

Photo Joe Gets Caught by Yank

His Snapping Is Over; He'll Never See Dover; Americans Saw to That Freddie'd Better Scat

There are stories today of both "Photo Joe" and "Photo Freddie." Both these gentlemen, in case you haven't heard, aren't gentlemen at all. Photo Joe is the nickname used by Yanks in India to describe high flying Japanese reconnaissance planes that come over to take pictures. Photo Freddie is the Yank nickname for his Axis cousins... Nazi reconnaissance planes that do the same job in Tunisia. When more than one plane comes over... the second is called Freddie Junior.

There's quite a yarn connected with one particular Photo Joe in India. He used to fly over a certain Yank base every day at tremendous altitudes... and not only take pictures. His radio was on the same frequency as the American sets so his favorite pastime was to razz the Yanks in perfectly good English. Day after day he'd say little things like "Never mind coming up for me, boys, stay on the ground where you belong... etc." And the Americans couldn't do a thing about it because at that time they didn't have a plane on the field which could climb fast enough to get the Zero before he got away. But one day they went to work on a P-40. They stripped it down and doctored up the engine with just one purpose in mind... to make it climb. The next day Photo Joe was over as usual... and as usual began tossing down his Japanese razberries. Lt. Charley Streit of Newburgh, N. Y., jumped into the streamlined P-40 and streaked into the air like a scared cat going up a tree. There was no more surprised Japanese pilot in the world than that Photo Joe when he found lead lazzebellies shoved right back into his buck teeth. But he didn't have much time to be surprised because he was shot down in two shakes of a rat's tail.

Orientation Closes As Gen. Cook Gives Address on Radio

The orientation course, which has been aired over radio station KOAC during the past sixteen weeks, was brought to a close Tuesday, April 20th, when General Cook delivered an address on "The Mission of the American Soldier in the Timber Wolf Division.

Beginning May 11, a new series of orientation programs, produced by the Division Special Service Office, will be broadcast over KOAC. These shows will devote themselves to presenting the highlights of the week's current war news.

Army Men Overdo It; Looies Take Beating

A feature in the Clovis Compass, an army paper edited at the Clovis Air Base in New Mexico, states that:

"Shavetail," nickname of Army second lieutenants, originally referred to an unbroken mule or "jackass," according to the dictionary of American English now in preparation at the University of Chicago.

The dictionary, which is authority on such matters, says the term originated with the Army and was applied to mules because their tails are smooth down to the tufted tip. It later was applied to the second lieutenants because of their alleged stubbornness.

The Shape of Things to Come



You might think this pretty Miss (as long as you insist, her name is Ann Miller) is slightly ruffled at the thought of appearing before so many soldiers. As a matter of fact, Ann is merely showing lesson No. 2 in her tap dancing repertoire. Remember seeing her in the movies.

Tent City Boys Eat In Mess Kits Daily

Work During the Day Play Games at Night

Soldiers tramping along the highway—where? At Camp Adair, of course, in the vicinity of Post Headquarters. Each man has a shiny mess kit under his arm and marches in a military manner. Who are these men?—Members of thriving tent city!

What is their purpose at Camp Adair? Sgt. Major Shames in charge of personnel informs us that the men have multiple duties. The boys are rugged and when not on bivouac, work in warehouses, laundry outfits, and refrigeration units.

The group which passes Post Headquarters every morning is part of the warehouse crew. At noon the cooks and k.p.'s come out by means of truck to serve chow.

Sgt. Major Shames said that the organization officers are firm believers in the well-known axiom "All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy"; therefore they encourage the tent city dwellers to participate in sports.

Mother Larkin Treats Soldiers in Portland

A number of boys who make regular trips to Portland have found a new USO. It's Mother Margaret Larkin's home. Invited by Emmett, her son, who is also a soldier at Camp Adair, at least two soldiers come to the house each week.

Among those welcomed to the Larkin domicile are Pfc. Vicent Newman and Supply Sgt. Joe Trout.

Pfc. Newman enjoys the company of Marion White, a flashy redhead with blue eyes. He says that she could make the toughest man weaken.

AND THE SCU BAND PLAYED ON!

(Ed. Note: Something never before known (we hope) in the annals of an Army Post occurred Tuesday when the SCU band, under T/Sgt. Bob Black, rose out of the mists of dawn to complement (or supplement) the visit of a captain from the medical detachment, on one of those inspection tours which are so contributory to the well-being of an Army post. Any soldier will know of what we speak, whether or not they understand the poetic (?) tribute which follows):

It was cold in the barracks and colder without,
But the boys griped around in the nude;
Because, as it happened, the word had gone out
That the EM would soon be "reviewed."

Headquarters Company waited and shivered,
And trusted that all would be all as all seemed;
When suddenly, lo!, all the brittle air quivered
To music the like of which no one had dreamed.

T/Sgt. Bob Black and his SCU band,
Those early-arising ones, wooing the muse,
Were helping the Company make a big stand
To the soul-stirring strains of "Those Wang Wang Blues."

From Barrack to Barrack they followed the "doc,"
The music grew wild as the Wild Prince of Igor
And the EM had scarcely got over the shock,
When the band swung with joy into "Hold That Tiger."

