

**IV CORPS
UNIT NOTES**

2D HQ. SPEC. TRPS. IV CORPS
Since the recent awarding of Good Conduct medals to men in various organizations at Camp, our headquarters is in the process of the same feat.

Many men feel it silly to be awarded ribbons, denoting certain facts pertaining to their military life. The awarding of honors, of any nature, to a soldier does much to his personal pride.

He may look like a "tough Joe" on the outside, talk in a rough manner, be spoken of as "having no heart," but in his own inner self he is proud of that award. You can't fool anyone about that.

So, all the personnel of this organization does just that, to every man in this Camp that has been among those honored and does so much more loudly for the following:

Alois B. Spielman, Pvt., Mandan, N. Dak., 4 years.

Willie T. Price, T/4, Nashville, Tenn., 3 years.

Robert J. Agrell, M/Sgt., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 years.

John R. Ludman, T/Sgt., Zanesville, Ohio, 2 years.

James W. Sinnock, S/Sgt., Quincy, Ill., 1 year.

Kermit T. Wiltse, T/4, Fargo, N. Dak., 1 year.

Manuel Sanchez, T/4, Manzano, N. Mex., 1 year.

Bert E. Soderquist, T/5, Los Angeles, Calif., 1 year.

Donald W. Tranburger, T/5, Franklin, Ill., 1 year.

Clarence E. Putthammer, Pfc., Chicago, Ill., 1 year.

SPECIAL SERVICE SECTION

The class in "The Self-Entertainment of Troops," applicable in actual warfare, is under the direction of Mr. Brown, a national USO officer. It is being enthusiastically received by GI's attending. (In plain words a successful and much-needed program is underway.)

During the current maneuvers (oh! shucks), there will be FEW PASSES (worse luck), IF ANY!! So now seems the likely time for this program to be taught. The "How To's" and "The How Not To's" are being brought out so that a program will not be discouraged before it begins!

It was found by one of the Gestapo, that the AA personnel were all sopranos while the "WALKIN' ORD" were contraltos. Not to forget the "ROUTE Steppin' SCU," who found it could "JIT" as well as whistle!?

150th ORDNANCE BN.

Note to the Editor: On behalf of all concerned, it has been a sore sight to see our IV Corps insignia printed in reverse on the Sentry heading. The blue fields are in the upper right and lower left hand corners. We would like to see the correction in the next week Sentry. (Ed note: Thanks. Correction made.)

The beer situation has become so critical in the neighboring villages, Pvt. Wirth had to take off for Portland last Saturday to get a snoot full. How was the (girlie-cue) Arty?

I seems that T/5 DeHaven has found something mighty interesting in Salem, sooooo, Portland will have to get along without him from now on. How about that, DeHaven?

Welcome back to the fold, Mr. Schaeffer, we're glad to see you again, aren't we, Sgt. Kilmer?

Of all the long faces around these parts, M/Sgt. Axiotes has them all beat. The fact that a few ambitious non-coms prevented him from seeing his bail and chain for two weeks couldn't have anything to do with it, could it, Sarge?

Theodore the Timber Wolf



QUARTERMASTER

"QUOTES and QUERIES"
T/5 F. Smith—Sgt. M. Gaines

The war news is good all over
From Munda to the Cliffs of
Dover
So, to keep your over-confidence
down
We print this stuff to cause
you to frown.

Ssh! Ssh! Did you know that dear, old staid Corvallis has been sheltering in its midst, a concern that, in name at least, rivals Brooklyn's 'Murder Inc'? The name of this sinister sounding outfit is 'The Corvallis KILLING Plant.' Before you start making tracks for your nearest M.I. or F. B. I. office or agent — it's an ANIMAL SLAUGHTER HOUSE!!

How much of the early morning fogs that we've been experiencing lately can we hold Lennie Semon and his petite wife, Marge, responsible for? You see they've just returned from San Francisco, this country's London. IF it's more than a coincidence, we implore Lennie on his next furlough, if there's such a thing, to visit Milwaukee, a place that's famous for something we can use!!

RIDDLE: What is as empty as Camp Adair the week-end after Pay Day? (Besides our heads that is!!)

