

96th Plays Willamette Nine Here

First Visiting Nine To Battle Post Team

Game Slated 4 P. M., 4th St., S., and B.

The 383rd Infantry Regiment will play Willamette College of Salem tomorrow afternoon at Camp Adair in the first baseball game of the season to be held within the post area, according to an announcement made yesterday afternoon. Time for the game has tentatively been set at 4 p. m. in the area bounded by 4th street South and and B avenue.

Saturday afternoon, the 383rd will reciprocate by meeting Willamette in a return match on the latter team's home grounds in Salem.

Topkicks Are "x@!xM! Meanies!

Keesler Field, Miss. (CNS) - A bugle mysteriously missing for two days reappeared within 24 hours after the company topkick posted a notice on a bulletin board.

The notice announced that all men would stand reveille one hour earlier in Uniform A every morning until the bugle was found.

Call to Leather! Geysers Work Out

Timber Wolf boxers who are trying for a spot on the Geysers' boxing team began working out Monday under the direction of Lt. Daniel Coyle. Lt. Coyle is assisted by Cpl. Watts and Pvt. Gorman who have given and taken many punches in their day.

At the first call many potential leather throwers were on hand ready to commence training. Workouts will be held Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons from 1300-1500.

Volleyball Deadlock—2, no deck...r Competition is mighty keen in the Geysers' volleyball league in the Timber Wolf Division.

The Special Units league is deadlocked with Hq. Co. Anti-tank and the Medics all tied for first place. These companies will play a round robin to determine which will represent their unit in the championship playoffs. In the 2nd Bn., Hq. Co. and Co. H are running a close race for top honors.

In their game this week action should be plentiful as Hq. Co. has won five games and lost none while Co. H has won four and lost one game.

THE UNPRIVATE CORNER

By Pfc. Bob Ruskauff Sports Editor

In this particular day and age it is often in poor taste to apologize for anything, but we are constrained to say a word for our girls softball league.

It was, but isn't and the gals are champing for action. Unfortunately regulations have for the nonce crept in to prohibit league competition.

This happened just as the eighth gals team was being formed and the lasses of CACE had finished taking the kinks out of their lovely arms and limbs and were ready to wind up and "pla-a-a-ay ba-a-all!"

We are also sorry for we had in mind writing a short piece about one Dorothy Jezuit of Post Engineers. This lass is very deceiving indeed. She looks like a Cinderella at the height of the ball. So, when she said:

"You'd like to be sure if I have muscle?"

We didn't believe her. But we do now. She played three years in Chicago at short stop for the Catholic Youth Organization girls' nine. This team, we are informed, was well qualified to lick nine-tenths of the organized men's teams extant.

This week sports is a trifle short, but a long way yet from ripping out at the seams. One thing and another, including weather, has deterred the events that were planned, but plans continue.

Tonight, of course, there are two great boxing shows slated on the Post. For your money (even if it were to cost you a farthing or so), you shouldn't miss the nine-bout card on tap at Field House. Or, over in territory of the 96th Div., where there is some real fightin' talent, Lt. Robert Barrett's boxers of the 381st Inf. will take on Capt. Edw. McCloy's fighters of the 383rd.

Lt. Barrett by the way, should be given some credit for his energetic pioneering of team boxing and getting up a hardy bunch of leather-pushers at the starting gong. Now, of course, there are any number of cracker-jack boxing teams here. Those KOs and hair-line decisions at the Salem Armory fights bear evidence of that.

Quite by accident our office was honored on the same day and time by a visit from two old cronies of the days "back when." While talking to Sgt. John (Long John) Wulf, business manager of the Timber Wolf baseball team, who should work in Post Chaplain, Capt. Lloyd V. Harmon.

Whatever we were discussing, was forgotten then, for the years dropped away. Again Sgt. Wulf and Chaplain Harmon were back in the Robidoux Hotel in old St. Jo, Mo., lingering over a lager (well, not the Chaplain, said Sgt. Wulf).

Among that little clique of athletes and lovers of sport were such as Warren Giles and Forrest Di Bernardi (many-time basketball all-American), and Anton (Stan) Stankowski, who is still revered as the greatest quarterback ever to call them for the University of Missouri.

Said by any lesser man it would not be worth repeating but the other night sparrow-like Johnny Dundee, dancing master of the lightweights a couple decades ago and a great champion, declared:

"There are few real champions in any division today. Louis is one. Dempsey at his peak, was one.

So—You Wanna Get Nauty-cal!



Trimmed down to her storm sheets, with a half gale raging abaft her beam is sloop-rigged Natalie Park. This picture also was not taken at Sea Adair, but most likely in some NBC boudoir and they explain how she is that lovely voice (Marietta Sherwood) who plays in "Haythorne House," Monday night radio serial.

