

THE SAD FATE OF MAN ★ ★ ★ THAT SUCH DREAMS OCCUR ★ ★ ★ BEFORE ONE'S BIRTHDAY



PRESUMABLY, of course, Sanford (Sandy) Shapiro, who was born April 1, and 25 years ago in Seattle, will have to dream tomorrow if he doesn't today, of sugar plums and such-like as the above beautiful Sentry girls who have graced these pages in the past. For example, in the event that names mean anything, they are (l to r) Ruby Richards ("One lump or two, sugar?"), Olga Kovack, Jean (Tahitian Maid) Clarke, June Powell and Sally Heywood. But there is this fact—Sandy, who is chief of miscellaneous section at Post Hq., is already married to "The most wonderful girl in the world." Her name is Mary Louise. The yalso boast the most beautiful 5-month-old filly extant, name of Vicky Sue. Then why the hell should our April 1 Birthday boy be dreaming anyhow, like it says here. Maybe he wants a pair of zoot pants. These are furnished, for a small touch, by Tec5 Donald (Murals for Rent) Lynch, staff artist.



◆ They still charge 10 cents a cup for coffee at most of the so-called better bistros in Corvallis and possibly Albany. We haven't been to Salem lately. Or Portland, if anyone cares.

If it were not for this sad and controversial fact, we would never be so crass as to bring to light the following story about Joshua the Second. It seems that in the years 1902-1904 this old seducer, whose name was Franz Edmund Creffield, was soundly tarred and feathered for his actions in Corvallis. On Sept. 16, 1904, he was even placed within the gray walls of Salem's State Prison, where he languished for 15 months.

Now this is all according to a story in the March 19 New York News, which seems to delight in writing about things that are painful to westerners.

There is a great deal more to this sad story which we could relate. It would make interesting reading, without question, but we promise not to detail same or to pull any other skeletons out of the closet of Corvallis and neighboring communities, if the better institutions of chow will promise to reduce the price of coffee from 10 to 5 cents per cup.

◆ One of the most interesting name combinations we have witnessed at Camp Adair came to light in a recent sports story in the Sentry, which said in effect "starring for the Medics were Drybread and Cake." This goes in the edibles can.

◆ Some times the horrific job of digging up news to fill a newspaper is almost more than flesh and blood can stand. There is an old truism that if you have one big story on which to hang the clothes, the chit-chat will take care of itself. This week the Sentry found itself in the unenviable position not only of lacking a banner story but of being sadly derelict in the matter of chit-chat. So, if there are certain obvious loopholes in your text, forgive us. We may do better next week. On the other hand, we have learned never to make promises.

P.S.—Allah remains kindly. While the ink on the words above was still dripping, information came that a 36-piece WAC band would play at Field House Thurs-

day. Now 36 WAC members anywhere ought to be nice company. Dut—a "Four Freedoms Band." That, kiddies, reeks of page 1.

◆ Our captain told us this one, so it must be gospel: A sergeant and a private were up before courts martial for kicking a captain. "How did it happen?" the sergeant was asked.

"I was on my hands and knees, working in the garden in front of the orderly room," he explained, "when the captain came along and stepped on my finger. Before I knew what I was doing I had jumped up and kicked him twice." "And why," they turned to the private, "did you kick the captain?"

"I was across the street working," said the yardbird, "when I saw the sergeant kick the captain. I was so surprised I thought the war was over and I didn't want to miss my turn."

DRAFT BOARD GETS CUTE

Union, N. J. (CNS)—This sign hangs in the window of Draft Board 2 of Union County, which has to meet its quota somehow: "Help wanted, male. Clothing, maintenance and \$50 monthly. Job not permanent. Apply within."

Denver (CNS)—Edward Shepherd, a professional strong man, sued his wife for divorce, maintaining that her constant nagging had caused his weight to drop from 205 pounds to "less than 200."

Ex-Trailblazer Hits Nation's Headlines

Local Boy Makes Good

Notable among establishing "firsts" in the 70th Division, the 274th Inf. last week boasted of a new honor as front pages throughout the country carried praises of one of its former officers.

Of Lt. James Fay, former rifle platoon leader of Co. A, 274th Inf., the headlines heralded accomplishments in leading American troops to victory in far-away Burma with unflagging enthusiasm.

Press dispatches from overseas stated that he led veterans of Guadalcanal, New Guinea and New Georgia in action which hurled back the Japanese after the enemy had attempted a crossing of the Hukwang River in Northern Burma.

Machine guns manned by the American detachment frustrated the Japs with thousands of well-placed rounds as they attempted to break out of a trap set by the Americans and Chinese. In one spot alone, it was stated that more than 300 enemy dead were counted

GI Gripes



Pvt. J. W. Mockus, who complains about the fellow who "gets in the barracks at 3 or 4 in the morning in the belief that it is the best time for some horseplay" wins this week's two cartwheels in the Sentry's great GI Gripe competition. Pvt. Mockus lays his head at Co. D, 275th Infantry.

