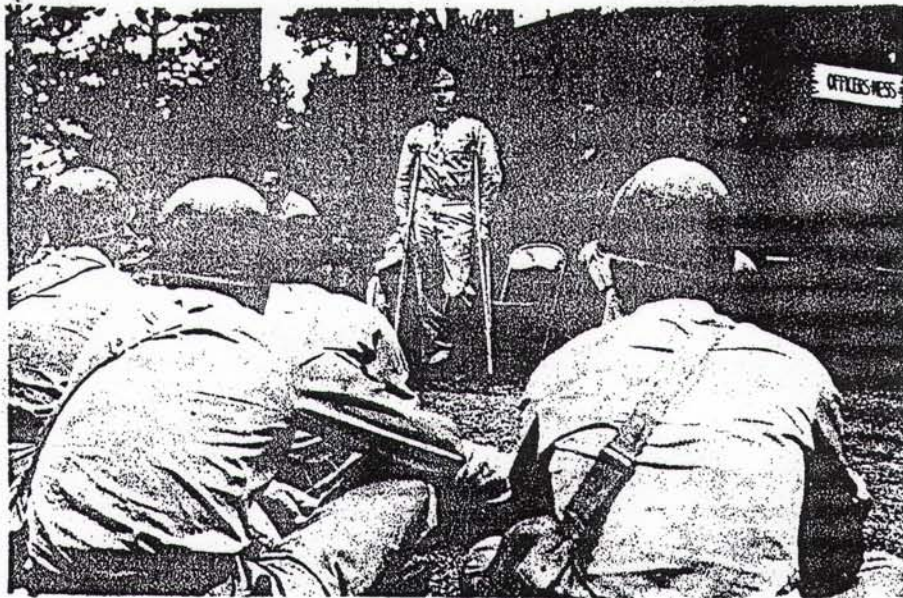




PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE MEN OF 22ND AIR
VOLUME ONE CAMP BUFFALO, COLO., AUGUST 17, 1943



MAJOR CARL E. WURTELE, DISTINGUISHED AERIAL ACE, SPOKE to the second and third groups of 22nd Air Base men last Tuesday, telling them of his experiences against the Japs.

Permanent Party Pioneers **MADE BUFFALO A 'HIT'**

Next Thursday, the 22nd A.B. will vacate Camp Buffalo after a thirty day regime during which each enlisted man of the squadron has undergone 10 days of intensive training of a type formerly considered foreign to the Air Corps. Desk-bound specialists of every description have learned how to use a carbine and a sub-machine gun, they have qualified with the rifle, they have pitched pup tents, dug latrines, learned the manual of arms, and a thousand other things to be stored away for future use.

Despite all the griping and moaning every man who spent ten days here will concede that he learned something that he didn't know before. The venture could have been a failure. The fact that it wasn't is largely due to the efforts of the permanent party cadre headed by Capt. Thomas E. Atchison, Camp Commander, and his aides, Lt. Harold Everman, Troop Commander, Lt. John Devaney and M.E. Cleveland, medical officers, and Capt. M.A. Picard, convoy officer and publisher of the BUGLE.

Around him and his officer staff, Capt. Atchison

PACIFIC HERO TO BUFFALO TROOP ON COMBAT COM

Major Carl E. Wurtele, now assigned to the Officer Replacement Pool and a veteran of several campaigns, told the members of the 22nd Air Base that the Japs are a tough foe, that saki is tasty and that the Japs say "we fight for Roosevelt and we fight for souvenirs".

A veteran campaigner who still looks young enough to pose for cadet advertisements, made these among other varied comments to the 22nd Air Base permanent party men now on field maneuvers at Camp Buffalo, Colorado.

"When you reach a combat theater you're bound to be afraid," the major added categorically. "If returning veterans tell you different, they're either crazy or damn liars," he purported. Your job here (at Camp Buffalo) is to make the most of the instruction now being

T/SGT. ADAMS, FIRST CASUALTY, INCURS BURNS

Buffalo's first casualty was sent back to the Lowry hospital last Wednesday night, when Tech. Sgt. Hillman Adams, Popular rifle instructor suffered a severely burned arm, the result of a gasoline lamp explosion in one of the

given so those pro- ically whe for fore The ma. in the no of Midway, Japs fail runways or certain w successful In this er the unique watchinge his shipl Jap aircra From Mic and his cr southwest of operati base in t the major basted Ja Guadalcanal three thu fore the U in. In one engagemer blasted I meter she present From a New he was mo States fi valesce on dut

Around him and his officer staff, Capt. Atchison gathered a group of veteran non-coms whose combined years in the service amounted to better than 150, and whose diverse skills and specialized knowledge enabled them to give the Buffalo "recruits" an inkling of what they can expect in a theatre of operations. Here's a complete line-up of the boys from 22nd A.B. who stuck it out and taught the rest of us what we needed to know.

Master Sgt. Ralph Stutz, rifle instructor, and Camp top-kick for the last period, has spent 23 years in the army, with the chemical warfare division, the Motor Transport Division and more lately with the Air Corps. Quietly tough, Stutz is popular with everyone.

Master Sgt. Cecil Myers broke into the army with the 27th Infantry in 1927. He did a hitch in Hawaii and came to Lowry the day before the Field opened for business. His regular job is chief operations clerk. Here he is a rifle and bivouac instructor.

Master Sgt. Charlie Clark spent six years in the hoss cavalry before joining the Air Corps at Lowry in 1938 where he graduated from Armament School and became an instructor. At Buffalo he is a rifle coach, but at Lowry he is inspector of Armament School for the Train-

explosion in one of the permanent party tents.

