair," Lana Turner, John Hodiak, James Craig. Tuesday—(Double Feature) "Big Noise," Laurel and Hardy, and "End of the Road," Edward Norris, June Story. Wednesday and Thursday—"Tall in the Saddle," John Wayne, Ella Raines, Ward Bond. Thursday—"Hats Off," USO Vaudeville Stage Show, Theater No. 1 at 1900 and 2100.

Theaters Nos. 2 and 4

Thursday—(Double Feature) "The Pearls of Death," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, Evelyn Ankers, and "The Singing Sheriff," Bob Crosby, Fay McKenzie, Fuzzy Knight. Friday and Saturday—"San Diego, I Love You," Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton, Edward Everett Horton. Sunday—"National Barn Dance," Jean Heather, Robert Benchley, Lulubelle and Scotty. Monday—"A Lady Takes a Chance," Jean Arthur, John Wayne, Charles Winninger. Tuesday and Wednesday—"Marriage Is a Private Affair," Lana Turner, John Hodiak, James Craig. Thursday (Double Feature) "Big Noise," Laurel and Hardy, and "End of the Road."

The Wolf

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by Sansone

One-Minute GI Interviews

The Question

What's the most interesting civilian job you ever held?

The Answers

Pfc. Watson H. Nelson, Serv. Pl., 42d QM Co.—Singing on the concert stage and on the radio while I was going to Dickinson Junior College, Williamsport, Pa., was the most interesting job I ever had. I've always liked singing and during tours of our college chorus all over Pennsylvania, I had a solo tenor spot and sang several numbers—the standard popular ballads as well as opera arias by Verdi, Flotow, Wagner and others. I'd planned to make a career of singing and was preparing to enter Curtis Institute, Philadelphia, when, one night during the winter of 1937, while I was giving a concert in Danville, Pa., my voice cracked on a high note near the end of a song. I was unable to utter a sound and walked off the stage. It turned out to be a strep throat that left me unable to talk for two months. My singing voice never returned.

Pfc. Bob Medendorp, radio operator, Btry. A, 402d FA—It was a job that didn't pay anything—doing sketches, cartoons and posters when I was going to Technical High School in Grand Rapids, Mich. I took art courses during my four years in high school. I hoped to become a cartoonist in the Disney studios or originate a comic strip of my own, but jobs were scarce when I got out of school. You have to eat, so I eventually went to work in a factory my first summer out. It was that summer I found out what a wonderful thing oil painting was. My aunt, a painter and furniture designer, invited me one day to try my hand at it—painting not on canvas but on a piece of blue velvet. Two and a half by three feet. I marked it off and began rubbing in the paint, copying a Dutch fishing scene. Working paint into the nap was no easy job, but I was so fascinated by it I went over to my aunt's house early every morning and worked on the painting 10 hours a day for a week.



T-5 James P. Dodd, mechanic, 743d Ord. Co.—When I was a kid I used to go tearing around in my old man's Model-T Ford on our 500-acre farm near Ringling, Okla. When I was 12 I knew all about the insides of that old Model-T. I always liked fixing cars. I guess the most interesting job I've had was when me and my partner ran a repair shop of our own in Ringling. I quit in about six months, though, and headed for California. I hate getting tied down in one spot.



T-5 Donald G. Keller, Acting Supply Sgt., Co. B, 142d Engrs.—My most interesting job was working as a small homes contractor in my home town, Rochester, Minn. My two brothers-in-law and I worked in association with a lumber firm, but when the war's over we plan to organize our own contracting firm. In our four years before the war we built some 350 homes in the \$3500-\$5000 class. Thanks to the wealth and influence of the Mayo Clinic—the Mayos own a good deal of valuable property there besides their institution—Rochester is an attractive, prosperous city with a good deal of home-building going on all the time.



T-5 Fred Steinbrock, mail orderly, Btry. B, 282d FA Bn.—The most interesting job I held wasn't the one I worked at the longest. For five years I had a gas transport job, driving a gas truck on a run through Kansas and Nebraska, averaging 350 miles a day. But the most interesting job was when I was in high school at Manhattan, Kan., and in my spare time I used to work in my uncle's cleaning and pressing shop. I got a great kick out of it when he'd let me work the steam presser. When the war's over I'd like to start a cleaning and pressing business of my own.



THE IMMATERIAL WITNESS



By SGT. SCOTT CORBETT

Well, sir, this past week brought a bitter disappointment my way. A bitter disappointment. For the past two weeks I've been counting on being able to bring you a first-hand account of the Physical Fitness Tests. But unfortunately, as luck would have it, my outfit didn't happen to be part of the 15 percent of the Division which was tested.

Probably I should have demanded a chance to take the test. However, in the Army a sergeant doesn't go around demanding things of his superior officers, so I just kept still about it and took my medicine like a good soldier.

For that matter, the tests are all old stuff to me—I've done 'em all plenty of times. In fact, just to ease my disappointment a little, I ran through a few of the tests on my own during the past week. For example, the simple exercise that involves doing 33 push-ups. I did 33. I did 10 Monday, 11 Tuesday, and 12 Wednesday. Of course, I must admit that this idea of trying to cram three days' work into one day and expecting a man to do all 33 at once is something else again. After all, even a good thing can be overdone. I like playing golf almost as much as doing push-ups, for example, but I wouldn't want to play 144 holes in one day.

Push-ups are great sport, but for genuine amusement I always say you can't beat burpees. Even the name is funny. I wonder who the Burpee is they were named after. The only Burpee I knew was a famous horticulturist who pollenized around and finally figured out a marigold which didn't have to be a wallflower at parties. (The ordinary marigold, you know, has an offensive body odor which causes it to be left out of things at indoor floral gatherings.) Anyway, to get back to burpees, maybe they were named after Burpee, the flower man. If you wanted to get your nose down close enough to the ground to sniff a short sweet-pea, and wanted to get it down quick, I don't know of a better way to do it than by executing a burpee.

