



◆ "This way, please." There was a story riding the airplanes and the press this week that somehow struck a note that rings. It is Americana. Whatever there be in this war, the American way of life will exist after war. For Americans are that way.

It concerns Bill Miller. Sounds Yankee, doesn't it? It is. Bill Miller is. He used to be an usher at Roxy's Theater, New York. Not today. He's a tail gunner on a bomber.

But habit is strong. Last week a Nazi plane got on their tail. And Bill Miller was heard to say: "This way, please."

Miraculously, almost, the Nazi plane swerved — directly into a stream of Bill Miller bullets, and was knocked down. A strictly new American way of ushering.

◆ Gather ye roses while you may. We feel grateful for the kind words of William E. Grainger, Jr., Field Director of American Red Cross at this Post.

Returns are still incomplete but the month-long Red Cross drive has netted in excess of \$17,000 dollars, an increase of more than 100% over the drive last year. Mr. Grainger gave the Sentry lavish credit for its part in this accomplishment. We are grateful, of course. Yet our mission is to inform and, if the cause is worthy, to do it as well and completely as we can.

We accept your appreciative words Mr. Grainger, with permission to pass them on to the rightful recipients—the enlisted men, officers and the civilian personnel of Camp Adair.

◆ Corvallis, besides being a very pretty town and besides having a few spots that cling to the absurd practice of charging 10 cents for coffee (for each and every cup, mind you), has numerous unique name combinations among its business firms. Offhand, we recall Allbright & Raw, druggists and Darling's on Third St. We have promised ourselves one day to meander along the business thoroughfares and jot down a few more. But it has been so rainy lately.

◆ Besides, when you consider our neighboring communities, why not take Dallas. The other evening two of the loveliest creatures you could imagine visited the SCU Non Coms club at its anniversary party. We learned that Dallas and area adjacent has 27 churches and a total of only 3 beer halls. We also learned (again) what a stinking job we are doing as publicity agent for the Non Coms club. According to S/Sgt. Mike Holzman, prominent among directors, we should be sticking our neck in the sand somewhere.

◆ But we are not taking this too seriously for we are sure that this is where we heard a lissome member of the unpredictable sex make so bold as to cry:

"Hell with virtue! I'm gonna become a camp follower!"

"Ugly, Dirty, Smelly." Unquote

Philadelphia (CNS)—Girls at home need not worry about service men falling in love with beautiful maidens in the Solomon Islands. Explorer Osa Johnson reassured a Philadelphia woman's club. "The women there," she said, "are ugly, dirty and smelly."

Timmons' Newest. He INFILTRATES

By S/Sgt. Leonard H. Michelson
"This is a simple problem in infiltrating," said the lieutenant, "just follow your azimuth. We don't want you to get wet or catch cold."
"I smell a mouse," said Timmons. "Such consideration overwhelms me. I wallow in mud and I sleep in the rain and now they say I shouldn't get my feet wet. I don't believe it."

"We will not cross the bridge," said the Sergeant, "it is mined or something. Timmons, you will be our scout. I expect you to find a crossing that is no more than neck deep."

"You can find more ways of getting me killed; now it's going to be by drowning. When we get into combat there's a certain sergeant who had better start ducking."

Pride Leads Patrol

The pride of the 275th led the patrol across the swampy ground to the right flank and up the hedge line to the creek. "It looks very wet and cold, Sarge. Maybe we oughta go back and take the bridge."

"It's only four feet wide. Timmons. Go ahead and jump. Didn't you hear the machine guns? They've got the bridge covered."
"Look, Sarge, before I leap to my death, I've a favor to ask of you. I want you to get me transferred into combat."

"What for? What's the matter with this place? Are you crazy?" The Kansan sighed. "I'd rather get killed suddenly than stay here and die gradually."

"Get going, Timmons. There's a draw leading up to the woods. Probably covered by a machine gun. Don't take it. Try the one on the right."

"And if it's covered too, I get killed again."

Isn't It Better?

The sergeant patted Timmons on the shoulder. "Teamwork, my boy. Isn't it better than one man die and the rest live?"

The 275th fair-haired boy frowned. "Yeah, but why always me? And what will happen to my girl friend?"

"If she's pretty as her picture, I'll be happy to see her through her grief. Now get going."

The Kansas flash proceeded slowly and cautiously. A rifleman suddenly opened fire at a range of about fifteen yards. Timmons hid in the tall grass as the hidden entry continued to shoot.

"Stop Damn Shooting!"

"Cut out that damn shooting."

Ooh! Look What The Next Trailblazer Mag Is Printing!

