

THE UNPRIVATE CORNER

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Managing Editor

♦ Interesting human interest-action photo was the Oregon Journal's of Sunday, showing Mrs. Terry de la Mesa Allen swinging ("as she would drive down a fairway" to quote Louise Aaron) the champagne bottle which officially launched the newest sub chaser built by Commercial Iron Works in Portland. Major General Allen, in the back-ground, had raised his own right hand in an instinctive motion to help.

Interesting, too, was the reply of the new Timber Wolf division commander and hero of Sicily, to the request for a few words. "Damn few," said he laughingly.

♦ We have just been advised of a piece of high-finance, featuring one Pfc. L. F. Swanson of SCU QM, which leads us to wonder a little about it all.

A certain Pfc. named A. L. Kelbert was interested in buying out of his duty as day room orderly. He offered Pfc. Swanson one dollar to take the job. Pfc. Swanson refused. He then offered one Pvt. George Cruthers a dollar and Cruthers accepted. Now Cruthers is, it says here, a mercenary type of fellow. He didn't want the job so began casting for takers, at fifty cents. Eventually he reached Pfc. L. F. Swanson, who took the four bits—and the job which, one hour earlier, he'd refused at twice the figure.

♦ Camp Adair may not be heaven, if the "wet weather" poems we have in stock mean anything, but to men of the Fir Tree Division it isn't a bad spot at all. We base this on comments from five unit reporters of the 91st we had the good pleasure of meeting the other day.

You will be hearing further from these swell GI literary lights: T/4 Albert Scott, 91st Signal Co. and T/5s Warren Chamberlain, 361st Inf.; Bernie Smith, 362nd Inf.; George W. Wolpert, 363rd Inf.; John H. Marolf, Hq. 91st Divarty.

♦ His wife wrote to his draft board, but he couldn't read the letter, which he presented the board in some hope, perhaps, of continuing the highly enthusiastic life he had pursued for eight years, in preference to toting a gun in the Army. That is why our heart bleeds for this Poinsett County, Ark., father of seven. The letter, United Press reports from the selective service bulletin, reads:

"Dear United States Army: My husband asked me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but raise hell and drink lemon essence since I married him eight years ago, and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this, but just take him and send him as far as you can."

♦ After such we feel something coming on. We think it may have something to do with the "De-Emphasis of Sex" program, or something:

"Mary wrote a little poem, But no one read it twice Nor mentioned it to anyone, 'Cause it was too damned nice!"

Texas soldier in North Africa: "Our job here, among other things, is to promote good neighborliness. We've got to be friendly with the natives. If they say Africa is bigger than Texas, agree with them."



Timmons Goes Scouting: 'Enemy' Kills Hero Before He Kills Self

Wayne Wagner's squad from Co. B, the 275th Infantry, to which our redoubtable Pvt. Timmons is attached for rations, quarters and so-called duty, approached a wooded area bordering along a deceitfully gentle creek. Wagner sent his men over one at a time.

All, that is, except Timmons. "Timmons," said Wagner, "you stay here!"

The Kansas athlete, well trained now in military discipline, queried not wherefore, but obeyed, taking cover behind a large cluster of poison oak.

A sergeant supervising the problem espied the tense, alert figure of our hero and hollered: "Hey, you, what are you doing over here?"

Not knowing himself, Pvt. T. naturally answered, "I don't know . . ."

"Well, you obscenity of an obscenity, get across that creek . . . and fast!"

"I can't swim," protested Timmons.

"Get across that creek, you jeep, before I boot you across!" whispered the three-strip—hoarsely.

Thus encouraged, Timmons plunged in up to his knees, crossed and took cover behind a bush. He was just getting settled when he looked up and found himself staring straight into the barrel of Wagner's rifle.

Wagner was staring at Timmons and cursing quietly. "Get back across there where I told you to stay or I'll bust-your skull in!"

It required no further hinting for Timmons to get back to his cluster of poison oak, this time soaking himself to the hips.

Snuggling under his cover as affectionately as a new-born babe to its mother, Timmons glanced skyward—once. He beheld a countenance, a scowling countenance, that resembled not at all the benign face of a young mother when gazing upon her first-born.

