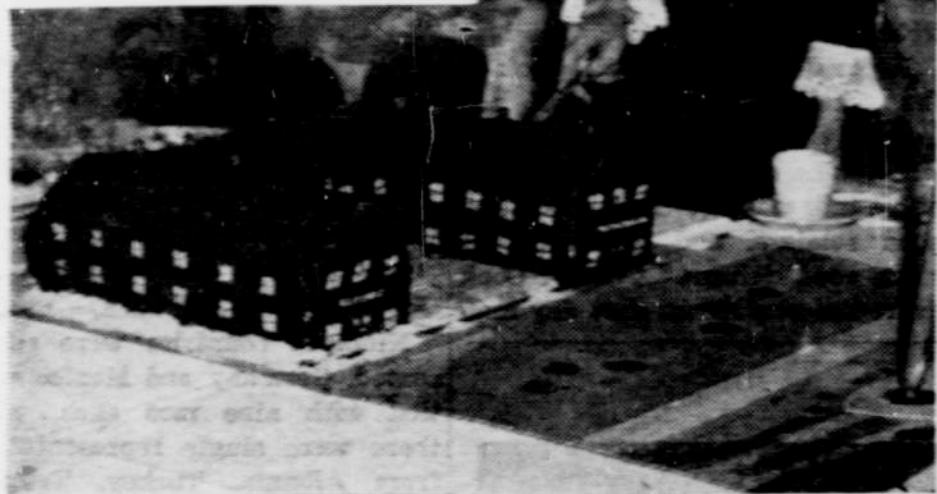


Commander's Wife and Post HQ Cake

Mrs. Gordon H. McCoy, wife of Camp Commander, Col. Gordon H. McCoy, prepares to do the carving honors on the sugar 'n' spice replica of Post Headquarters. This gigantic layer cake was baked for the Flag Raising and dedication celebration a week ago Tuesday, May 25, by the Cooks and Bakers, as a centerpiece for the celebration dinner which followed the Formal Retreat parade. — Public Relations Photo.



Out of the HQ. Well

By Cpl. "Dubby" Duboff
Hq. Co. SCU 1911

Pfc. Coughlin Inabinett working in our War Bond Office at Post Headquarters, feels right at home. Being an ex-bank clerk he is not in the least bit affected by the continuous flow of thousands of \$\$\$\$ in War Bond Deductions. After a hectic day's turnover "Cougie" borrowed fifty cents, so that he could be FINANCIALLY INDEPENDENT.

Pvt. Mike Bednaz of the Post Headquarters Message Center was transferred here from the Guard Company. He was sure glad that no longer would he have to "Take charge of his Post in a Military manner." Now his job is to take charge of the mail, incoming and outgoing—three times a day—AND HE MUST GUARD IT AS HE WOULD HIS LIFE.

Sgt. Backer and Wolff, the payroll and enlisted section in duplicate, are two interesting characters indeed. They prepare the payroll for signing, the allotment papers for allotting, and the furlough papers for furloughing.

Just imagine what can happen to YOU, if you didn't let them get ahead of you at mail call, or chow line? Your wife would starve, on account of she never received her allotment, your sweetheart would be left crying her eyes out at the station, because your furlough papers were accidentally filed in waste basket no. 13, and YOU would be redlined on payday! On account of they got the color of the ink mixed. **Rather I should see them wearing hash marks, and wound stripes, than they should be doing this to OUR BOYS.**

Portrait of a Bach

Sgt. Johnny Bach, the actors dream of a critic and audience (he laughs at everything, including my corny jokes) is Hq. Company's candidate for all-American Model Soldier of World War No. 2.

He washes his own laundry (the dope) stays in all week-ends, including holidays, to prepare for SATURDAY'S INSPECTION, and is up at 5 a.m. to brush his barracks bag, shave his teeth, AND stuff.

He goes to bed at 9 sharp, Pacific War Time, and sleeps all night long—except for a few minutes time out to concentrate on getting up early. A happy kid is

THE WPB HELD BIG FIELD DAY TUESDAY

The War Production Board lifted its ban on cuffs for men's trousers, Tuesday. This action, however, will probably only benefit short men as trouser legs are still restricted to a 35-inch inseam. This is of course very important news for an Army paper.

this rug cutter, Johnny Bach. Waiting patiently for a clue to this man's reason for wanting to live, and be a soldier, I was finally rewarded. **HE LIKES GIRLS.**

Mountaineer Officers' Wives Meet Socially

There was an informal gathering of the wives of the Officers of the Mountaineer Regiment, Tuesday afternoon, and from all reports this first meeting was a social success.

