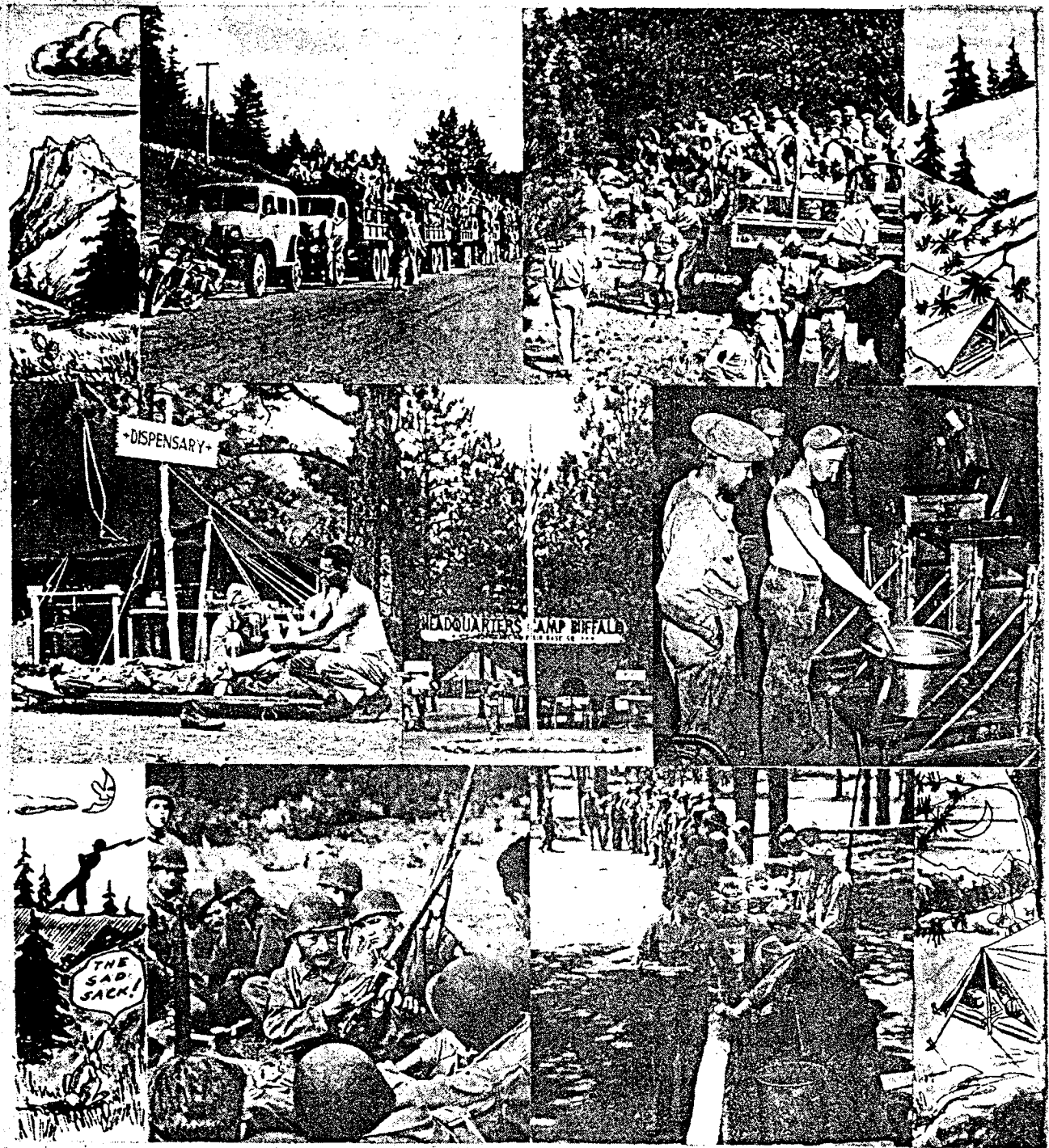


Lowry's Newest 'Picnic' Area Is Big Success



CURRENT ACTIVITIES AT CAMP BUFFALO, LOWRY'S "HOME ON THE RANGE," a field camp established high in the Rockies for men of the 22nd Air Base Squadron, are depicted in the above pictures. A convoy of troops is shown en route to the camp, upper left, and unloading after arrival, upper right. The center strip of photos shows, left to right, Lt. E. M. Cleveland, camp medical officer, examining a student's sprained ankle; the camp flag pole and orderly room, and mess attendants at work in the kitchen. Master Sgt. Russell S. East, foreground of the lower left picture, is explaining the sight on a Springfield rifle to members of a class in small arms, while at the right hungry GIs are filling their mess kits for a well-deserved repast. Camp Buffalo, established in 1936 by the 2nd Engineers of Fort Logan, is nestled atop a mountain, elevation 7,968.3 feet, and is being used as a base for toughening-up members of the 22nd, most of whom are assigned to permanent party jobs at Lowry. Capt. T. E. Atchison is the commanding officer, and Lt. H. W. Everman is the troop commander. Tech. Sgt. R. A. Witt is the first sergeant.

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Summer Romance Results, WA

Two all-GI romances which began early this summer at Lowry culminated in marriage ceremonies 24 hours apart in Denver late last month when AFC Irma Brown and Sgt. Milton V. Grondin were married, and Aux. Mary M. Baran and Cpl. Joseph M. Campau also were united in holy bonds of matrimony.

The first of the brides, Irma Brown, whose home is in Ann Arbor, Mich., came to Lowry Field from the Army Administrative School at Benton, Texas. She had been on duty with the 38th Te

"A SPOT OF SENATE"
FR
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
Cocktail Hour
Opposite the Capitol
Opens

Men in Service
YU
The Restaurant
A Replica of the Governor's
Here you will find an atmosphere
American and
Complete Bar Service—Semi
"PRICES THAT PLEASE"
8975 East

One battle won does not win a war. We've got tougher times ahead.
Buy More War Bonds
For Freedom's Sake

"DENVER NIGHT"
Thursday
Shore Dinner Dance

LOU MORGAN and His NBC Orchestra
Emerald Room
Brown Palace
DENVER COLORADO

He's a Veteran of 35 Years
General Curry 'Grew Up' With U. S. Army Air Forces
Maj. Gen. John F. Curry, commanding general of the 16-state district of the Army Air Corps...

