



◆ What do you write about when you have 10 minutes to go, nothing to write about and a column to fill?

We had those lines already pounded out. They sounded strangely familiar. A quick thrash through back files to the issue of August 13, 1943, showed why. The "corner" began with those identical words. It stunk all the way through that time too, oh brother!

What do you write about? . . . why, you blithering, dodder-headed, censured idiot . . . we've done it again!

◆ WE NEARLY FORGOT THAT TODAY IS OUR BIRTHDAY! The Sentry, we mean. At the top of page 1 you will note this is Vol. 3 No. 1, of your Post servant. Today the Sentry begins its third year of existence as a cantonment newspaper. On August 11, provided that we are still circulating, we will begin our third year as a GI Army paper. It was in August of 1942 that the Sentry was removed from the good civilian custodianship of Don Wilson of Corvallis and placed entirely in the hands of Army personnel for writing and editing.

◆ When August 11 rolls round, in the event it finds this amiable paper still cluttering up your Fridays, it is the intent to put our research department to work and come up with one thing which we believe will be significant for the many who have spent what feels like a helluva long time on this Post. We mean a history, as complete as we can make it and as accurate, of Camp Adair.

A lot of men have come and have gone through these portals. Few, perhaps, who have gone will come back.

But our paper, as letters from here to Heligoland indicate, is now performing its small destiny to GIs — and to families of GIs who are here or have been here — in many parts of the world.

That it is apparently well-received and well-read is a matter of pleasure and pride to us. And of comfort. For there are times I guess with all of us, when uncertainty besets and we wonder "is this little thing I am doing worthwhile? Why don't I do more?"

◆ Yes, we will develop for that issue a history. The back-log of any man, or of any group or of any camp might seem trivial these days, when the very history of universe is being written in hardship and blood by the fighting men of nearly all the nations throughout the world.

Yet it is not trivial. Nothing that reflects upon your own life is trivial to you. And nothing that is big and encompassing to you and stays with you awhile (oh, Camp Adair!) can help but leave impress upon you. As we look back we realize that much has really happened here. This is a big cantonment. Divisions have come and trained and gone. Attached troops from many places have called this their home for a while. In its span already this Post has made an imprint upon the men who have been in it and upon a score of communities near it, which will endure for many years. Yes, we will write a history.

◆ We've no funny story today. We do have thanks for the words of high praise sent our way by Michael Brooks, editor of the Vancouver Barracks newspaper and are proud that you consider modeling The

Picture of Pretty Girl Climbing Out on a Limb



THIS LOVELY CREATURE up a tree is none other than Grace Andrew, who brought a lot of the beauty of Minneapolis with her when she came to Camp Adair to live in Albany and work at Post Engineers. Grace is 23, 5½' tall, weighs in at 115 and her eyes are plain downright green. Her hobby is knitting—not necessarily for Britain but for herself and hubby, Tech Charles S. Andrew of the 91st Division. Among other hobbies, she likes to dance, but she admitted after this picture was taken she is not particularly fond of climbing trees.

Signal Corps Photo

Timmons Celebrates a Birthday

By S Sgt. Leonard Michelson

Timmons shivered in the rain at 0200 and sighed. "This is a fine way to celebrate a birthday, guarding a bridge. When I think of Kansas in the spring, and a pretty girl and flowers—"

"And tornadoes and floods," added Amodio, "Fire off a flare: somebody's making a racket down there." The results were excellent. A bunch of engineers froze into uneasy silence, and Timmons happily blasted away at enemy squad trying to sneak across the bridge.

"Next year," said Sgt. Rodiek, "maybe you'll be able to celebrate at home."

"Another year of this and I'll be so moss-eaten and tired out I won't be able to celebrate. I'm aging rapidly."

Many Happy Returns

"Many happy returns of the day," said the leader of the enemy squad. "Now come along; we are capturing you guys."

"Thanks," said the joy of the 275th, "but we killed you coming over the bridge. And we will not be captured by such a little bunch. Do you want us to look cheap?"

The enemy withdrew and Amodio asked, "Well, if you were back in Kansas what would you do? Only I'll take Brooklyn."

"Well," replied Timmons, "I hear there is a liquor shortage, so bootlegging would be a good business, only it is illegal."

"Maybe they will pass a law making it lawful," said Amodio. "By the way, we are surrounded again."

Timmons looked up and saw three Challenger a/c's. Now, in the parlance, we must go. The Sentry must be "put to bed."

from the rear. "Has anybody gotta copy of FM 7-10?" he asked. "The colonel said to hold here at all costs so what do we do now?"