It's wonderful to watch a man doing burpees, almost as wonderful as doing them yourself. First he's just standing there, position of attention, hands at sides, and then all of a sudden he's up and down and out and back like a combination piston and driving-rod. I love burpees, especially as done by other people. For that matter, I think I would enjoy most of all a movie of myself doing burpees. What a souvenir that would be to show my grandchildren! "Now, kids, here's a movie of your old grandpa doing burpees back when he was in the Army. I could do—oh, I don't know, must have been about 25 burpees in 20 seconds in those days—and the test only called for something like 10 or 12," I'd tell them. Naturally, it would build up Grandpop a hell of a lot in their estimation to see a movie of him doing 25 straight burpees in 20 seconds; they wouldn't have to know I'd speeded up the camera.

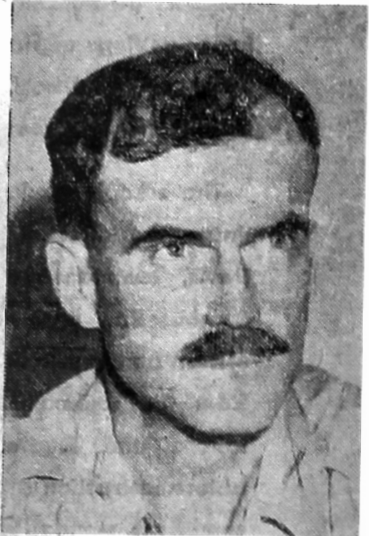
Another event I've always been fond of is the 75-yard pick-a-back run. On a snappy Fall morning, nothing beats getting up on a stout pair of shoulders and going for a brisk canter across the parade ground. The sparkling sunshine, the feeling of the wind in your face—it's good to be alive then! Coming back, of course, you get a different sensation. After about 50 yards with a solidly-built man on my shoulders, I always get the feeling I've run my legs down to a point where they're only knee-length.

Well, sir, as I said before, it was tough getting left out of the Physical Fitness Tests, but then a fellow can't expect to get all the breaks, and I want the guys who were lucky enough to be included to know that there are no hard feelings on my part. No hard feelings at all, fellows.



Colonel Served In Ethiopia

One of the men who had an intimate view of the beginnings of the European phase of global warfare is Col. John Meade, executive officer, Division Artillery. In 1935-36, Colonel Meade was



Col. John Meade

military attache in Ethiopia, and was with Emperor Haile Selassie's army during Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia. He was present at all major battles, including the final one.

During this time he saved the life of a Dutch doctor who was head of the Dutch Red Cross Mission in Ethiopia, for which he received the Cross of Merit from Holland.

Previous to joining the Rainbow Division Artillery at Ft. Sill on 23 August of this year, Colonel Meade was with the Armored Force, XVIII Corps.

A graduate of Princeton University, where he received a B. S. degree, Colonel Meade entered the Army as a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery Reserve in 1924.

Concerning the Rainbow Division, the colonel stated that he was particularly impressed with the very successful way in which it has withstood the very large personnel losses it has suffered in the past year. "I have seen other Divisions which have suffered similar personnel losses simply fall apart," he declared, "but the Rainbow has come through splendidly."

Pot of Gold

This week's karat-filled canister of clinking coin goes to an infantryman—Pfc. Robert K. Simmons, Co. C, 242d Inf.

One morning during a field exercise Simmons found the job of squad leader thrust on him. He and his men took off into the woods. That was the last seen of them for several hours. Simmons and his flock strayed somewhat wide of their objective, even missing the chow truck. When they at last hove in sight of their company, their buddies said, "Hey, how'd you come to get lost?"

"I didn't get lost," maintained Simmons stoutly. "I was simply looking for the rain-boy."

Military Services Held in Minnesota For Pfc. Brugger

Military services for Pfc. James E. Brugger, Co. E, 222d Inf., who was killed in a training accident here on 15 September, were held in Minneapolis, Minn., on Thursday, 21 September.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brugger, parents of the deceased, and Miss Mabel Brugger, sister, were escorted at the services by First Sgt. Howard T. Snow of Company E who escorted the body to Minneapolis as Guard of Honor. Final rites were held at Acacia Memorial Cemetery at Ft. Snelling, Minn., where a three volley shot was fired and the flag was flown at half mast in tribute to the soldier.

Pfc. Brugger was assigned to the Rainbow Division on 27 March of this year. He was transferred from an ASTP unit to which he had gone directly from the University of Minnesota, which he attended up to his enlistment. He was Acting Squad Leader in the Mortar Section of his company and a Rainbow Reveille correspondent.

FIRST CORPORAL

Cpl. Harold Melinek, QM Co., dashing around in the role of first sergeant, was awarded a special set of stripes by M-Sgt. Russell White. The chevrons consisted of two stripes held up by a lozenge.

Noncom Rescued Crossing Stream

The quick action of Pfc. Andrew J. McDonald, Hq. Co., Third Bn., 232d Inf., while on a patroling problem with members of the Anti-Tank platoon on 22 September, is credited with having saved one of his non-coms, Cpl. Henry Woodall, from possible drowning.

McDonald, carrying pack and carbine and first to make the 50-ft. crossing of big Greenleaf Creek, had reached the opposite bank when Woodall, with the right flank patrol, started walking across the stream as McDonald, a considerably shorter man, had safely done in chest-high water. Woodall did not cross at the same point, however, stumbled into a deep hole, and went down with the pack and side arms—a .45 calibre pistol—he had been carrying over his head. Noticing his struggles, 130-pound McDonald plunged into the water and went to the rescue of Woodall—who weighs 170—fighting to get a footing and to unclasp his cartridge belt. McDonald propelled him safely to shore. Depth of the hole in which the corporal had foundered was indicated later by the subsequent failure of all attempts by company members to retrieve from the stream bed any of the equipment he had dropped.

McDonald, a gray-haired, wiry lightweight of 42 years, learned to swim when he was 7, in the waters of Long Island Sound at New Rochelle, N. Y. Eligible for a discharge last year under the WD over-38 ruling, he turned it down. Now a cannoneer on the 57 millimeters, McDonald joined the Division in June after 20 months' service on the big guns of the 1st Coast CAC in Panama, and says, "I've never known a sweller bunch of men and officers than those right here in 3HB."