The accident occurred at approximately 2305, and Adams was alone in the tent when the lamp exploded without warning, enveloping his left hand and arm in flaming gasoline. He ran from the tent, yelling for help, and Sgt. Jack Norwood, walking guard, fired three shots which quickly brought Lt. John Devaney, medical officer to the scene. After receiving emergency first aid, Adams was rushed to the Lowry hospital for further treatment.

The explosion broke the clean safety record up by the Camp in its first three weeks of operation, but latest word from the

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BUFFALO BUGLE
AUGUST 17, 1943

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR
THE MEN OF 22 ND
BASE HQ & AIR BASE SQ.

•The Staff•

PUBLISHED BY
CAPT. M.A. PICARD

EDITORS,

T/SGT. JOHN CONNORS
T/SGT. JOE BROUDY
S/SGT. GEO. SWEENEY

ARTISTS,

S/SGT. ED. DARENKAMP
S/SGT. H.F. BURTON
CPL. GEO. GRIMES

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

SGT. BOB HEGGE
SGT. MARTI YOUNGMAN

PRINTED BY LOWRY
FIELD REPRODUCTION

— DIVISION —

— ADAM'S INJURY —

hospital has it that Adams is recovering and will suffer no permanent hurt from his painful injury. He was a member of the original permanent party group at Buffalo and one of the most popular rifle instructors at Camp.

LT. EVERMAN PROVES POPULAR COMMANDER

A MESSAGE FROM THE C.G.



Brig. Gen. Albert L. Sneed, our commanding general and a firm believer in field training, inspected Camp Buffalo recently and expressed complete satisfaction with it. General Sneed, who saw service in Australia during 1942, said, "I was gratified to find the camp so ideally situated. It is a vital and necessary factor in the program to give our men field training, and is especially beneficial to the permanent party personnel from this station".

TROOP COMMANDER 'QUOTES'

BY LT. H. W. EVERMAN

Every Air Force Squadron likes to think it's tops. When groups of men live and work together there is developed, almost inately, a desire to acheive perfection, to attain the utmost in effeciency.

How great that desire may be is best seen when you take men away from their customary duties and put them to a new, but necessary, and vital task. That's what field training and bivouacing is for most of the 22nd Air Base permanent party occupying key positions in

CLARK CAMP IS A

There in the la sky that Paradise crazy, His nam Clark, back fr stretch Says Cl ain't se and afte few of overseas clined t

"Take continu veteran west coa like a v trip, rough w next fi was a sh mer, ya interpre over wi connaiss up shop his des conditio nest lo

ground "The between there ar absence here. here. T is nec standar and the weather wet, an guard, time, w leather mosquit they g mosqui

"Wha all your we aske



LT. EVERMAN, TROOP C.O.
proved a popular leader
with the 22nd Air Base
men who were stationed at
Camp Buffalo.
In addition to being a
motivating force behind
all camp activity, the
lieutenant proved expert
at volleyball.

field training and bivouacing is for most of the 22nd
Air Base permanent party. occupying key positions in
many Lowry Field offices and departments, the majority
of these men have had little or no chance for this type
training since their entrance into the armed forces.
It has been new, different, and tough.

For some of these men the training was easier, the
results more noticeable. For others the training was
difficult, the men found it harder to adapt themselves,
and the results, though not so noticeable will prove
worth while in time. For the few men who failed to
"get on the beam" I can only say that no one was hurt
but themselves.

As camp commander I can say in good faith that the
22nd Air Base men have proved in the past 30 days that
they have the "stuff". Each succeeding group has been
proud of its accomplishments, proud of their work on
the range, of the latrines they dig, of the time they
make on bivouac----proud of everything they do and
working hard to be the best. No group was ever satis-
fied with "seconds" except in the chow line.

My thanks to permanent party instructors who helped
make the program successful and profitable. We are
proud of the Air Base and the Air Base has good reason
to be proud of itself.

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AUGUST 17, 1943

BUFFALO BUGLE


BUFFALO SCENARIO
BY
WILLIAM
SARUFFIN

One-Minute Drama

or

It might have happened on K.P.

SCENE: Camp Buffalo's chow line:

ACHOR: Is that chow or gas I smell?

DARENKAMP: Biologically the odor is prominent among
the species Classificationibus Browerus.

BROWNE: That's just bad breath from eatin' pine needles
fellows. It ain't nothing permanent.

LT EVERMAN: Has anybody seen the BUGLER?

SCENE TWO: The Barracks at Buffalo

or

Pass the biscuits, Mirandy. I want to kill a tick.

PARKER: Take cover!

GREEN: How far?

HERRELL: You'll never know how glad I'll be when this
war is over.

REIGLER: What War?

LT. EVERMAN: Has anybody seen the BUGLER?

SCHAPPS: Is this a pot or a missile?

JONES: Never mind the charts, just clean 'em.

LT. EVERMAN: Has anybody seen the BUGLER?

CLARK: Now I see a deer...

VIVOLA: Dear? Dear? My wife's here?

WALKNEY: Pipe down and give me that requisition.

VIVOLA: What requisition?

NATALI: That one for Broudy's pipe tobacco.

SCENE THREE The Buffalo Firing Range

or

Making a hit without a baseball bat.

HEGGE: Is that a bull's eye or have I got spots before
my eyes.

GROSHOLZ: Now remember fellows push in the button so
you don't damage that--and squeeze the
trigger as you would a pair of t---

NATALI: I'm single. Tell me about it.

QUAST: With or without skis?

LT. EVERMAN: Has anybody seen the BUGLER?

NICASTRO: What a place?

RIEGLER: What place?

TAPPER: Let's have a court martial.

BUGLER: I didn't do nothing.

LT. EVERMAN: Where have you been?

BUGLER: Who? Me? I've been discharged for ten
days. I'm on civil service now.

FINIS or

It could only happen at Buffalo.



