

Gen. Confusion Says:
Con, I'll Wager It's
No Fun to Lose
A Presidential Race

Pfc. Confucius Reply:
Yes, Must Be Most
Tough to Flunk Out
Of Electoral College

RAINBOW REVEILLE

VOLUME 3

CAMP GRUBER, OKLA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1944

NUMBER 13

Citizens Now of the Country They're Fighting For



Rainbow GIs take the oath of citizenship at the Federal District Court in Muskogee.

14 Rainbowmen Are Naturalized

Thirteen Rainbow men were welcomed to American citizenship by the real, genuine, and original American citizen, as represented by students from Bacone Indian College, at naturalization proceedings held 8 November 1944 in Muskogee.

After the oath was administered in the Federal District Court, the program was turned over to Bacone. Six girls of Indian descent sang two selections, and were joined by four boys of Indian descent in the second song. Congressman Wm. G. Stigler, himself a descendant of the Choctaws, spoke, and recalled fighting alongside the Rainbow Division in World War I.

Men who were naturalized were, in the order they appear in the picture above: front row, left to right—Pvt. Reinhard W. Nodorf, QM, Canada; second man non-Division; Pfc. Heriberto L. Ulate, Btry. A, 392, Mexico; Sgt. Lawrence T. Hopkins, Co. A, 242, England; fifth man non-Division; Sgt. Arthur M. Bell, Co. A, 242, England; Cpl. Bernard W. Romine, Hq. 3B, 232d, Canada. Back row, third, fourth and fifth men—T-Sgt. James M. Olson, Hq. 1B, 222, Canada; Cpl. Rene F. Letourneau, Co. M, 242, Canada; and Pfc. Joseph H. Messmer, Hq. 2B, 232, Switzerland. Not shown in the picture are Pfc. Raymond J. Richard, Co. L, 222; Pvt. Ulric J. Lizotte, Co. A, 222, and Pvt. John D. Slack, Recon, Canada; Pvt. Anthony Foremski, Co. G, 232, Poland; and Pfc. John Bell, QM, Scotland.

T-4 Henry A. Nelson, Med. 232, was naturalized a few days later in Oklahoma City.

Former Competitor Victim of Merger

Sgt. John E. Rothering, Co. G, 242d Inf., is looking forward to the time when he can once again offer the Army and Navy competition.

In civilian life, besides raising and training dogs, Rothering raised homing pigeons for and as message carriers. He belonged to a pigeon-fanciers' association and won a number of trophies in competition with the Army and Navy.

Camp NCO Club Opens Tomorrow

An NCO Club that goes all out and includes everybody down to the humblest T-5 will be available when the new Camp NCO club opens at Sixth and C streets Friday night.

Under the management of S-Sgt. James Robison, the club will serve beer, sandwiches, and hamburgers, and will hold open house until the first of the month. After the first, only members will be admitted. Membership fee for men in units outside the Post Command will get \$1.00. Post Commands NCOs will pay a \$2.50 initiation fee and \$1.00 dues monthly.

The club will be open from 1700 to 2300 nightly.

PLEASANT EMERGENCY

At last! Hq 3B, 222, has a man on an emergency furlough who has the boys' congratulations instead of sympathy—and it's not his mother-in-law's funeral, either. He's T-Sgt. James Olson, and he's becoming an American citizen.

'How to Live Longer in Combat' Tips Concluded by Major Dillender

The following is the conclusion of a letter from Maj. Clyde M. Dillender, Jr., assistant G-3, to T-Sgt. Edward W. Moss, Co. B, 232d Inf., the first two parts of which have already appeared in the Reveille. In it Major Dillender tells some of the things he learned as an observer in France.

Another piece of "poop for the troops" is concerned with the time-worn statement, "Sending a boy to do a man's job." Don't get so involved in a fire fight that you forget about everything in your squad, platoon or company but the riflemen. The riflemen just can't do everything—all of the time. You have a swell collection of weapons on hand or on call at all times. Each one of them has been designed by the War Department to do jobs of a certain type. Know their capabilities and limitations and use them accordingly. Why "peck away" at some Heinies in a house with a bunch of rifles and machine guns, when one or two rounds from a 60mm mortar will clean up the job better than a couple of "cc pills"? On the other hand don't go to the other extreme and scream

for artillery and fighter-bombers every time you see a Heinie move in the woods. If the mortars can do the job, let 'em handle it, then when you really have a man's job to do call for the heavier weapons. If you yell "Wolf" every time you see the leaves rustle it won't be long before the "Woodsmen" will get tired of running, or else he'll run out of ammunition.