One battle won does not win a war. We've got tougher times ahead.
Buy More War Bonds
For Freedom's Sake

BUFFALO BUGLE

A MESSAGE FROM THE C.G.

BUFFALO BUGLE
AUGUST 17, 1943

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

The Staff

PUBLISHED BY
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FIELD REPRODUCTION
— DIVISION —



AUGUST

CLARK THINKS CAMP BUFFALO IS A PUSHOVER

There's one guy up here in the land of the clouded sky that thinks Buffalo is Paradise. No, he isn't crazy, not even punchy. His name is Cpl. Alvin Clark, and he just got back from a six month stretch in New Caledonia. Says Clark, "youse guys ain't seen nothing yet, and after listening to a few of his tales about overseas life, one is inclined to agree with him. "Take that boat ride" continues the grizzled veteran, "when we left the west coast port, it seemed like a weekend excursion trip, then we hit the rough water and for the next five days that tub was a shambles." (mal de mer, ya know) A photo interpreter, Clark went over with the first reconnaissance outfit to set up shop on the island and his description of the conditions there makes our nest look like a picnic ground.

"The biggest difference between our camp over there and this one is the



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

BUGLE

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

VOLUME ONE CAMP BUFFALO, COLO., AUGUST 17, 1943 NUMBER THREE

PACIFIC HERO TALKS TO BUFFALO TRAINEES ON COMBAT CONDITIONS

Major Carl E. Wurtele, now assigned to Lowry's Officer Replacement Pool and a veteran of many Pacific campaigns, told the members of the 22nd Air Base that the Japs are a tough foe, that saki Japanese beer, is tasty and that the Japs say "we fight for Tojo; the Americans fight for Roosevelt and the U.S. Marines 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



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

giver so that you'll do those processes automatically when your time comes for foreign service." The major participated in the now heroic Battle of Midway, and averred the Japs failed to bomb the runways on the island, so certain were they of a successful landing attempt. In this engagement he had the unique satisfaction of watching eight bombs from his ship literally break a Jap aircraft carrier in two. From Midway Major Wurtele

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 Devanney 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 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 horse 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-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)

bat 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

1/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 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 Devanney, 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

(CONT. PAGE 2)

SUCCESSFUL LANDING ATTEMPT.
In this engagement he had the unique satisfaction of watching eight bombs from his ship literally break a Jap aircraft carrier in two.

From Midway Major Wurtelee and his crew moved to the southwest Pacific theater of operations. From their base in the New Hebrides the major's squadron lambasted Jap positions on Guadalcanal last August for three thunderous days before the U.S. Marines moved in.

In one of these last engagements his leg was blasted by a 20 millimeter shell causing his present incapacitation. From a New Zealand hospital he was moved to the United States for further convalescence.

On duty at Lowry Field at present with the Officer Replacement Pool, Major Wurtelee is still carrying the gospel of victory to Air Force troops in the area.

By addressing the 22nd Air Basers on Tuesday, August 10th, Major Wurtelee was able to speak to two thirds of the squadron. The second section finishing its training and the third and last group of Air Basers who arrived at the Camp the same day.

22nd Air Base men who heard the talk were convinced that the Japanese have not dimmed the unswerving courage of a great American airman.

AUGUST 17, 1943

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?

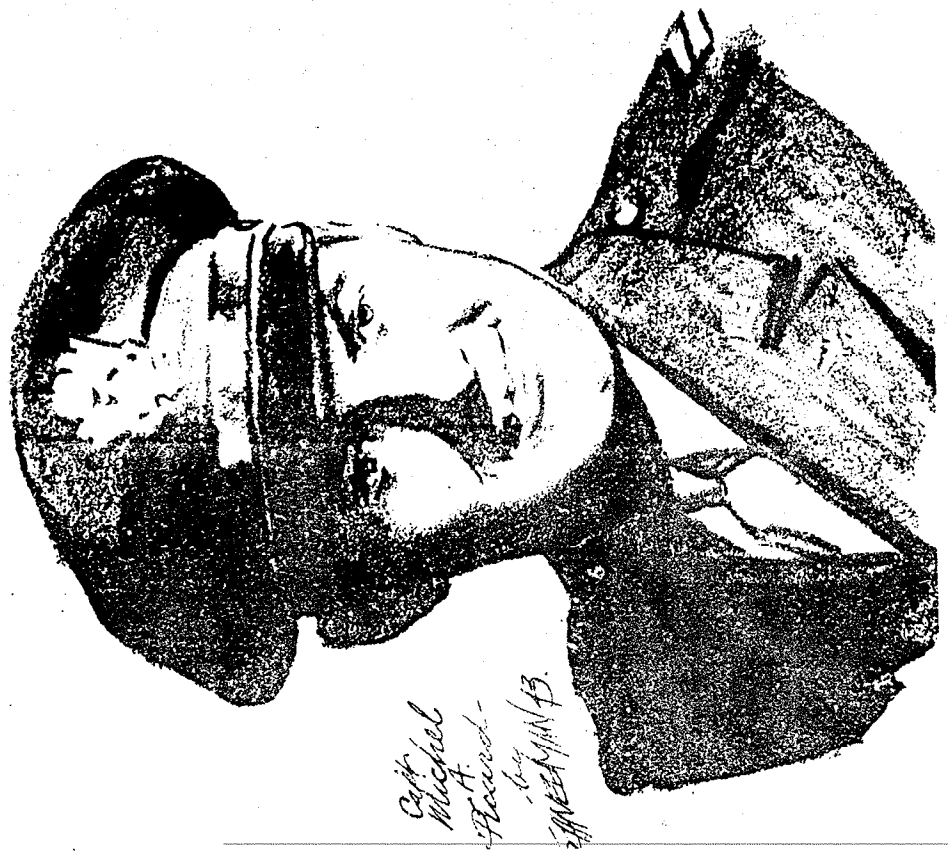
NATALI: That one for Broudy's pipe tobacco.