THANKS OF THE 22ND AIR
DUE CAP'T. MICHEL A. PIUS
ORIGINATOR AND PUBLISHER
BUFFALO BUGLE.



FIRST SGT PIUS G. HARTMAN
topkick of the 22nd Air
Base had the double job
of keeping an orderly
room going and trying to

LT CHARLES
adjutant
Base mar
home fir
the boys

Message from the 1st Sgt.

PIUS G. HARTMAN

The theory of the game of football and the simplest one to understand is that if every man on the team carrying the ball goes through with his assignment, a gain is reasonably sure to result.

For if every offensive blocks out every defensive player there remains only one chap to chase the man with the football. In most plays nowadays, someone is given the assignment of blocking out, or at least slowing up, two men who might come over and interfere with the proceedings.

And so it is that the team in which the players average the highest percentage of assignments well

carried out can be counted on to win the ball game.

Modern warfare is conducted behind an artillery barrage. The field guns starfed the enemy trenches with high explosive and shrapnel for hours before the advance was schedule, weakening the defenders in numbers and spirit. The infantry then went through the holes made by the cannon.

The foregoing may sound a little long winded, but it serves to indicate the manner in which the 22nd Air Basers conducted themselves during their 10-day sessions at Camp Buffalo.

Despite the rigors and discomforts of the camp,

of keeping in training room going and trying to sanwich in a little training himself.

The sergeant finally made it though as he split his stay with the 2nd and 3rd groups at the camp.

the more or less unaccustomed routine of infantry drill, kitchen and fatigue detail, gas and small arms lectures and drills, and strict military discipline, our men came through with flying colors--and victory, Everyone, to my knowledge, carried out his assignment.

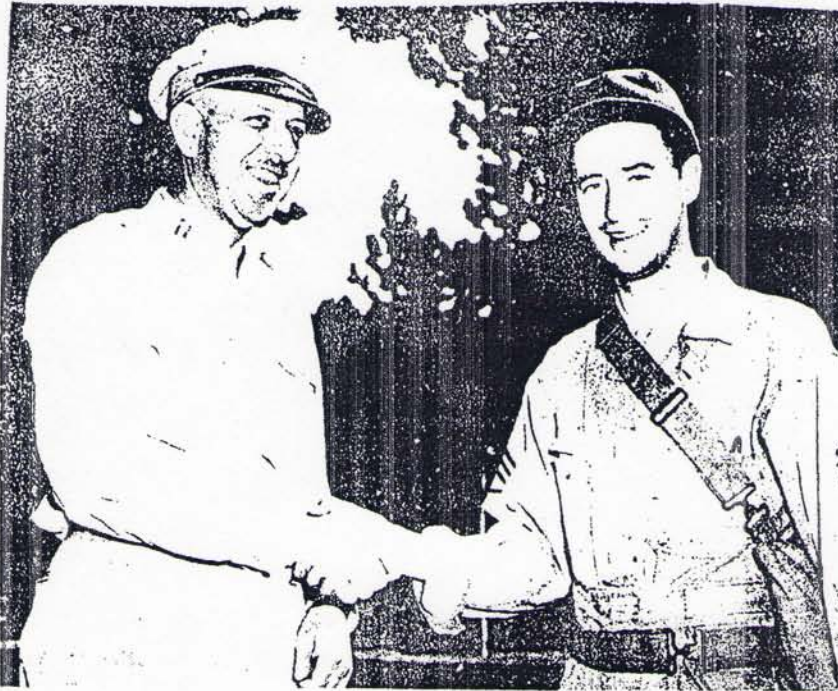
And now, when the final group returns to Lowry Thursday afternoon, let's hit the ball and carry out our squadron duties in the same spirit of cooperation.

STILL

Tech the pos does a at Losr he was pans.

LOW

Awar beare Sgt. M perma Too ti one pic faci carefu tions, than a olz's



CAPT THOMAS ATCHISON, CONGRATULATES STAFF SGT. BOB Herrell, Platoon, No. 2, on being the father of Camp Buffalo's first baby. Sgt. Herrell's daughter was born Wednesday, August 11.



RANK IS NO BARRIER TO HARD LABOR AT BUFFALO AS Master Sgt. Martin Evans, Platoon No. 1 will tell you. But all in good sportsmanship the sergeant digs a latrine with the same zip he uses around Post Headquarters at Lowry Field.



NO KICKS FROM THE TOPKICK

BY MASTER SGT. RALPH STUTZ.

Quite often in the army you meet a perfect group to work with. That's what I say about the 22nd Air Basers who've been stationed at Buffalo for the last month.

Most of the men in this outfit are non-coms holding important jobs on the hanger line, post headquarters, the fire department, weather squadron, communications, the orderly room and a dozen other places and they accepted our statement that they were "privates for ten days while they were here," without a slightest murmur.

That calls for good sportsmanship. That calls for good soldierly bearing. And the boys have what it takes. Each of the three groups cooperated magnificiently. We has a lot to teach them in ten days and we of the permanent party feel they got the most out of the training because they were all on the beam.

The ten days were rough and I'm happy to say the 22nd Air Base men were tough enough to take it. When you see master sergeants volunteering for K.P. and guard duty, that proves we've got the stuff.

