

BROOKS TRIPS SAACC IN THE LAST OF THE 11th

Brooks Field, July 22. Brooks exerted its jinx over the boys from SAACC again this afternoon, when they pushed across a run in the last of the 11th inning to win, 6-5.

Brooks started things in the first when, with two out and two men on, Schuck tripled down the right field line for two runs. They added two more in the third on a triple and two singles, and coasted along on four runs until the fifth when SAACC bunched three singles for 1 run, and added 3 more in the sixth when Slaughter singled, Wilber doubled, and Lehner hit a home run over the right field fence.

Brooks came back with a run in its half of the sixth, to go back into the lead, and it was not until the 1st of the ninth that the SAACC boys were able to tie it again, when Wilber doubled to center and Scheske scored from second.

In the last of the 11th Kott tripled after one was out, and the next two batters were walked purposely, loading the sacks. The next batter popped to second, for the second out, but Fikes walked, forcing in Kott with the winning run.

123456789	10	11	R	H	E	
SAACC	000013001	0	0	5	15	2
Brooks	202001000	0	1	6	13	3

W. Johnson and Wilner; Peterson and Linski.

SAACC, July 29. Sgt. Martin Lakowitz was packed and ready to become a civvy again when he heard of the recent developments in Italy.

After a heated argument with his buddies in barracks 6116, he was finally convinced that the war was not over, but in reality, it had just begun.

"AMAGAUCHO ROOM" TO OPEN AUG. 2

EMs of Hq. & Hq. Sq., AAFCC, will be singing the popular song to their first sergeant when their squadron gets its new day room and has a picnic celebration all in a couple of weeks.

FORMER SERGEANT NOW CO OF THE DETACHMENT MEDICAL DEPT.

1st. Lt. Arnold A. Nored, MAC, recently was assigned as Commanding Officer of the Medical Detachment.

Until April 1942 he was attached to the 45th Infantry



1st Lt. Arnold Nored (left) and 1st. Sgt. Elmer West (right) discuss "business" in the orderly room.

Division, Camp Berkeley. He attended Officer Candidate School, Camp Berkeley, and received his gold bar, June 1942. He arrived at SAACC in September and was attached to the Detachment Medical Department as assistant commanding officer. Last January he exchanged his gold bar for a silver one. Three months ago he left the Medics and went to the Registrar's office in the Hospital.

And last week he came back to the detachment as commanding officer. The Medics present

(Continued on Page 11, Column 2)

The song will be, "This is The Army, Sgt. Jones" and already tuneful members are harmonizing to please the ear of 1st Sgt. R. E. Jones.

"It will be one of the outstanding day rooms on the Post," said Lt. Clifford B. Johnston, CO.

Composition flooring, Masonite wallboard in a cool green color and murals and decorations will help create a restful atmosphere. Most of the furniture has been purchased and is now in storage until all work on the room is completed.

The old Squadron Dayroom will be used exclusively as a game room with two pool tables, two or more ping pong tables and various other games. The new dayroom is to be used for reading writing and other quieter diversions. A radio, a phonograph and a piano will be available in the new day room and a radio in the old.

Furnishings of the new room will be similar to the type in use in the Enlisted Men's Club in Preflight area. Comfortable large cushioned chairs, modernistic writing tables, lamps, ash stands, book shelves, rugs and drapes have been carefully selected for the room.

It is anticipated that clubs of various kinds may be formed to which the room will be available for meetings.

The "Amagauch Room", the smaller of the two rooms in the building, is being decorated by S/Sgt. Fred Levit. He is preparing a series of show card

(Continued on Page 12, Column 1)

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Vol. 1, No. 28

July 31, 1943

MAILING YARDBIRD

YARDBIRD costs money if it's to be sent through the mails. The free mailing privilege service men use applies only to first class mail, and any GI that sends a copy of **YARDBIRD** must spend 1½¢.

Here's the easy way: Spend three cents for two 1½ cent stamps. Put one of them on the YB you want to send back home, and save the other one for the paper next week, because it will be even better than this week's issue. Easy and inexpensive, isn't it?

YARDBIRD may be mailed in any usual type of envelope, but the envelope flap should be tucked in--it must not be sealed. It is fourth-class mail and costs 1½¢ (more than one copy of the paper may require additional postage).

DATA ON FOREIGN-SERVICE RIBBONS

The other day we ran into one of our former buddies, one who went on sick call when there was work to be done. He was enjoying a soft job in a permanent cadre in a Western training camp.

When we inquired about the maze of ribbons pinned to his shirt front, he muttered something about having passed through Canada on a troop train assignment. He was evasive in answering questions as to how long he had been there, where he had received his ribbons, etc., and then made a hurried departure.

A brief visit outside the boundaries of the continental U. S. on a troop train or furlough doesn't give you the right to wear the same American Theater decoration as the men who are sweating it out in Panama, Trinidad, Greenland or South America. An overnight stop in Iceland or England isn't sufficient reason to plaster a European-African ribbon on your uniform.

A soldier is not entitled to wear the foreign-service ribbon of any theater unless he is officially attached to a unit in that particular area and has such duty entered on his service record.

We don't like to cramp the style of the USO commandos who have been using the pretty colors of the foreign-service ribbons to impress innocent hostesses and bartenders. But something has to be done because overseas decorations,

PAGE 2

especially the American Theater ribbon, are getting so plentiful that they don't mean anything. Everybody in uniform except the policemen and firemen seems to wear them these days.

---YANK July 30

REFLECTIONS OF A YANKEE IN TEXAS

by PFC Jack Lewis (509th)

Before commencing this, I should perhaps bring to your attention, that the title of this article is not altogether correct. There is in reality no such thing as a yankee in Texas. The term universally used is damn yankee. Care of course must be used to pronounce it as one word and not two. You sort of slur the two together, **DAMYANKEE!**

The first thing I would like to explain to any newly arrived damyankees is a Texan's conception of distance. There are two yardsticks as it were, by which distance is measured here in Texas. One is called, "Down the road a piece" and the other is "A quarter yonder". When asking directions, extreme care must be used when noting the exact manner in which these terms are used. When you are informed that the place you seek is "Down the road a piece", it is probably not farther than from New York to Philadelphia. A leisurely two day hike in which no safari will be necessary.

This brings us up to the other term "A quarter yonder". Here I regret to admit we have no exact data, and must go largely to guesswork. There have been a number of instances however, where men have been found wandering around the vicinity of Lower Hudson Bay, whose last words were: "They told me to go a quarter yonder", roughly represents a distance of between 3500 and 4000 miles.