Commendation Won By Engineer Sgt.

A commendation for outstanding qualities of leadership and mature judgment has been transmitted through the Commanding General of the 42d Division to Sgt. Don Arnold, Hq. and Service Co., 142d Engineer Bn.

The commendation was written by the Commanding Officer of Co. D, Provisional Bn., Mt. Rainier Ordnance Depot, Tacoma, Wash., and was based on Sergeant Arnold's period of technical training there during which he had charge of a platoon and the barracks in which the men were quartered.

The commendation further stated: "His mental attitude, appearance, and bearing were at all times exemplary. In the performance of his duties as a non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Arnold has been a credit to your organization. It has been a pleasure to have him attached to this company."

Ten Days Left to Mail Xmas Gifts Overseas

Only 10 days are left, fellows, before the deadline falls on 15 October for mailing Christmas packages to any of your buddies overseas.

After that date, no package can be sent without showing a request for it from the intended recipient and there is, of course, much less likelihood of the present arriving in time to spread Christmas cheer.

No package can be more than 15 inches in length and cannot measure more than 36 inches in length and girth combined. Maximum weight, including wrapping, is five pounds.

About Faces! By Freeman



Pfc. Michael Kondroski can take about anything and everything they dish out at Co. K, 242d Inf.—that is as long as they let him sing while he's doing it. He has always taken on the roughest jobs. Here, for instance, are a few of his past occupations—merchant seaman, steeplejack, longshoreman, stevedore. Now, he's singing, "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't" while marching with his outfit over the Cookson Hills.

Service Club 1 Gets Quiz Show

The 222d Infantry's quiz show, "Is There an Expert in the House," moves to Service Club No. 1 tonight, Thursday, and may become a regular Thursday night feature, it is announced.

This week's featured entertainer is M-Sgt. Grant Payne, Service Co., who will sing a song from a current Broadway musical. The experts will attempt to identify the show and the melody.

"Is There an Expert in the House" features a board of four GI experts, who attempt to answer any questions put to them. If the experts fail to answer the question correctly anyone in the audience may volunteer to do so, and upon answering the question correctly, will receive a pack of cigarettes for his knowledge.

Anyone may submit questions for the board to attempt to answer. For each question accepted and used on the program the person submitting it will receive a pack of cigarettes. If the board of experts cannot answer the question, another pack of cigarettes will be given, and if no one can answer the question, the person submitting the question will receive a third pack.

Questions may be sent to: "Is There an Expert in the House," % Miss Alece Locke, Service Club No. 1, or to the Special Service Office of the 222d Infantry Regiment. As many questions desired may be submitted, but be sure to include name, rank and organization on each one.

RAINBOWS MUST GO

Rainbow insignias over the left breast pocket on all fatigue uniforms are "out" according to a revised Division SOP announced this week by Division Headquarters. Today is the last day, according to the announcement that a Rainbower can be assured of not being gigged for wearing the insignia on his work clothes.

Three Days Left For GIs to Visit Free State Fair

The 20 rides and 18 shows of the midway at the Oklahoma Free State Fair at Muskogee are attracting the bulk of the GI crowd that turns up at the Fair each evening this week, but a respectable number are also trickling into the more serious exhibits, such as the farm and livestock exhibits, the hobby show, and the 4-H Club exhibits.

By way of having a busman's holiday, many a GI wanders into the big \$5,000,000 Army Service Forces exhibit, where Army equipment, weapons, sanitary machinery, medical supplies and service, clothing, and machinery are exhibited. Most of the exhibits are in the Exhibition Building, but many, such as a medical tent and a "Long Tom" of the Artillery are spotted about the fair grounds.

The shows given at the grandstand and in the night club are proving popular, with several good acts and George Olsen's band to provide entertainment and music for dancing at the night club—and with a rodeo plus the acts and the orchestra to give the grandstand customers a treat. The rodeo goes on each afternoon at 1400, and the stage show, with orchestra and acts, at 2000. The night club opens its doors at 2200.

Three days and nights, not counting tonight, remain for those who want to take in the sights at the Fair Grounds. Sunday is the closing day.

232d Inf. Parties Resume Sunday

Bingo! Admission and cards will be free, as usual, when the Sunday evening parties at the 232d Infantry's beer garden are resumed, beginning 8 October.

Prizes are on tap through the courtesy of the Tulsa Retail Merchants Association, and players are advised to come early, as the number of cards are limited.