You hear a lot of chatter and read a lot of dope concerning "cover and concealment." Some guys always come forth with the statement, "If a shell has your name on it, the son-of-a-gun will get you no matter how much you dig or how well you conceal yourself." Sure, I sorta agree with them along that line, but I also go a little further. I dig and make use of all of the cover and concealment I can find,—not to get away from the hunk of lead that has my name on it, but to stay away from the ones that have "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN" written across

(Continued on Page 3)

RAINBOW REVELLE

Published by and for the Men of the 42nd
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MANAGING EDITOR.....Sgt. Robert K. Allen
NEWS EDITOR.....Sgt. Scott Corbett
STAFF REPORTER.....Cpl. Richard Romain
STAFF ARTIST.....Cpl. Don Freeman
PHOTOGRAPHER.....Sgt. Harold A. Coleman
OFFICER IN CHARGE.....Capt. D. M. Andrews

Member of Camp Newspaper Service
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Ambassador GI Joe

GI Joe, it appears, is a versatile guy. The headlines tell the story of the terrific job he is doing in pushing the Axis armies back to their own borders—and beyond. But in addition, the American soldier is doing a bang-up job of selling American goods abroad—and insuring the peace he is fighting to win.

Joe wasn't necessarily trained for this second job. But it's a job that he nevertheless comes by naturally. His American background of consideration for the rights and privileges of others, his good humor, courtesy, and intelligent and lively interest in new places and new people is winning years of friendly relations for the United States with those countries GI Joe visits, such as England, France, Australia, Italy and China.

The same fact was true of the doughboy of the last World War, but on a more limited scale. Today there are millions more U. S. soldiers abroad than then—and this time they're scattered all over the face of the globe.

GI Joe is proof in himself to these other nations that America means what it says when it puts its name to the Atlantic Charter, and proclaims the Four Freedoms.

Service Club Doings

Service Club No. 1

Thursday 2015—"One Foot In The Groove," Musical Show by 25th Hq. Special Troops. 1900—Bridge. Friday 2000—Dance. Service Cadettes. 97th Army Band. Saturday 2000—Dance. StaN. Janettes from Tulsa. Sunday 1430—"Hey Rube" Show. 2000—Special Show, featuring Okmulgee Kitchen Band. Monday 1900—Language Class. 2000—Dancing. Bingo. Tuesday 2000—Songfest and Movie. Wednesday 2000—Dance. Muskogee USO Girls. 200th Army Band.

Service Club No. 2

Friday 2000—Dance. Tulsa Girls. Saturday 2000—Bingo Sunday 1400 to 1700—Dance. 1700 to 1900—Dinner Dates. 1900 to 2200—Dancing. Constance Taylor Girls from Tulsa. Monday 2000—Movies, Bridge, Games. Tuesday 2000—Songfest. Wednesday 2000—Open House.

Movie Schedule

Theaters No. 1 and 3

Thursday—"The Doughgirls," Ann Sheridan, Alexis Smith, Jack Carson. Friday and Saturday—"Laura," Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews. "Army-Navy Screen Magazine. Sunday and Monday—"Frenchmen's Creek," Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova. Tuesday—"Reckless Age," Gloria Jean, Henry Stephenson, and "The Unwritten Code," Tom Neal, Ann Savage. Wednesday and Thursday—"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, Robert Walker.

Theaters 2 and 4

Thursday—"Brazil," Virginia Bruce, Tito Guizar. Friday and Saturday—"The Doughgirls" (See above). Sunday and Monday—"Laura" and "Army-Navy Screen Magazine." Tuesday and Wednesday—"Frenchmen's Creek." Thursday—"Reckless Age" and "The Unwritten Code."

What Life's Like
With a Bus Load
Of Tulsa Lovelies

One evening after a dance, a Reveille reporter climbed aboard one of the special busses which was about to take the weary girls back to Tulsa, and asked the first girl he saw who looked both pretty and intelligent to write her impressions of the trip to camp and back. Here they are; she asked us just to use her initials—P.A.R.

