

THE UNPRIVATE CORNER

T 3 Bob Ruskauff Managing Editor

A dozen or so EM who put Joe Louis through the processing at Camp Upton came over to the Service Club cafeteria yesterday as the Bomber, 1st/Sgt. Nicholson, Sgt. Jimmy Edgar and Cpl. Jackie Wilson were downing their ham and meal.

When told who the Trailblazers were Louis looked up quickly: "Is the boy who gave me those shots back at Upton here too? If he is, I sure would like to see him in a little while—back of this building!"

The autograph hunters were out—they even seem to haunt Army Posts—and we noticed on ours that the Sgt. writes with a rather graceful, light, rounded hand.

Somewhere along the way the Bomber had bought a red rubber ball. Cpl. Wilson cut it in two and throughout the meal Louis toyed with the halves, squeezing them to limber those hands and fists which have caused around \$2,000,000 worth of damage to heavyweight hopes through the years.

Waiting for the Odyssey to Albany to begin yesterday, we forgot to verify all our facts on one of the top pheasant hunting stories of the week. But we have it pretty straight that:

1st/Sgt. George Jacobson of QM and T/Sgt. George Erickson will have at least a few days of strained relations after their trip early in the week.

Hunting y' know, was permitted on the Post. So the mighty nimrods fared forth—with five shells.

They had a deal. The man who fired the fifth shell, cleaned the gun.

A pheasant rose. T/Sgt. Erickson, who had the gun, hoisted it and let go. The "chink" fell. They ran forward and lo as they reached to grab it, the pheasant whirred out from under, and took off into the air.

So T/Sgt. Erickson, who still had the gun, fired again; and again; and again. The pheasant flew on and upward to vanish in the serene distance.

"Here, sergeant, you take the gun now," quoth Erickson.

"Like hell, I will, sergeant," roared top-kick Jake.

They trudged silently back to that haven of rest called (last week) the QM Barracks.

Bangup Time Had By All as Girl's Truck Goes Boom!

It must have been nervousness—Last week Camp Adair's first two feminine truck drivers went to work, and how! Now they believe the old song, called "Everything Happens to Me."

It happened, to be exact, last Friday morning and it had to happen—plague take it—just outside the office of Capt. Gilbert A. Waite, the Post Adjutant. The captain was shocked out of almost a week's work when—bingo—smack! You might have guessed it.

The Post Engineers ton-and-a-half truck, driven by Wanda McPoil and in process of unloading a few specks of coal at Post Headquarters, had just delivered a solar plexis to the fresh, pretty, new trellis which the Post Adjutant caused to have built last summer as part of the Post beautification program.

And almost nobody is sorrier about it all than the poor reporter from the Sentry who heard about it. Oh yeah? Stories like that just don't happen to everybody.

70th Men Who Processed Louis Say 'Hi, Joe'

Sgt. "King" Louis and Round-Table Discussion Yesterday Noon



JUST LIKE OLD Home Week was the informal bull session that greeted Sgt. Joseph Louis Barrow, "Joe Louis, to you," when he arrived at Camp Adair yesterday. Waiting to greet the Champ were 14 Trailblazer Non Coms who processed Joe when he came into Camp Upton as a brand new inductee two years ago. Gathered around the Brown Bomber at Service Club 1 are, left to right, front row, 1st/Sgt. George Nicholson, Sgt. Phil Churnside, Louis, Cpl. Ed McDonnell, Cpl. Sam Unger, Cpl. Mike Berke, and T/Sgt. Louis Luke. T/3 Bob Ruskauff sits with his back to the camera. Standing are Pvt. Jackie Wilson, Sgt. Gaetano Giorgianni, Cpl. Dick Miller and Sgt. Ernie Sorenson.—Signal Corps-Trailblazer photo.

'Over The Teacups,' Ex-Ft. Upton Grads Meet

By S Sgt. Edward J. Connors

"Glad to see you again," Sgt. Joe Louis Barrow remarked to nine enlisted men of the Trailblazer Division yesterday afternoon as he was finishing his lunch in the cafeteria of Service Club No. 1, warmly greeting the group of non-coms who changed him from a civilian to a soldier at Camp Upton, N.Y. nearly two years ago.

The affable 29-year-old ex-heavyweight champion of the world, now on a boxing exhibition tour throughout the world-scattered U. S. Army camps, stepped out of his well-known role of the silent, non-talkative idol, dominating the conversation among the group of 12 soldiers at his table.