"Ty-four of the enemy had come up."

"Have You Covered and Stuff?" The officer in charge replied. "We have you covered with a machine gun, three BARs and a lot of other stuff. Now surrender or else."

"It would look better if we were all casualties," said Timmons. "We would then be obeying the colonel. And we could fill our foxholes and go get some sleep. How about it, sir?"

"Okay, you're all wiped out. Many happy returns of the day."

"That," said Timmons to Amodio, "is a fine wish. Every week I get knocked off and he wishes me to be happy about it."

"Never mind," said Sgt. Rodiek, "we boys have gotten together and because we like you so much, we have something for you. Of course you realize that it is difficult being out in the woods. So with our love we present you with this cake." Timmons received a large round chunk of mud with 19 empty cartridges stuck on top.

"Such sentiment deeply touches me," said Timmons. "Imagine a corpse receiving such a beautiful cake. You are a fine bunch of fellows." He watched while the rain melted the mud in his hands.

An umpire came up. "You men report to your company immediately for reorganization."

"No sleep?" asked Timmons. "No sleep," replied the umpire. "There's no time."

The Kansan muttered to himself. "Rain, mud, no sleep. A happy birthday. Nuts. I should have been born five years later."

Somebody, Somewhere Has Managed to Lose One Drum, Civil War

Have you seen a Civil War drum lying around anywhere?

If so, please notify the Sentry, as the Post Public Relations Officer has a letter from R. G. Hubbard, Northwest Editor of the Portland Journal, advising that some officer of Camp Adair, who complained that he had no drum, was given this drum by Miss Louise Linthicum, prominent Portland Red Cross worker.

Now this drum would indeed be interesting to locate, particularly if we had the original drummer to go with it. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a drum which looks like a Civil War drum (whatever a Civil War drum looks like) notify the Sentry, and we'll do something about it.

P. S. — Hubbard's letter also stated that the officer who has the drum also presumably had one of the best-drilled outfits at Camp Adair.

Picframe Girl Now In Marine Corps Wins Honor Award

Perhaps her constant association with uniforms had something to do with it. Perhaps her two brothers in the Marines provided the inspiration. But not so long ago, Jeanie McReynolds, who used to grace Post Hqs. in a secretarial capacity, joined the Women's Marine Corps.

Through her dad, E. G. McReynolds, chief of civilian guards on the Post, we learn that Jean is doing quite well, and proud papa had a letter to show us what he meant.

"The Commanding Officer," it read, "takes great pleasure in appointing you one of ten Honor Women of B Co., 28th Training Bn. Your qualities of leadership, the interest you have shown in your initial military training, your aptitude for the service and your academic standing have all combined to make you outstanding in your Co. and to thereby bring you this meritorious award."

Jean—we learned from the letter that her first name is really Annabelle—was the second girl to pose for our "Picture Frame Girl" series (Aug. 5 Sentry) and a mighty pretty picture she made, too. The Sentry "picture girls" seem to have a way of getting on—military, maritally or any other way.

Jean completes training April 22.

Sgt. Daniel Boone

Camp Cooke, Calif. (ALNS) — First Sgt. Daniel H. Boone, a direct descendant of the famous hunter, woodsman and early settler of that name, is the top non-com of Co. B, 42nd Tank Battalion, at Camp Cooke. He is winding up 11 years of service in the United States Army, a part of which was with the Second Cavalry Regiment, in which his great-great-grandfather, Nanthaniel Boone (son of the original Daniel), served in 1840 as a lieutenant colonel, with active service in the Mexican war.

Hospital Patients Like 'SS on Air,' Mon. KWIL B'cast

"Special Service on the Air," the Trailblazer program for the men in Station Hospital, broadcast over Station KWIL, Albany, 1915 every Monday evening, is getting plaudits from patients of the wards, reports 70th Special Service Officer Maj. Harvey Blythe, under whose direction the quarter-hour program of music and fun is presented.

Musical numbers are those requested by men in the hospital. Each week a unit of the Division is featured, and next Monday evening the 275th Infantry will be guests on the program.

Keatings Corner

- ◆ Understand the Russians are discarding the "Internationale" as their national anthem—probably composing a tune that the Nazis can dance to!
- ◆ Those European governments in exile are like dummies in bridge—a seat in the game but no cards!
- ◆ Some men take their experience with poison oak in stride—but others get pretty much puffed up about it!
- ◆ Breathes there a GI with a soul so dead who never has to himself bath said: This 1/7%—\$41x1!—the x"&%—x!"/x!x7 army!!