It has always struck me as sort of an odd coincidence, that these men were always found north of the Mason Dixon line---I wonder?



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SQUADRON PROP WASH

HQ & HQ NOTES

By Cpl. John Curtis &
S/Sgt. George Cain

Interesting speculations department: Who knows what may happen when two handsome S/Sgts. get together on the loose? And they aren't particular. I wonder what the SAACC ball team is doing for a bat boy and rooter now that Cpl. Fihlstien is on furlough.

What certain Sgt. in Personnel Hqtrs. is going to get good and drunk on champagne and recuperate for 6 months after the duration?

Not many of you members of Hq. and Hq. Sq. know that S/Sgt. E. Fletcher is on his way to his doom. You should have seen the rock.

The barracks of 6129 has sort of quieted down a little now that T/Sgt. George (Jerry) Solomon is visiting Cleveland. I can almost hear Cleveland hollering with boisterous yells of "Texas' loss is our gain," (for 15 days anyway).

One thing is certain after a chat with a few of the boys, they are wondering how Sgt. Masak ever did it. Or maybe Chicago is just full of beautiful maidens.

S/Sgt. Fred Levit and his helpers are doing a bang up job on remodeling Barracks 61.

M/Sgt. Eldridge sure likes to take PT, but he always stays in the middle of an exercise and says, "a fellow can go so far and that's all."

A bunch of the boys are now studying everything that covers under administrative work. That W/O (j.g.) is worth studying for.



Sgt. Jenkins says it's her mother's cooking that intrigues him to Kerrville every so often.

PFC Polak not only doing push-ups again, but has lots of company in doing them. He's been assigned to the PT dept. as one of its muscle builders.

I'll buy the cigars the day PFC Paul Mullis wins an argument against anyone in lower #6132.

For CPL Nursall's information, that evil smelling stuff CPL Hantuner carries around his person, is Talcum Powder-Nothing else!

CPL Gilbert who just returned from the hospital is eagerly waiting his turn for KP again - ahem!

CPL Keiser of the EM mess looked none-too happy when it came to shaking hands with the boys and bidding farewell to the Regular Army. He's being transferred to the Enlisted Reserve Corp. and is scheduled to work in an essential war plant.



by
PFC.
Frank
Lassman

Now that the little woman has arrived and they are housekeeping in San Antone, one would expect PFC Levin to end that "letter-a-day to the one and only" stuff. But not Morty! Caught mailing a tender missive to the Mrs., Levin offered; "You see, many married couples stop those little things when they get hitched, but not me!"

If you weren't watching too closely last week, you probably missed seeing old "Flash" Gordon "flash" in from the Minnesota furlough to ASTP...Cpl. Si Rocklin announces his newly established mastery of the first two pages of the Mozart piano Sonata in E Major. Is this another budding concert pianist in our midst? Altho now exhibiting a classical veneer, methinks Maestro Si will end up tickling the ivories in jive.

..And you think you have trouble! Sgt. Bob Gillman's Austin flame contracted a beautiful case of poison ivy. Things have come to a pretty pass when you can't even hold hands with your gal...Understand that Eric Dreikurs exercises a mellow vocal cord --his latest is, "That Old Black Magic" - in the original Austrian...John Menozzi throwing the newspaper from him in disgust, - "The h---- with the Coral Princess--give me my Terry and the Pirates!"

As we go to press, hottest topic of conversation is the Woodlawn pool swimming party for Unit personnel, both military and civilian. "My romances are my own! If you put that in the YB, I'll, - - -" warns old Joe Woodruff.

Rumor hath it that Ramsey, Shimberg, and Mike Gordon are bucking for the Soldier's Medal. Latest heroic exploit was fixing a flat tire for a n-i-c-e lady..That devastating gig list spared not even the Barrack Chief; "Clothes in wrong order" was the misdemeanor, eh, Mac? FLASH! Ben Willerman is searching for a good parson..Guess Sgt. Gillman will be losing his job - someone else will be waking Ben in the morning, someone with a sweeter voice. Seen around the area after PT. was Cpl. Evans Anderson in briefies. Shocking, Evans, shocking!!!

Smart GI's save war bonds now!



The hours between 6 and 7 are usually hours of dead silence at the MPU. Barr-

(Continued on Next Page)

885 THIS VIEWS

By PFC.
Kelly

PFC. Joe Baker is wearing a bigger smile than ever-yeah, Joe's going on a well earned furlough.

(MPU Prop Wash Cont'd)

acks when bunks are deserted and the EM are wending their ways thru new experiences in the Alamo City. However, now that basic training review has us in its clutches, there is hardly a bunk open.

Daniel E. Ertl is a vastly improved drill man and can hold with the best.

We have several future OCS candidates who are evaluating on our review of close order drill. They are: Sgt. McRoberts of the dental clinic, Pfc. Weber and Sgt. Vita.

Under the direction of our new Company commander, Lt. Moody, our review is progressing very well. Lt. Moody became our CO when Capt. Hildreth was transferred to the hospital.

There's something cooking when Sgt. Coleman sticks to the barracks for one continuous week. We're here to tell you there is a curfew, Sgt. Coleman...

Basil Trivett, gradually attaining the name of "Two Gun Pete" is still threatening to shoot the lights out at the barracks at siesta time.

With the fullest intentions of decreasing their waistlines, Sgt. Giammona and Pvt. "Big Pooch" DeVault are working out nightly on the service man's track. Their muscles fairly ripple like the five delicious flavors when in the course of their exercises. Duty at MPU is calling. See you next week.

993rd Q.M. PLATOON

The boys are holding family reunion around the Sq. for several of the men who have just returned from furloughs and for some of the others who have been absent for other reasons. Six of the fellows are starting their furloughs today, and will be gone for 14 days.

Cpls. Wallace, Petry, Scott, and Pvts. Artis, Hines, and Turner. The furlough that is causing the most concern is Cpl. Wallace who is going to visit the W.A.C. training center in Iowa. What is his

motive for such a visit? Maybe it's love or maybe just a little unfinished business.

Sporting Side of the news: The SAACC baseball team made up of men from the 993rd, 71st and the 28th Avn. Sq. played a losing game last Sunday afternoon to the Hondo ball team. SAACC was defeated by a score of 14 to 9. After the game the Hondo players were dinner guests to the SAACC players.

The 993rdrs that don't go in for such rugged sports as baseball are finding a new interest in card games. Don't get the wrong impression that the boys are softies because they play cards instead of baseball. They are not at all soft. When the sun isn't too hot you can find them tossing a little leather with the boxing gloves.