60 Ball Players Hear Timber Wolf Male Call

There are many men of modesty among ball players of the Timber Wolf division, and Sgt. Jack Knott, team manager, wants them to come out and augment the 60 hopefuls who answered sign-up call at Field House Monday evening.

Team business manager, Sgt. Long John Wulf, said that schedule is arranged so that play on the Divisional team will not upset candidates who want to wallop

the horsehide in the Regimental league competition.

Timber Wolves who want to try out are urged to call Sgt. Knott at 3479.

Opening game will probably be held the last week in April. Rival remains unnamed though it is understood there are several teams willing to take the first crack at the Division outfit.

Balance of this week will be filled with signing-up.

The Story of Insignia

When you look at those stripes and stars and bars a dozen times a day, to see whether you should salute, did you ever wonder how they come to be?

Back to the days of the American Revolution goes the story of the origin of insignia for the Army. Then there were no uniforms for the troops, since the Continental Congress, with limited funds, was scarcely able to provide the necessary arms and ammunition to say nothing of supplying clothing. So each soldier came along in his own outfit, such as he had, or fancied.

It was quite the thing, then, to loot the homes of the hated Tories, so that many a private appeared in expensive and colorful garb such as he had never known previously.

Since the officers were usually more conservatively garbed, this condition led to some difficulty and confusion. This was evidenced in an order issued in 1775 to the effect that, since many inconveniences arose from not being able to distinguish commissioned offi-

cers from privates, some badges of distinction be worn.

In consequence, the commander-in-chief was directed to wear a light riband across his breast, between his coat and waistcoat. Major generals were designated by purple ribbon; brigadiers by a pink one and aides by one of green.

The beginning of the epaulet and stars came in 1780 when Washington ordered that major-generals should wear one on each shoulder, with two stars on each, that brigadiers be adorned with two epaulets with one star each, and that field officers wear a gold epaulet on each shoulder.

Sergeants were ordered to wear a worsted shoulder knot on each shoulder and corporals such a knot on the right shoulder. This order however did not come into effect until 1782.

The insignia you know so well came along as a sort of evolution through the years, following the establishment of the Republic.

—Pvt. Harry Klissner.

The Lt. May Have Meant Free Love

Camp Edwards, Mass. (CNS) - Spring arrived recently, causing a young lieutenant to write a more than usually ardent letter to his girl. He was so carried away that when he addressed the envelope he wrote "Love" in the upper right-hand corner instead of "Free." This touching bit of absent-mindedness caused no trouble at all. The letter was delivered to the girl by a nice old postman.

NOT AT THEATRE 4; NO SIRE-E-E-E-E-K!

Bellows Falls, Vt. (CNS) - A theater projection room served as a delivery room during the birth of a baby to the wife of a movie operator recently.

Prize: Carton of Cigarettes

Durham, N. H. (CNS)—A prize for being a "good" girl is awarded each co-ed who gets eight hours sleep nightly, gets three vitamin-choked meals daily, gets one hour of exercise followed by a warm bath and cold shower daily, and—stops smoking!

Time Is Lost:

One of the cooks that dishes out the things you like to eat at PX-3 has lost her watch. She first missed it Sunday evening, and feels she lost it somewhere in the vicinity of Postal Avenue, Club Avenue, Theatre 4 and the Bus Terminal. It is a lady's wrist watch and has the monogram "EMG" on the back of the case.

Will the finder please return it to the manager of PX-3 (opposite the Bus Terminal) where the owner can claim it.

instructing some soldiers in how to write a movie. One of the pupils in his first class was a private who won the Pulitzer prize and the Critics Circle prize, wrote the current Book-of-the-Month and is the author of a new four-star movie hit, "The Human Comedy."—Private William Saroyan.

'My Name Is Jones' Declared the Monk

Washington (CNS) - Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, chief of the Army services of supply, told an off-the-record story recently about the biggest surprise he had on a trip. Later, through an aide, he consented to it being put on the record. The story:

In Jerusalem Gen. Somervell and other high-ranking American Army men visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They stopped at the Roman Catholic Chapel. Over in a corner was a monk. The monk looked up and saw American uniforms. His eyes opened wide. He hurried across the room, thrust out his hand and—to the utter astonishment of the visitors—said: "My name's Jones—of Emporia, Kansas."

That is, they would have become champions at any era. But Abe Attell, who never weighed more than 130 pounds dripping wet, could have belted away any other of today's light heavies or heavyweights you care to name. Include Tami Mauriello, Billy Conn," said Johnny Dundee.

Well, That's "Human Comedy" storia, N. Y. (CNS)—The Signal Corps recently hired a Hollywood screen writer, at \$20 a day, for some special duties. He was sent to Astoria, where he was assigned to

Theodore the Timber Wolf



"Theodore is always reading about something."