1st

PLATOON

PATTER

The first platoon highly recommends Camp Buffalo as the "Garden Spot" of the Rockies. We suggest Camp Buffalo to all your sports-

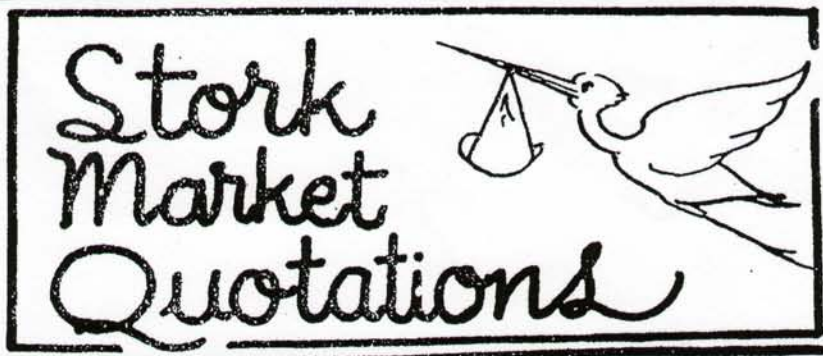
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MEMBERS OF THE 2058th ORDNANCE COMPANY WERE RESPONSIBLE for keeping the camp's armament in good shape. Left to right they are Staff Sgt George Matteson, Sgt. Harold Jacobson, and Tech. Sgt. Gordon Smith.

Buffalo to all your sportsmen who plan a heavenly outing for about ten days. The accommodations here are rated the best in the world, ultra modern cottages for two. Equipped with hot and cold running "ticks", inner-spring satin covered rock mattresses, indirect lighting (you fly by instruments) and a large roomy "tear-Azza" shower. We might add, really nature's best. M/Sgt. Hurtubise asked me to put a plug in for Platoon No. 1's private, spacious swimming pool, fed by clear, cool, sparkling spring water. You can always find him relaxing in the pool after an enjoyable day spent fish-

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Camp Buffalo, the land that God made and the 22nd Air Base is now remaking comes through with everything in the way of the unexpected but it took the third group of trainees at the Air Base's training center to come up with the FIRST BABY!

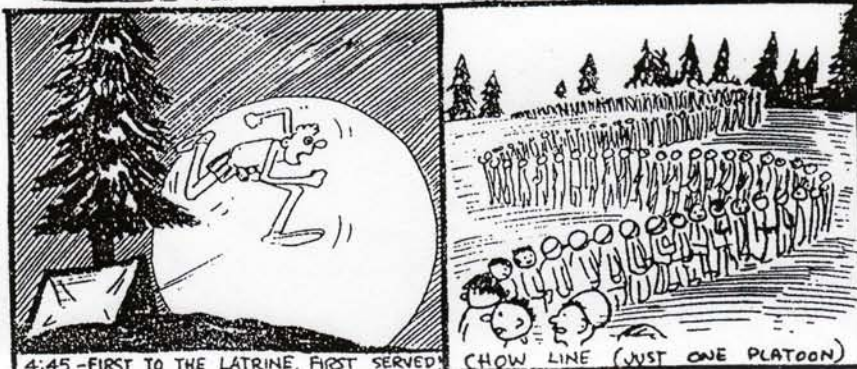
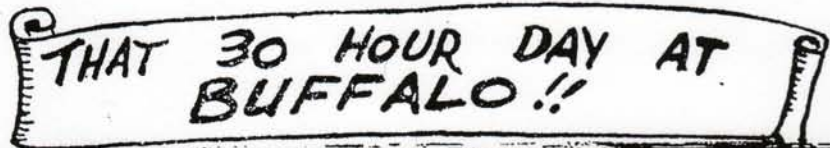
Anxious expectant father, Staff Sgt. Bob Herrell, NCO in charge of the post mail center, paced up and down a 200 yard stretch of guard duty waiting for Brother Stork to arrive in Denver. Telephonic Communication from Denver last Wednesday night informed the sergeant that the new addition was arriving momentarily. Unable to pace the hospital corridor, Sgt. Herrell whiled away four hours of the night on guard duty.

By morning the expectant father was distracted, worried. "It's the first time I've ever had a baby," he told the boys. The boys looked at him rather askance and explained to the bystanders that the sergeant's wife was having the baby, not the sergeant.

Thursday morning, August 12th, word came from Denver that the sergeant was the proud papa of a baby girl. The sergeant by this time was mumbling things about "war bonds...baby carriages...port arms...hope it's a girl...labor unions...wood ticks...guard mount...hope Betty (that's the Mrs) is all right...watch out for gas alarms...and college educations for my kids."

Latest report from the Denver front indicates that mother and daughter are doing nicely. Proud papa will under examination shortly to diagnose his present condition.

But from Captain Atchison down to all of us yard-birds, the word is CONGRATULATIONS to Staff Sgt. and Mrs Herrell on Buffalo's FIRST BABY.



STORK WORKS OVERTIME FOR BUFFALO MEN

An overworked Stork held out for a new helicopter last Saturday after delivering the third baby in three days to wives of men currently stationed at Camp Buffalo, the paternity center of the west. Latest arrival to the ranks of 22nd A.B. "recruits" is the son of Staff Sgt. and Mrs. Lester Englestad. Wife and child are doing nicely. Since Englestad managed to beat old flapwing into town by an hour, technical orders and other data pertaining to the son and heir were not available, neither were the customary cigars. Englestad works in the records section at Post Operations.



The third detachment training at themselves nothing else second baby days, was Sgt. David wife, Betty the 13th ar a boy, was Mountain weighed n ounces, c three-eigh than the o Marr, w three days blessed e sweat, le relief tha Rock when image's a phone.