Every evening you can hear Pvt. Otha Williams leading with a verbal left and equally hard right to the chin of his shadow. It's a different story when he is called to put the gloves on.

PFC Sam Jenkins reports that cooperation from the men in writing this column has been great. Thanks to Pvt. H. Hines, PFC M. Johnson, and Pvt. Joe C. Mayes.



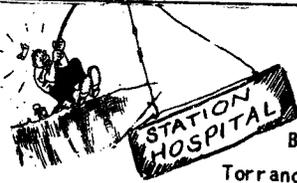
by S/Sgt. H. C. Riley

It is rumored that Pvt. Curley Rowls will soon come into the office to file a claim for a newly class "A" dependent, by virtue of his having solemnly sworn "I will."

Cpl. Givins came back from a recent furlough where he was really soft-soaked. Don't tell him that I told you but he said that he spent more than \$100. and did not hop the broom. Was it your smartness or your money, Cpl. Givins?



But come to think of it, why all this nostalgia for the good old days? These are the good old days, and we'd all better realize it now, for one day we'll really see how tough it can get to be in the Army!



By Sgt.

Torrance Graham

Cpl. Riley (Sonnie) Samuel and Louise returned this past week from a furlough spent in Georgia. Sammie thinks he should have another furlough right away to get rested up.

S/Sgt. Glen Wingo spent the week-end in Houston on pass. Glenwood was out on a "hoss" buying trip.

T/4 Meinhold Tinglehoff returned to civilian status Tuesday. Mr. Tinglehoff left for his home town in Kentucky.

The "Golden Boy," Pvt. Clarence Cadwallader is sporting a new head of hair. What color is it going to be next month, Caddy?

The Pharmacy should (or should it) function much more smoothly from now on. Mrs. Aloysius Urbansai and Mrs. Joseph Seitz of Chicago and New York respectively, have arrived in San Antonio.

The 908th

S/Sgt. Rusty Hixson is very busy these days building a nest for the expected first arrival of the stork... Usually reliable sources in Nuevo Laredo state that Sgt. Bartewski and Pfc. Firlik had themselves a very enjoyable time a couple of weeks ago, carrying out their own Good Neighbor Policy... Sgt. "Curly" Yost is tired but happy after a furlough of fishing in the "Land of Minnehaha" and exploring the night life of the Windy City... Our intelligence from a certain WAC camp in Arkansas concerns Cpl. Echols. Seems several of the gals are singing about him, "I Just Kissed Four Picture Good-Night!"...

Three of our men have succumbed to the ball and chain lately: Pfc. Delgai, Cpl. Brisko, and S/Sgt. Quattlebaum... Pvt. Jackson has been spending most of his time in the evenings applying a new coat of paint to his car

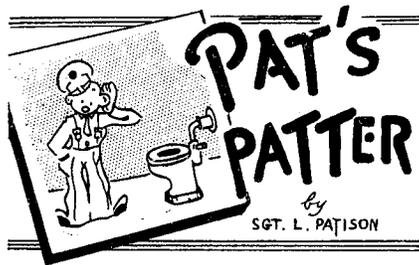
SIAMESE TWINS STATIONED AT SAACC

Sergeants Norman Aborn and Harry Weinzicher have set a record that could well appear in "Ripley's Believe It Or Not." Both have been in the army for twenty-seven months, and have been buddies for the entire period. But that's not the whole story. They lived across the street from each other in their home town of New York City, were inducted on the same date, and received their thirteen weeks of basic training together at Camp Croft, South Carolina.

Then the pair were assigned to the same outfit which was located at Indiantown Gap, Pa. There the pair were assigned to Headquarters Co., the communications arm of the regiment. Working out of that camp, they went on three maneuvers while sandwiching their training in radio school between times. After thirteen months at this base, Aborn and Weinzicher were two of a group of unlucky riders who didn't make it to the new location at Alexandria, La. In a hundred mile long convoy, they were participants in its first and only accident during --- sixteen hundred mile trip from Pa. to La., and had the experience of recovering consciousness side by side in a hospital ward at Ft. Bragg, N. C.

Rejoining their outfit after a nine day stay in the hospital, they were again assigned to active duty together. Then on February 25, 1942, they took tests for the aviation cadets, and arrived in Classification Center (then Tent City) on September 9. Unfortunately in the first week of processing they were both eliminated, and were assigned to service squadron at this post. At present, the two sergeants are instructors in the same code room in Gp. H. (Pre-Flight) where they have been cooperating since December.

For the Army, this is a record for non-separation that could hardly be beaten by the Siamese twins. They are so often seen together, in fact, that some of their buddies have a suspicion that they might even marry the same gal. Or, in the sergeants own words, and we quote, "di di di dah di dah".



Good Evening:

Here we go again, the Bolshevik tactics adopted by this department in the past, have been thoroughly squelched. So from now on, we'll try to be good citizens.

The current subject for beefing, griping, or groaning, is our evening gathering for PT. If any of you men want to get out of it, just cut off a leg, break your back or hang a left hook on the first sergeant. In case of the first two you will undoubtedly be given limited service and be the lucky recipient of one hour of Vitamin B-1 every afternoon in a painless sun-bath form (Miami Beach, Texas style.)

The latter case is not recommended because it is rumored that Capt. Dodge's school of correction for wayward lads isn't exactly our idea of a pleasant place to spend these balmy summer days.

The latest idea, (strictly rumor, we hope,) is that instead of sun-bathing, the limited



service men will plant a victory garden. I am heartily in favor of this "back to the earth" movement. At least until Lt. Renzaglia takes that potato fork out of my back. And I always thought PT meant primary trainer, not physical torture.

Oh well, after all this build 'em up, tear 'em down routine, there'll still be a market for pencils, shoe laces and razor blades for the weaker men. The lucky limited service men are practicing up to be play boys, no doubt.

Well, time for a nap, so

we'll put this dept. under lock and key until next week, if we survive.

Good Night.



PHARMACIST'S MATE REMOVES

APPENDIX ON SUBMARINE

Hawaii (By Cable)--Whenever the U.S.S. Silversides started on a new cruise into enemy waters, the men would say, "Can you take out an appendix, Doc?"

"Hell, yes," 22-year-old Tom Moore, pharmacist's mate first class of Chino Valley, Ariz., would reply.

He only hoped that no one would take him seriously, since there are no doctors among the 60-odd men of a submarine crew. But George Platter, fireman 2d class, of Buffalo, N.Y., called his bluff.

"I'm afraid it's appendicitis, sir," Moore reported to Lt. Comdr. E. D. Burlingame of Louisville, Ky., after examining Platter.