When the buses pass through Muskogee the girls automatically begin to put on the last minute touches which go to make up a well-groomed young jitterbug. If you have never dressed in a Breeding bus going full speed, you can hardly appreciate the pandemonium which reigns during the ensuing half hour. First, a scramble to recover shoes removed in relief after a hard day at the office, then the inevitable struggle necessary in getting them back on, with the silent resolution that the next pair of shoes you buy will be a half-size larger. Formals, heretofore hung on hangers to avoid mussing, are now taken down and slipped into with a minimum of effort. The hills, curves, bumps and dips of the picturesque Cookson Hills add in no small way to the fun.

At camp, the cloak room is full of buzz about the attractiveness of the field house, the solidity of the band, the heartening redundancy of boys and the ever-present question—"How do I look?"

These dances might well be tagged "the answer to a maiden's prayer" and the last dance is never welcomed very enthusiastically. Following the mad scramble for coats, couples stand hand in hand near the buses discussing next weekend "If he can get in," and once aboard the girls settle quickly down to individual and group reminiscence.

Here and there are heaped coats and blankets upon which those more inclined to sleep rest with a certain degree of comfort. At the same time each girl attempts to lay her head on the shoulder of the next unlucky victim, who, in turn, struggles vainly to strike a semi-comfortable position, herself.

Then, as the Tulsa skyline LOOMS in the distance, the lights are turned on and forty sleepy girls query "Where are we?" Convinced we are entering Tulsa, they proceed to comb their hair slightly to do away with that disheveled look which inevitably follows two hours of attempted sleep. Gathering boxes, etc., the group prepares to alight, the question "Where shall we eat?" uppermost in every mind. Now as they walk wearily up to Bishop's or crawl sleepily into cabs, you hear numerous girls remark that this is the last time for them but just wait and see who's first to sign up for the next dance. They'll do it every time.

THE
IMMATERIAL
WITNESS

By SGT. SCOTT CORBETT

According to an Eighth Service Command poster, the Army figures GI music-makers are one of the best forms of self-entertainment for men overseas, and among other things the poster recommends that each squad should develop one harmonica, tonette, or ocarina player. This is supposed to go over great with us dogfaces.

However, somebody is wrong, either the Eighth Service Command or me. Because I have become the self-appointed tonette player in my squad, and my squad doesn't like it.

Maybe it would have worked out better if I had been able to practise all alone somewhere out of earshot. In fact, the way the boys look at me when I start tootling, maybe I should even be out of gunshot, just to play safe.

As I say, though, the period of practising, when I was feeling out my instrument and getting to know it, and occasionally hitting a right note—that was the period that seemed to wear on the lads the most.

The tonette has a mournful note, not unlike that of the English horn or a flute with a severe case of pawnshop rust, but that alone is not enough to explain the strange melancholy which descends upon Sgt. Kimball whenever the liquid notes begin to strike his ears.

"I never thought anything or anybody could make me learn to hate 'Home, Sweet Home,'" he growled recently.

"Listen," I retorted, withdrawing the tonette and unpuckering momentarily to reply to the fellow, "I'm only doing my duty. If you'll take a look at the poster, you'll see that each squad should also have one 'spark plug' song leader. Who's going to step forward and spark?"

"Probably you," he snapped. "I'll probably get so I'll be afraid to have you stop playing, for fear you'll start singing."

I pointed out the other features of the program, which include one ukulele player and one barbershop quartet in every platoon (Notice: our platoon will trade two utility bass singers for one second tenor in good condition), one accordionist and one hand-wound portable phonograph in every company, and a small instrumental combo of three to five pieces in each battalion.

"Sounds great," snorted Sgt. Kimball. "There's only one thing that worries me, though—will there still be room in every squad's T/O for one rifleman?"

Sgt. Kimball just isn't a friend of music, that's all.



How to Live Longer Told

(Continued from Page 1)

their sides. They are the ones that are really rough and are worth guarding against.