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.



THANKS OF THE 22ND AIR BASE ARE
 DUE CAP'T. MICHEL A. PICARD, OF THE
 ORIGINATOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE
 BUFFALO BUGLE.

BUFFALO BUGLE.

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.

Message from the 1st Sgt.
 -- P. S. 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 starved the enemy trenches with high explosive and shrapnel for hours before the advance was scheduled, 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,



LT CHARLES A HARPER, the adjutant of the 22nd Air Base managed to keep the home fires burning while the boys were at camp.

STILL INSPECTING

Tech. Sgt. Urbaitis of the post inspector's office does a lot of inspecting at Losry Field. At Buffalo he was inspecting pots and pans.

LONGEST BEARD

Award for Buffalo's best beard goes unanimously to Sgt. Merlin Rogers of the permanent party group. Too tired to do it all in one piece, Rogers grew his facial spinach in two carefully cultivated sections, which resembles more than anything else Grosholz's celebrated "t--s"



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



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.



**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 hang-er 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 Basemen were tough enough to take it. When you see master sergeants vol-

ing, deer hunting (four legs) and lying under the "Ole Apple Tree" sipping a cold refreshing beer.

It is the first platoon's wish that I take this opportunity to express our sincerest thanks for the 21 gun salute rendered upon our arrival.

But Jeeze, fellows, you didn't have to use those damn tear gas grenades! You @*?/£!, we'll remember "Camp Buffalo."

It might interest S/Sgt. Beeler's wife to know that he has become an ardent lover of K.P. He and S/Sgt. Brower are really partners in crime. Keep those pots boiling boys. Pvt. Mueller is still trying to find the latrine. He said, "The way it moves around it's harder to catch than the "Rocket to

Chicago." It is rumored that Sgt. Melonakis and Sgt. Pallis are "that way" about each other. They're living under the same roof and not married either. Tch! Tch! Platoon leader, M/Sgt. Perkins is still looking for that guy named Brown who proved himself the ace "Gold-Brick" of the platoon. Remember, the K P. detail

Sgt. Rule, our first casualty, has been troubled



BANK 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



MEMBERS OF THE 2058th ORDIANCE 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.

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 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-

M/Sgt. Perkins is still looking for that guy named Brown who proved himself the ace "Gold-Brick" of the platoon. Remember, the K.P. detail "per K"

Sgt. Rule, our first casualty, has been troubled with leakage of the Cranium. It seems that the internal alcohol massage taken on the convoy up by Rule, Brehemy, Addy, Schilling, Schapps and Norman, found the weakest spot and worked through. Just let it drain a while and it should be O.K.; Rule! Sgt. Centofanti has just announced his intentions to enter the National Corn Huskers Bee of Nebraska. He says he'll take all bets. Say, Vic, where did the "Tick" bite you?" Sgt. Brennan hasn't roped a deer to ride as yet, but he's still trying. We wonder if PFC Reggler knows how to construct a latrine.

Cpl. Williams, Here's a tip: the Gestapho Chief, Lt. Everman, is still looking for the man who left the human excretion in the middle of the camp. PFC. Weiner keeps singing "You'd be so nice to come home to". Whats wrong, Weiner, don't you like it up here? The rest of us fellows are just crazy about the place. A tip for the medics upon our return. You had better enlarge your Section Vlll ward because we have plenty of material, "specially Yarka, Rhingberger, Schildknaut, and Hoppe.



Stork Market Quotations

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 anxiously 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 undergo examination shortly to diagnose his present condition. But from Captain Atchison down to all of us yard-

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.

Englested works in the records section at post operations.

- PERMANENT PARTY - (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Buffalo is nothing new for Tech. Sgt. Howard Carpenter. He was with the 2nd Engineers at Ft. Logan, when that outfit built the range here. He enlisted in 1934 and transferred to Lowry in 1938, when Lowry first came into being. Rangemaster here, Howard's regular job is Chief Dispatcher at Operations.

S/Sgt. George Matteson of the 2058th Ordnance Co. was entrusted with the care and maintenance of all weapons at Camp. He is a graduate of the Ordnance School at Aberdeen and is a member of the Ordnance



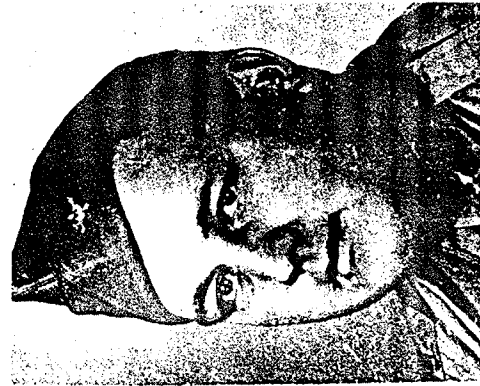
The third 22nd A.B. detachment to take field training at Buffalo proved themselves prolific, if nothing else, when the second baby in as many days, was born to Staff Sgt. David Marr and his wife, Betty, last Friday, the 13th and the offspring, a boy, was born at Rocky Mountain Hospital and weighed nine pounds, 10 ounces, only three and three-eighths pounds less than the old man himself.

Marr, who had spent the three days previous to the blessed event in a cold sweat, let out a sigh of relief that shook Cathedral Rock when informed of the image's arrival by telephone.

**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**



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.

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 innately, a desire to achieve perfection, to attain the utmost in efficiency.