"Good God, man! Do you know where we are?" the Old Man asked. "We couldn't be much closer to Japan if we were on the highway to Tokyo."

"It has to come out, sir," Moore replied.

"OK," the Old Man said.

"Take it out," Platter said.

That evening, the Silversides surfaced for a few minutes. There were no enemy vessels in sight, and she submerged almost immediately. Then the operation got underway.

In the middle of the tiny ward room, about 9 feet long and 6 feet wide, they covered the mess table with layers of sheets, and carefully lifted Platter on to it.

"I thought, 'By God, you're really going to kill a man this time,'" Moore reported later. Then he remembered the hundreds of appendectomies he's seen during his two years at San Diego Navy hospital, and all the operations he'd studied in the medical books he was always reading.

He winked at Platter. "This is going to hurt you more than it does me, old man," he cracked.

(Continued on Page 8, Column 2)

SPORTS

by S/Sgt. Bill Morgan



	W	L	Pct.
Randolph	31	9	.775
Hondo	26	15	.634
Brooks	25	16	.610
Stinson	24	17	.585
CADET CENTER	21	19	.525
War Workers	16	25	.390
Normoyle	11	30	.268
Kelly	9	32	.220

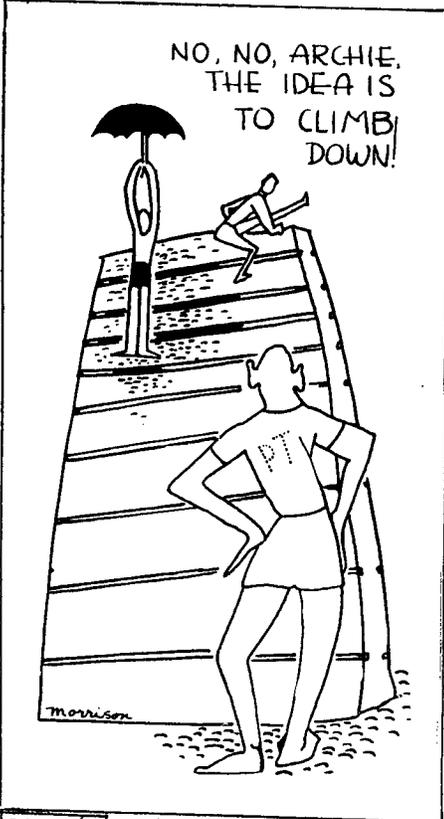
12-4 WIN FOR WARHAWKS - SAACC CONTINUES TO MARCH FORWARD

TECH FIELD, JULY 20. Steve Colosky came back after two days' rest and handcuffed the Kelly Post team, while his team mates were battering Jim Underwood for 14 hits and a 12-4 win.

Slaughter accounted for two of the first three runs when he smashed triples in his first two tries at Underwood's right-handed slants. Slaughter also added two singles to make it four for four, while Wilber had a double and homerun to his credit, driving in four runs. Cooper and Cox also garnered two hits each, and it was not until the 6, 7, and 8th innings that the SAACC concentrated their power, and scored three runs each in those innings.

Colosky built an early lead and coasted to his win, contributing a single in the second inning.

123456789 R H E
 Kelly Post 000001030 4 10 2
 SAACC 11100333X 12 14 2
 Colosky and Wilber; Underwood and Beck.



GOLDEN GLOVES AGAIN TO BE A REALITY AT SAACC

The fieldhouse in Pre-flight School will again be the scene of much activity as the leather pushers begin their training for another successful season of Golden Gloves.

As before, all weights will be represented, with a separate class of novice and open amateurs, in both Negro and white competition. All men interested should contact Cpl. Sorkin or Cpl. Kaiser, and begin training at once, as tentative cards have been drawn up to give the contestants plenty of fisticuffs before the tournament.

Last year, that is, last fall, the SAACC team did itself proud, as in February, 1943, the SAACC team entered the Golden Glove tournament and won 2nd place in the final standings. Then in March, 1943, they entered the Texas State tournament and won the championship.

This year, as in the past, in addition to the team trophies to be presented the winners, there will be a large collection of individual prizes as well.

Workouts have already begun in the Preflight gym, and all men interested should report to the fieldhouse at 7:30 P.M. for further information.

SAACC'S LEADING HITTERS

	AB	R	H	S	D	T	H	Pct.
Slaughter	142	62	67	38	15	10	4	.472
Lehner	84	25	35	23	8	3	1	.417
Johnston	20	2	7	6	1	0	0	.350
Wilber	178	45	61	34	15	3	9	.343
Cooper	170	43	50	44	7	1	0	.294
Tucker	48	12	14	10	4	0	0	.292

Tech Field, July 18. The Randolph Ramblers had horse-shoes and rabbit feet galore Sunday afternoon, as they managed to conjure up 6 runs off 6 hits, and Nothe staggered through ten innings of exciting baseball, only to have the game called with the score knotted at 6-6.

SAACC broke the ice in the first with a four run outburst after two were out, when Scheske walked, Slaughter singled and Wilber singled. Lehner was safe when the leftfielder dropped his fly after a hard run. Tucker doubled, driving home Lehner with the fourth run.

In the second, Naranjo singled with one away. Aulds was given a base when the umpire booted. Fortune then lobbed one over the left field fence for a home run, and the game was again anybody's ball game.

In the 4th, Aulds walked and Fortune hit another one that just barely cleared the fence, putting Randolph in the lead, 5-4. In the last of the fourth, Tucker walked, Colosky singled and Cooper singled, to tie the score.

In the sixth, Randolph scored without a hit, on a walk; a fielders' choice, and a sacrifice, and in the last of the sixth, McGinty walked, Johnson sacrificed him to second, and Cox lined a single to center, again tying the score.

W. Johnson replaced Colosky on the mound for SAACC in the 6th, and held the Ramblers in check the rest of the way, giving up three hits, and whiffing 6.

123456789 10 R H E
 Randolph 030201000 0 6 6 3
 SAACC 400101000 0 6 10 2
 Colosky, W. Johnson and Wilber; Nothe and Fortune.

NEXT WEEK--YB plans more humorous, incident-laden, rip-roaring pages of squadron dope. Fellows, the way to pack that punch is to whisper it to your squadron snooper.

SAACC WHIPS NORMOYLE, AND KELLY FLD. WAR WORKERS

SAACC FIELD, JULY 16. . . Normoyle came, saw and was conquered today, as the Cadet Center big guns started hitting on all bases this afternoon, and when the smoke of battle had cleared, SAACC had another victory, 16-2.