But the company thrilled as the Swingsters played on,
While the EM stood inspection in three-quarter time
History was made on this chill Tuesday dawn.
Now the Sentry has set it to rhyme.

—B.R.

Yes, Bivouac Is a Lot of Good Fun; Or—Soldier's Work Is Never Done

By Cpl. Robt. C. Gaard

Well, well, back in from bivouac! We really spent an enjoyable week in the field. The entire Regiment marched out Sunday morning, the 11th, and thus began our week "in the open." Hills, hills, and more hills! Trucks going this way and that way with jeeps trailing along in the dust.

After one of those 2½ ton trucks rolled by it took a full 30 minutes before you could see your hand in front of your face!

You can get the sweetest swing music on those field sets... Goodman and Dorsey direct from Chicago! We can say one thing about all this and that is it gets one back to nature... flat on your back!

Call of Wild

We were assigned to mobil P.X. . . . loaded (oh, many) cases of 3.2 per cent and "coke" . . . and up into the hills to distribute same. What with cases toppling down upon one's head (we rode in the back of the truck) trying to keep the cash register "on the beam" and juggling 500 pound pieces of ice we really felt actually heard "the call of the wild!"

We had a nice bunk . . . private room and all with straw for a mattress. Every time you happened to roll the dust from the straw filled the room. It was a nice place . . . the management was fine. At times it got a little chilly but they would send a large bear around every 30 minutes to hug you and keep you warm! No one hollered . . .

they were SCREAMING!

Every morning we would wake up, set the "table," and have a bottle of coke for breakfast, topped off with a pint of ice cream for dessert. Lunch . . . what lunch? We didn't have any!

We would ride by in our "mobile P.X." and see the fellas flapping their jaws over their mess gear . . . we don't know whether there was food in them or not. We heard them singing, "Only Make Believe."

The civilians were the one who took it hard. We noticed one civilian driving by in a car and when he saw one of the soldiers sitting down with a heaping dish of food, he jammed on his car brakes, ran over and offered to pay \$2.00 for a piece of meat!

Pretty, Pretty Flower!

The men were quite good at camouflage. They were told to camouflage everything . . . including themselves. One lad in Company "E" did just that. He camouflaged his tent with poison oak and, believe me, after 24 hours you couldn't tell which was the ten, the poison oak, or the soldier!

All in all, the bivouac did prove the men in our regiment can take it and dish it out! They proved themselves quite capable in the art of soldiering. It gave us a touch of what we should expect, and proved not only to the officers in command but to the men themselves that we do have a darn good bunch of well-trained well-organized soldiers!

Kern Tice, Now Sgt. Sticks to His Ideals Gets Stripes by Work

He came to Camp Adair as a green kid. Yes he was married and very much a homesick lad. One thing that was very evident about him was that he didn't mind to work. He watched others get ratings while he was pushed aside. Some of them probably didn't even have stripes coming to them when compared with the work he had done.

Everyone was saying: "See it's not how hard you work in the army but how much you apple-polish."

He didn't believe it. He was still trying and doing his best. Today he is a Sgt. His name is Sgt. Kern Tice.

Sgt. Tice's wife can well be proud of her husband's stripes. He made them the hard way, but he can hold his head up in pride.

Black, Hammes Bring Bands for Club Show

Sgt. Bob Black and his band furnished the music for the cabaret dance at Service Club 2 last Saturday night.

On the same program were Lt. John Hammes and his hill-billy band. Members of the group are Sgts. Burgan, Shea, Wans, and Pvt. De Peal.

Other numbers on the program were imitations by S/Sgt. Baccieri and a skit called "The Doctor Takes a Life." Pfc. Rhane D'Angelis, and Pvt. Henry took part in this.

Pvt. Navarre tapped for the Saturday "Nighters."

Mountaineers Slate Regimental Field Day

May 8 has been announced as the date for the Mountaineer Field Day.

A complete program will be published in the next issue of "The Mountain Ear," edited by Lt. Robert W. Saunders, CCO.

Colonel McCoy, Governor, Speak

Among Addresses to Feature Opening on Sunday of Splendid USO Unit at Salem

Col. Gordon McCoy and Governor Earl Snell will be among the principal speakers at the formal opening of the Salem USO Sunday, at 3 p. m. The USO is located at 357 Court St., corner of Court and Commercial. EM, one and all, are invited.

Col. William S. Barker is in charge of the dedication service. Following this ceremony will be "Open House" from 3-5 under the auspices of the Salvation Army.

The Salem unit is under the direction of Adjutant and Mrs. C. H. Thomas.

After the dedication ceremony, guests will be entertained by the Salem Hostess League.

Preceding the dedication, there will be a band concert from 2:30 to 3 p. m.

With Gov. Snell and Col. McCoy, dedicatory speakers will be Major I. M. Doughton, Salem, and Rev. W. I. Williams, president of the ministerial union.

Fetrow Gets Stripe After Making Trip

Just a few short weeks ago Elroy Fetrow went home as a private to see his wife who had given birth to a baby boy. His pride must have swelled as he returned to camp. The boys of his company claim that he has always been a hard worker, but he even stepped up his tempo after the emergency furlough. The other day his efforts were rewarded. He is now a Pfc.