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 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 satisfied 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.

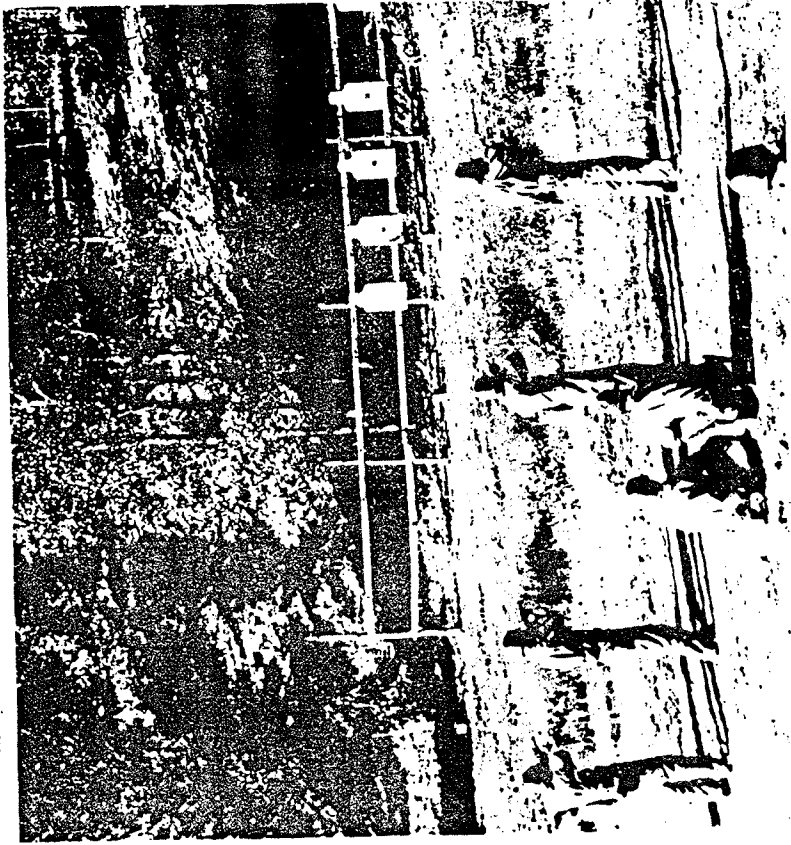
his description of the conditions there makes our nest look like a picnic ground.

"The biggest difference between our camp over there and this one is the absence of G.I. 'misereries' here. Everybody had 'em here. The food at Buffalo is nectar compared to standard overseas chow, and the same goes for the weather. It was always wet, and when we walked guard, which was all the time, we wore raincoats, leather gloves and double mosquito nets, and still they got to us." (No mosquitos at Buffalo.)

"What did you do with all your dough out there," we asked. What the hell could we do with it?" replied the doughty corporal. "You can blow \$30 for a quart of whiskey, or you can play cards and loose it sensibly. There's nothing to buy in the French towns, so most of it goes home."

"What's your advice to men shipping over to the Southwest Pacific, Professor," was our next query. "I'd say to learn to use a compass. That sounds elementary, but you'd be surprised how quickly you can get lost in those jungles, and it isn't fun." With this the corporal hitched up his pants, and said, "Well, I got to pull a tour of guard duty. It's a cinch."

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.



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.

Sgt. ... 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 against 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 with furnishing Camp Buffalo with everything from a field range to a six penny nail drop around the supply tent and meet the crew that has done a swell job in the 30 day history of Buffalo.

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

ification to Jones, the menu-maker, and his chief assistant, Sgt. Charles Egenberger, of the 67th Mess Squadron.

Whether it's the mountain air and undue exertion that homes the G.I. appetite is uncertain, but the boys are unanimous in declaring that the chow is as good if not better than any they've had in the army (we didn't use a gun getting those statements either). A private's dream of delight is the sight of Masters, Techs, Staffs, et al cheerfully (?) pulling K.P. side by side. Who said it couldn't happen here?

need on Bivouac from Vivola and his crew but aspirin tablets and supply can tell you where to get them.

Others in the supply crew who have made Buffalo a success include Cpl. Angelo Natali, Cpl. Frank Walkney, Sgt. Earl Wheeland, Sgt. Marion (Red) Nichols, Cpl. Frank Schneider and Cpl. Vincent Genova.

"Maggie's Drawers is the name given to the red flag which waves decisively every time a 22nd A.B. Dan'l Boone forgets to squeeze "like a t.." and misses the damned target altogether.