Solomons, Crunching On K Ration, Crack Cuspids

Washington (CNS)—Several senators nibbled K Rations here recently and although their reactions to the delicacy were varied, all agreed it was good solid food.

"I enjoyed it," said one statesman, grinning wryly and plucking the stumps of two shattered teeth from his mouth.

"It's hard as the hubs of hell," said another, less enthusiastically.

after the battle was over.

In the first 70th Division call for overseas volunteers last September, Lt. Fay presented his qualifications and was immediately accepted. His first assignment was to a post in India, later in Burma. Press notices calling attention to his leadership in this area were based on a 14-hour fight which took place on March 7.

Lt. Fay, who is 23 years old, comes from a family of "Fighting Fays," two of whom have served in the Civil War, one in World War I and the others in World War II.

A graduate of Fort Benning, Ga., Lt. Fay served at Camp Shelby, Miss., and at Camp Robinson, Ark., before assignment to the 70th Division.

Many of his associates here learned of his whereabouts for the first time through the newspaper stories but were not surprised at the splendid accounts since he was long-regarded as an extremely capable leader.

Timmons Suffers From Attack of Spring Fever Love Unrequited—First Sergeant's Wife

By S/Sgt. Leonard Michelson

Timmons lay recumbent upon the grass with a faraway look in his eyes as he sniffed at the flowers. Sgt. Bellotty, walking with nose pointed to the ground, as usual, looking for odd cigarette butts, came to an abrupt stop.

"What are you doing? Can't you read? Stop fanning yourself with that 'Keep Off' sign."

The Kansan sighed. "Sarge, spring is in the air. I am filled with the spirit of love; I love everybody—even you."

Bellotty looked at his pride with suspicion. "What are you up to now? And if you have been picking those flowers, something unmentionable about you is going to be chewed! But good!"

Timmons blinked dreamily. "Truthfully, sarge, I have been making a bouquet for you. I have decided that you are a very swell guy."

"Well, you know, I like you too. You're a good boy," replied the first sergeant.

The genius answered softly, "How about a three-day pass this weekend?"

"That might be arranged," answered Bellotty, "and where might you be planning to go?"

"Ah, me," breathed Co. B's Romeo, "there's a very tasty dish working at the library that I have my eye on. Big, round eyes, and stuff. Some dame! I think I will take her out for a coke."

"Can you afford it? And just who is this dame?"

"Her name is Violet. Now isn't that a lovely name, sarge?"

Bellotty roared, "That's no dame! That's my wife! Now get off those flowers. Three-day pass, my foot!"

"Now, now, sarge," said Junction City's leading citizen, "I was only kidding. My heart is in Kansas, with those nice flat plains. No hills, no mud, and no first sergeants to bother about."

"Well, I'll bother you now. The day room positively must be painted this weekend."

Timmons waved his hand airily. "A job of momentary duration."

Ballotty frowned. "Four times you've painted it; you've used 15 gallons of paint, and still the first coat isn't complete. I think you are painting the sewers."

"You do me a complete injustice, sarge. I am just very thorough. Of course, I admit that a couple of gallons did accidentally get poured down the latrine. Now please go away and leave me to my wonderful dreams. You interrupt my concentration."

"I shall depart happily," responded Bellotty. "There will be a

full field inspection very soon. If you are not prepared you will clean nine BARS over the weekend. You also have guard duty tonight, and next week we will have a four-day problem. How is your love-life now?"

"You have put a complete damper on my soul," answered Timmons bitterly.

"OK! Now let's go. Where did you put my bouquet?"

"If I could put it where I'd like to, someone would be very uncomfortable, and I would be court-martialled. Spring! Phoeey!"

75,000 ASTP SLASH

Washington (CNS) — The War Department has slashed its Army Specialized Training Program from 145,000 to 35,000, releasing 110,000 men for combat duty. Eighty thousand of these men, the WD has announced, will go into the Army Ground Forces because of their special skills and ability for leadership. The remainder "will be assigned to other units destined for overseas service."

The War Department's decision to curtail the ASTP program was based upon "the increasing tempo of offensive operations, and the mounting casualties demanding immediate replacements in the field," and the failure of the Selective Service System to deliver fighting men according to schedule, which has left the Army short 200,000 of the goal of 7,700,000 set for the close of 1943, according to the Department's announcement.

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Keatings Korner

◆ One way to transfer from the paratroops to the cavalry would be to make a one point landing on a grazing horse.

◆ The Japs are said to be great imitators—but this Hari-kiri deal is all their own.

◆ It occurs to us that the thing the politicians are worrying about is not WHETHER the soldiers will vote—but HOW they will vote!

◆ It's not the orders that the top-kick hands down from the CO that gripe the GIs—it's those damn ad libs!