Arrangements were presided over by Mrs. Anthony Touart, the wife of the Commanding Officer, and the ladies were served by the attendants of the Regimental Officers Club.

Cards were played and the women spent a pleasant afternoon with their various discussions. This initial group of about 20 decided that it would be very nice to continue the idea every week, with an attendance by all the Officers' wives of the Mountaineer Regiment. Transportation to or from the Camp can be arranged so all the ladies interested are invited to get in touch with Mrs. Touart at the Hotel Benton, Corvallis.

With the entrance of summer bivouacking, this will be an excellent opportunity for the officer's wives to become better acquainted and it will help pass many a lonely hour. Let's all get together and make this a big success.

SALVATION ARMY USO

Last Saturday night, Cpl. Jimmy Horan, of the Timber Wolf Special Service Office, entertained at the new USO in Salem, sponsored by the Salvation Army. The director, Mr. Thomas, presented Cpl. Horan following a broadcast on Station KSLM, and he amused the crowd with his feats of magic and legerdemain.

Sgt. Kenneth Woods of the Ordnance, astounded the crowd with his antics on the Unicycle, as he demonstrated his skill in the field of balance and coordination.

The club itself is in very fine style—and all servicemen are invited to inspect these quarters at their convenience.

Military Police Barracks Banter

By Pfc. Frank Martin
(Written en transit.)

The Military Police Detachment played host to Major Boyd Shriver, newly appointed executive personnel officer of SCU 1911, in a luncheon staged in the Detachment Mess Hall recently.

In return, Major Shriver entertained the men of the Detachment with an interesting account of his personal experiences in Africa, as an original member of the American task force which landed at Oran, Nov. 8, 1942.

Of particular interest were the Major's observations on the duties of the Military Police in patrolling the occupied areas, in interviewing and classifying prisoners, in conveying essential traffic, and in escorting prisoners to the various confinement camps established by the United Nations.

Major Shriver, more clearly than anyone else who has addressed the Detachment, painted a picture of the multifold duties of the Military Police in the months to come and in the period following the successful conclusion of the war.

Lt. George Kressaty, Detachment Commander, echoed the sentiments of the entire Detachment when he expressed the hope that Major Shriver might be prevailed upon for further lectures on his African experiences.

To that other reader of this column, nameless for the nonce but admittedly a paid stooge of the Barracks Banterer, we reply to his burning question of the hour: No, Corporal Ediston Nation didn't get his furlough. He did, however, receive something which is infinitely better—another stripe which bears with it the authority of a Sergeant and a corresponding increase in the old moola. Yes, Ediston Nation has been promoted to the grade of Sergeant! But will that make Sergeant Nation any the less eager for a furlough? That remains to be seen!

MP's holiday... Pfc. Burton Larsen periodically visiting Salem on mysterious Wednesday evening missions and returning about 4 a.m. considerably the worse for wear... Sergeant Laverne Nygaard waging a losing battle while trying to convince Lt. Kressaty that western dancers are the equal of eastern jive artists... Corporal Boyd Finnicum silencing critics of National Guard units by a quiet reference to the magnificent exploits of the 41st Division with which outfit he served six years... Private Albert Mottelson contemplating a lease on Gate No. 4 so he can establish a toll gate and charge admission to camp visitors.

Trans Ports

To work again: Mary Chvatal of Transportation after a week's vacation in Walla Walla, Washington, where she attended the wedding of Margaret Toppano, formerly of Civilian Personnel; Joan Booth of Purchasing and Contracting Office, ill for a week.

Greetings, five new girls in Property Office: Marlys Hartgrave, Betty Cameron, Sylvia Lainof, Juanita Clark, and Doris Paulson.

A fire was put out in a coupe by the Fire Department on May 24, in front of QM Bldg. Extent of damage, two cushions burned. A lot of excitement ensued.

HORAN RETURNS

Pvt. James Horan, Camp Adair's popular entertainer, returned from furlough. He is a member of the Timber Wolf Division in the Mountaineer Infantry.

Where's My Bond? Where's My Refund?

Here is your answer:

If you have been employed here at Camp Adair, prior to Jan. 1, 1943, do not fail to read this message:

A man who in good faith, pays out money for goods and finds these goods not forthcoming in a reasonable length of time, is entitled to a proper explanation. He should be told the reason for the delay and given assurance whether delivery will be made, and where and when. Common sense dictates that these things be done for the satisfaction of the purchaser and vindication of the seller.

