

THE UNPRIVATE CORNER

Sgt. Bob Ruskauff Managing Editor

Our home statesman, Lou Nova of Alameda, Calif., has been taking care of the bronze on that 205-pound figure. This was apparent Friday night in the four humorous and action-packed rounds with Dick Barr and Cpl. Charles Watts of the Timber Wolves, at Field House.

Nova looks good at 28. I have always believed Lou's greatest fault lay in lack of the killer instinct such as Dempsey, the Mauler of Manassa, possessed.

Including bicycle tours of Camp Adair, with his host Lt. Bob Duffy as co-pedalist (when other matters of business weren't too pressing), Nova has been pretty royally entertained by the Timber Wolves.

Pressed on the point the other evening, Nova remembered back to our only previous meeting with him—five years ago, out on the cross chops of the Catalina Channel.

Lou, always willing to be the testing block for press agents and the news boys, was cavorting his huge weight about on an aquaplane, behind a fast 22-foot runabout.

Flanking him were four girl riders of those sea-going shingles. The then outstanding heavyweight took three or four headers into the briny while the cameras popped right and left. But all in all he had a lot of fun. It was nice Friday to see that Nova has lost neither his tan or his heavyweight optimism.

Among boys taking pictures of Lou alongside us that day five years gone was, if memory serves, George Strock, whose outstanding pictures in Life recently told the Guadalcanal story more grippingly than a library of words. A fellow aquaplane rider with Nova that day—and first winner of the 42-mile ocean aquaplane derby in 1935—was Jack Burrud. Jack, also, has been performing outstanding camera work in the South Pacific zone.

If there has ever been a "must" for lovers of pugilistic action—and who the hell doesn't like a good fight—it ought to be on your bill for tonight (1800) at Field House. Judged by the prelims and the bloodthirsty action of last night's semi-finals, the windup of the Timber Wolf championships will bring forth the finest fist-cuffs yet witnessed.

Then the decks at Field House will be cleared for tomorrow, when those Friday night dances resume. They are becoming known throughout Oregon. And why not? In Field House we proudly present as both the finest gym or

Graduating Class to Hear Adjutant Speak

Will Lash Dictators And Totalitarianism

... America offers a stout-hearted challenge to the bigoted braggart patriotism of the totalitarian regimes... these are opportunist regimes. They are the fruit of fear—the strained, strong-arm throw-backs to the days when conquest was the key-note of existence and fair play were signs of weakness and subject of laughter."

In these words, Capt. Gilbert A. Waite, Post Adjutant, will keynote a speech to be presented tonight at 8 p. m. as graduating address before the students of Dundee High School. The address is entitled "America—First, Last and Always."

In the prepared speech, Capt. Waite will emphasize the "essential difference between the American way of life and the brutal way of life that will be forced upon the world if we lose sight of our responsibilities."

In the American way of life, he points out, the stress is laid upon the supreme importance of the individual; upon the family to which he belongs.

Under the totalitarian system, stress is laid on the State — which is no more nor less than a cold, feudal machine bent upon destroying all in its path. Eventually it will destroy itself—because by its nature, it will tend to dwarf the individual, fetter the mind, ban individual expression, kill ambition and attempt in its abortive way, to extinguish the intellect and to crush every tender emotion. The ultimate result—darkness and slavery.

By its heritage of Yankee ingenuity and forthrightness, America will live.

NO REVEILLE, EITHER

Twin Falls, Ida. (CNS)—A sign in the tax collector's office here says, "What are you crying about? Nobody's shooting at you!"

dance floor in the northwest. Or a very reasonable facsimile.

Word reaches us that our former Sentry "Top Kick," now Cadet Edwin Brown, had his first (for quite a spell) taste of KP back at Camp Lee—and that, also, Cadets Black and Jim O'Connell are going it well. Best of all, the three horsemen are in the same barracks. Our wishes, officer candidates, naturally.

"I would certainly like to stay out longer," the S/Sgt. said the other evening, "but tomorrow I have to conduct a class in Individual Security."

"What the devil," we asked, "is 'Individual Security' in the Army?"

"Individual security in the Army," said the S/Sgt., "is a properly dug fox hole. Be seeing you."

Bill Fold Girl ...



... of the Week

Meet Ida, the wife of Pvt. Herbert Neimeth, signal corps photographer. They were married on June 20, 1942. He knew his better half for seven years.