"Get across . . ."

"O. K., sarge . . ."

Back on the wrong side of the fateful little creek, now soaked above the stomach, Timmons picked himself up disgustedly and proclaimed to all and sundry (but mostly the poison oak and spiders), "I've just been killed by the enemy, and I'm damned if I'm going to cross that lousy creek again."

So saying, he stomped off to await HIS turn to kill the enemy some day.—Pvt. H. L. Michelson.

WHAT'S IN NAME DEPT.

Philadelphia (CNS)—The judge asked a man why he registered for the draft under a false name. "Ashamed of my own," said the man sheepishly. "What is your name?" the judge asked. "Julius Caesar," was the reply.

Keatings Corner

♦ It is easy to understand why we hear so much about "Target: Berlin" and "Target: Tokyo"—they're both black spots.

♦ Now that the divisions with the wolf insignia is gone, do you suppose the WACs will venture to come to Camp Adair?

♦ Definitions: Stockade—A small body of men surrounded by courts martial.

♦ A man's word is his bond; but a man's Bonds speak for themselves.

Cafeterias Offer 75c Holiday Meal

Most of us will be enjoying mess hall Thanksgiving dinners in traditional GI style but—Are you the guy that has been thinking about inviting that cute little welder down from Portland and—

Has the problem of providing a holiday dinner in the best tradition of a good host given you some concern?

Cast aside your fears, soldier, the Service Club Cafeterias are the answer to your prayer — and one supper de luxe will set you back only 75 cents.

GI GRIPES!



T/4 John Begley, Hq. Co. of the 70th Division, snared the \$2 awarded via the Post Exchange for artist T/5 Eddie McConnell's GI gripe of the week. For Sgt. Begley's pet gripe was "doing those grass exercises in the rain every morning, for instance the so-called rowing exercises." T/5 McDonnell has done that too and felt right at home drawing the picture. Send in your Gripe.

No. 17 Picframe Lass Has Heart—Yes, But "It Flies High With, etc."

This week's pulchritudinous Post employee is a dancing, roller-skating Salemite, who reportedly can only be reached by appointment.

A native Oregonian, from Willowa, highly personable and attractive Miss Rosemarie Billings stands 5'3", tips the beam at 118 and is 19 years of age.

She likes the Oregon rain! A veteran of over a year in surgery at the Station Hospital, she also loves her work and often feels like doing a little cutting-up herself.

Her education, Rosemarie maintains, is very little, but "I CAN read and write." (hence, the Esquire?). Of other matters—her "heart flies high with the Air Corps." Get it?

Are You a Photogenic? Genius Earns \$1.50

Ball Studios, publishers of the Trailblazer magazine, announce that they will pay \$1.50 for any picture taken by a soldier which is acceptable for the 70th Division publication.

Both the negative and the print should be taken to the studio in PX No. 1, by the bus depot, for examination.

This opportunity for everlasting fame (and a little extra money) is open to anyone.



1. The stars.
2. Patty means a little meat pie; dolly means a platform mounted on wheels; sally means a trip or jaunt.
3. Beef.
4. Two.
5. Both.
6. Two. The child and the trunk. You would have to pay extra for the dog.

Remember — next week's Sentry will be out on Thursday, Thanksgiving day.

Colorful Insignia Adorns Shoulders Of Alaskan Vets

Two different patches adorned the shoulders of the Alaskan veterans who now wear the insignia of the Trailblazer Division. Both signified the Alaskan Defense Command of which the Attu fighters were a part before joining the 70th. One, a seal juggling the letters ADC against a background of the Northern Lights, was designed by Walt Disney at the request of the northern soldiers. Somehow or other, the design was never officially approved by the War Department and recently a new patch was issued.

Against a blue background, it shows the full-faced head of a grizzly bear and the yellow North Star. Both insigne have become familiar to Camp Adair in the ten days the men have been on the post.

Where Are They Now?

Lt. John Kimbrough, All-American fullback at Texas A. and M. in 1939 and 1940, has reported for duty at Kirtland Field, N. M., after completing his training at the Marfa, Tex., twin-engine advanced flying school.