Cooper started with a single in the first, and was forced at second. Scheske and Slaughter both walked to load the bases, and Wilber doubled down the left field line, all three runners scoring. Lehner singled Wilber home, F. Ducos singled and Donaldson beat out an in-field hit, loading the bases. Johnson walked, forcing in Lehner, and Cooper doubled home three more runs.

SAACC added four more in the 5th when Donaldson walked, Cooper singled, Tucker doubled and Scheske tripled. Slaughter topped it off with a double and that finished that inning. Three more runs romped home in the 7th on a walk, two errors and a homerun by Slaughter, when the right-fielder lost the ball in the grass.

Normoyle could do no more than bunch three hits in the fifth for their second run, and Bowers tossed the last two innings.

	123456789	R	H	E
Normoyle	010010000	2	10	3
SAACC	80014030X	16	15	2

W. Johnson, Bower, and Wilber; Spencer, Clark, Snarr and LeVan.

SAACC NINE DEFEAT WAR WORKERS BY 11-0

SAACC FIELD, JULY 15. . . .

After three lean games in which they were defeated by 1 run margins, the SAACC boys loaded up with dynamite and exploded in the Kelly War Workers' faces yesterday, blasting out an 11-0 win.

Colosky was on the mound for the Warhawks, and was never in trouble, giving up only 5 hits, while Cook, starting chunker for Kelly, was blasted out during a 6-run-barrage in the seventh inning.

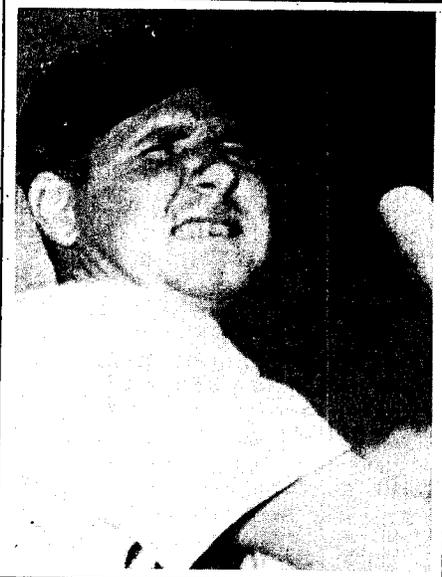
Cooper started things in the first with a single, and Cox drove another through the box. Wilber then smashed a two base hit down the left field line, scoring both runners. In the fifth, the Warhawks struck again, when Cooper singled, Scheske singled, and Slaughter walked to fill the bases. Wilber then cleaned the sacks with a home run into Sq. 101 area. In the Big 7th, Wilber contributed another home run, this time with men on, to bring his RBI total up to 8 for one game. Cooper cracked out three hits to share hitting honors with Wilber.

	123456789	R	H	E
War Workers	000000000	0	5	1
SAACC	200030600	11	9	3

Colosky and Wilber; Cook, Bludeau and Stewart.



When you are looking for a classy shortstop, don't forget that preflight now has one of the best available in the San Antonio Service League. He is Cadet Jim Cox, who holds down the short-stop job for the Cadet Center nine.



Cox, like so many of his teammates, has played ball for a great many semi-pro outfits. Reared in the balmy clime of Miami, Fla., he attended Miami High School. Following that he had eight years of baseball experience before coming into the armed forces.

From 1935 to 1942 he played with the following teams: Thomasville, Ga., Tallahassee, Fla., Montreal, Detroit Tigers, Beaumont, Tex., Alexander, La., Leesburg, Fla., Dothan, Ala., Pensacola, Fla., Savannah, Ga., Selma, Ala., and Atlanta, Ga.

Quite an impressive string of teams behind him and one of the reasons he adds plenty of color to the Cadet Center nine with his "barbering" activities, as well as his spectacular fielding. He knows every ball player on just about every circuit in the country, and of course there is always a story to be told.

Are you a journalist? Well you don't have to be one in order to be on the staff of YB. If you can write, draw, or if you are a cartoonist, contact Pvt. Morton L. Reisfeld--phone 2105.

"Country" and the "Boss"

Enos "Country" Slaughter, right fielder on the SAACC team, spends a few pre-game moments with his pretty wife before taking his position. "Country" and his wife have reason to smile for at present he is holding four batting firsts in service league competition.



Advice to the LOVELORN

By (WAC) Pvt. Beatrice Faxfair

(By special request Pvt. Beatrice Faxfair has agreed to help the GI's on the most with one of their most serious problems, namely sex, or rather love. She will consider seriously and answer from her vast stores of experience any letters received. No requests for dates will be considered. Is there a gal troubling you? Beatrice Faxfair will help you with her motherly advice. (Would you like a gal to trouble you? She can't help you in this case.)

Dear Beatrice Faxfair,

I met a girl in San Antone and several nights later went to her house to see her. She slammed the door in my face. However, I went back again and this time her father came to the door and hit me over the head with a 2 x 4 and knocked me down the steps. Do you think she loves me? Should I go see her again?

Please help me.
Cpl. Joe Bullochs

Dear Joe,

All lovers have little tiffs and disagreements. She is probably being coy.

B. F.

Dear Beatrice Faxfair,

Girls are always calling up and asking for dates which causes me considerable trouble and embarrassment. They stop me on the street and try to pick me up. They are always telling me that I am handsome. How can I make them leave me alone?

Worried

Dear Worried,

What is your telephone number?

B. F.

Buy a bond today and tomorrow they'll be bombs over Berlin. All for \$18.75.

PAGE 8

ARMY EXCHANGE BARBER SHOP



"Well, she asked for one of those G.I. haircuts and I give her one!"

(Continued From Page 5, Col. 3)

That was at 10:15 p.m. An hour and 40 minutes later the original spinal injection had worn off.

"I could feel him tugging at my guts," Platter said later. He asked for ether.

Lt. Comdr. Roy Davenport of Kansas City, Kans., and Dick Stegall, chief radio man from Nashville, Tenn., helped to administer it. The clock on the wall ticked slowly; sweat rolled down Moore's back. By 1 a.m., Moore breathed with relief. The appendix was out.

"It took me a little time to find it," he explained.

Comdr. Davenport started to pray a little then. Over and over again, he repeated the words of the first verse of the Forty-Sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

At 3:30 a.m., Moore had completed the appendectomy that has already become a legend among the submarines of the Pacific. When the Silversides surfaced a few minutes later she engaged an enemy vessel, and after she submerged, the enemy dropped depth charges intermittently for several hours.

Moore drank most of a quart of whisky, a present from the Old Man. Platter slept, and eight days later was back at work. They've placed the appendix on the Silversides trophy board, along with a Jap fishing net and hook, and a few other souvenirs of missions successfully completed and battles won.