Many of you civilian employees contracted for the purchase of War Bonds as long ago as last summer. You have received few, if any, of these bonds and consequently you find yourselves in somewhat the same position as our hypothetical customer described above. Usually there are very definite and satisfactory reasons for such a state of affairs, and there are in this case, as I shall attempt to explain.

When our government appealed to civilian employees to participate in the payroll deduction plan for purchase of bonds, it anticipated and had every right to expect a tremendous response. The bond office in Washington, D.C., had been originally set up to handle one million applications. Four million applications came rolling in, and the powers that be, knew that their original estimates were way out of line, and almost before the

plan began functioning, the War Bond Office was confronted with a tremendous problem. The number of personnel and facilities were inadequate to process these original and additional applications as rapidly as they had hoped, and finally on January 1, 1943, this office was closed insofar as incoming applications were concerned. Since January 1, as you know, bonds have been issued through local post and camp finance offices, I believe to the satisfaction of all subscribers. Since January 1, 1943 the Washington, D.C., office has worked and is working incessantly on the processing and issuance of bonds against payroll deductions received there as long ago as last summer and fall. All applications which have not already been processed are in the Wash., D.C., office wholly and completely intact, and disposition is being, and will be made in a monthly sequence order. These deduction authorities are being completed in two week payroll periods, and it's but a matter of time until each and every one of you will have your bonds and refunds of any balances. Also, your interest will accumulate from the date your bonds were paid for by deduction. You'll get your bonds just as certain as we are fighting a war, so let's stop our worrying, and develop some faith and consideration for our Government, which after all is going all the way for us. —Louis J. Hanley, 2nd Lt. A.U.S., War Bond Officer.

Okey! Cpl. Of Ord: You Can Say That Twice

Unfortunately we've seen a few (but, thank heaven very few) of the counterfeit two-bit pieces such as Cpl. D. F. English of Ord recently took a swat at in the Ft. Ord Panorama.

We have our own words for him. In fact, a few more than words. The sort of jeep that Cpl. English invites out to dance is exactly the sort of counterfeit soldier who can undo the good that is done by a hundred soldiers, who know that there is a time to be tough and that there is a time to be courteous. But—here's the letter of Cpl. English:

To the Editor:
This is a personal invitation for a private belonging to the Post Quartermaster unit here to drop into the office and collect something we feel we owe him. He deserves it so richly we'll even look him up if he'll tell us where to find him.

His reward will be one good healthy punch on the nose, and several quick jaw-shattering jabs to the mouth. His mouth will have an extra share because he doesn't

know when to keep it closed. We hope to close it for him.

We have five good reasons for feeling this way. They are:

1. He was drunk.
2. His uniform was soiled and unpressed.
3. He insulted a young girl who was unfortunate to be in the same bus seat where he sat down.
4. He was loud.
5. He made fun of a civilian for not being in the army.

He was a dumpy sort of a fellow. He said he calls himself Shorty — has an ugly face and short black hair. We dislike him thoroughly.

Whether he does or not we're damn proud of our uniform and our Service. We don't like to see a soldier drunk, untidy, insulting or in any condition that reflects on our uniform.

This particular doggie was en route between Monterey and a New Monterey bar—about 9 p.m. last Tuesday night.

If it hadn't been a discredit to the uniform to fight on a public bus we'd have administered the punch on the nose—and several to the mouth—right then.

And, buddy, we won't hide behind anonymity.

CPL. D. F. ENGLISH,
Panorama.
(Appointment any hour—day or night. For you we have 48-hour service.)

Lou Nova Meets Adele... Calls General a Major; Sings at Club

The spotlight was on Lou Nova when he entered Club 1 last Sunday to join a group of community singers. He warned the audience that he was no soloist, but the soldiers kept on begging him to sing "Johnny Doughboy."

"OK," said good-natured Lou, "you asked for it; I only hope there are no music lovers in the crowd." The Sentries' Adele Adair was on hand.

Pennies were flying during the performance to kid Lou a little. At this point the reason for his reputation as a good sport were evident. Although he doesn't even claim to be a singer, Lou saw it through.

When questioned as to what the most humorous incident was during his stay at Camp Adair, he replied:

"The most humorous one, I don't recall, but I have a vivid picture of the most embarrassing incident in my life."

He said it occurred when he met Major General Gilbert R. Cook, commanding general of the Timber Wolf division.

"How are you, Lou; glad to see you," said General Cook.

"I am too, Major," replied Lou.

"My face was red," said Nova, "but General Cook was a good sport and laughed it off."