

THE UNPRIVATE CORNER

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Managing Editor

◆ The question has recurred too often to dodge any longer. Is Pvt. Timmons, whose exploits have been recounted on this page for several past weeks by one Pfc. Leonard Michelson, man or myth?

We have never seen Pvt. Timmons, but quoting Pfc. Michelson: "Brother, he AIN'T a myth. He is a small GI package of TNT!" All of which sounded so intriguing that we have pledged to go further into this character of the 275th Regiment and his Boswell. It seems that Pvt. Timmons is at times even more marvelous than the stories about him.

◆ If there are any people who should know what kind of juke box music wears well and which doesn't it should be the gals in the PXs or the restaurants (etc.) of nearby communities.

So we discovered why, of all the current pieces that are played to death, the gals least mind constant renditions of the "Boogie Woogie," by the band of one T. Dorsey. "You can hear it 40 times a day and still have to wiggle your feet," said the girl in the Corvallis cafe. What, though, of such as F. Sinatra's "Sunday, Monday or Always"? The gal informed us that from now on out she will simply detest F. Sinatra and all that he stands for, Sunday, Monday and always.

◆ It is too early to note whether the plan of Bakers & Cooks School to put lids depicting Tojo, Hitler and the garbage man's hog on the GI cans in which chow hounds scrape off the waste food is the success hoped for, but the sign posted by S/Sgt. L. Moss in our mess hall indicated a sudden rise in wastage during the week. Perhaps the thought of passing those gruesome faces besmirched by unclean GI chow militates against eating the chow.

◆ "Augie" and "Moe" are two characters seen betimes at the SCU Non-Com Club. They were overheard on a recent evening in serious conversation, which went in this vein:

"I have," said Augie, "a wonderful invention in this here compass. If we could only solve that little problem." "Yes," sighed Moe, "that problem is kind of a tough one all right."

A popular character from Indiana known as The Deacon, who had been standing by, was not adverse to hearing about the problem.

"Well," said Augie, "she always comes out 366 degrees to the circle."

"Then what is the problem?" said the Deacon. "I should think 366 degrees would be enough."

Then there's our Pvt. Bill Sandlin, who back in civilian life was a printer and publisher by trade and a policeman at times and at heart. Pvt. S. is often delving into literature and is pretty sure to lay as a suggestion for the Unprivate Corner something such as the following upon the desk:

A beauty, by name Henrietta
Just loved to wear a sweatah.
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn't bad—
But her other two reasons were
bettah.

OH, ETERNAL YOUTH

Bridgeport, Conn. (CNS)—Mrs. Arpad Kansco was seeking a divorce on the grounds that her husband was living with another woman. "Have you any children?" asked the judge. "Yes," admitted Mrs. Kansco, "seventeen."



No. 26: One Lump or Two, Sugar?

Her hair is auburn, her eyes deep brown and she lives up in Salem town, does lovely 20-year-old Ruby Richards, Picframe lass No. 26. But she works hard as fountain manager of PX 3, not only because she likes her popular boss "Mom" Musgrave, but just because she likes to work hard, pouring coffee and dispensing a friendly smile with every sandwich to the GIs who line up three deep at the counter. Lissome Ruby is a native Oregonian, Salem-born. Among other vital statistics she is 5' 7" tall, weighs 128 pounds. She likes Oregon, Camp Adair and dancing. But her heart is with a paratrooper at Ft. Benning, Lt. John Richards.

The stork is blamed for a lot of things that were really cause by a lark.

GI Gripes



"Justas Clark Gable is about to confess his love for Lana Turner the sound is cut off to page Cpl. Scrump back to his orderly room."

This plaint of Pvt. Bob Hanrahan, QM SCU 1911, earns this week's two simoleons for the best GI gripe.

(Ed. Note: If all goes well, Cpl. McDonnell will this week go on furlough, so may lose all inspiration to do GI Gripe on his return. That's how furloughs affect people. But don't let that stop you, GIs. Our artist is bound to become unhappy again.

PROVING: THINGS WILL COME OUT IN THE WASH

The GI laundry has reached a new all-time low, or should we say high. Anyway, Pvt. Joe Doakes of Btry. A, 347th FA Bn., (he wouldn't give us his name) opened up his bundle from the local "Chipso Factory" and found a dainty brassiere.