Ida's hobbies consist chiefly of collecting photos. It only took a little less than a year for the couple to make marital ties after Ida added Pvt. Neimeth's picture to her collection.

Pvt. Neimeth is interested in anything of a mechanical nature. He likes shop work, wood work, to fix his own car, and even his camera at times. He went to Brooklyn College which is a branch of New York City College.

He came to Camp Adair on June 28 during the old Tent City Days at which time there were only a handful of soldiers in camp, having been married in New York on the Saturday prior to the Wednesday he was shipped out here.

His army career consists of basic training in old Tent City, duty with the M.P.'s, and finally he became a member of the Signal Corps. He is attached to the photo lab. His duties vary and include shooting identification, training, and newspaper pictures.

Pvt. Neimeth and his wife live in Menmouth. He says that he won't disclose the address. Editor's Note: The reason ought to be self-evident after looking at the photo.

When in Eugene Drop In for Java at USO

The Eugene USO (Broadway and Pearl Sts.) is definitely successful in its "home away from home" policy to EM of Camp Adair, it is reported by Mrs. Omar Fendall, who recently succeeded to charge formerly held by Mrs. Frances Kelly.

The Eugene USO is open week days 7-11 p.m., from 2 p.m. until midnight Saturday and 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays. There's always a cup of hot java and a cookie jar and usually pie, cake and sometimes sandwiches for a hungry trooper. Plus a consistently friendly group of Eugene Junior Hostesses.

No. 2: The PFC Walden

Un-Orientation Series

Ed. note: The author of this series, which is unlike any other series we have ever read, has already got himself into it no end. Although his name starts with a W, Pfc. Walden managed to pull his first KP in a long while last Sunday, following publication of his first article in this esteemed periodical, on "How to Become Pfc." Accident? "Hail, no!" swore Pfc. Walden. "I was right in the middle of the Bs and Cs and that is no place for a W."

No. sirree. That is no place for a W. Despite it all, we will next week take pride in presenting "How to Obtain a Furlough." Meanwhile, read:



"HOW TO GET INTO AN UPPER BUNK" By Pfc. Dick Walden

There has been much discussion lately regarding the proper method to employ in getting into an upper bunk.

Some "jeeps" insist that the time-tried method of using your lower

bunk mate's face as a first step is the most successful; whereas others maintain that due to the possibility of your bunkie being the open-mouth type of sleeper, there is too much danger involved. They have several toeless witnesses to prove that there is truth in their statement.

Despite the conflicting opinions of these G.I.'s, there is one proven method:

Shape Is Necessary

The first step in your campaign to de-bunk the bunk is highly important. It is vital that you be in good condition. Also, it is advisable to spend the day resting and try not to let your immediate superiors talk you into any drilling, hiking, taking the obstacle courses, or any of the other little details they manage to cook up for you occasionally.

By following the above instructions carefully, you have half of the battle won. All we have to do now is to get into the bunk.

Plan of Encirclement

This is done by approaching the bunk from the center of the aisle, circling slightly. You will find it helpful to your morale to simulate heavy breathing and adopt a wild, section eight expression during this maneuver.

You have now arrived at your objective and should have reached the proper pitch of battle.

Our next move must be considered carefully. Take inventory of the surrounding territory, making sure that there are no foreign objects strewn about that might impede your progress.

After this is done, you take

the length of rope you have secured from the supply sergeant and, slinging it over the top rung of your bunk, tie the ends around your waist, Swiss Alps style.

You now grasp the rung immediately above your head, using the overlapping grip, and start your long, tedious climb.

It is necessary at this point to stress the importance of keeping calm. Under no circumstances must you allow the curses and groans of the other men (who are also trying to get into their upper bunks) to disturb you.

Check Foot Locker

If you have your footlocker deposited at the same end of the bunk you are operating from, and plan on using it as a first step, it is very important that you note whether the lid is opened or closed. It is very disconcerting to put your foot through one of Aunt Flossie's home made lemon pies at this particular stage.

By exercising the utmost patience, stopping frequently to rest, and barring un-foreseen complications, you will eventually reach your goal.

The satisfaction of a battle well fought will insure you of a pleasant night's sleep. That is, if someone hasn't short-sheeted you or if you haven't forgotten to undress.

FEMINE TOUCH

Legislation H.R. 1857 which provides for the commissioning in the Army of the United States and in the Naval Reserve of female physicians and surgeons was reported this week by the House Military Affairs Committee.

Male Call

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

This Took Crust

