

THE UNPRIVATE CORNER

By T/5 Bob Ruskauff Managing Editor

Since, in the Army a lot of the individual must be sacrificed for the common good and since the Army is a thing of huge movement, hard and fast friendships are rare. It is a matter, between men who meet and soldier and are buddies for a while, of "hail and farewell."

Tent city "pioneers" . . . straight from the shoulder men . . . EM of experience and ability and with each a huge fund of that solid American quality, humor . . . hard-workers who went directly and with understanding to the job at hand and got it done . . . it was good that the 2Bs were joined by a third staunch member of SS and PR departments—Sgt. Jim O'Connell. Though not a tent city pioneer, O'Connell was a pioneer at all other forms of devilment three such staunch compadres could enjoy.

The shoes our Managing Editor willed us will be something indeed to fill on the Sentry, but we'll try . . . we'd like to close this tribute with a flourish, but we're just about of a mind with T/Sgt. Edwin Anthony Brown, who wrote as his parting message in our little book:

"This would be a hell of a good spot for something clever—but my "ghost" writer is already on his way to OCS. Best of luck Bob, always, Brownie."

As long as you are here, why not "know Oregon?" It will help to enjoy more the webfoot state whose weather we've so liberally and not a trifle unjustly fired at with a will for lo! these many months.

For instance we didn't know until the other day that near-by Lebanon (or was it lettuce?) center of the world and that Independence over on the other side of this cantonment, is the hop center of the world and gives a big hop fiesta each September. Also, Corvallis was once the capitol city of Oregon. That should increase the pleasure of our future visits.

This story from Pvt. Emanuel Manoff, is the kelly:

The sergeant was drilling a squad of the rawest recruits and one was so dumb he reminded us a lot of our first few Army days.

Every time the sergeant roared "right, face!" the dog-face turned

Yep! They're Leavin' Too!



Post Headquarters is losing two petite and youthful "jeune filles" (that's French for gals) this week as Eva Grostefon and Jane Wilde, with bag and baggage, prepare to hitch a ride to other regions. Both have become very popular in and around headquarters, Eva having worked in Post Adjutant, Capt. Waite's office as assistant clerk-steno to M Sgt. Cleve Birkes, and Jane having been private secretary for Post Public Relations Officer, Lt. Godfrey. From those smiles, guess the gals didn't keep on their perch very long . . . just long enough for Public Relations to snap the photo.

left. Finally, the sergeant picked up a stone, put it in the rookie's right hand:

"This," he said, "is a stone. This is your right hand. When I command 'right, face!' you turn the way the stone is. See?"

The rookie saw. In fact the strategy worked so well that the sergeant gave the squad a ten minute break.

The rookies lit a cigarette and moved the stone to his left hand. Then they fell in. The sergeant called for a right face. The rookie promptly executed a left face.

In a deep purple rage, the sergeant strode to the rookie. "What in hell did you do with that stone I gave you?"

"It's here," said the private. "Let's see it."

The rookie opened his left hand. There was the stone.

For a moment the sergeant started blankly, not comprehending. Then the horror of the whole thing over came him.

"Migawd!" he whispered. "Could I have made a mistake?"

Everybody Just Has a Whale of a Time When Pvt. Moss Gets a Pkg.

The 2nd St. North and E mail man, Pvt. Harold Moss, seems to be the only person receiving packages from home.

He receives such things as canned food of all kinds, salami, and cheese.

Whenever Pvt. Moss gets a carton, he and the boys go to Albany to buy bread and butter. By the time they reach the barracks, the boys are in excellent spirits.

This is usually about eleven or twelve o'clock at night; so they go to the day room, take out the bread and butter, and open Pvt. Moss' package. Then the ordnance men enjoy a midnight snack!

Supply vs. Demand!

Springfield, Ill. (CNS)—"Heavens! I hope he brought his ration card with him," quipped Mrs. David Eddington as she took her newborn son to feed him.

One Night Heppens Hended Free Ducat So Pvt. Zilchski Iss Mincink to Ballet

One night happens I'm hengink around Soivice Club witt loose ends, wehn a frand is hendink me free a pass to de ballet. I'm knowink notting from ballet, but I'm in de mood, and de price iss right.

So gredually I'm arrivink de theatre, and hup iss going de coitin. Onto de stage iss comink oud, mincink on tippytoes, gredually a goil, dressed 40 degrees younger den Sprink in noddink but a semple blue crepe de Cheney. In de program iss sayink de goil's name is Dansusy. Her foist name is Premiere. In beck each laig looks like she's cerryink a New England boiled dinner.