New Hoot Mons Gie Out Wi' Music

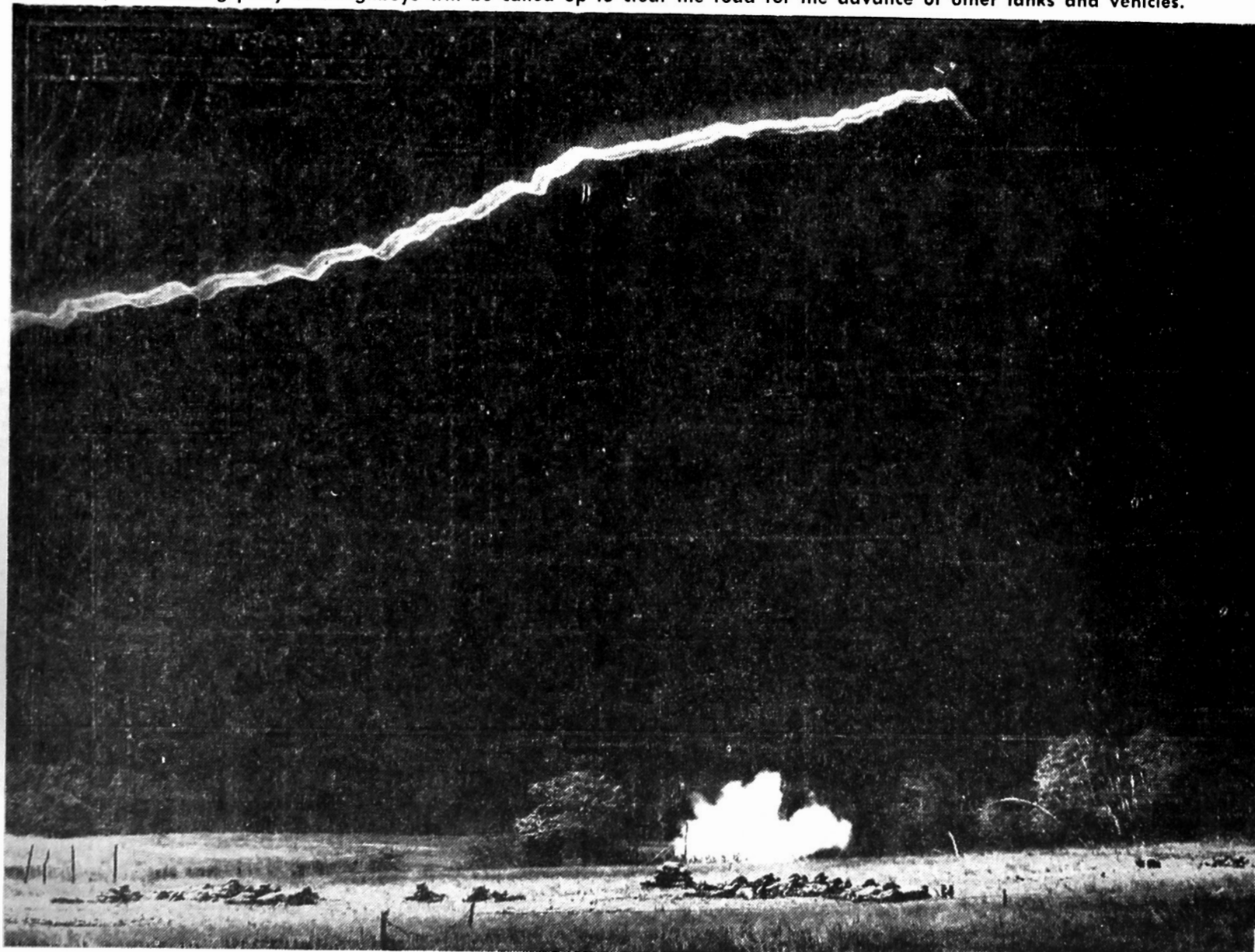


It's an ill wind that blows out of these gadgets, unless you have an ear for Scotch bagpipe music, but you might as well develop an ear for it, because here are two of the four bagpipers whom the Division now boasts as an addition to its official music-makers. Both men's background is straight Scotch, too, as you can see by their names—Pvt. Bert Lilburn, Med. Det., 222d Inf., and Pvt. Earl A. McKay, Division band. (Below) Pvt. Gino Mario, Division band, practicing on a practice chanter, which is used to teach beginners. A fourth bagpiper, on furlough at present, is Pfc. Carl Gray, Division band. All of the men also play clarinet, except Lilburn, who concentrates on the bagpipe.

MINE & BOOBY TRAP S



The point vehicle of an advancing infantry battalion, driving forward into "enemy territory," runs afoul of a mine. Within a few moments, a breaching party of doughboys will be called up to clear the road for the advance of other tanks and vehicles.



A breaching party of infantry, under cover of night, moves into enemy-held ground, contacting enemy trip wire which sets off dazzling white flare, while infantry freezes in tracks. Explosion, center, simulates enemy opening artillery fire instantly.

For the past eight weeks several thousands of GIs from every unit of the division, save the Field Artillery which conducts its own training in this field, have been getting a first-hand acquaintance with mines and booby traps in a six-day, 58-hour course in Area 4.

The school, conducted for the first time under the direction of Lt. Col. J. H. Davis, commanding officer, 14th Infantry Combat Bn., and numbering 1,000 officers and non-com instructors from the regiments, Field Artillery, Engineers, and other units, provides lecture instruction and field training under conditions simulating the battle conditions as closely as possible.

Doughboys, and Quartermasters, Medics and Signalmen, Reconnaissance, Tankers, Ordnance Mechanics and Engineers, saw the workings of the "Shoe," S, and Teller mines; got down on the Nips' booby-traps; breached mine fields and barbed wire with Bangalore torpedoes; developed their own booby traps; laid



Men found old 55-gallon oil drum, withdrew, the

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moved deliberate mine belts; destroyed mine-littered areas with explosives; laid hasty mine belts and cleared "enemy" fields with electric detectors. By midnight of the sixth day, GIs were becoming used to Anti Tank mines bounding into the air, to TNT charges spewing debris 200 feet into the air, to the sharp report of 1-inch salute firecrackers.

On this page are representative views of GIs getting acclimatized—and of some who didn't; of men engaged in the ticklish job of breaching a minefield at night; of a group on road reconnaissance marking off a new and safe route skirting a mined highway; of a soldier disarming a not-so-innocent-looking milk can, booby-trapped by class members; of an exploding TNT charge; of a tank which ran afoul of a mine. But in addition to this field training, the school included instruction on the anti tank and anti personnel mines used by our Allies and their installation, as well as practice in installing mine road blocks. In all classes, instruction and demonstration preceded actual field work by the men.



Road recon men with mine detector detour road and tape off safe route. Left to right: Pvts. Robert Lynd, Co. M, Edward Theismann, Co. K, Allen Cooper, Co. K, Cpl. Walter Bauer, Co. G, all 242d Inf.



Having safely removed the pressure release and a TNT block attached to this 10-gallon milk can, Cpl. H. J. Whitmare, 42d Rcn., takes nothing for granted and, like a wise GI, hunts for second charge.



Men of the 122d Medical Battalion as a breaching party probe for mines with sleeves rolled to detect contact with trip wires more readily. Men, second and third from right, show how not to probe.



Mines and booby traps, like bullets, are no respecters of persons. These "casualties" occurred in one area in September. Sgt. Walter Boho, Co. H, 222d Inf., drives in the latest victim's marker.

drum by road in "enemy" area. Suspicious, they tied
a yanked. Booby-trapped drum shoots 200 feet in air.

