

THE UNPRIVATE CORNER

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What do you write about when, at the last minute, you find you have nothing to write about and a column to do?

Others have been faced with it. O. O. McIntyre used to be—often. Bugs Baer, the Hearst-trained dour-puss who wrote a recent Army screamer on gremlins, occasionally was. Henry (of the Virginia) Mc-Lemores, whose fun is about the most trenchant I know, apparently usually was.

Today, if we are a columnist, that is, so are we.

Even though tremendous history is breaking right under our snub-editorial nose—all the way from the shores of Sicily to the bend at Adair.

Which gets us back to the Post and to the present, anyway.

The other evening in the cold of 1 a.m. (yes, it has been cool these nights at 1 a.m., or hadn't you noticed), we copped a ride in a jeep with a lieutenant who was escorting troop convoys to the Bend exercises.

"Been going since quarter to five this morning," he said. "This is my third trip today. Tonight I came over the Mackenzie pass. Alone—for of course there weren't any holiday trippers out. It looked like someone had hoisted the lid off the top of the world and just left everything there."

The Sentry has been more quoted here and about lately for various gadgets—even unto the Army Times and Yank. We can thank our good "unorientation" author, Pfc. Walden, for a bit of this. And the QM of Tent City, who recently cracked Army Times with photo-feature on their "Commando Bakers" tactics—baking bread right out in slit trenches. It was too bad of course that their Headquarters at Vancouver Bks. had to be credited with the dateline—for this was all born at Camp Adair.

A regular attraction at the Portland USO for negro service men is none other than Jack Johnson, 62, the former heavyweight king. Two years ago we remember Johnson shuffling into Manager Dave Olmstead's office at the Long Beach Municipal Auditorium, while we were in the throes of organizing a bicycling association. Big burly shoulders, long, thin legs in tight-fitting blue pants, a little black beret that he was removing with long, powerful hands from his big and glistening head. At 60, Johnson looked almost boyish.

"Bicycle riders? Sure, I knew them all," he said. "I saw the big rides in Paris and Berlin. It's a great sport." Johnson, about halfway down on his uppers then, was living in Los Angeles. Now he resides in Portland.

"Sarge," he said, "you know I hate like hell to leave this Army. Mostly, I guess, I hate to leave my outfit. That was a swell outfit."

I would like to use his name, but the important thing was not that he was husky; or that his name was John Doe; or that a knee injury was kicking him out of the greatest institution in the world today, Uncle Sam's Armed Service.

The important thing was that he had in his blood that thing which makes a fighting unit what it is. It is pride, fierce burning pride of outfit. It is pride in the shoulder patch you wear, in the buddies who went through training with you. It is exemplified in the way you



Picture Frame Girl of This Week Sports Lover; Is Native Oregonian

Today the Sentry presents as our No. 3 Picture Frame Girl of the Week, our study in Brown—for that's her name.

She's Dorothy Brown. Her hair is brown and her eyes are brown. She's 5 feet, 2; weight, 115, and an Oregon native daughter. She was born March 21, 1923, in Portland, graduated from Corvallis High School, and is currently one of the two luscious secretaries in the Post Military Intelligence office.

A sports enthusiast, she likes dancing, singing, bowling, swimming, canoeing, horseback riding.

Phone—well, you needn't call her up this week, anyway. She's on six-day leave and spending it in San Francisco, earthquake center of the West.

Who said that?

Of our picture frame series, she says, "Up to now, it was terrific." Why stop there, Dorothy?

Four Escape From Stockade; All Are Captured by MPs

The quartet of prisoners that broke out of the Post Stockade last Wednesday night have all been captured and are back in the hands of military authorities.

Privates Hayward P. Perkey, Cleve Williams and Owen Brewer were located and captured by the military police within twenty-four hours of the break. The Salem police cooperated.

Pvt. Charles Barnes was captured by military police at Fall Creek, near Eugene, on Monday. He is now on his way, under armed guard, to a post in Texas, from which he went "AWOL" before being picked up near here. He will be tried there.

The men escaped from the guard house by crawling along a drainage ditch and clipping the wire that enclosed the Stockade.

carry yourself. It all adds up to pride of Army. And it all adds up to an unbeatable combination of power. It has been called esprit de

After All, Even MPs Are Human and Can Err

New York (CNS)—Jim Costello has been a detective on the New York police force for 19 years. The other day he was hanging around the station, idly glancing at the teletype machine when two MPs rushed in.

