

Unprivate corner
by
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managing editor

"If you have a pitcher of which you are fond, do not say 'I love this pitcher.' Say, instead 'this pitcher is a pitcher which I love.' Then, when it is broken your heart will not be broken."
—Montaigne.

◆ This is the last "Unprivate Corner." To say that we don't write it with a twinge of more than passing regret, would be a damned lie. As often, it is written in the last hours of putting to bed the Sentry. Different, though, for this time as we spank its rosy little behind and say "sweet dreams old crumpet and don't wake up to haunt us in the night," we know it is 30.

◆ We know there are a hundred things we've forgotten to say in our hurry and a hundred more we'd not get down in a lifetime. But we might mention a few items before we go on:

One is this—there will be a few extra Sentries available at Post Headquarters today for units wishing them, until they are gone, same may be obtained.

Otherwise—we wanted to recount the history of the Sentry's picture frame girl series . . . to recap our own "institution" the SCU Non Coms club . . . to resurrect a few of the stories over the two years, which we thought our funniest . . . to pay fitting tribute to the understanding officers who have supervised our work:

To our present PRO, Capt. James D. Mackay and to predecessors Capt. George H. Godfrey, presently PRO of the 70th Infantry Division and to Major Carl B. Forsman, our officer when the Sentry used to be under wing of Special Services.

◆ We wanted to fit in some glowing tribute to the state and the people of Oregon for, after all, we have come to the conclusion reached by 90% of the GIs who have been here, after sober analysis:

This state has been pretty grand to the soldiers of Adair. Rain? Oh, yes, a few skys-ful of it, but we speak comparatively. There is majesty and beauty and compensating things in Oregon. The years will prove it to us; so many realize it already.

◆ We didn't want to leave without forgetting those guys "downstairs" who helped lift the Sentry up by its bootstraps occasionally down in the Gazette-Times building where we've been printed—George Turina "bossman," Dick Hlavka, Bill Fritch and George Ditgen on the lines, to Mr. Houston who runs "rumbling moses," the bed-press. We didn't always agree at deadline time, but who the hell does?

◆ It's pretty hard to be comprehensive about things at a time like this. But it is good to have been around.

One of these days of course, we'll be all scattered from here to heligoland.

But one of these days, remember—a little later—GI Joe of today will be wearing his loud-checked mufti of tomorrow. He may be walking the streets of any town from Boston to San Diego; from Miami to Seattle; from St. Paul to Kansas City to New Orleans.

He might not think he knows a soul in that strange town. But he'll stand a chance of some bozo slapping a judo on his arm with friendly intent and saying:

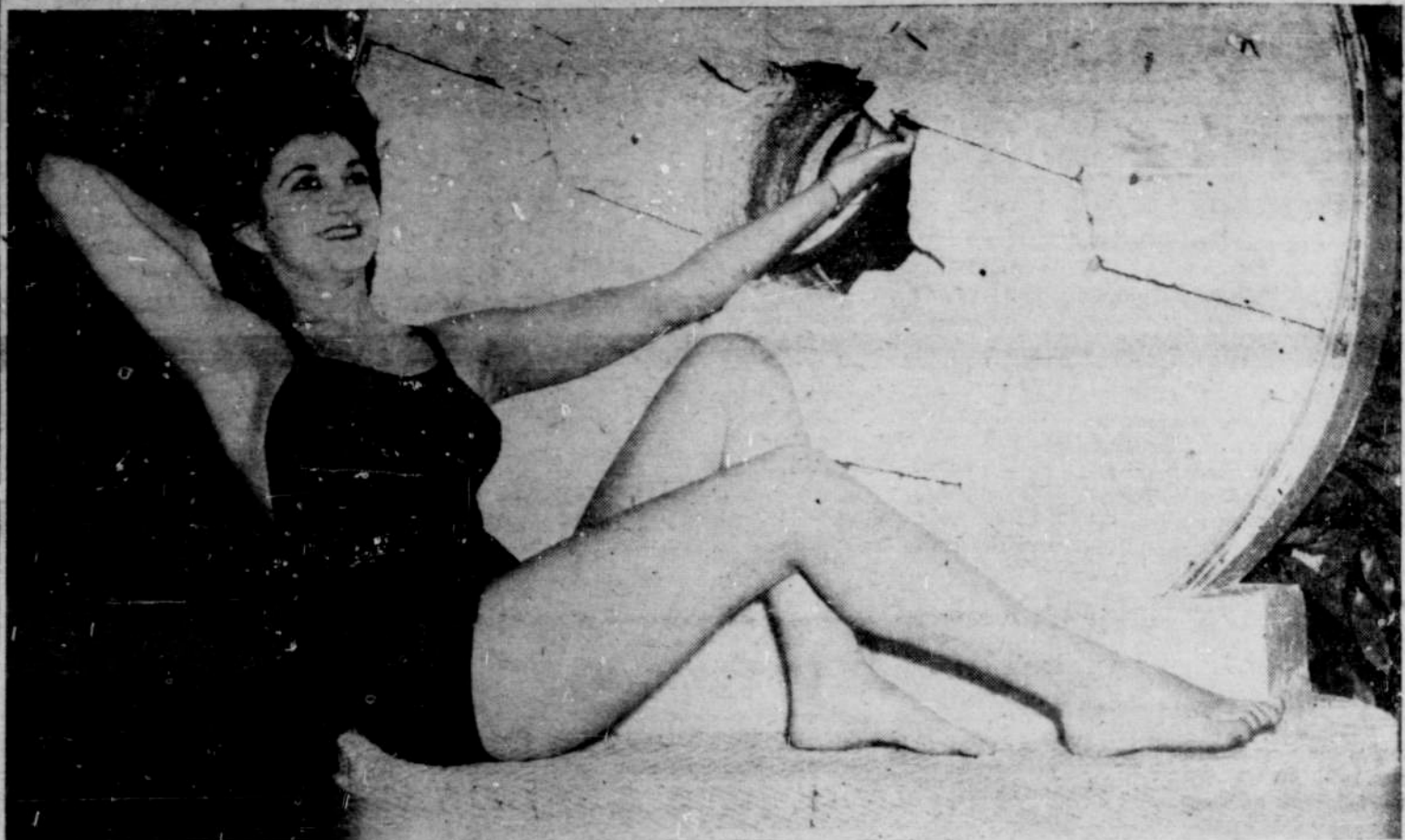
"Well if it ain't GI Joe Twerp; haven't seen you since . . ."

They'll remember Camp Adair with a fondness they never dreamed

FIGURE OF BEAUTY

POSED BESIDE

A SYMBOL OF OREGON



Signal Corps Photo

JUST TO HELP YOU remember Oregon, graceful, petite Cerilda Smith poses for this week's Sentry picture by one of the three "Old Mill Stones" of Oregon. Historically: the stones, or "burrs," were shipped around Cape Horn by sail in 1850, brought in 1852 by ox team from Portland to King Valley. For 60 years, before it was put on a pedestal in Corvallis City Park, this one of the three grist mills in Oregon. Oh, the devil with history you say? Well, all right! Lovely Cerilda, who is Cherokee-Irish and was born in Kansas City, April 28, 1924, is a projectionist-checker at Post Training Film Library and lives in Corvallis by way of Long Beach, Calif. Height 5'2", weight 107, eyes brown, hair black and she loves dancing—anything from jitter to a minuet. Likes Oregon, "kind of," and Cpl. George E. Smith Jr., 276th AT Co., "plenty." There is scarce need to mention that Cerilda looks very trig in a bathing suit.

Hot Weather Ripens Crops in Northwest

PORTLAND, July 20—Temperatures climbing up into the nineties ripened crops rapidly during the past week, the weather bureau reported today.

The weekly crop-weather survey showed no rain in most of the state, with only a few scattered showers too light to be of benefit.

Harvesting of winter grain is becoming general in the earlier areas, the bureau said. Yields were described as "satisfactory," although some grain contained too much moisture to be accepted at terminals. Corn, although lacking moisture in non-irrigated areas, improved under the warmer temperatures. Spring grain needs rain in most sectors.