INFANTRY

222d INF.

Special Units

Tuesday evening, 26 September, found the men of Headquarters Company, tired but happy that they had passed the Physical Fitness tests. To hear some of the men tell it, they could qualify as Superman now.

S-Sgt. Glenn Archer, the Mighty Mite of Headquarters Company, has been transferred across the street to Company K. So we're still counting on hearing him first—and then seeing him—often.

Wedding bells rang out for Pfc. Wayne C. Cruse, Anti Tank Co., on his recent furlough.

Sgt. Doyle Thompson, Anti Tank Co., had his barracks mates baffled the other day when he produced a pair of size 3 fatigues, complete with chevrons and Rainbow. They turned out to be for his son.

First Battalion

Company A is proud of the fact that it has turned out five Colonel's Orderlies in a row.

S-Sgt. George Cox, Company A Mess Sergeant, is all smiles again now that Mrs. Cox is over her operation and doing nicely. Incidentally, who cooks the meals in the Cox household, anyway?

S-Sgt. Paul Robberson, Company A Supply Sergeant, has discovered that he can recover most of the lost articles of the Company simply by going out into the firebreak and looking around in the long grass.

T-5 Keith Findlay, Company A Mail Clerk, has earned the appreciation of the entire Company for his willingness to get up at any hour of the night when we return from problems to hand out the mail.

Company B should be the Beau Brummels of the Regiment if the number of clothing inspections is any indication.

It was a happy gang of sixteen men from the First Platoon, Co. C, that left en masse on furlough this week—their reward for winning the Rifle Platoon Proficiency Tests. The balance of the Platoon will leave as soon as the first group returns.

A real Army old timer has recently been added to Company D's roster. He is Pvt. Gustave Wuesthoff, who was in the Army back in 1927 and served on MP duty in Times Square in May of that year when Lindbergh was welcomed home from his flight to Paris.

T-Sgt. Caleb U. Jackson, Co. D, led a contingent of 22 men of the mortar platoon off on furlough this week—their reward for winning the proficiency tests. Cpl. William Wheaton is carrying on in the depleted barracks in Sergeant Jackson's absence.

Pvt. Ignacio Placencio, Co. D, recently returned from furlough in Chihuahua, Mexico, where relatives reside.

Second Battalion

The dayroom of Company E was turned into a maternity ward last week for a nameless and homeless fox terrier and her six puppies. The mother had accompanied the Company on a 12-mile hike the night before.

Paratroopers have taken three more old timers from Company F. They are Corporals Davis and Quinn and Pvt. "Red" Brown.

Investigation is going on in the matter of the battle between "Muscles" Sandel and "Battling" Gerber over a piece of liver in Company F's mess hall.

Three cheers for Sergeant Beery, Co. G, who after four weeks finally picked up his laundry

You can always find Sergeant Winters, Co. G, propped up in bed reading the latest ASTP Journal—a comic magazine.

No one has figured out yet just why Sgt. Roy Dodd, Company G Mess Sergeant, carries a monkey wrench around in his pocket lately.

Pfc. Charles Nimick, Co. H, is doing a fine job pinch-hitting as mail clerk.

Pfc. Verne C. Smith, Co. H, is an ardent letter collector—he has stacks of them in his foot locker.

T-5 Joseph Smith, Co. H, came close to becoming a Vanished American when he fell into a fox-hole during a dawn attack problem.

T-4 Lambert C. Jensen, Co. H, promises bigger and better chow, after spending several days in the field.

Third Battalion

Pvt. Donald C. Myers, Hq. Co., is filling in on the duties at Battalion Headquarters left by T-5 Ernest Agostino, who is off on furlough.

Congratulations to Sgt. Reese J. Morgan, Hq. Co., and his squad on the high score they made in the recent patrol test.

If you want to learn how to apply business arithmetic to pleasure, drop in at Barracks 1061, Hq. Co., almost any time. Ready to demonstrate are: T-4 "Curley" Chaudet, T-5 "Turkey" Hayes, Pvt. Bill Casale, and Pvt. Louie Glaser.

Now in Headquarters Company are Privates Wilson, Wilson and Wilson—not related but very good friends. They are: Henry C., Ralph L., and Robert W.

Men of Company I wish to express deep sympathy to Sgt. Clifton Brock, who was called home this week by a death in his family.

S-Sgt. Larry McWilliams, Co. I, went fishing again this week, but things must have been pretty bad. We didn't see a fish—and didn't even hear about the big one that got away.

Best of luck to Mike Maslack and Manny "Chicago" Myers, both of Co. K, who left for Paratroop School this week.

First Sergeant Clark M. Watkins, Co. L, had a visit with Mr. J. K. Calloway, president of the Cooper D. Winn Chapter of the



Rainbow Veterans Association, while on furlough. Mr. Calloway sent best wishes of the veterans of World War I to the new Rainbow and expressed the hope that we will get our chance soon and that we will not only equal but better the record of the old Rainbow Division.

Company M welcomes its new First Sergeant, Benjamin R. Dobish, who was once welterweight champion of the Panama Canal Zone—and he looks as if he's still in condition.

Cpl. Foltzer, Co. M, is still receiving those letters from Jersey which bring a broad smile to a face that would otherwise be very long and sad—especially since that furlough.

Sgt. John Atkinson and Cpl. Lloyd Thygeson, Co. M, deserve much praise for their work as platoon sergeants since Technical Sergeants Ray and Kelly were transferred.



232d INF.

Special Units

PX No. 5 attracted a new customer last week. M-Sgt. John B. Higgins, regimental sergeant major, was seen to be spending his money there and actually enjoying himself. Tahlequah's Chamber of Commerce had better take heed.

At the recording booth at the State Fair, T-4 George Basham, Service Co., asked the cowboy with the guitar for "Cielito Lindo." After spending five minutes searching through a pile of albums, the cowboy told George he didn't have the music and Basham would have to sing unaccompanied. All of which embarrassed George no end—he thought the cowboy was there to sing requests.