Along that same line I have done a lot of studying and conducted a bunch of classes on "Terrain Appreciation." At that time it really concerned five things I knew were important, but not as important as they seem to me now. They are: observation, fields of fire, concealment and cover, obstacles, and routes of communication. After mixing with the Jerry a few times you really "appreciate" the high ground where you can "look down the so-and-so's throat" and know that your fields of fire are far superior to his. When the going gets rough you again "appreciate" that little fold in the ground that keeps the bullets and shrapnel from whanging into you. You also become very close friends with that patch of grass or weeds that are just tall enough for you to crawl through without being seen by the enemy. You like the thought of having a steep cliff, a river or a tough swamp on your flanks. You continue to guard against a possible counter-attack no matter how tough an obstacle might be, but it certainly makes your position easier to defend. Routes of communication take on a different meaning when you are running short on ammunition, food and water and you waste many precious hours until dark waiting to get the things you need. Yes, Terrain Appreciation really takes

Pot of Gold

This week's bowl of bullion goes into the helmet liner of Pfc. Syd Rich, Hq. Divarty, who sent in the following comment on our new publication. "The battery was surprised last week to see the new Rainbow Reveille. Seems as if more than 'food' is being dehydrated these days."

Arrangement Given To Band by Carter

If you happen to be one of those GI hep cats who sweat dances on the post pretty close, look twice at the bandstand the next time you start cuttin' a rug to "Sweet Georgia Brown"—for it won't be Benny Carter's band in person, but rather his special arrangement of the tune being played by the Division Dance Band.

Carter gave the arrangement to the band during his engagement here last week. Its addition supplements special arrangements of Les Brown, Charlie Spivak, Stan Kenton, and many other big time bands, to the library of the dance band.

on an entirely different meaning!!!

Just one final "tip" before closing: If you haven't done so already you will develop a powerful hate for "Herman the German" or his pal and buddy the "monkey-faced Jap." Never let your men give them any cigarettes or talk to them. They are rats of the first water. When you see some of the dirty damn things they pull your hate grows by leaps and bounds.

About Faces By Freeman



The library at Service Club No. 1 is becoming more popular every day due to several reasons, one of them being Mrs. Kathleen Carnes. She is almost literally wrapped up in books while she is busy seeing to it that the library carries on its shelves a complete array of volumes. Here is Freedom of the Press at its best . . . and Mrs. Carnes is its conscientious guardian. She is also an authoress on her own — "The Little Book of the Symphony" has had wide recognition.

Reporting on the Reporters

T-4 Charles U. Chieca, Med. Det., 242d Inf., notified us a little indignantly a couple of days ago that the item in a recent Reveille—to-wit, that the farovite pin-up gal in the Medics' Headquarters Section was Chieca's 9-month-old daughter, Pat—was all haywire, to put it mildly. The Reveille printed the news just as

it was sent in by the reporter of Chieca's own unit. Unfortunately, Chieca says he hasn't been able to track down the pencil-pusher and set him straight. So for the sake of all concerned, the Reveille takes this opportunity to publish the accurate vital statistics of the matter: It's not a daughter, but a 23-month-old son, Patrick Michael,

of whom Chieca is the proud father. At any rate, Pat must be a cute looking kid.

We're glowing with pride—somebody has given us as his hometown paper. The somebody is Pvt. Bernard D. Williamson,

formerly of 742d Ordnance Co., and the press release addressed to us by him from Ft. Benning announces that he has won the right to wear "Wings and Boots" of the Paratroops. Everybody back home here sends his best, Bernie.

Male Call

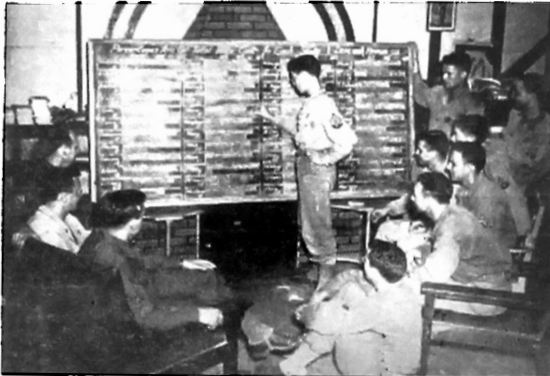
by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



How Vargan One Go With These Things?



Election Returns Hot Off the Wire



Thanks to T-4 Bob (Gallup Poll) Stack, men of Hq. Btry., Div. Arty., made a big evening of election night last week. Stack prepared the large board on which he kept up-to-the-minute state-by-state returns as fast as they came in over the radio. Though a strictly non-partisan undertaking, Stack admits the hardest part of the job was chalking up his home state of Montana for the Democrats.