DON'T LOOK TOO HARD just now, men, because luscious and lovely Betty Lou Swarhout will be in print again, around pay-day, when the newer and bigger Trailblazer Magazine (edition No. 4) goes on the stands. And there'll be more like her, though we doubt better for the magazine is going in for what we've been partial to all these years. Leg art. Plus plenty of other things we are informed. Betty Lou, who is a very nice girl indeed, is a student at Oregon State College and Pfc. Chester Gartski, ace Trailblazer photog who made this shot, keeps telling himself. Period.



he hollered, "if you don't I'll come up and tie you to that tree." The firing ceased.

The second scout crawled back. "Timmons told me to tell you that he is dead again. What should he do?"

"Go back and ask him if he's made a will and settled all his affairs. The colonel will court martial him if he dies before doing that. You can also ask him for his girl's address."

The Kansan rejoined the patrol in the woods. "Look, Sarge," he said, "I've been killed by snipers, machine guns, mortars and artillery. Every problem it is the same thing. I hereby tender my resignation from your squad; you don't even give me the Purple Heart."

"Timmons, I want you to get the Big Picture. This is all training. The more often you get killed on this side, the less often it will be in combat."

"You mean in combat I'll get killed only once?" asked Timmons.

"Yeah, that's right," replied the sergeant.

"Gee! Ain't our training wonderful?"

Anderson, Ind. (CNS)—A tax payer asked the local tax office if he could claim on this year's income tax return his \$1,200 annual "depreciation" on his wife.

From Down by the Rio Grande Comes Sgt. Hidalgo An Artist With Lots of Texas in His Soul

There must be something about Texas. Meet M/Sgt. Mario Hidalgo, Co. F, 274th Infantry, who paints pictures of all things he remembers from "Texas, down by the Rio Grande."

The amazing thing is that Sgt. Hidalgo is likely to start painting horses and, as he says, "They may come out cows." It is the more strange, then, that he is acclaimed by other Post artists as a "forceful, primitive painter."

More than an artist, M/Sgt. Hidalgo is an athlete. Back in the 91st Division, he placed fifth in the Division decathlon. He made master sergeant as an operations sergeant after going on cadre to the Trailblazer Division.

One of a family of 14, which includes seven girls with four brothers in the Army, Hidalgo was born three-quarters of a mile from the Rio Grande and is as Texas as they come. He will be 27 May 25.

Started to Be Horses

One of Hidalgo's best primitives depicts a bunch of cowboys by a camp fire at night with some Longhorn cattle in the background. "I started it to be a picture of some horses for a friend," he said, "but unfortu-

nately somehow the horses were transformed into Longhorns." You can see that artist Hidalgo never fights an idea. He just rides along with it.

He started with the horse cavalry, went thence to the 91st and then the 70th.

Yesterday, M/Sgt. Hidalgo, transferred in rank, was to have departed for paratroop school at Ft. Benning, Ga.

Latin America to Be Honored in 70th Thursday Air Show

The melodies of Latin America and the deep south give next Thursday's Trailblazer radio hour, "Oregon's Own," (KEX, 2030 to 2100) a distinct perfume of magnolias and mimosa blossoms. The 70th military band, its dance and rumba combinations and its concert orchestra will team up for the hour.

"La Sorella," fiery tango by the band, and "La Cumparasa" by the concert group will give the Good Neighbor touch, while by the bayous and canebrakes come melodies of a Stephen Foster rhapsody, including "Old Black Joe," "Swanee River" and "Jennie with the Light Brown Hair."

Likewise, with a southern flavor is "Juba Dance" by the band.

'Paints Town' — Named for Famed Lillian Langtry



BEHIND M/SGT. MARIO HIDALGO, member of the Art Workshop, is his memory picture of the famous Texas town of Langtry (Pop.: 183), which was named for the renowned Lillian Langtry by her admirer, the noted Judge Roy Bean, who in the early days represented all that was "law west of the Pecos." In the picture is seen the little house which Judge Bean used as a bar, church and courtroom. Directness and simplicity are the prime attributes of Artist Hidalgo, who is also considerable of an athlete. Yesterday M/Sgt. Hidalgo departed for Paratroops School at Ft. Benning, Ga.

Keatings Korner

◆ That MacArthur to Nimitz to Halsey combination bids fair to outdo Tinkers to Evers to Chance in the little matter of twin-killings.

◆ Judging from the speed of the German retreat the road from Russia must be down-hill all the way.

◆ See by the papers that the draft boards are now going to forget all about deferments—wonder if that applies to "preferments" too?

◆ That "old woman" who lived in a shoe" must have had a friend on the ration board.