"Lieutenant," they said to the man at the desk, "we're looking for Jim Costello." The lieutenant pointed to Detective Jim.

The MPs dashed over to the detective, clamped a hammerlock on him and told him he was under arrest. They were about to cart him away when the lieutenant stopped them. It developed they had nabbed the wrong Jim Costello. The man they were after turned up later in the day, a prisoner in Passaic (N.J.) pokey.

A military driver in a G.I. car or truck, may be "gigged" for "excessive speed" under Par. 18 AR 850-15, even if he is within the speed limits set by law. Any speed that may do damage to the vehicle because of rough terrain, narrow roadways, etc., is considered "excessive."

U of O Fiction Students Follow Parallel Careers

Two decades ago to this very day they studied fiction together at the University of Oregon (heavens knows what fiction emerged from their nights). Eventually they wound up as all of the best U of O graduates do—Public Relations Officers in the United States Army.

We speak of our own PRO, Lt. George H. Godfrey, and of Lt. Vernon G. Henderson, recently named to the identical post at Camp Abbot.

Both officers have had wide journalistic experience. Lt. Henderson was vocational education supervisor of 34 CCC units in Vancouver Barracks, Wash., from 1935 to 1942. He is a graduate of the transportation corps school at Camp Stoneman, Calif.

Lt. Godfrey, who is a top-flight bowler, ardent fisherman and renowned for his feats in river navigation, was journalism professor and head of the news bureau at his alma mater since 1927. They went to different fraternities together.

Cp. Abbot Thanks Laundry for Work

Via the pages of the Camp Abbot Engineer a 'thank you' message is transmitted to Camp Adair.

Unknown to most of us, Camp Abbott has depended on the laundry facilities of Camp Adair to meet the needs of its personnel. Its laundry is now functioning and no longer will the long trip be necessary.

The Sentry is glad to convey the thanks of Camp Abbott to the Adair laundry personnel.

Last Walden Goo'bye Author Looks Toward Civil Suit

By Pfc. Dick Walden

With the possibility of being thrown into the horrors of civilian life again, after a year in the Army, the dreamer-upper of these weekly spasms may seem a little incoherent in spots (not that he has ever been accused of being otherwise).

The above decision was reached after a visit to the Orthopedic Ward (orthopedic being Latin for "I bet I can break more bones than you can"), in which the several gross of Doctors involved had quite a heated discussion as to whether I should be discharged or given a military funeral.

A carefully conducted investigation that almost reached congressional proportions revealed that paper is cheaper than gun powder, hence the opportunity to rejoin my non-military acquaintances.

Although the contemplation of horse stew, creamed whale kidneys and a pound of weak coffee a month is nice, the attachment to my soldier suit is overpowering. A bath would probably held some to cement this adherence, but not to any great extent.

Sign, Size 15

The Camp Art Director has just finished a sign for my neck, size 15, which reads, "Ignore me." This is to prevent Commissioned Officers from fracturing an arm in any frenzied attempt to return the salute of a civilian.

Another problem to be faced is employment. I had planned on obtaining a convincing-looking .45 and going into business for myself, but discovered that some narrow-minded authorities are against this practice. From close observation during my Army career, the best bet seems to be a juke box full of cowboy songs and a spot in some PX, or, transportation being what it isn't, a taxi stand might be just the thing. If difficulties are encountered in getting tires or gasoline, the taxis can be used by people that haven't any place to go.

Author Wonders

Before ending this series (you lucky people) there is one thing I have to get off what is laughingly referred to as my mind. The temptation to make some sort of statement about the most baffling thing in the Army, as far as I'm concerned, has at times proved to be almost uncontrollable. I have only desisted because of the fear that people might think I was complaining.

Why is it that outside of each mess hall reposes a completely innocent looking GI can labeled "Edible"?

I wish to go on record as stating that the contents of these cans are definitely NON-edible; even generous quantities of catsup doesn't seem to improve the flavor. So, after having become nauseated on more than one occasion trying to cultivate a taste for this fragrant stew, and having a fair chance of being safe from reprisals when this is printed, I further state that any Epicure who is crazy enough about this type of food to drape it with brazen lies regarding its edibility is nuttier than a fruit cake.

Amnesia Victim?

Knoxville, Tenn. (CNS)—He met her in Nashville and the meeting was grand. It was so grand in fact that Pvt. Tom Phillips of Knoxville married the girl the next day. Then she disappeared, said Tom, and now he doesn't even remember her name.

"I have an idea," Pvt. Phillips said, "that she married me to get my allotment pay."