

THE UNPRIVATE CORNER

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Somehow we feel we have had one hulluva big week of learning, at more or less nominal expense.

The vital things, it would appear, are three: (1) a certain soldier named Lancaster (who often enjoys the NCO club of SCU) held forth one night, and in one swift but easy lesson, we discovered that 'possums have certain habits in their co-habitation which amazed us no end. (2) We further note how the publishers of such an outstanding song as "Pistol Packing Mama" have finally been able to sink a 'plexus punch into the purveyors of that weekly radio feature called "The Hit Parade." For five years we wondered why something couldn't be done about their selections. Then, when Frank Sinatra got his contract, we gave up. But, of course, being so close to another Oregon winter, we give up more easily than we once did. (3) Our third observation dealt with the type of literature about—there are no less than 11 different titles in one Corvallis magazine shop, such as:

Love, Love Story Magazine, Romance, Love Stories, Real Love Stories, True Love Stories, Life Stories. War or no war, pulp love seems to be conducting its own infiltration course.

This week the Sentry staff buttoned both pockets, managed a solid front and smile and ditto from our Girl Friday and said good bye to the old public relations officer and hello to the new.

The old, Capt. George H. Godfrey, this Monday went to G2 section of the 70th Inf. division.

Taking over the Post Public Relations office will be none other than:

Capt. James D. (Doug) McKay. Capt. McKay is a former member of the Oregon State Senate, a well-known Salem business man (automobiles—wotta business in these days) of the northwest and a War I veteran.

We have been told to notice (and our girl Friday mentioned it, too) that he has one of the most magnetic smiles in the northwest. However, when you get down to it, we always thought that, among smiles, our old Capt. had about the most magnetic. Anyhow, best luck in the 70th, sir. And we welcome you, sir.

Saturday night in Corvallis, after getting back from a 14-mile hike (looking for a cold bottle of beer), we tuned in a little portable radio and heard a song. We can't think of anybody to dedicate it to, but there are distinct possibilities.

The song goes: "If that's the way you want it, baby, that's the way it's gonna be."

From now on, sirs, you'll find us hiding out at the opposite end of the range area. Why go home for dinner, we always said.

Mail Important to Men in Hospital

Hospitalized men in the 274th Infantry Regiment are being given every consideration to see that their confinement and recovery periods do not suffer a lack of the Army's chief morale builders.

Special emphasis has been given to the distribution of mail which in many cases had previously been delayed because of lack of proper information.

Payrolls are also on the top of the list and, although many soldiers in the hospital have little place to spend their money, it is believed that consideration along these lines ranks with mail in or-



PRTC Songstress Former Beauty Contest Winner

"Miss Sunshine" of Southern California for two years, Evelyn Henry (that's Mrs. Henry, men) has become rapidly known to the men of Adair in the few short weeks that she has been in Oregon.

Singing with Glenn Henry's PRTC dance band, Evelyn (the distaff side) raised thousands of dollars throughout this section of Oregon at war bond rallies during the Third War Loan Drive.

As Evelyn Dinsmoor, Mrs. Henry sang with such orchestras as Phil Harris and Ray Noble, and was under a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers. She started singing with Glenn's band, and that proved "fatal," that is, she married him. They just celebrated their fourth anniversary this week. (Fourth month of marital bliss.)

Only 19, Evelyn is 5'4", 127. Green eyes and black hair leave nothing to be desired.

She has enjoyed singing for all-soldier audiences and praises them for their response and appreciation.

Games, books, magazines and entertainment are provided for the patient to prevent boredom, and low morale. All sorts of requests are filled whenever practicable.

OR MANY CLOTHES
Salt Lake City (CNS)—Pfc. Edward W. Lewis, who is home on

furlough after a year in the South Pacific, likes American girls better than New Guinea damsels. Trouble with the latter, he complains, is that "they didn't have any modesty."

FOOTBALL A LA 1953
CAMP MACKALL, N. C.—For the first time in history, two football teams were transported to the site of a game by glider and transport planes on October 9. Junior varsity squads of North Carolina Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill and of Duke University at Durham were flown to this paratrooper training base by transport-towed gliders for a special contest. Half the boys were carried in gliders, the others in transports.