Carelessness About Drinking Water Causes Many Casualties Overseas

"Dysentery in the field can usually be traced to one source—impure water," declares Capt. Morris Fiterman, Division Medical Inspector, speaking from experience gained in Italy. "We enforced sanitary discipline and still had dysentery. We made sure the food was all right, and still had the same trouble. Then we'd ask the men if they had used some method of purification in the water they drank, and they'd say no.

"Not only dysentery, but cholera, typhoid and worm diseases are among the possible results of drinking contaminated water, and for this reason every soldier must know methods of water purification. There is no known preventive injection or immunization for dysentery, and it often causes

intestinal infection in epidemic form."

Although water is supplied whenever possible to troops in the field from portable purification units operated by the Engineers, in some instances it is necessary for men to procure their own supply from streams, springs, and wells. All such water, regardless of its source, must be considered loaded with disease-bearing bacteria—invisible to the naked eye. Clear, sparkling water is not necessarily safe water. Only sterilized water is safe for drinking.

A few simple methods can be used in the field to purify water:

1. Halazone method—two tablets in a canteen of water.
 2. Calcium hypochlorite method—one tube to a canteen of water, then add one canteen cap of this solution to each canteen, and wait 30 minutes before drinking.
 3. Boiling for 3-5 minutes.
- The use of iodine to sterilize water is not recommended.

BILFOLD GIRL OF THE WEEK



Here's Miss Jo Ann York, of Wichita, Kan., whose picture made the journey from Wichita to our office via the billfold of Pvt. R. V. Suder, Co. A, 222.

Tall Tale Derailed By Sharp Memory

T-5 Morris Mayo, 742d Ord. Co., is famous as a teller of tall tales. One of his latest had the men down at MRS No. 12 entranced the other evening during a ten minute break. Mayo had all but the skeptical believing his story of driving his car on the rails of a railroad track between his place of business and his home back in Bedford, Ind.

About then, however, someone remembered that the railroad tracks in Bedford run through the center of town—with the tracks on a level with the pavement.

Reveille Cannot Be Mailed Free

If you want to play ball with Uncle Sam and the Postal Department when it comes to sending a copy of the Reveille home to the folks, here's how you do it. Postal regulations do not permit your sending a publication through the mails free, so if you enclose it with a letter, put a 3c stamp on the envelope. If you send it alone, put it in an unsealed envelope bearing a 1½c stamp.

Musical Musings

By CPL. DON STELZER

While in Chicago on furlough your reporter caught Glen Gray at the Stevens Hotel. Benny Strong going great guns at the Walnut Room of the Bismark. Sonny Dunham and his fine band at the Riverside Theater, Milwaukee, Wis., and of course Red Allen and his small combo going into their fourth year at the Downbeat Room, one of the windy city's after hour spots. With Allen are Ben Webster, off the Duke's band, and J. C. Higgenbotham, voted by Esquire mag as the finest negro trombone man in the business...

During Benny Carter's visit here, Lt. John Stone, Camp Theater Officer, sat in the trombone section both nights. A graduate of the U. S. School of Music, Lt. Stone was offered a job after his release from the service, by Carter himself. However, it is doubtful if he will accept, as he already has standing offers with Earl Hines and Noble Sissle.

Two Big Shows Here Sunday

Gruberites will get to gorge themselves on a galaxy of gorgeous girls and gay goings-on at Service Club No. 1 Sunday when the "Hey Rubettes" and the "Okmulgee Pony Girl Kitchen Band" provide a stupendous twin bill of variety shows.

The dependable "Hey Rube" show, which will go on at 1430, will be emceed as usual by Lew Miller, with Elmer Jarrell as a laugh-getter and 12-year-old—or is she 13 now?—Liana Dotson vocalizing. Principal draw for the average GI will be the appetizing misses who prance about as the "Hey Rubettes," the show's famed chorus.

In the evening at 2000, the "Kitchen Band," a group of comical ladies who play instruments made of kitchenware, will take over, supported by a number of other performers. Among these additional features will be the singing of Bobby Ann Grant, the piano-playing of Babe Devore, and the well-known snake dance performed by Buck Burgess, whose Indian name is Chief Lone Eagle. This show has been arranged by Mrs. W. H. Kent, a member of the Muskogee Round-Up club.

SECOND GENERATION

A newcomer to Hq. Btry., 542, is Pvt. John Bullard, who asked permission to join the Rainbow and got it. His reason was that his dad was in the Rainbow in World War I.

The Wolf

by Sansone