For nearly an hour, Louis reminisced with the former Camp Upton soldiers, recalling amusing incidents that happened when the present 70th Division soldiers tried to fit the huge champion with regular-sized Army clothing equipment and giving a resume of his own life since they last saw him.

Grouped around the table were 1st Sgt. George Nicholson, former sparring partner who fought with Louis in the main exhibition bout at the Field House last night, Pvt. George "Jackie" Wilson, former world's welterweight champion who fought with "Sugar" Ray Robinson in the first bout last evening, and the group of Trailblazers. Robinson, known in the Army as Cpl. Walker Smith, was enjoying a much-needed sleep at the time.

The 70th Division soldiers who assembled for the reunion are: T/5 Edward J. McDonnell, 70th Div. Hq. Det. of Queens, Long Island, N.Y., Cpl. Richard S. Miller, Co. L, 274th Infantry, Queen's, Long Island, T/5 Sam M. Unger, 1st Bn. Hq. 274th Infantry, New York City, Sgt. Michael Berke, Co. L, 274th Infantry, Lancaster, Pa., and T/Sgt. Lewis M. Luke, Hq. Co., 70th Div., Syracuse, N.Y.

Also present were T/4 Ernest R. Sorenson, Hq. & Service Co. 270th Engr. Bn., Brooklyn, N.Y., Sgt. Gaetano Giorgianni, Co. D., 370th Med. Bn., Brooklyn, N.Y., Sgt. Philip Churnside, Hq. Co. 70th Div.,

No Deer! Lots of Discipline!

With smoke still in the air and 75 men of the 275th Inf. waiting with itchy fingers on the firing line, the form of an animal began moving toward the targets.

Exclamations filled the air:

"It's a dog."

"No, it's a horse."

But it proved to be a deer, a solitary whitetailed deer walking leisurely down the firing line. Not one shot was fired upon it.

That's what we call discipline.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and Cpl. James Lockfort, Co. C, 274th Infantry, Bronx, N.Y.

Five others in the Trailblazer Division who were in the Camp Upton consignment were unable to be present. They are: Cpl. Americo Ederesto, AT Co., 276th Infantry, New Haven, Conn., Cpl. Maurice Jaffie, Co. K, 275th Infantry, Bronx, N.Y., Cpl. Henry Mauer, Co. E, 275th Infantry, Brooklyn, N.Y., and T/5 Richard Stanton, 1st Bn. Hq. Co., 274th Infantry.

They recalled Louis' arrival with Promoter Mike Jacobs in an immense sedan in January, 1942, stepping out of the car and assuming the role of Private Barrow, one of many thousands who were handled by these men before and after Louis' induction.

He was the idol of Company L, whose softball team he organized and played on. Although he was very generous to all of his buddies, buying them cigarettes and various essentials when they were broke, he sought no favors, the Trailblazers recalled. He was just another GI and he expected to be treated that way.

He served on all the details every private is handed after his first brush with military life, holding down positions on yardbird and KP details, accepting and doing them with his usual good nature.

Tailor On Biceps; Shoe Fitter on 12-Ds



MEASURING THAT FAMOUS Joe Louis' right is Sgt. Gaetano Giorgianni, who went through the same process when the champ first was fitted with GIs at Camp Upton. Smiling Dick Miller asks if Army hiking had expanded Joe's feet. Both non-coms, since transferred to the 70th Div., helped Louis recall those days almost two years ago.—Signal Corps-Trailblazer photo.

When Louis presented his dynamiting left arm for his first Army shot of typhus serum, the attendant cracked, "Joe, here's one jab you won't be able to return."

"Well," Joe cracked right back good-humoredly, "you'd better make it a good one then."

Louis spent more than three months at Camp Upton, where he was probably the best-liked soldier there, the Trailblazers said, moving on from there to Fort Dix. From there he went to Broadway and the Special Service Office, from where he began his boxing exhibition tour and where he won his corporal's stripes.

Louis completed his basic training in the Army cavalry center at Fort Riley, Kansas, riding the horses he loves so well. He left

Fort Riley several months ago to start on his present boxing tour.

Louis, they recalled, was placed on the suspense list for three weeks, waiting for a size 44 extra long blouse to complete his uniform and several other items that had to be broadened before he could wear them.

Some of the Trailblazers measured and outfitted him, while others made out his various records and insurance. None of them were connected with his actual training at Camp Upton, they said.

Louis left shortly after his exhibition bout last night for Camp White, Ore., where he and his group of fistic champions will perform at an exhibition there this evening.