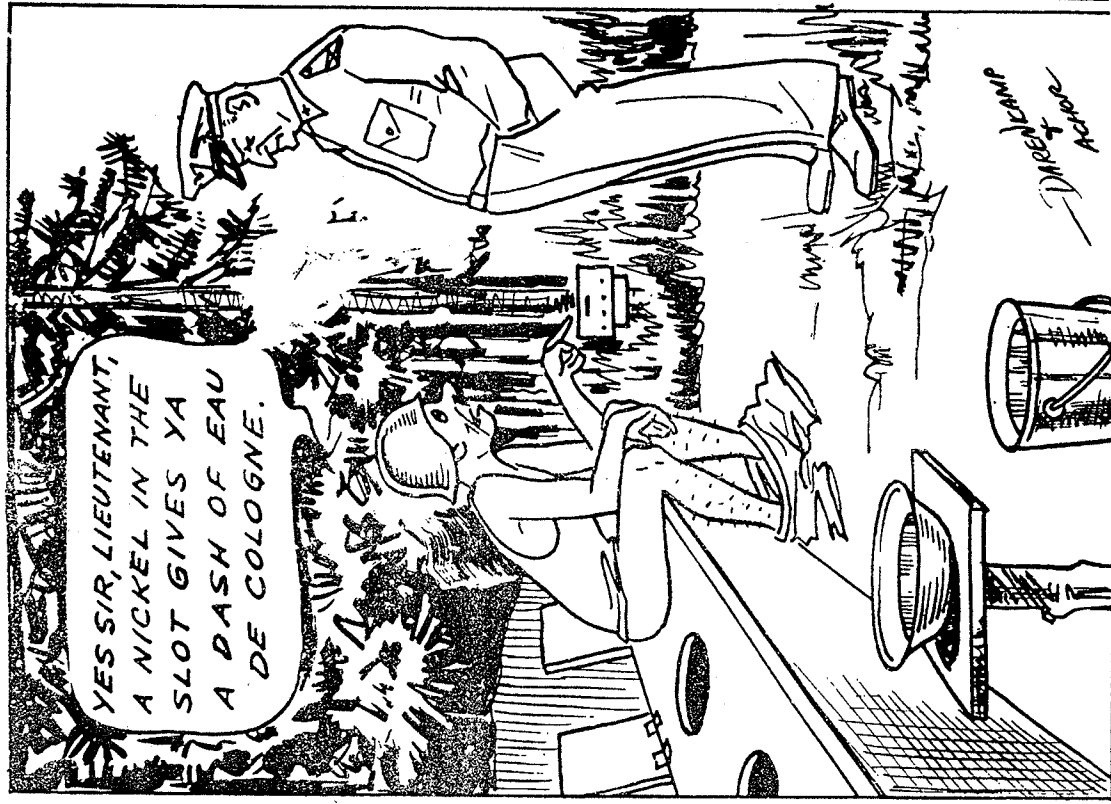
Disa and Data in the "Palm Springs of the Rockies" Series three of the 22nd A.B. mountain meetings convened auspiciously last Tuesday morning, one might almost say with a bang.... a hell of a way to greet visiting firemen....poor unsuspecting recruits arriving with spirits high and chevrons flying only 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 pronunciatato 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

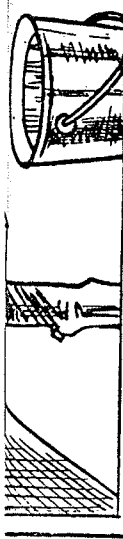
NOTE: NO LIMIT TO THE THORONNESS AND FASTIDIOUSNESS OF THE 2ND PLATOON REGARDING THEIR LUXURIOUS CANOPIED LATRINE.....



gasoline generator which invariably runs out of gas in the middle of a message, The receiver however, is a

COMMUNICATIONS DOES IMPORTANT

DIMEDY CAMP
Active



gasoline generator which invariably runs out of gas in the middle of a message. The receiver however, is a powerful affair and the orderly room gang has been listening to Radio Tokyo regularly. The stuff is even worse tripe than the average man imagines. The telephone lines were installed by Sgt. Bob Bunstock who came up with the first detachment, and is currently under the supervision of Cpl. Harold Fender. Radio men alternating on duty include S/Sgt. H.S. Derr and T/Sgt. John D. Sieck.

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 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

CLASSIFIED ADS

WILL EXCHANGE: College degree for CDD... See Sgt. Tapper... Platoon No. 2

WANTED TO BUY: One inner-spring mattress with built in latrine... See Tech. Sgt. Browne.

LOST: One pair of gold teeth. Finder may keep fillings, but please return molars... Cpl. Walkney.

WANTED: One three day pass. By any sergeant in any of the platoons. Sorry. But we just ran out of copy.

...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

Scotter 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 warm....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....Darenkemp 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

Staff Sgt. Joe Grosholz was our machine gun and 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, Micastrro 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 duck....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 concealed goatee....Carpenter scorns such fluff and looks sleepy....Who Doesn't....which reminds us....6'night.