-PERMANENT PARTY- (CONTINUING)

Inspector. Buffalo is nothing new for Tech. Sgt. He was with the 2nd Engineers at that outfit built the range here. He and transferred to Lowry in 1938, w came into being. Rangemaster here, job is Chief Dispatcher at Operat S/Sgt. George Matteson of the 205 was entrusted with the care and mai weapons at Camp. He is a graduate School at Aberdeen, Md. and is just first hitch. He is a very popular g line, and no malfunction has stop T/Sgt. Hillman Adams has had some army, and until his stay was cut shor ate accident last Wednesday was a m ition to the rifle instruction staf S/Sgt. Moe Carter has spent all of in the army at Lowry Field as a woodwo Here at Buffalo, he was in charge o work, of which there was plenty. S/Sgt. Robert Mowery, rifle and cal has spent five years in uniform, and Engineer. S/Sgt. Joe Groshoz came t and in his own inimitable fashion h inside dope on carbine and machine sundry. Sgt. Merlin Rogers, rifle instruc of the 2nd Engineers just be

4:45 - FIRST TO THE LATRINE FIRST SERVED

CHOW LINE (JUST ONE PLATOON)



CALISTHENICS THEN -



GUARD DUTY - DRILL RIFLE SCHOOL - OR



K.P.!



TAPS

GRIMES

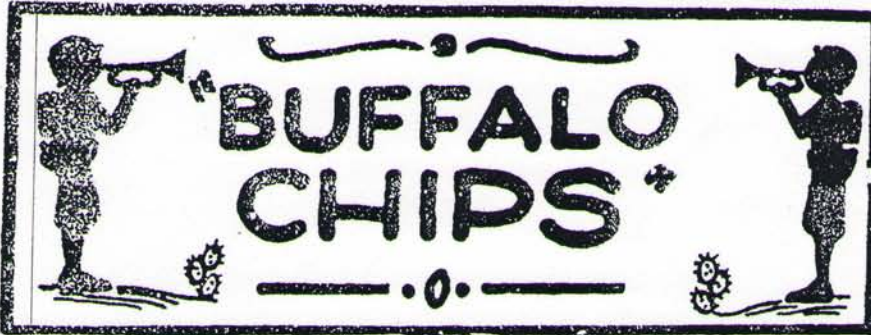
Sgt. Merlin Rogers, rifle instructor member of the 2nd Engineers just left Ft. Logan in 1939. He came to has been working for the Post Engin

S/Sgt. Evan Raisbeck is another having joined that estimable organization. He changed his mind in 1939 and came is an armorer on the line. At Buffalo ABC's of the Springfield, 1903.

S/Sgt. Rupert "Sandy" Sanderson despite his evil machination with gas capsules. The amiable towhead armorers job on the line back in civil is chemical warfare instructor here.

Master Sgt. George Jones and T/Sgt Buffalo's Damon and Pythmas, have t effectively, resuly: good chow. Zaoin up, and Jones cooks it. Both are service, 17 years for the former, latter.

Acknowledgement is also due Mas Forrester and Russell East and T/Sgt were unable to stay the whole thirty uted whole-heartedly to the cause



Disa and Data in the "Palm Springs of the Rockies".. Series three of the 22nd A.B. mountain meetings convened auspiciously last Tuesday morning, one might almost say with a bang.... a hell of a way to greet visiting firemen....poor unsuspecting recruits arriving with spirits high and chevrons flying only to be greeted by a full scale gas attack in the midst of what we egotistically imagined was a formal review in our honor. The sample retreat ceremony staged by the old inhabitants immediately following the gas attack was the saddest sight ever unfolded in the bosom of these craggy hills....All sobbed unrestrainedly, and cursed with equal vehemence....As Lt Everman delivered a short orientation speech each new pronunciato was punctuated by fresh lymphatic freshets....(Editors note: Everybody recovered. Incidentally this guy is crazy....

SCHAPS SWAPS CHARTS FOR K.P

As ye editor stated, everybody recovered, and we're no crazier than anybody else up here....but to get back to the "disa and data" section....The mighty Schaps has fallen from the perch of the mighty and without so much as a small fanfare of medium sized trumpets....The ebullient one was observed by all and sundry waiting on table at the officers mess, a plain K.P....excuse please, Mess Attendant....'twas an awesome sight....our hero has feet of clay...."Buffalo Byword:heard the latest rumor? They're going to turn us out at midnight for a hike"....A rumor gets around faster than a ping pong ball in a wind tunnel up here.

QUAST BRINGS SLEEPING BAG

Scouter Quast heard it was cold at Buffalo....so he brought his cellophane lined sleeping bag....So Roger Browne, the cheerful, swiped Quast's blankets....both softies passed a pleasant first night, tho it was a bit worm....Connors and Broudy late of the Public Relations department picked out a tent site to hell and gone up a hill....seeking seclusion, all they got was bunions walking to and from chow....Darenkamp and Achor organized a mutual consolation society, and after the first two days, new members were signed up at an alarming rate...."Red Norwood", having partially recovered from his recent harrowing experience was his usual effervescent self....Platoon Leader Parker of the moldy 2nd refused to be perturbed about anything....Tapper was unofficially crowned the King of Rumor-Mongers.

GROSHOLZ IS COLORFUL TUTOR

NOTE: NO LIMIT TO THE AND FASTIDIOUSNESS OF PLATOON REGARDING URRIOUS CANOPIED LATA



COMMUNICATIONS DOES IMPORTANT WORK AT BUFFALO

Through primitive in the extreme in practically every way, Camp Buffalo retains one sole remnant of civilization and modern progress in its communication system. Not that there are private phones in every tent, nor even pay stations scattered here and there, but there is a country store type telephone in the orderly tent which links Buffalo with the outside world. It's an old "crank the handle and wait for the operator" affair, but many

gasolin invariab in the m The rece powerft orderly listeni regular even wo averag The were i Bob Bur with the and is supervi Fender. nating S/Sgt. John

CLA

carbine instructor....a colorful lad indeed....his instructional methods were effective though shockingly unconventional....too many interesting analogies are possible in a discussion of gun-sights....A plane passed over one day....and the word was passed along to "take cover"....Wynkoop put on his hat, Nicaastro climbed into bed....Adams grew a beard... we dived into a pile of potato peelings....Starchy stuff, isn't it? Master Sgt. Jones presided over the kitchen in most commendable fashion....Chow is good which any fool can plainly see....Clark's stories about Guadalcanal and New Caledonia had the lads hanging on every word.... masterpieces of casual tale-telling....Ask him about life on shipboard sometime....then suck....These permanent party guys look as if they enjoyed the "life".... Sanderson finally coaxed a filmy blond soup-strainer onto his upper lip....most becoming....Adams sports an artfully conceived goatee....Carpenter scorns such fluff and looks sleepy....Who Doesn't....which reminds us....G'night.

operator" affair, but many of the men have taken advantage of the installation to re-establish contact with the wives they left behind.