Dass Iss De Goil

She's ronnik here, she's ronnik dere. She's afraid somedink. I'm saying to mineself, wot's mekkink de goil so noivous, when

soddently comes uompink from de stage a fella. He's wearink nottink but a stale leopard. De fella's name is Adagio. Soddently de goil Dansusy is seeink Adagio, so she's hiddink. So halp me, on de stage is not wan single piece foiniture. Bot she's hidink. Behind nottink.

Dass Dope, Adagio

Adagio iss lookink. In de exact middle of de stage she's stendink yet, and Adagio, dot dope, ain't seeink her. He vonts! She's jompink away! She dunt vont. So he's ronnik witt jompink witt grebink. He vonts! She's ronnik witt leapink witt dokkink wot she dunt vont. He vonts. She dunt vont. He vonts. She dunt vont. Oy, iss diss a bizzniz! So he stotts chasink de goil at eight toity-five; I'm leavink at tan twanyy-five. So I'm not knowink how he made oudt!

Shell Oil Show Here Tomorrow

Fast Variety Program Here Two Days; Plays Theater 2 Tomorrow Night; Boasts Gal MC

The Shell Oil Company's social contribution to the betterment of the species EM—which is billed as a racy, rip-raring 1½ hours of rare entertainment — will hit Camp Adair tomorrow.

The stay will be for two days and during that time the aggregation will give of their best at least five different times on this Post.

Two Theater Shows

Tomorrow night there will be two shows — at 6:30 and 8:30 p. m., presented at Theater 2. Saturday there will be a presentation at Station Hospital, in the various wards and afterward the troupe will perform as an entertainment feature of Cabaret Night at Service Club 2.

Headlining will be their MC—she's a gal by gee. It's none other than Patricia Lynn, who is also a lovely songstress. Other talent billed includes Johnny O'Brian, harmonica wizard; Loyd Simpson, novelty pianist; Phyllisita, lady ventriloquist, appearing with Gabby Redwood and Bert Easley, the slitley-tipsy-trixter.

And Not One Drop of Whiskey In the House

Minneapolis (CNS)—Mrs. Jeanette Pearson, mother of a 10-month-old child, filed suit for divorce from her husband because he brought her flowers when it was bacon and eggs that she wanted.

In Farewell!



COL. GEORGE C. FERCH — Executive officer assigned to new duties.

Post Farewell To Colonel Ferch

(Continued From Page 1) War while under the command of General Douglas MacArthur, commanding officer of the 42nd Rainbow Division. He wears three overseas stripes on his sleeve and was with the Army of Occupation.

During World War I, he attained the rank of Major and while active in the Army Reserve, was promoted to Lt. Colonel in 1926. He was appointed a full colonel in February of last year while at Camp White.

Col. Ferch's executive ability is recognized in the fact that he has been influential in the organization and development of the posts where he has been stationed.

Wormseed oil has been found to be valuable in treating intestinal ailments in humans that are caused by internal parasites.

The Sentry needs reporters.

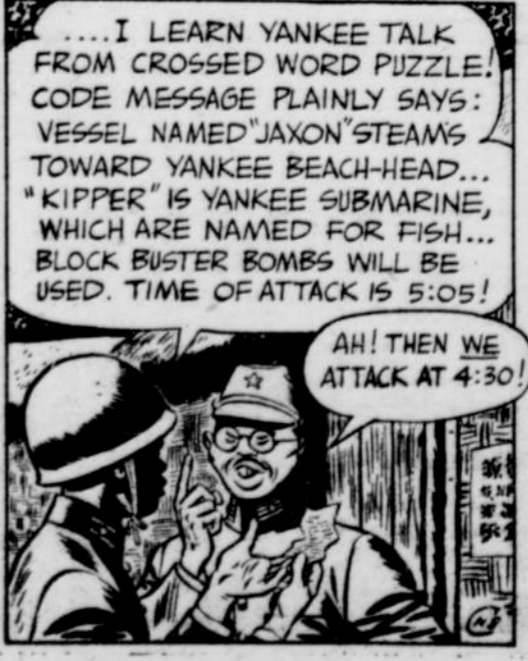
Male Call



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

Hiya, Johnny One Stripe! Just to let you know the steam is still beamed your way—Action Jaxon! In staying out from under the apple bush—and I don't want to hear that you reached like a leech for some peach on a beach. Kipper the Nipper till its MUR-der, he says—Meanwhile, no nation of passion in these parts—but when the 4-F's come around I say, Stay away from my block, Buster!... You have to be under arms before you get into mine. Finish that thing and get back. There's something about you that makes my joints jump. Your 5 feet 5—Alive as a hive

Wrong Jive—Take Five



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