SOLDIER, IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU? YB WILL ACCEPT ALL GRIPES FROM GI'S!

A new column is to be added to the YARDBIRD---"Letters to the Editor" which may be of any subject matter concerning the men of this post, any Army regulations, or questions about San Antonio. Of course these gripes or questions must be legitimate and there must be a definite answer that the soldier wants.

In order to make our answers official, the Adjutant of the post will be consulted in all cases.

Letters must either be typed or written legibly in ink, and signed by the writer. Address all correspondence to THE YARDBIRD, Hqtrs., SAACC, San Antonio, Texas.

To the Editor of the YARDBIRD:

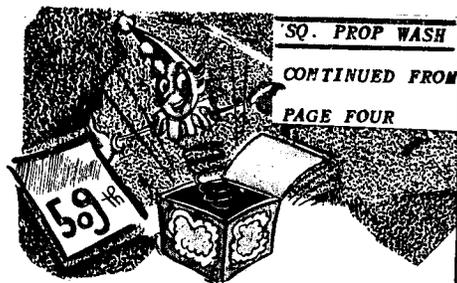
It ought to be brought to the attention of someone that the enlisted personnel at SAACC would like to have a small service club or to be given the privilege of using the service club at Kelly Field. Why are we shut out of Kelly Field when all we want is a little recreation, such as the dances, USO shows, beer, and the other entertainment that is presented from time to time? I'm very grateful for the War Department theaters and the fine day rooms we have here, but I would also like to be able to use the facilities of the club at Kelly Field.

Sincerely,
Cpl. D. A. Peterson
Barracks C, Station
Hospital

EDITORS NOTE: After inquiring with the Post Adjutant, Capt. George C. Kilmetz, YB received the "whys and wheres" in an official statement.

The main reasons why the Kelly Field facilities cannot be used by personnel of SAACC (GI's and officers) is for military security purposes. The order was put out by Kelly Field, which is under a separate command from this post.

Chicago (CNS)--"Please call my girl and break a date for me," a hospitalized soldier asked a nurse in the Air Force training station here. "But don't tell her I've got the measles," he added sheepishly.



SQ. PROP WASH

CONTINUED FROM

PAGE FOUR

Overheard in the 882nd

By S/Sgt. Seymour Terry

"Water," said S/Sgt. Robt. R. Whitt as he settled back in his chair comfortably. "Water is the greatest boon of all to mankind. What is more delightful, more pleasing to the eye and such other senses as you may have, as a clear sparkling spring of fresh water? Or a trickling, murmuring brook where the weary traveler may pause to bathe his fevered brow?"

"How tasteless, how impure are man's poor liquid concoctions compared to water?"

Just then the bartender interrupted: "Say, Sargent, that was the last bottle."

S/Sgt. Whitt laid his empty bottle with the others stacked nearby and fixed his eye on me majestically: "Yes, my friend H2O is the noblest drink of them all. Let's go to another jernt."

The inmates of Barracks 1149 do not need a radio like the unfortunates who live in the other barracks. No, for at almost any time of day or night, comes the dulcet trill of Cpl. Edmond Varrato, better known as "Groaner." The rude, rough soldiers of Barracks 1149 drop whatever they may be doing to harken to the lilting harmonies; sometimes clutching one another's horny, work-hardened hands, and no doubt many an unseen manly tear splashes to the floor as the sentimental notes reecho among the bare walls.

"Oh these stripes?" said newly-made Cpl. Chester Pfeister with a deprecating gesture. "I'd forgotten I had them. Really, I feel just the same as when I used to be a buck private. Why it makes no difference. Just a couple of hash marks on my sleeve and a slight raise of pay, that's all. Why it's nothing at all, boys, really nothing at all."

Very well then, Chester, why did you lock yourself in the latrine the other day and beat on the walls, all the time screaming hysterically--

"I'M A CORPORAL! I'M A

Bert Stacey, Charles Wall, Lloyd Robinson, George Taavitsainen, and Carmine A. Porrazzo have all recently returned from furloughs. Robinson doesn't look very hungry so life on the outside must not be so bad for Robby says he's ready to go again. Stacey and Porrazzo had a hard time coming back. How many days was it, Porrazzo? Twenty-four? -- or was it a full month?...

The academic men are all trying to make W/O these days. Jim Bergman, Bernard J. Manning, Seymour Schwartz, Fred Patrick, and Maccon Summerlin are the lads.

Someone wants to know what PT corporal is still trying to brighten up the lives of two gals in the same PX?...Speaking of questions, the barracks neighbors of John Rosenhoover think he must have turned quizmaster. He kept them awake with what sounded like a rehearsal for a quiz show a few nights ago. The boys in lower 8105 think they know the champion hog-caller of the Hill....

When Sgt. Scharmatt says "OK boys, time to get up" he has to say it only once. If you aren't wide awake enough to know WHAT he said you get the general idea without having to ask for a repeat.

What's the name of the little park across from the St. Anthony Hotel that holds such annoying memories for Mike Borushak?...Sgt. Robert J. Ferguson seems to be the squadron's best town-soldier these days. How do you keep up that terrific pace, Fergy? Been takin' vitamin pills or sump'n'?

"Colonel" Travis known to his intimates as "Rosy" and to the AG as Elwin H. Humphries, has now taken over the mail situation since the departure of Lionel S. Trofater who went STAR at Texas A. & M. with ten others. That's all for this time. Back again next week if anybody will tell us anything - AND IF NOBODY KNOCKS OUR EARS OFF IN THE MEANTIME.

HQ & HQ NOTES

By Pfc. Martin D. Furst
and
Sgt. Charles Brown

"Deke" Ehrhardt has deserted us for Miami Beach.. No, not sunning but after one of those shiny little gold bars via OCS administrative. Deke was affectionately feared as the Salt Lake City Kid. Good luck, Deke...The poor guy was upped to S/Sgt. too. Some birds catch all the worms, eh?

T/Sgt. Matowitz is advised to put in for R/S as he is never in, they say.. That is some hot number he has in town.

Cpl. Merkelz and this modest Brooklynite plan to tie the old knot - Merkelz to a local SA belle; and for me I prefer them from good old Brooklyn. (Who cares?)

Sgt. Meatball is currently "sweating out" a chick from Detroit who visits him regularly in SA. Speaking of sweating reminds us of more important fodder, namely, the WHOLE squadron wants to know when on! when will those ratings be UNfrozen?? Seems to be a record sweat...

Rare and welcome sight in the mess hall - Cpl. Beck catching a bit of old KP.. Revenge. Revenge. Who says KP's prayers are never answered. And wouldn't he take the job of directing traffic?