In addition to the outside connection, two camp lines have been installed, one from the orderly tent to the main gate, and the other between the firing line and the pits on the rifle range. Supplementing the telephone equipment is a radio receiver and transmitter which provides contact with Lowry, that is when conditions permit.

The transmitter is powered by a portable

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WHAT'S THE SCORE? WELL HERE'S THE BUFFALO SCOREBOARD

BY T/SGT. (ROUGHIN' IT) BROUDY

Scoreboard transplanted: Sports at Camp Buffalo fall into one of two categories: voluntary and involuntary. The former includes such a wide variety of outdoor activities as horseshoes, volleyball, trying to find your tent in the dark, trying to find a latrine in the dark and getting into a pair of one piece coveralls in the wide open spaces of half a pup tent. Among the involuntary, never say compulsory, activities are calisthenics, guard duty, K.P. (to hell with those "mess attendants") and such sundry diversions as digging latrines, drainage ditches, and cutting vegetation for camouflage.

Volleyball and horseshoes may be dismissed with a naked nod, since they are mundane, conventional activities which have been thoroughly explored. Finding a tent in the dark, however is quite another matter. You see there are a lot of tents at Buffalo, and they all have an irritating sameness about them which makes it difficult to find your own even in the daytime. At night, it becomes a problem in navigation further complicated by stray tree stumps, discarded camouflage, Quast's mess kit and an odd wildcat or two. It is more than a little disconcerting to arrive thankfully at what you firmly believe is your own little cubby-hole, only to find two other guys ahead of you. Appologies don't help.

Trying to find a latrine is a maneuver of comparable magnitude, except that the consequences are much more unpleasant if you barge in with the same sort of carelessness. However, all this is child's play compared to putting on a pair of coveralls in a pup tent. The procedure, roughly, is this. The bugle blows at 0445 awakening you from a more or less sound sleep. It is

got to do it all over again.

Getting your legs in is easy, but the seat and the arms present difficulties. You have probably pitched your tent so that you are lying uphill, and the effort to get your fanny into its accustomed place in the coveralls is a constant battle with gravity, to say nothing of your own inclinations. After 8 minutes of futile manipulation in which you have nearly knocked the tent over, put your big toe into your partner's eye, and worked yourself into a fury of frustration, you get sore enough to step out on the cold ground and put 'em on like a man. The only alternatives to the above method are (a) sleep in your coveralls, (b) don't sleep at all (c) go over the hill, (d) see the Chaplain.

We won't discuss the involuntary activity here like the weather, everybody talks about it, but nobody ever does anything.



Fight of the SCHAPPS vs "THE TO A BLOODY

Cpl. "Mickey Mouse" Walkney champion of Latrine No. 115 of the "Laughing Boy" Schapps, present of PX No. 1, are scheduled to 1 rounds or less next Wednesday. With the boxing title of Camp

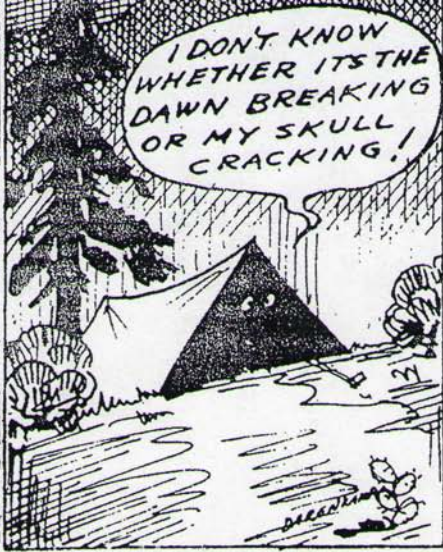
two battlers are now in conditioning workouts. Staff Sgt. Jerry Vivola, trainer of Mickey Mouse, has this to say for the press:

"Remember how Dempsey licked a larger and bulkier Fripo, well, Walkney will do the same thing to Schapps".

Walkney himself was uncommunicative. When asked what he thought of Schapps, he replied: "Why that low

mouth in a black occu A bein Marve to si hook I Walk chil from fish

less sound sleep. It is pitch dark. You remember having carefully laid your coveralls at your feet, next to your barracks bag, but when you look for them you find that in your sleep you have kicked over the barrack bag and your coveralls are now buried deep under a pile of underwear, leggings, toilet articles and a half used plug of chewing tobacco. Finally the mess is cleaned up and you are now ready for the fun. Feeling for the buttons, you locate the front, lay the garment out on your blanket and get ready for the contortions. at which point you discover that you are still under



it used to be at Lowry Field that "dear" meant sweetheart. At Buffalo if you mentioned deer four

he replied: "Why that low down***???'; ;--###'." Schapps meanwhile was confident of victory: "I'll put him away in less than three hours, as sure as your name is Stale Ale." he told this reporter. Walkney is definitely out of condition, and after the second hour he'll think he's in a concrete mixer. The sports betting fraternity was stringing along with Walkney, however, believing that a stint of K.P. in the officers' mess took too much out of Schapps. As proof of this Vivola, Walkney, and Company alleged that Schapps had been unable to

fight manen for t Walkn himsel conter sleep under Fr of vi Walkn or le molai THA The that night goes "The plie devil

THE BUGLE'S

HANGNAIL Sketch

THE LIFE STORY OF STAFF SGT. McDANIEL
OR

NOT ALL EGGS ARE FOUND ON EASTER SUNDAY

SCENE ONE: The Hospital at Crowell Texas. 1803

DOCTOR: I just wanted to tell you that you are the mother of a bouncing baby boy.