Like Shakespeare, Camp Adair Can Be Spelled Many Ways

Variations on the spelling of "Camp Adair" are a source of many a belly-laugh for the Postal Section of the 274th Infantry Regiment, which recently set a new record high in volume of mail for the Trailblazer Division.

Newest and most original spelling turned up this week when a letter was received by one of the enlisted men in the 274th addressed to "Camp Podoria." Not uncommon are the names "Adoria," "Adape," "Adaire," "Odair," "O'Dare" and other variations by the dozens.

Last week's mail turned up a letter written by a man in the regiment who had apparently forgotten that he was in the Army. The letter, postmarked New York City, had the same return address on it and was finally returned to the original sender. In contrast, there are many who send letters to themselves, addressing their mail the same as the return.

Handling thousands of pieces of mail daily is a competent staff of postal clerks headed by Sgt. Carl Wilson and assisted by Pvs. William Lapp, Chas. West, William Hanisko and John De Laurenti.

Answers to BOB HAWK'S YAWPWIZ

1. Lose a day.
2. Animal.
3. 32.
4. At right (due to atmospheric conditions).
5. Braddock.
6. The National League.

Quiz Answers
1—MacArthur. 2—Harriman.

Knish Story Hero, In Noble Effort, Describes Knish

What is a knish?
Finally cornered this week as he tried to dodge between a GI truck and a T/5, Pfc. Harry (the Hymie) Klein cried, "Why should I tell you what is a knish? If you've never seen a knish, you don't care, do you? If you don't care, why keep me up nights thinking of silly answers? If you want a knish, buy one."

"For five cents anybody can learn what is a knish. What have you got to do? All you got to do is be somewhere along Delancy Street at 10 o'clock in the morning, and if somebody don't try to sell you a red-hot knish inside the first five minutes, my name ain't Harry Klein. It ain't even safe for a policeman to walk the street at 10 o'clock."

"You see knishes coming at him from every direction. From the right. From the left — from the intersection, even."

Hymie the Terrible seemed to debate on what was the next move to make. In preference to taking the T/5, he took the truck and dived between the wheels. As he turned the corner at 12 Street North and D Avenue, his scream came back on the winds!

"If I never see another knish in my life, it will be too soon. But if you really want to know, it looks something like a gorywhimple, only rounder."

Knish? Phooey!



Pfc. Harry (the Hymie) Klein ... told reporter knish was no business of his anyway.—Sentry photo.

882nd FA Amateur Show Big Success Lot of Talent in Bn.; All Perform

The 882nd FA's amateur show held recently in the Divarty Rec Hall was hailed as a "huge success" by all who attended, officers and enlisted men alike.

The program got underway with the "Meadow Larks," the 882nd orchestra, playing "You're in the Army Now," while "Sad Sack," five-foot Pvt. Siciliano of Hq. Btry., struggled the entire length of the hall to the stage with a bass fiddle on his back.

Pvt. Fossum, C. Btry., then made several sketches of various men in the organization, including a very good sketch of Lt. Col. Ambrecht, battalion commander.

The battalion buglers then conducted a "Bugle Quiz" of calls, and several men from the audience took part. The loser suffered the consequences by having to play the bugle with the orchestra.

"Sad Sack" would have to amble on the stage during the procedure sucking on a lemon!

A "Musical Drill" was next on the schedule. Six men were picked from the audience and were drilled up and down the aisles by S/Sgt. Bolster of Hq. Btry.

The next act was put on by Pvt. Libowski, Hq. Btry. magician, who put over a professional act of magic tricks.

Pvt. Cox, Hq. Btry., entertained the men next with his electric guitar, accompanied by Pvt. Dessauer on the harmonica. Two lively numbers by Pvt. Swanchek on his piano accordion brought cheers from the house.

The "Meadow Larks" wound up the program with "In The Mood," while "Sad Sack" did a bit of soft shoe dancing, keeping the audience in an uproar throughout the number.—Pvt. R. Newman.

WOMAN WHO PAYS?
(ANS)—Pvt. James G. Davenport of Camp Gruber, Okla., traveled to Camp Robinson, Ark., last week to pay off a bet to PFC Marion Davenport, who is stationed there. A wager of \$25 was made between the two at their home in Richmond, Va., when they entered the service—the winner being the one to get the first stripe. So, Pvt. Davenport had to pay. The winner is his mother, already a one-striper in the WAC, and instructor at Robinson.