Pleasant things are never heard about first sergeants. No? Sgt. Sterling doing a bit of good work getting a needy brother fixed up with the Red Cross. Sterling is slowly, very slowly, becoming the most popular first sergeant on the hill.

Who is this mysterious girl who calls Pfc. De Shazo nightly?

Happy Headquarters boys are signing up to spill their blood for the Red Cross.

Conundrum of the week. Why is 8163 always the best barracks? All they do is sleep and so are ready to get up every am.

Darn it-the editor wasn't shot!

It's a fashion--non-ration. Start cachin'--WAR BONDS!!!

WHAT SAD

SACK by C. A. Beck

"Where's 'Sad Sack,' sergeant?"

That question was as good as "at ease" from Capt. Charles A. Calder, CO, Hq. & Hq. Sq., SAACC, and meant that Supply Sergeant Cossman had no worry about passing inspection whether the floor was swept or not. But let's start from the beginning.

Some weeks ago, Sgt. James H. Cossman, supply manager for the squadron, came upon a small and helpless creature in the wilds near the squadron area. Cossman was the type of fellow who would delight in tripping his grandmother as she skated past, or slugging it out with the MP's if they got under his tattooing. He stands six axle-handles and four hands high and weighs as much as a barrel of wet sand. Yet, with the gentleness of an elephant plucking blades of grass from a bird's nest, "Big Jim" lifted the form of a tiny kitten from the brush.

"Cute little son of a . . . aint he," the giant growled to himself. And ten minutes later that kitten was at home in the supply room with a big protector. Cossman tied a ball of paper to a string and dangled the plaything from a rail to delight the kit.

Capt. Calder took to the miniature feline as quickly as Cossman.

After some deliberation, the cat was named "Sad Sack" and given full run of the place; it cavorted to amuse onlookers, dived at its shadow, attack crickets with the agility of a hummingbird. Whenever the Captain came to supply, the question was always:

"Where is 'Sad Sack'?"

"It's some place around, sir," was Cossman's ready reply. His voice softened to the noise

of gravel being thrown into a concrete mixer and he intoned:

"Cum 'ere Sad Sack," he

rasped as if enticing a gopher from a hole. The kitten rolled out of a hidden pile of rags and wobbled over to the rugged hand of "Big Jim," her strong protector.

One morning the kit was found struggling under a set of heavy metal tags --no --not dog tags, for plainly stamped on the metal was "Cat Tags." Why let the squadron pet grow up with an inferiority complex, hauling dog tags around?

On one sad day Sgt. Cossman overstepped the bounds of army discipline, for he rolled out of bed much too late to shave or brush up, to say nothing of a shirt. Inspection time was nigh and Capt. Calder stepped inside supply. Sgt. Cossman was a terrible and trembling sight indeed as he stood in his bare feet and naked arms, clad only in khaki trousers.

"I'm sorry I'm not dressed, sir," he flushed, "But I had to feed 'Sad Sack'." It worked and the sergeant was saved.

Cossman's motherly interest in the cat didn't always include feeding. In stepped kind-hearted PFC. Brenner: "If I doan feed it, the cad she will starve," the mail clerk observed. From that day on he assumed a new duty of providing army rations for 'Sad Sack.

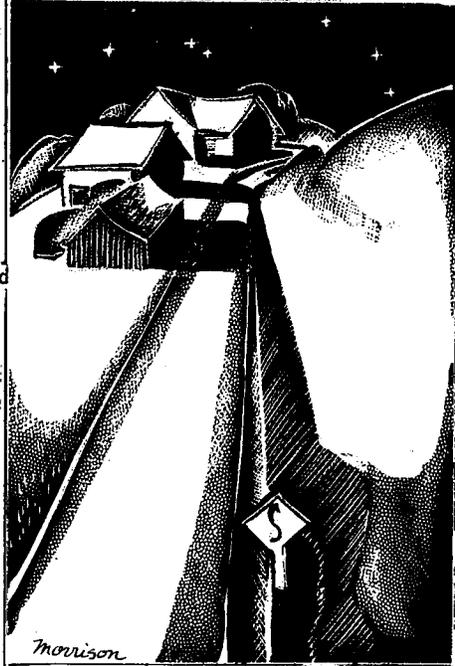
For a time when Sgt. Cossman shipped out, Sack was lonely and wandered about supply saying "Y-e-e-o-w-w-w" in a high soprano voice very lonesome. Lately another cat has taken up with Sack and while the two spend most of their time "pfft" ing at each other, Sack is not as lonesome as she was.

THE ARTIST SEES. by PFC K. R. Morrison (881st Sq)

A narrow Texas road bathed in moonlight. A cluster of farm buildings cling to the slender strip like some odd flower on a stalk. They are old buildings with rough boards, textured roofs, but well kept. There are manure piles and scrub piles behind them.

The wheat seems green-golden on both sides of the road. It rolls and billows under the messaging fingers of the wind.

And yet, all is quiet. Even the song of the crickets and



the other night singers are still tonight. The stars glimmer through the hazy distances. It is warm. A storm may be coming.

Somewhere near a lone dog barks. Then it is quiet again.

Chicago (CNS)--Snoods for tanks is the latest note in battle fashion. Chicago's lace curtain industry is busy turning out yards of netting to supply the Army's mobile battle units with "snoods" for camouflage.

Male Call

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



BIMEBY SLAP-SLAP

THEATRICAL TALENT NEEDED!

It's terrific! It's colossal! It's gigantic! All you Hamlets, Othellos, Romeos, scenario writers, production men, and just plain characters will be given a chance to display your wares before Cadet Center Personnel.

Realizing that there is a definite need for stage plays on the post, the Special Services office is forming a soldier theatrical organization which will be open to officers and enlisted men.

Building the group around a nucleus of Cpls. Bob Willey and Ray Montgomery, former professional actors, it will be sponsored by the enlisted men's service club.

Behind these coming stage shows lies a two-fold purpose. First, to provide good theatrical talent a chance to use their ability and second, to give the post personnel more entertainment.

The first show is to be a one act play given at both service clubs and the station hospital. Later on it is hoped that the group will produce three act plays.

Producer Bob Willey and director Ray Montgomery are looking for a good one-act play to use in their official debut. If you can write drama--any subject is acceptable--dig up the old typewriter or pencil and dash off an original script. Send it or bring it to Corporal Willey who is located in the Public Relations Office, Post Headquarters.

Theatrical talent of every kind is needed. If you have any kind of experience in stage work or can entertain, be present at a meeting on Wednesday, August 4, 7P.M. in the enlisted men's club.