MOTHER: A "bouncing" boy?

DOCTOR: Yes. We just dropped him on the floor and he bounced back into our arms.

MOTHER: May I take a look at him?

DOCTOR: Yes. Here he is. What do you think?

MOTHER: Aw-w-w-w-w-w-k-k-k-k!

SCENE TWO: The Grade School at Hobbs, New Mexico, 1904

TEACHER: Come, come, Jimmy. You know what one plus one is.

McDANIEL: It all depends. Sometimes one and one make three.

TEACHER: Oh, my dear child. How could one and one make three?

McDANIEL: Well old Charlie Jaybee and Betty Jones got married here and had a baby. That's how one and one makes three! Hah! Hah! Hah!

TEACHER: Oh, my dear child, I'll have to punish you for that. Stand in the corner for thirty minutes.

McDANIEL: Can I chew my old plug of horseshoe?

TEACHER: Yes, if you don't spit in the little girls' eyes. Tell me, Jimmy, why have you never progressed after spending 13 years in the seventh grade?

McDANIEL: I like it here. Understand they can't draft you till you get a grade school education. Besides the local school board's got to pay me longevity soon.

TEACHER: Oh, my dear child. To be successful in life, you must develop skill and interest along some particular line and increase that proficiency.

McDANIEL: I Can make my spit curve now.

TEACHER: Set your mind on something higher. Aim high. Try hard.

McDANIEL: O.K. Miss Bourbon-breath. I will. I shall become the ace black jack dealer at Camp Buffalo!

SCENE THREE Camp Buffalo...August 12th...1943

The supply tent...or your form 32 now gives way to 21.

SCHAPPS: Can I play fellows?

UNANIMOUS CHORUS: NO-O-O-O-O-O!

SCHAPPS: O.K. deal me in.

McDANIEL: (Singing) I'm sweatin'----I'm sweatin'----
For my cards are pretty low. I hear those



STAFF SGT JERRY VIVOLA, SUPPLY SER Base and a barber in civilian life hair on the boys is bad for the ce ance so he is shown here plying hi alo. The happy victim is Sgt. Earl ly room.



HERE'S A FINAL
FROM CAPT. T.E.
RESPECTED C.O.

By Thursday of this week thin
all enlisted men of the 22nd BASIC
Air Base will have completed the

ADDY: I got a blackjack.

SCHRAPPS: How much is a jack, a four and a eight?

WALKNEY: You can't even add, much less play. Hah! Hah

TAPPER: (Under his breath) I think I can sweat him out with a ten and a deuce, I hope, I hope, I hope.

McDANIEL: O.K. boys. See if you can beat this----
Twenty-one.

SCHAPPS: Are those cards marked?

WALKNEY: That's just the reflection of your ears on the table. Hah! Hah!

McDANIEL: Old, old Miss Bourbon-breath told me I had possibilities. She was sure right. I've won fifteen cents tonight.

SCHAPPS: Of my money?

WALKNEY: You don't see Morgenthau around do you?
Hah! Hah!

McDANIEL: At last I'm a success. Well I guess I can relax and rest on my laurels.

VOICE IN THE NIGHT: McDan-an-an-an-ani-al.

McDANIEL: Here sir.

STUTZ: Hurry up and get on K.P.

a ten day period of field training. I can say with honesty that I believe each and every man who was here benefited from this program.

For example, we were able to give all you men a familiarity with M-1903-A rifle, the carbine and sub-machine. For many, it was the first time they have ever had an opportunity to work with any type of fire arm. For others, it increased their knowledge helped them brush off the cobwebs.

Guard duty, retreat, conditions of field life, bivouac - all were new to the vast majority of us. At least if we were unable to become proficient in every-

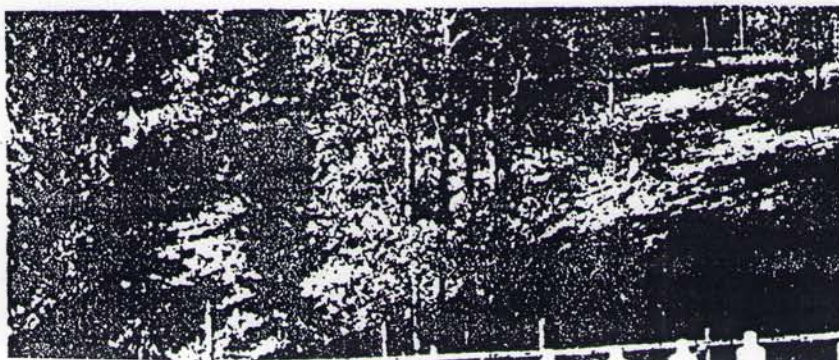
LOOKING BACK



HERE'S THE CONVOY THAT BROUGHT THE THIRD GROUP OF 22nd Air Base men from Lowry Field to Camp Buffalo a distance of 57 miles. A military police escort kept the situation under control at all times, and regular rests during the hours kept the Air Basers from feeling too restless.



THE BOYS WILL NEVER FORGET THAT OPENING DAY GREETING party that Lt. Everman and the chemical warfare crew prepared for us. Luckily the lads had along their gas masks or we might have been crying till kingdom come.