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

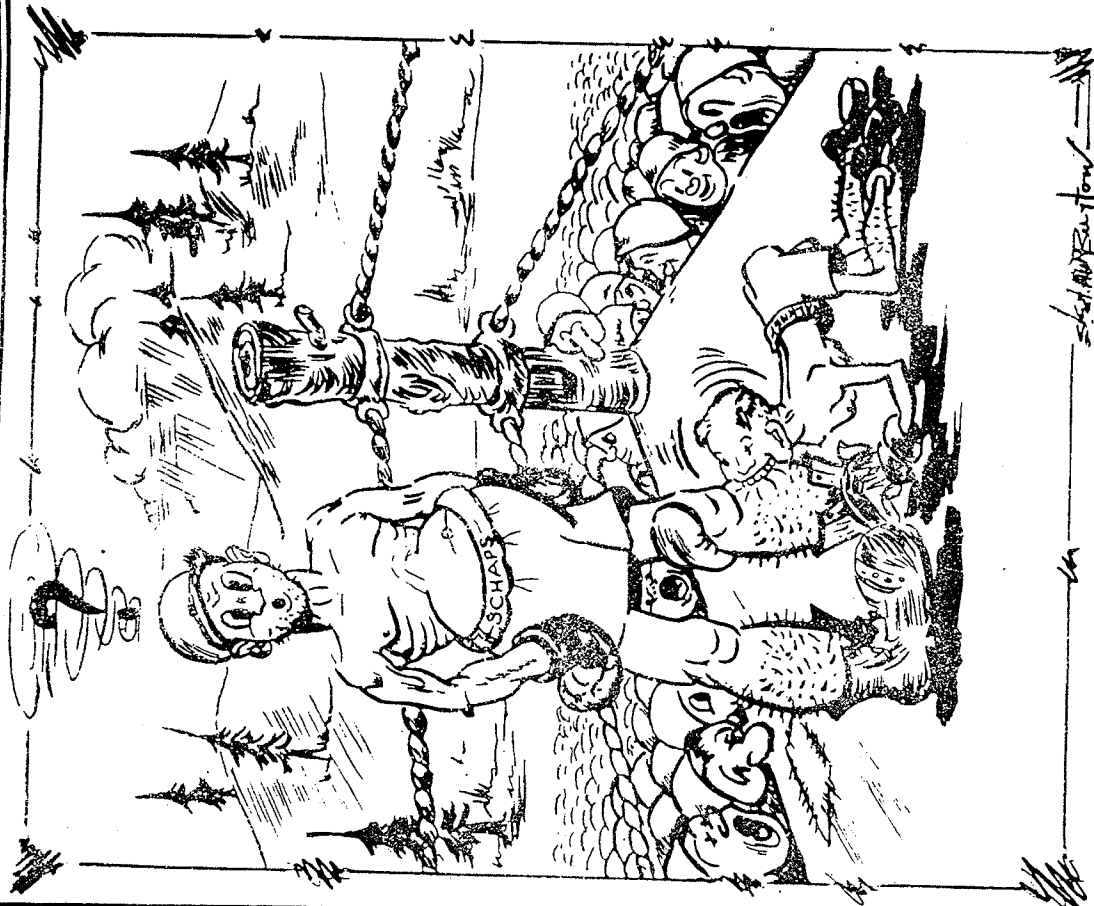
BY T/SGT. (ROUGHIN' IT) BROUDY

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

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



Flight of the Century
SCHAPS vs "THE MOUSE"
TO A BLOODY FIN'ISH

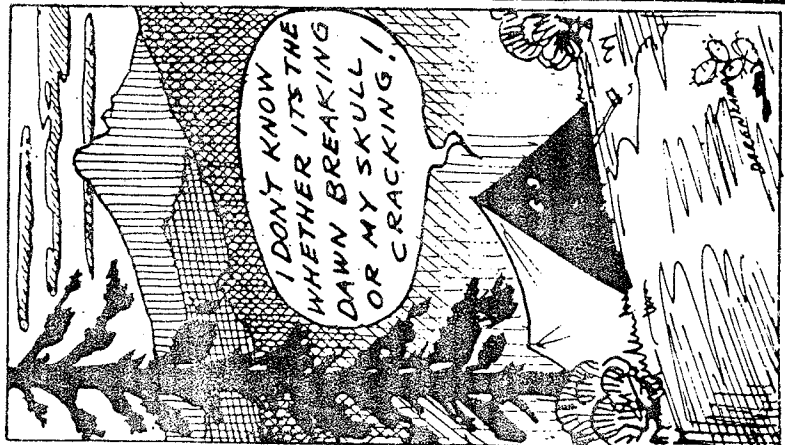
Cpl. "Mickey Mouse" Walkney, the former welter

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 thank-fully at what you firmly believe is your own little cubby-hole, only to find two other guys ahead of you. Apologies 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 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

ulation 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.



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

Fight of the Century SCHAPPS vs "THE MOUSE" TO A BLOODY FINISH

Cpl. "Mickey Mouse" Walkney, the former welter champion of Latrine No. 115 of the 22nd Air Base, and "Laughing Boy" Scha pps, present heavyweight champion of PX No. 1, are scheduled to battle it out in ten rounds or less next Wednesday evening.

With the boxing title of Camp Buffalo at stake the 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 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

mouth open at the same time in a recent night time black jack game--an unusual occurrence for Schapps. Arrangements are now being made with the Mims Marvelous Mums Corporation to sponsor a post-to-post hook-up through the camp. It is expected that Walkney's two youngest children will come in from Pittsburgh for the fight. Having been permanent party at Buffalo for the past few weeks, Walkney has conditioned himself to the low oxygen content in the mountain air sleeping with his head under the pillow.

From this writer's point of view, it looks like Walkney in three rounds or less--less if those molars don't slip.

THAT STOPPED HIM!

Then there was the time that Sgt. Tapper pulled a night guard trick. "Who goes there," he shouted. "The devil," a voice replied, "O.K. pass on devil you know where you

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-w-k-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 edu-
cation. Besides the local school board's
got to pay me longevity soon.



STAFF SGT JERRY VIVOLA, SUPPLY SERGEANT FOR THE AIR
Base and a barber in civilian life, finds that long
hair on the boys is bad for the camp's general appear-
ance so he is shown here playing his trade at Camp Buf-
alo. The happy victim is Sgt. Earl Miller of the Order-
ly room.



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.



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

"MESS-KIT" JONES MAKES MAGIC WITH MEAT and MACARONI

The Camp Buffalo mess detachment under the eagle eye of Master Sgt. George Jones goes merrily on its way supplying the 22nd A.B. "recruits" with good wholesome food in sufficient quantity at the appointed periods. Quite often the appointed periods do not coincide with the boy's appetite because of occasional latrine digging activities, but whenever it is, Jones' boys have it ready to dish out.

This, despite the fact that the kitchen crew is working under typical field conditions with a couple of gasoline stoves, a cord of wood and 13 mess attendants in the way of equipment. The ultimate result could be likened to a large scale picnic, sans servants and social amenities. The sight of 180 men sitting at rustic benches and putting the provisions away with true rustic dispatch must prove a source of extreme gratification to Jones, the menu-maker, and his chief assistant, Sgt. Charles Egenberger, of the 67th Me S.S. Squadron.

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 barritone 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. Micastrone 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 little fellow," murmured Quast... "I ain't no chipmunk you dope," cried a voice... It was Achorn

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 latrino-graphs 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. Sigafoos, 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. Engelstadyt 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 of a colored in the hands of a novice and a brav whistle plus a long list of calls we don't understand, Cpl Wattles is running us ragged as he tries to stay on the beam

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 sessions or are they sentimentalists. It all proves that all the chips at Buffalo also aren't just Buffalo chips.

Griessani 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 strips as they were worthless to us.



WELL-KNOWN MEDICO AT CAMP

Buffalo is personable, likeable Lt. Devanney, who was ready day and night to take care of the boys' ailments. It was Lt. Devanney who gave Tech. Sgt. Hillman Adams emergency treatment at the camp before the sergeant was rushed to the hospital at Lowry Field.

masses and his discriptions of what the well bandaged casualty will wear.