He swears that it wasn't a gift from a friend.

The laundry, when checked, thought it all very funny, but offered no constructive explanation.

Trailblazer Magazine Wants Pix of Division's Men While on Furlough

What did you Trailblazers do on your furlough? Ski? Dance? Ride a tricycle? Buy a duck? Or just plain nothing?

The Trailblazer magazine wants pictures of you doing it. Under consideration is a page of "furlough pictures," showing what the soldiers of the 70th did when they got out from strict GI discipline for a while.

Pictures should be clear, with plenty of contrast in blacks and whites to insure good reproduction.

Send them to Trailblazer Magazine, c/o Public Relations, 70th Division Hq., Camp Adair, Ore., or bring them personally to the same address. If mailed, use cardboard backing to avoid damage.

Former Observer With British 8th Speaks to 316th

One of the most colorful addresses in the 316th Engrs. weekly "eye-witness" orientation series was delivered last Saturday by Col. John Reynolds, executive of the 91st Divarty and former observer with the British 8th Army in Africa.

Col. Reynolds was attached to 8th Army GHQ as an observer for a major part of the British advance in North Africa, and was

Eye-Witness



91st Div. Photo
Col. John Reynolds

with the Tommies when their forces broke through the famous El Alamein line.

"Most of the fighting," he told the engineers, "was waged along a road winding around the rim of the continent, not far inland from the Mediterranean.

"Even so, the greatest handicap, perhaps, of the campaign was the lack of landmarks. Often men and units, became lost in the midst of a battle, and the confusion which resulted was costly."

Timmons on Assault 'Ain't We Ever Gonna Charge Downhill?

By Pfc. Leonard H. Michelson
Timmons puffed up the fourteenth hill of the day. "Hey, sarge, can't we attack downhill for a change? This is getting monotonous, to say nothing of tiresome."

"Fix your bayonet, and get ready for the assault," returned Sgt. Holcombe, "and no more of your laying down for a five-minute break to fire off shots either."

The Kansas genius obeyed like the good soldier he is, and started his attack on the run. In a few seconds he hit the ground and lay still.

"Timmons," said the Sarge, "get up. What the devil do you think you're doing?"

"I'm dead," responded the hero of Co. B. "A Jap bullet got me, or else I dropped dead from exhaustion. I'm not sure which!"

Noting the glint in his leader's eyes, Timmons regained his feet, and helped wipe out the enemy.

Co. B sat around for the inevitable critique. "That's what I like about these problems," said Timmons. "These critiques are swell. We don't learn much, but the rest is wonderful."

"Are there any questions?" asked the officer in charge.

"Yessir. Why do we always attack up a hill? Don't we ever get to fight on level ground?" asked the pride of the 275th.

The officer was very cagey. "Suppose you try to answer your own question," he replied.

Timmons answered brightly. "It seems to me that we are always assaulting uphill, so that when we get into combat and charge downhill for a change, we'll be so happy we won't care what the Japs do."

"Could be," said the officer, "but the enemy will always defend on high ground."

"Well," said Timmons, "I wish we could fight in Kansas. There ain't no high ground in Kansas. Kansas is wonderful! There's only one hill in the whole state. I guess when I get home on furlough I'll climb up and down it once a day just to keep in practice. Look, lieutenant, are there any horns growing out of my head? I'm beginning to feel like a mountain goat!"

Answers to Yankwiz

1. Washington, D. C. has no mayor.
2. A valet.
3. That it was minted in Denver.
4. WREN—Jenny Wren.
5. A small baking dish.
6. A poem of seven lines or verses.

Corporal: She gave me a look you could have poured on a waffle.
Pfc.: She looked at me like I was a side dish she hadn't ordered.
—Salem Elklet.

Keatings Korner

◆ General Eisenhower isn't the only one who is planning an invasion—understand the Republicans have similar plans for November, 1944.

◆ Can't understand how that Italian boot keeps going—they lost the heel when they kicked Mussolini out.

◆ Then there's the GI who thought the fiscal officer had charge of the calisthenics program.

◆ Well, said the private as he looked out of the stockade, they can only bust me to a civilian!