T-5 Howard Cohen and T-5 Robert Castleberry, Service Co., were seen aiding the war effort over the weekend by boosting the morale of some lovely Pryor war plant workers.

A heroic scene was noted during the Physical Fitness Tests when Lt. Hyde of Cannon Co., carrying First Sgt. Kavanaugh in the pick-a-back run, took a spill and ploughed up a foot of mud. The lieutenant rose to pick up the 200-pound first sergeant and carry him across the finish line under the required time.

A clipping from the Baton Rouge State-Times tells of Pfc. Joseph V. Roy, a former member of Anti-Tank Co., who was wounded in action in France 7 September. Roy's home is in Baton Rouge.

T-4 Pete Rizza, Communications Platoon, Hq. Co., is taking on new tasks with a vengeance. He returned from furlough in Boston, Mass., with a new wife. Mrs. Rizza is making her home in Tulsa. Secondly, Rizza has taken over the Reveille correspondent's job for Headquarters Company, replacing T-4 Charles Fairman, who has been transferred to Camp Hood, Tex.

Third Battalion

According to the men of Company I, their mess hall crew are turning out some of the finest chow in the regiment. The men responsible are S-Sgt. James K. Clifford, T-4 Elmer Kittelson, T-4 Joseph A. Vancora, T-4 Waylon B. Ellington, T-4 Norman Bode,

and Pfc. Lee E. Trout and Anthony Latella.

Pfc. Clinton Edwards, Co. I, is unanimously voted the weirdest Pfc. of the company. His commando raids with Pvt. Leonard Cree between the latrine and his bunk are out of this world. Gung ho!

Pfc. Chester (Pops) Arnett, Co. I, sweating out his furlough, says he expects to get it about the same time he receives his mustering-out pay.

Pfc. Edward Misczak, the mad bugler of Company I, is telling every one in Company Headquarters that he spent his last weekend duck-hunting with some "friends," but came back with a satisfied grin on his face. Come on, now, "Miz," be honest with your buddies!

242d INF.

Special Units

Surprised is hardly the word to describe Pvt. James R. Riffe's feelings when he opened his mail over in Cannon Company the other day. His mother, Mrs. Ella Riffe, of Ashland, Ky., sends all his letters to brother Carl who is a radio operator at Buckley Field, Colo., and all Carl's letters to James. Imagine Riffe's reaction when he opened a letter and read the thrilling account of how a fellow becomes an expert driver in the 242d Infantry Motor Pool. It has happened in the Army! T-5 Russell A. Dumm, the sage of Hq. Sec., Med. Det., holds the spotlight in this role of immortality. The other day as he wobbled back to the barracks after consuming a hearty meal he declared, "That meal was so good, it reminds me of home cooking." Those listening readily concurred with him, too. So orchids to S-Sgt. Russell Gatton and his adept staff of culinary artists.

T-5 Leonard T. Baldwin, Med. Det., vows he will never venture a motor trip to Tulsa again. Reason: two flat tires, both occurring several miles from a service station.

First Battalion

Among outstanding motor pool personnel receiving mention in "Universal Joint," publication of the 242d Inf. Motor Pool recently was Pvt. William G. Malone, Hq.

Co. A drawing of Malone, complete with his natty mustache, showed him to be one of the best drivers of the week.

Pfc. Melvin R. Harkins, Hq. Co., proved to be a drawing-card with the ladies in Tulsa over the weekend, a fact which thinking men attribute to the mustache he grew while on bivouac.

Sgt. Eddie Rassiewicz, Co. B, is the proud father of a six-pound boy. He celebrated by falling and breaking his arm and is now located at the station hospital.

Star player in the softball tournament at Personnel — Sergeant Romanelli, Co. C.

Pvt. Robert Beilman, Co. C, doesn't want Laurie (in New York) to hear about Helen (in Tulsa), so don't breathe a word of it, men.

Pvt. Peter Grogan, Co. C, suggests that the Red Cross give out doughnuts and coffee for the boys sweating out those bus lines to Tulsa.

New pappies — Staff Sergeant Oczkewicz and Corporal Newell, Co. D.

Sergeant Wheeler, Co. D, says the Tulsa gals who ride around in cars are better than the McAlester girls. He says in Tulsa you first hear a horn, then a screech of brakes, a loud crash as the curbing hits the car, and the women jump out armed with handcuffs, so you can't get away, but in McAlester they just honk and ride by.

Second Battalion

T-Sgt. James (Lefty) Claybourne, Hq. Co., returned from his furlough with a smile on his face. Could be he had a super good time (which he is keeping secret) or is he a "30-year-man"?

T-5 Frank Olson, Hq. Co., got at least one bull's-eye during his pistol firing last week. Is he bucking to be Dick Tracy's right hand man?

Cpl. "Chop-Chop" Morley, Co. E, is plenty worried lately. Since the entire weapons platoon of Company E left on furlough, Morley has no one to help clean the mortars and machine guns. No more Tulsa weekends until the boys get back, eh, Chop?

Cpl. Levi Faulk, Co. E, after putting almost the entire company on the sick book last Tuesday, is certainly glad he was on pass Monday, the day the boys took the Physical Fitness Tests.

Out in the bivouac area, one of Company F's "hubba hubba" non-coms—T-5 Edwin Sanders, to be exact—lost a few points that he had made because he had the temerity to awaken a figure sleeping near the squad. "Wake up," savagely ordered Ed. "Who are you?" "I'm Lieutenant So-and-So," was the sleepy rejoinder.

Pft. Ezekiel Gibson, Co. F, walked into a meeting of Company F non-coms the other night as First Sgt. John Fritz called the group to attention thinking it was the company commander. A great, but brief moment for the Pfc.

Third Battalion

Lost—Mascot, by Hq. Co. Dog, brown, with white circle around right eye. Age—six weeks. Last seen heading west toward 232d area.

Pfc. Richard McBlaine, Co. K, was one of the men who represented the company during the Physical Fitness Test. To show his prowess, Mac got up in the middle of that same night and was doing his push-ups. The boys had to lift him to his upper berth when he got through.