Also to the cooks who are doing swell by us besides where else can a G.I. be served by K.P.s of the top three grades.

All the stones are not in the latrines judging by the groans emitting from the tents at Five bells and the common expression is "MY God. What a night, The

ELEPHANTINE

Watching Broudy climb into a pup tent was like

- NOTES -

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

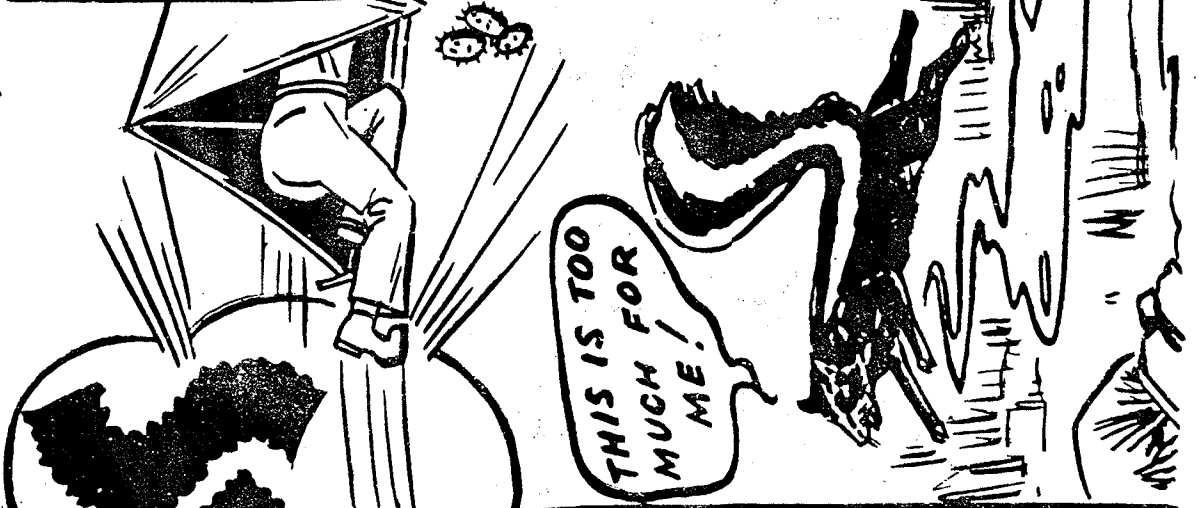
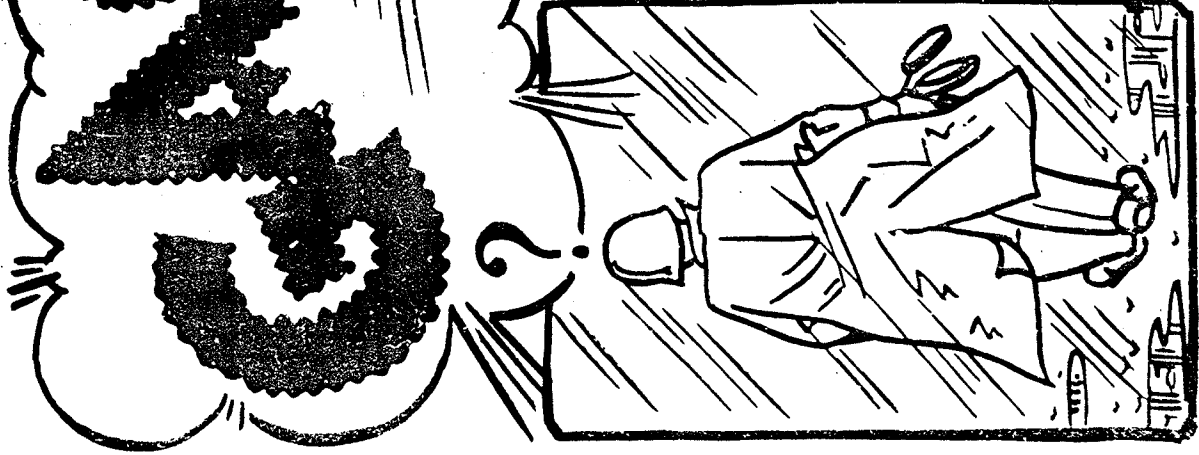
Because of something off colored in the hands of a novice and a brass whistle plus a long list of calls we dont understand, Cpl Wattles is running us ragged as he tries to stay on the beam and answer each one. One chap lathered his face three times between calls and

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

the groans emitting from the tents at Five bells and the common expression is "My God, what a night, The
ELEPHANTINE