An Army intelligence test asked examinees to define "adjutant." One soldier said it was a stork of rare specie found in India. Checked in Webster's dictionary, this answer proved to be right. It was listed as a secondary definition.

Scott Field Broadcaster

The Wolf by Sansone



Newark, N. J. (CNS)--Soldiers have been urged to submit authorizations for allotments of pay before leaving the United States, according to Brig. Gen. H. N. Gilbert, director of the Office of Dependency Benefits, here.

"Individual authorizations for allotments of pay may be made by radiogram from overseas, however they must be confirmed by the regular authorization form by mail," said Gen. Gilbert. "Army men are urged to submit their authorizations before leaving to avoid the delays incident to transmitting and processing those sent in from overseas."

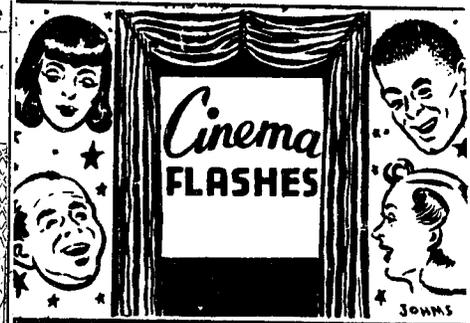
Guadalcanal (CNS)--Hanging helplessly from the end of his parachute, Lt. Henry Matson of Perry, N. Y. saved himself from Jap attack by giving a realistic imitation of a Nip flier.

The Japs shot his plane down and when he jumped they dived at him, but Matson screwed his face up to make it look like he had buck teeth and grinned at them. They evidently assumed he was a Jap for they flew away and left him.

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 2)

1st Lt. Arnold A. Nored, MAC. He is shown (on page 1) with 1st. Sgt. Elmer D. West as he assumed command of the detachment.

We of the Medical Detachment are proud to have Lt. Nored as our CO and the outfit is 100% for the "Old Man", and will prove to him that we are still the "fighting Medics."



"Mr. Lucky," starring Cary Grant and Lorraine Day, highlight the silver screen showings in SA this week-end at the Majestic and Texas' midnighter July 31 at 11:30.

"Bataan" brings thrills, drama, and realism in the most compelling story of the last-stand battle of American heroes in a Philippine jungle, at the Majestic for 7 days starting July 29. Starred are Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, and George Murphy.

The Aztec starts "White Savage" July 20 with Marie Montez, Jon Hall, in a 7-day run.



The yarn deals with a love affair between a reckless shark hunter and a glamorous native princess in the South Sea Islands, colorful plot in technicolor.

Held over at Texas is "Coney Island" with Betty Grable and George Montgomery. It runs 7 days beginning July 29.

Empire's thriller is "They Came to Blow Up America" playing 3 days starting July 29 starring Geo. Sanders and Anna Sten. Four days starting Sunday, Aug. 1, Pierre Aumont and Susan Peters will appear in "Assignment in Brittany."

Lt. Clifford B. Johnston (left) and S/Sgt. Fred Levit of Hq. & Hq. Sq. (CC) discuss the new name of the dayroom. THE AMAGAUCHO ROOM, is the new name---slogan, no cover or minimum at any time. Illustration above the sign is a donkey drawn in bright colors with that Mexican touch of red, green, and orange.



OPENING OF THE AMAGAUCHO ROOM

(Continued From Page 1, Col. 3)

Mexican caricatures which will be at eye-height all around the room. Also he will use rope and Mexican dishes for decorative effects and to continue the mood of the room.

The larger room will have a mural covering the entire end wall. Its theme is Aviation and is being done in oils in three panels. The artist is S/Sgt. Oliver T. Austin, whose background in art extends almost to his birth.

His mural shows war planes in action in two of the panels, and in the third a projected view of aircraft of the future.

Plans are also being made for a squadron picnic scheduled for 11 August. The picnic will be held at Pablos Grove with games, dancing, free beer, cash prizes, transportation both ways and everything necessary to make it a gala affair.

A program committee has been appointed to arrange for the continuity of games and entertainment. Arrangements are being made for busses to provide transportation to and from the picnic. Consideration is being given to the inviting of WAC's to the picnic.

The opening of the day room and the picnic will coincide somewhat and the latter will be a celebration of the day room's opening. Plans for the picnic are under the guidance of W. H. Duke, W. O. (j. g.), Squadron adjutant. It is hoped that considerable home talent will be discovered to provide entertainment at the affair.
By Cpl. J. S. Curtis

SPECIAL COUNCIL FORMED TO HEAR SUGGESTIONS OF EM

A group was formed last week to find out exactly what activities the enlisted man want most.

The council will meet with Lt. Col. Chester Hill, Special Service Officer, every week to discuss the betterment of the men.

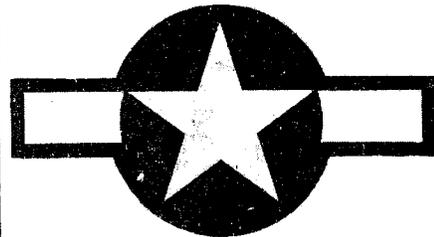
A representative has been chosen by the 1st Sgt. of every organization. If you have any ideas that should be brought up when the council meets, find out who represents your squadron and discuss it with him. Undoubtedly you have several swell suggestions. The representatives job is to bring up at the weekly meetings all possible suggestions.

England (CNS)--Capt. Percy Young was showing lantern slides of German industrial areas to a group of bomber crews who were about to take off on a daylight raid.

"Your target is a German industrial base," said the Captain turning with his pointer to what he thought would be a large air-view of the area. Instead there flashed upon the screen a large picture of a particularly seductive and luscious nude. The Captain was nonchalant.

"This, gentlemen," he said, "is your target for tonight. The zero hour is 10 P.M."

NEW INSIGNIA FOR ARMY AIR FORCES PLANES



Visibility is increased 60 per cent with the new markings of all Army and Navy planes. The present white star on a field of blue is retained, but a white rectangle has been added on either side and the entire devise enclosed with a red border.

Y B D I S C O V E R S

YB's staff was bettered this week with the addition of Pvt. Merwin Miller, 509th, who was hiding his cartoonist talents in a railroad mail car prior to his entrance into the Army.

Now that he is at SAACC, he has nothing much to do and plenty of time for cartooning in those spare half-seconds he snatches at the central locator office, when the officer-in-charge is batting his eyes.

Married, calling SA his home, Miller is a native of Chi but a fighting Texan now.

Also, fellows, he can write

by **MERWIN MILLER**

PRIVATE JOE BLOW