While on bivouac, Cpl. Raymond Pape, Co. K, sent one of his men over to the supply installation to get a bucket of data.

ARTILLERY

392d F. A. Bn.

Pvt. Anthony J. Ermilio, Hq. Btry., doubts if all the chewing gum is sent overseas. He says that half of the chewing gum is under the tables and chairs in the mess hall.

Our thanks again to S-Sgt. Norman Meyes, Hq. Btry., and his assistants for making the battery party a success.

Sgt. Andrew W. Lunch, Btry. C, is a proud father of a baby boy and now we can figure on another chief of Section.

According to reports T-4 Frederick MacDonald, Btry. A, is sort of a lady's man in Muskogee. Who is this girl called Freckles, MacDonald?

Cpl. William P. Donahue, Btry. C, almost became a married man this weekend in Tulsa. Good thing Pfc. Raymond Keough, Hq. Btry., talked him out of it.

402nd F. A. Bn.

A cannoneer of Battery B thinks he has solved the riddle of the new Fuse Setter M14. What an optimist! Anyway, he says, "If you try to cut a fuse at 12.7 and you get 12.8 or 12.5, simply turn the corrector from 30 up to about 40 and then carefully back to 30 again—without going past 30. You leave your time scale on 12.7, the proper setting, all the while. Set your fuse, and she'll come out right on the nose. Sounds unbelievable, but it works."

542d F. A. Bn.

Sgt. John George's galloping Gophers downed T-Sgt. Elmer Russell's Romping Ramblers of Headquarters Company to the tune of 6-0 in a hard fought gridiron grind Saturday morning. The touchdown was scored when a long pass from George to Larson was completed early in the game.

Pfc. Joseph Kofsky, Pvt. Jose Tovar, and Pfc. William Hinshaw, Hq. Co., have come back from furloughing in New York, Texas, and Virginia respectively. Surprisingly they all admitted being glad to be back. The battalion tests seem to have some attraction.

Many happy returns this week go to Pvt. Stanley Fuehrer (no kin to Shicklegruber). Stan hails from Grand Rapids, Mich. Say, Stan, how about a dining room set?

Stopped for a chat with Invasion last night. She was on guard at Able Battery barracks. Suddenly she realized she was violating an order and said, "I've no time for gab now, soldier, take a look at General Order Number Seven."

There will be music in Headquarters Battery again now that T-5 Wilfred Helper is back. When Pete Gebrian and "Hep" get hep the syncopation ain't aggravatin'.

Digging in the Sad Mail Sack

at Headquarters Company again: Pvt. Bill Veitch tells us Private Casey, formerly one of our whiz bang radio operators, is going like a house afire at OCS. John Porter writes that his period at OCS is almost over. Cpl. Anthony Petrucci, now with an Infantry Cannon Company at Camp Carson, Colo., writes that things are going fine. Sgt. Eldon (I'm an Oakie) Skaggs is there too and the situation is well in hand.

"Guard duty ain't what it used to be at Fort Sill," remarks that irresistible he-man, Cpl. Kozusek, Btry. A. "Why, I'd take permanent WAC guard steady and pull duty, too." We agree that it was a good deal.

Congratulations to Cpl. Nigel H. Moss, reporter from Battery C. News is rather sparse this week because the corporal and his "pin up girl for ever more" had a date with the chaplain.

Pvt. Allen Seman, Btry. C, was compelled to spend his furlough by candle light in Great Neck,

Long Island, as a result of the hurricane.

A First Sergeant gets tired of cigarette moochers, no doubt, so we can all realize how happy Sergeant Goodlett, Btry. A, was to distribute seven packs of free cigs to each man in the battery. "Things ought to be quiet on the western front for a spell now," he remarked.

Cpl. Charles Gipson, Btry. A, left on furlough and took his wife and boy to enjoy a little relaxation "Deep in the heart of Texas."

Pfc. Fred Schmidt, Btry. A, was really glad to return to duty after his furlough. Living in Nebraska, a state whose aridity is surpassed only by the Sahara Desert, imagine the poor lad's disappointment when, nurturing a thirst grown to mammoth proportions by the heat at Ft. Sill, he learned that the only bootlegger in town had been drafted. Truly, General Sherman was right.

Battery C was enhanced in strength last week by the arrival of three new men, Pvt. William S. Buzzard, Pvt. Daniel A. D'Apice, and Pvt. Robert C. Dickinson—three swell fellows.

SPECIAL TROOPS

132d Signal Co.

After an unaccountable quiet period of two days in barracks No. 1, the reason was discovered—Pvt. Jacob Slimovitz had bronchitis.

If you were wondering about the cause of all the waving in the company area and barracks last Monday afternoon, it was just the boys trying to absorb two shots and a vaccination.

Riddle: How can T-5 Ivor J. Tesch serve rich brown gravy with bologna as the meat course?

Div. MP Platoon

If you have a broken watch, fountain pen, or washing machine, see Pfc. Howard Sibigroth. The Sibigroth Super Service Repair Shop has now been completely



installed for your assistance—on the ball. (Advertisement).

Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive—is it a bird, is it a plane? No, it's Super-Coyle. At least that's what you'd think if you'd seen Pfc. John Coyle fly through the barracks door the other day. Reckon he's been too used to them thar swingun' doors.

The two greatest operators—

Pfc. Harry "Honeychile, you is so sweet and delicate" Breazeale and Pvt. Paul "The Great Lover" Coffman—return to Oklahoma this week after furloughs, and Tulsans will have to hide their daughters once more over weekends.

Cpl. Spence Lightcap does this visiting relatives stuff up right. His wife, mother, and baby are all visitors in Muskogee these days.

There once WAS a sergeant named Hotor

Whose government jeep lost its rotor.

It's the work of termites. They're now munching lights, And they soon may dine on the motor.

42d Div. Hq. Co.

T-5 Thomas Curtis flew to San Francisco for his furlough after changing his OCS application from armored units to infantry.