To those who think that the growth on Moe Berger's lip, his mustache, was accidental and not the result of careful cultivation on his part, we bring to your attention, Moe's Victory Garden in Corvallis. At least it started in Corvallis. With Moe's talented hands, by this time, it might be in — Corvallis!! We have it on good authority that Moe's tomatoes are so big and RED; that his neighbors hardly get any sleep at night because they feel ashamed of themselves going to sleep while the sun is still shining!

**Military Police
Barracks Banter**

By Pfc. Frank C. Martin

The streets of Corvallis shook Saturday evening to the cataclysmic trod of 470 odd pounds of concentrated beef in the persons of Pfc. Willie "Red" Barrett and Harold W. "Gus" Gustafson.

These two sterling mammoths are vying for the title "Heaviest Man in the MPs." For the present,

at least, "Gus" leads by the margin of half a pound—the approximate weight of an average head of hair.

Those scales which didn't quiver or crack under the weight of our two bohemths variously recorded weights ranging from 235 to 239 pounds. And not a single pound of it rationed! (Ed. note: For REAL weight, see this week's picture of Sgt. Odle!)

Those poor WAC's who tried to outsmart our boys in a quiz contest a couple of weeks ago in Service Club No. 1 didn't know that they had the cards stacked against them. Their opposition would have given intellectual headaches to Messrs. Kieran, Adams, Levant and Fadiman.

Corporal Matthew Murphy who registered a perfect score in the contest is an honor graduate of Fordham University and a successful candidate for OCS. Pfc. Ted Haley is likewise a successful OCS candidate and a former student at the University of Notre Dame.

Pvt. Voyle Kresge is one of the mainstays of the reports department of the Post Provost Marshal's Office, while handsome Lt. John Loffredo is possessed with a personality which undoubtedly dazzled and befuddled the poor girls.

All of which leads to one conclusion: the girls had too much opposition!

Having just returned from one, I recommend highly the great American institution, the "furlough." There is nothing quite so designed to make one feel like a civilian again as a furlough. No reveille, no lights out, no formations to stand, no details to dodge: it's almost like Paradise.

You can revel in bed until noontime and stay up until dawn. You can eat at home or in the best restaurant in town. You can patronize bars, theaters and night clubs to your heart's content without worrying over the expiration of your pass.

The only unfortunate feature about all this is that for everything you get you pay through the nose. And with the current prices of things, one soon bleeds to death.

Back from Boise after a six weeks course of MP Basic Training are Corporal Elmer Kroil and Pfc. Souza, Howe, Brzozowski and Clifford.

Boise seems to have instilled in the boys something of the esprit de corps which the Army has been pointing towards in its training program.

Of course they may be a little G.I., but that seems to have been the purpose of the training.

Hi-Finance

By T/4 Robt. S. Torcasio

Under the efficient leadership of "Spider" Gierman, Finance went through their period of Close Order Drill in true military fashion, on Monday. After an interesting lecture by Sgt. Molloy on Enlisted Men's Pay, the Finance Section fell out "in toto" behind the office, and went through their paces for the rest of the evening.

Inspired by the example set by Spider and the other first-three graders, the lesser non-coms came through intact in their first ordeal as squad leaders.

T/5 Stein had us marching through weeds and across ditches, and Sgt. Anderson set the pace at about 150 per. What with Gas School, and Monday night lectures, most of our week-nights are well-occupied.

Mention of the theaters is inevitable in the Hi-Finance column. To bring things up to date, we furnish the latest roster of Finance men employed.

At No. 1, Sgt. Urrere-Pon takes over the job left open by Ed Smith when he left for California, with Anderson as cashier. At No. 2, Sgt. Cassler and Sgt. Trimmingham alternate as manager, with Sgt. MacAllister (when not on furlough) and Sgt. Molloy as cashiers.

At No. 3, Sgt. Emerson, at present is taking over the duties as manager, while T/5 Barney Healey is furloughing in San Francisco. Barney is probably seeing some good movies down 'Frisco way. Oh yah?

At No. 4, your columnist worries about help, for what with dances, and trips to town, it's a pretty tough job trying to keep Don Flynn tied down to the cashier's window. Reeser comes in handy on week ends now and then as general all-around man. This past week end must have been rather hectic over at No. 4, for Reeser is walking around the office with a sprained ankle. He must have got in the way of the record crowds attending the only theatre with fine leather upholstery.