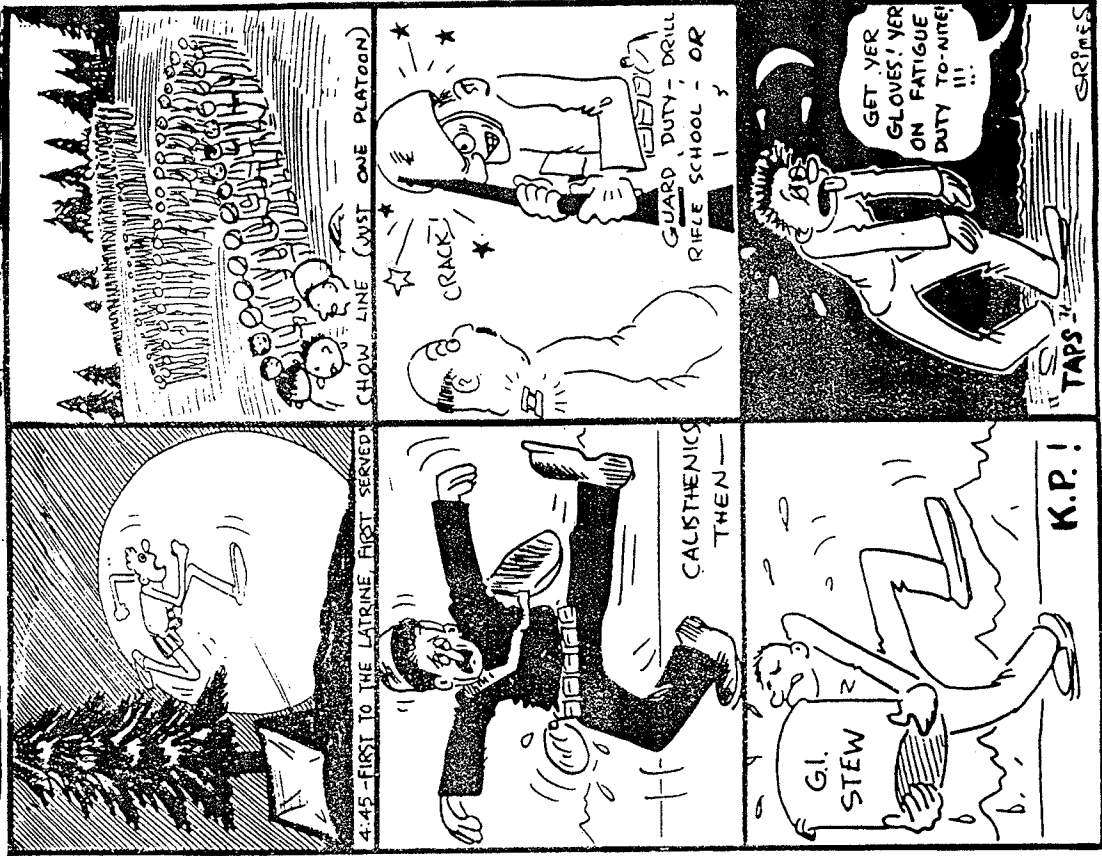
Watching Broudy climb into a pup tent was like making Ringling Bros. "Jumbo" walk a tight rope. (Editors Note: Its a lie!)



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.

THAT 30 HOUR DAY AT BUFFALO!!



THAT OUTFIT built the range here. He enlisted in 1934 and transferred to Lowry in 1938, when Lowry first came into being. Rangemaster here, Howard's regular job is Chief Dispatcher at Operations.
S/Sgt. George Matteson of the 2058th Ordnance Co. was entrusted with the care and maintenance of all weapons at Camp. He is a graduate of the Ordnance School at Aberdeen, Md. and is just completing his first hitch. He is a very popular guy on the firing line, and no malfunction has stopped him yet.

T/Sgt. Hillman Adams has had some ten years in the army, and until his stay was cut short by an unfortunate accident last Wednesday was a most valuable addition to the rifle instruction staff.

S/Sgt. Moe Carter has spent all of his three years in the army at Lowry Field as a woodworking specialist. Here at Buffalo, he was in charge of all carpenter work, of which there was plenty.

S/Sgt. Robert Mowery, rifle and carbine instructor, has spent five years in uniform, and is also an ex-2nd Engineer. S/Sgt. Joe Groshoz came to Lowry in 1941, and in his own inimitable fashion has imparted the inside dope on carbine and machine gun to all and sundry.

Sgt. Merlin Rogers, rifle instructor, was also a member of the 2nd Engineers just before that outfit left Ft. Logan in 1939. He came to Lowry in 1940 and has been working for the Post Engineers ever since.

S/Sgt. Evan Raisbeck is another infantry veteran having joined that estimable organization back in 1936. He changed his mind in 1939 and came to Lowry where he is an armorer on the line. At Buffalo, he teaches the ABC's of the Springfield, 1903.

S/Sgt. Rupert "Sandy" Sanderson is a popular lad despite his evil machination with smoke pots and tear gas capsules. The amiable towhead holds down an armorer's job on the line back in civilization, but he is chemical warfare instructor here.

Master Sgt. George Jones and T/Sgt. Clement Zaiontz, Buffalo's Damon and Pythmas, have teamed up most effectively, resuly: good chow. Zaiontz hauls the stuff up, and Jones cooks it. Both are hoary with army service, 17 years for the former, 19 years for the latter.

Acknowledgement is also due Master Sgts. James Forrester and Russell East and T/Sgt. James Witt, who were unable to stay the whole thirty days, but contributed whole-heartedly to the cause while here.

Proud Papas Are Plentiful At Muscle Mountain Haven

(By Special Correspondent)

Camp Buffalo, Colo., Aug. 19—After nearly a month of bunk fatigue in the Camp Buffalo infirmary, "Doc" Stork, a member of the medical staff stationed at this soldier's haven of rest and solitude in the Rockies, finally went on a 72-hour rampage which resulted in the population of nearby Denver being increased by a total of three persons.

The first and then the second group of trainees from Lowry Field came and departed from Camp Buffalo with a net result of no business for the "Doc." But with the arrival of the third contingent of enthusiastic warriors, things commenced to happen which would seem to indicate a peculiar significance in the numeral "3" for these Buffaloes.

Beginning with Thursday, Aug. 12, it virtually rained babies for three days and nights, so it seemed to the inhabitants of the camp who became quite accustomed to the flapping of the stork's wings. Within a period of three days, three youngsters were born to the wives of as many different soldiers on "vacation" at the mountain resort.

The distinction of being the father of the first baby to be born to a trainee at the 22nd Air Base's mountain training center went to Staff Sgt. Bob Herrell, NCO in charge of the post mail center. The newcomer was a girl. Then for the next two days "Doc Stork" remained on continuous duty. On Friday a boy was born to Staff Sgt. and Mrs. David Marr, and on Saturday a similar occurrence took place as Staff Sgt. and Mrs. Lester Englestad also became the parents of a son.

And now, when anyone rolls an ace and a duce or lays down a "tray," any member of this group may be observed to be shaking in his boots.



LOWRY

1943

REV-METER