Now that Morris W. (for "Wolf") Tucker got the arc under his Sgt's stripes there has been renewed discussion of his old threat of getting married as soon as he got the rating. Having celebrated a recent birthday, he should be capable of a sober decision—soon.

Belated many happy returns greetings are hereby extended Sgts. Durante, Palumbo, and Zuderveen of the Finance Section, who "did and died" for the Rainbow in the uncivilized regions of the east while on detached service.

S-Sgt. Harry David Gohlman III (alias Gerblman) spent the first of the week in Houston dusting his shoes with native soil.

T-Sgt. Burton Douglas was all

smiles Saturday, with a new baby girl as his entry in the Finance Baby Derby—took the news like a babbling brook going over the Grand Canyon.

T-5 Robert Joyce now has a little gold star on his annual T-S slip for having spent his first weekend in camp. Old CQ duty catches up with the best of 'em.

The Med. Det. is looking forward to the return from furlough of T-5 Herb Klinedinst—so many details were taken over by Herb for a nominal fee.

Div. Band News

Despite the scarcity of cigars these days, they were being passed out quite freely last week by Pfc. Louis Rosato. Reason: the birth of baby daughter, Sandra Elizabeth. Both mother and baby are doing fine and the papa is off to Maine on furlough to inspect his offspring. Congrat, Louie.

Life seems a bit more pleasant these days for Pfc. John Warden and Pvt. Robert Delamater, with the arrival of their families in Muskogee. Mrs. Warden and her baby, Rosalie, came from Montana, while Mrs. Delamater and little Flecia Anne are from Georgia.

To Pvt. Earl McKay, the newest member of the band, we extend a cordial welcome into the organization. A clarinetist, McKay transferred in from another Division unit.

Sgt. Bernie Cohen is back from another furlough spent in that "Beautiful City of Brotherly Love"—Philadelphia. Two other members who have returned from furloughland are T-Sgt. Ira Morton, from Tennessee, and Cpl. Al Sesock, from Michigan.

42d QM Co.

Sgt. Allen McManis, the Kentucky Colonel, is back after an emergency furlough and taking up his duties as orientation head again. This time no politics.

Sgt. Thomas Alberici has been following the mail clerk around, accusing him of conspiracy. Seems the bundle of loveliness hasn't written and Alberici thinks Guido is beating his time and holding up the mail.

Pvt. Robert Finlay, the Company Armorer, was finally awarded his three-day pass after a week of sweating it out. He had to pass the Physical Fitness Test, which he did with flying colors.

742d Ordnance

Still dazed from the wonderful times they had on their recent furloughs are T-5 Harold Schmitt (who, incidentally gained six pounds) and T-4 Melvin Zurschmiede.

Back to duty after being bedfast for several weeks in our local hospital is Pfc. "Panama" Golden who is strictly an Ammunition Man, A-1.

Something new in the way of a collapsible bed is demonstrated by Pvt. "Willie" Lewis. Incidentally—twelve o'clock at night is a

poor time to start demonstrations. Anyone having any questions concerning explosives should contact Pvt. David "Curly" Honeyman, or his right hand man, Cpl. Claude (Lover) Hoffman. It is amazing how these men can quote the speed that primacord burns—even though their figures differ somewhat from the manual.

This week, the 742d Ord. Co. says "Au Revoir" to T-5 Melvin L. Jespersen, who leaves for Aberdeen, Maryland, to attend Ordnance Officer's Candidate School. His many friends join in extending to him their best wishes for success.

42d Rcn. Tr.

The Recon Troop concluded its unit tests this week with a bang. "It is at this point that we of the Recon Troop would like to post the names of our 'honored dead' on our last problem. We regret the loss of the following men," writes the Recon Reveille correspondent, and lists: "Lt. Davis, Sergeants Johnson and Bednarz, Corporal Lillie, Pvts. Hood, Lair, Estes, Smith, Yours Truly and Capt. Sidney Tennant." The correspondent's name was withheld.

On that same problem there was wonderment as to why a lieutenant in the third platoon was delayed just a little too long, that is, long enough for the stores to close in Tahlequah. Perhaps it was because of the "Seal" (Corporal Bernier) in Armored Car No. 28. Corporal Bernier and throat mikes just don't vibrate together.

Musical Musings

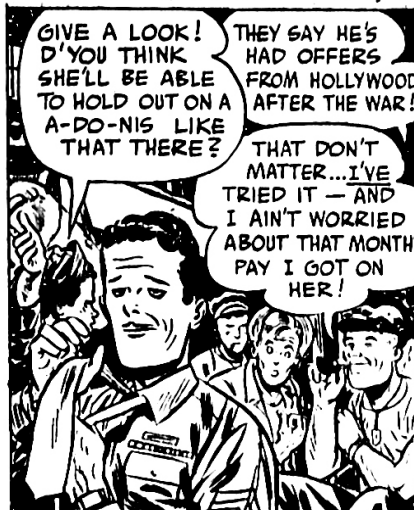
By CPL. DON STELZER

Les Brown and his band have taken over the band stand at the Sherman Hotel's famous Panther Room. This is Brown's third stint at the hotel this year. . . . With the addition of Pvt. Phillip Arnone, formerly with the Pittsburgh WPA orchestra, the band's clarinet section has been sounding terrific. Arnone, who replaced Pvt. John Costa, now with an overseas band, has the tone and technique typical of the Works Progress Administration bands throughout America. . . . Pvt. Frankie Fredrics, former NBC announcer in Cleveland, now with the 222nd Special Service office, is a close friend to many of the big-time bandleaders, having announced for Sammy Kaye, Blue Barron and Guy Lombardo. . . .

Now that "Rainbow in the Army," our Division Song, has been published by Chapell, it is interesting to dig its history. . . . With the idea and lyrics by S-Sgt. Norman Monath, the tune was made into a rousing marching melody in July of last year by three Division band arrangers. . . . The men, Sgt. Woodrow "Pops" Cameron, Sgt. Earl "Gut" Koch, and Cpl. Wendell Lundholm, worked into the wee hours of the morning several nights knocking out the band arrangement of the song. . . .

Male Call

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



(Read—Then Send It Home.)