3RD PLATOON - NOTES -

Staff Sgt. Doyle Hastings and Sgt. Jack Angell took over as platoon leaders, and the group was no sooner settled than they were off on bivouac. Staff Sgt. James Fisher of the post chaplains' office went off to commune with nature and was almost left with the chipmunks before he caught up with his trekking comrades.

The boys got back from the bivouac in time to go on guard and K.P. and Tech. Sgt. Ted Levy who normally works on mean charts for the Officers' Replacement Pool was appointed sergeant-of-the-guard. Staff Sgt. Sam Wharton of post supply fame, was up for Sgt. John Trittinger of the Chemical Warfare Office was drafted to teach the subject at Buffalo.

Sgt. James Mendenhall, he of the handsome puss and smiling countenance, maintained his Lux-like appearance throughout... Staff Sgt. Sam Wharton of post supply fame, was up for the second time... The boys on bivouac ate all their rations first night and many started back to camp on an empty stomach.

On the way back Lt. Everman tried a gas attack but the wind was agin' him and the boys didn't even have to reach for their masks... But they still wear them just in case.

SUPPLY UNIT DOES ACE JOB IN MOUNTAINS

If you'd like to meet the outfit that's charged

"ME. MAK. MEA

The detach eye of Jones way su "recru some quanti period appoi coinci appeti ional activi is, J read

Thi that worki field couple a cord atten equip result a larg SERVAR ties. men bench provi rusti a souficat menu-assis Egent Mess Wh

tain that ite i boys decl is as than army gett eithe of de Waste all c K.P. said here

need



FAMILIARIZATION WITH THE CARBINE AND THE .45 CALIBRE sub-machine gun was a prime purpose of the camp and a group of trainees are shown on the range getting their practice firing. In addition, all 22nd Air Basers were required to qualify with the rifle before they ended their ten day stay at Camp Buffalo.

with furnishing Camp Buffalo and tabl you crew a s Ang Walk Sgt. Cpl Cpl is red ris A.B squ mis al

with furnishing Camp Buffalo and tabl you crew a s Ang Walk Sgt. Cpl Cpl is red ris A.B squ mis al

Headed by Lt. Barnard Larson who has done a swell job and Staff Sgt. Jerry Vivola, the staff has had to bring along tents, bedding, shelter halves, buckets, wash basins, mess equipment, foot lockers, ammunition, picks, shovels, axes, toilet paper, typewriters, and a hundred other odd items. You can get almost anything you

NOTES FROM THE PLATOONS

The second platoon stormed into the west end of camp, built the finest latrine in the area, and then started worrying individually about their wives and sweethearts.. Cpl. A.C. Clark came up with a dozen interesting stories of foreign service, Cpl. Tom McDuffie let his magnificent baritone roll across to Cathedral Mountain and back a few times.. Sgt. Murray Lawrence scaled trees like a monkey, putting up camouflage with his compatriot from the Orderly Room, T/Sgt. Harold Davis, Sgt. Norwood (he of the newlywed fame) swung enough picks to dredge the Suez again..S/Sgt. Nicastro the sergeant of the guard, looked all night for one of his men and then found out that it was his bunk mate.

T/Sgt. Browne and Quast quietly but firmly classified all the chipmunks in their area..."That's a bright lit-el fellow", murmured Quast..."I ain't no chipmunk you dope," cried a voice..It was Achor S/Sgt. Parker, platoon leader, had his hands full being bombarded with 11,278 questions per four working

hours...M/Sgt. Barron and T/Sgt. Pilley put a new twist on K.P....Others in the platoon included:

S/Sgt. Ed Darenkamp who latrinograms for the Bugle, PFC L.H. Ramsey; PFC C.A. Sasser; PFC R.F. Brownlee; Pvt. O.W. Hoeckele; Sgt. M. Simon; Cpl. J.R. Sigafos, A/Sgt. Quintin Ballard; S/Sgt. J. Wilson, S/Sgt. Bob Herrell; PFC R. Sylvester; S/Sgt. (Let's have a court martial) Tapper; Sgt. G.R. Annear; Sgt. Connors; T/Sgt. Joe Broudy; PFC William Lowenstein; PFC Weiner; Sgt. W.L. Friedlob; Sgt. W.F. Morse; Sgt. K.A. Ramsey; S/Sgt. L.A. Engilstadyt S/Sgt. K.S. Van Arsdale; S/Sgt. R.E. Bogan; Sgt. J.A. White; Sgt. C.H. Franklin and T/Sgt Joe Broudy.

PLATOON NOTES -

Because of something off colored in the hands of a novice and a brass whistle plus a long list of calls we dont understand, Cpl Wattles is running us ragged as he tries to stay on the beam and answer each one. One chap lathered his face three times between calls and

hasen't shaved yet. Thru the carelessness of some DOG who was caught short on the area, we learned to dig a slit trench the hard way. The Doc carefully selected a stoney spot and pointed. the entire ceremony was performed in reverent dignity as we all stood at rigid attention as ten of us at a time really sweated it out. We now have the distinction of owning the only cut stone latrine. It's a great spot for secessions or are they sentimentalists. It all proves that all the chips at Buffalo aren't just Buffalo chips.

Grissani and Novick, members of PT have made up a song called "Welcome to Buffalo" which they will gladly sing for the asking.

Tanned and rugged Martin, Pride of the PT spent his first happy day here on sick call.

Cpls. Whitton and Wilkerson are bored with this as they just finished a bivouac at Kearns transferring here just in time to make this trip with us.

We were surprised upon arrival by a gas attack which brought tears from the best of us and liked the way Lt. Everman told us where we could put our stripes as they were worthless to us.

Hats off to the Doctor who gave us a 15 minute course on medicine for the

WELL-KN Buffalo able Lt ready d care of It was gave Te Adams e at the geant w pital a

masses of wha casual Als are de sides be ser top All in the the gr tents commo God.

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THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!