But to get back to the Finance Office proper. There were some promotions recently: Urrere-Pon and Torcasio to T/4; Reeser and Gibbs to T/5; and Shorty Giles, Martinelli and Hal Brandt to Pfc. That about winds up this column for another week except for one thing.

If you want to know what all the whistling around here is for, just come in and take a look in our cage. We finally managed to bring a little bit of sunshine to help Reeser with his Bonds. Buy War Bonds today! And keep the Finance Boys whistling while they work!

**740th
Mosquito Destroyers**

By Pvt. E. Glenn Ward, Jr.

Right to the Point

I have often wondered why fire trucks are red, so I asked my barracks buddy. He went ahead to explain:

"Well, books are read, too—two and two are four—three times four is twelve—twelve inches make a ruler—Queen Elizabeth was a ruler—Queen Mary was a ruler, too—but Queen Elizabeth ruled the seas—the seas had fishes—the fishes had fins—the Finns fought the Russians — the Russians are red—fire trucks are always rushing in—so that's why they are red."

Three cheers for Sgt. Harry Garland who portrayed the role of a hero when he plunged head-long into a three foot creek to save log-walker Pvt. William Boykin. Sev-

eral others also had to walk the log because they insisted on digging cat holes when fox holes were prescribed.

The company extends many thanks to Miss Kuhwarth of Service Club No. 2 and Mr. Brown of the USO for their visit to our Day Room for the purpose of closer acquainting us with popular army tunes.

A group of our soldiers attended the Sunday Evening services of the First Baptist church of Salem, Ore. They were entertained and served refreshments following the services.

**Materia
Medica**

By T/4 C. C. Reitan

The detachment now has a firm guiding hand on the rudder of its ship of state, the helm having been officially taken over this past week by 1st/Sgt. John Easterwood.

We have a fine man, a real soldier of the Regular Army, with many years of service in our new first sergeant, and his appointment was received with great satisfaction by the officers and enlisted men of this organization.

The hearty applause that greeted Sgt. Easterwood as he entered the Mess Hall at noon on the day of his promotion was a sample of the enthusiasm he inspires.

Quite a few new stripes are being proudly worn by deserving men, and we wish to congratulate T/3 Brockway, T/4 Mongiello, T/5 Queirolo, T/4 Hagen, T/5 Di Paolo, T/5 Shiffo, and any other recent receivers of promotions.

Three long cheers to Cpl. Jackie Sheehan, long-suffering news-hound of this column, for his splendid work and devotion in compiling news and getting it down before the deadline.

Cpl. Sheehan has withdrawn, due to the press of daily duties (and night duties, too, we suspect), and we give him the vote of thanks of the entire detachment.

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast," so said some poetical soul, and S/Sgt. Silverman, Mess Supervisor, is trying that quotation out in a practical manner with the installation of a radio-phonograph in the Detachment Mess Hall.

Whether soothing symphonies or red-hot boogie woogie is the most stimulating to the gastric juices has not yet been determined, and it is up to you fellows to let him know which is your choice, and he will try to please all.

Add busy men we noticed today: S/Sgt. Gross, T/Sgt. Burch, T/Sgt. Jourdan, Sgt. Lynch, Cpl. Skare, Pfc. Laucaerica, falling over each other to aid pretty little Mrs. LeRoy Olson, the Mess Department Queen, in transacting her business in the Detachment Office.

T/4 Orloff up to his neck in the commissioned officer patients in Ward B-1; T/3 Brockway X-raying hundreds of soldiers every day recently; S/Sgt. George Silverman trying to pacify eternal squabblers, carry on a phone conversation, explain the sky-high food bills to sweet Mrs. Georgia Rush, holler out the window to his commissary truck, and sample new high-vitamin dehydrated food with the part of his mouth that wasn't busy.

M/Sgt. Birkes and T/Sgt. Durkin in a huddle with Sgt. Tierney, S/Sgt. Shaeffer and T/5 Liston with scraps of words about "telegram," "telegram" flying about.

Sick and wounded office in such a whirl, only Cpl. Willman was recognizable.