A few apricots, early cherries and early apples have been picked. The bureau predicted a good prospect for nuts, and said late fruits were progressing well.

GOLDEN BARS ISSUED FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE

Washington (CNS)—The War Department has authorized officers and enlisted men of the Army to wear a golden bar on their left sleeve for every six months period of overseas service.

The bar will be worn four inches from the end of the sleeve. Each six months of overseas entitles the wearer to an additional bar and soldiers with long overseas service may wear them "even if they extend past their elbows," the WD said.

The new bar is made of cloth, one quarter inch wide and one and three-eighths inches long. It will be worn on the overcoat, blouse, shirt and field jacket.

possible and head for the nearest drink emporium. They'll say: "Here's mud in your eye." And drink to it, but not with 3.2, though that's another thing they'll remember fondly. Then.

So long fellows and gals, it was swell knowing you.

Now Mrs. Warren, the Co. Should Refund Your Nickle

Cheyenne, Wyo. (CNS)—Mrs. Mabel Warren stepped into a telephone booth and dialed the city hospital. The operator took ten minutes to put the call through. In the meantime, Mrs. Warren gave birth to an 8-pound baby girl. Mother and daughter are doing well now, thank you.

American Casualties In Italy Total 73,166

American army casualties in Italy from the time of the landing last September to July 12 totaled 73,166, Acting Secretary of War Patterson reported today. This was an increase of 2,767 for one week.

The death list now stands at 12,999, an increase of 344 for the week; the wounded at 49,561, an increase of 2,104. There are 10,606 missing.

Figures for other theaters were not announced today.

LONDONERS LIKE THE YANKEE MPs

LONDON, Eng. (ALNS)—The London Daily Mail likes Yankee MPs. In a recent issue the paper said, "Your American military policemen are wonderful. They have so well learned their London in the job of assisting GI boys and girls that they are able to help even Londoners to find their way."

141,500 WOMEN SERVE

New York, N. Y. (ALNS)—There are 141,500 women now serving in the armed forces of the United States; 65,000 in the WAC, 56,000 WAVES, 15,500 in the United States Marine Women's Reserves and 5,500 SPARS. New women recruits are joining these services at the rate of 2,000 weekly, it is announced.

COY JAPANESE

San Francisco—"In France," the Jap radio bubbled in a broadcast picked up here, "the Allied armies are retreating haphazardly inland."

Timmons Lets Leavertons in on Good Thing Called African Domino Game

By Tec5 Yale Rodkin

(Batting for Cadet Leonard Michelson)

"Everybody falls out," roared Sergeant Geisel. "Pay lay," said Timmons. "The only trouble is that he only pays me once a month and sometimes a guy runs short before the next pay day."

"Why, Timmons," asked Amado, "were you broke or do you just happen to be short this time?"

"Oh, I don't run short very often, just twelve times a year."

"Well, why don't you do what I do?"

"What's that, my well meaning friend?"

"Here's the way I look at it. I'd never be able to get along on what I collect so I get in a crap game as soon as I get paid. If I lose I go to the chaplain, if I win I'm sitting on easy street for the rest of the month. Only one thing I always do. I bet against the dice every time."

"Thanks pal," answered Timmons. "I'm going to give these guys a lesson as soon as the long green is in their palms."

Time Passed On

Time passed on and the members of Company "B," 275th, were paid their monthly stipends. As soon as they got in the barracks, Timmons said he thought they ought to indulge in the well known game of African dominoes.

One of the Leaverton twins asked him how they played that.

"You mean you don't know how?" queried Timmons. "My friend, I will teach you this very delightful pastime and I am sure once you learn it you will always think of me with a loving thought." An unholy gleam shone from his eyes. "Fresh meat," he muttered, "boy, after all the lessons I've had, at last I have a couple of suckers."

Now, Leaverton—

"Now, Leaverton, here is the way it works. If I throw a seven on the first shake or an eleven. I win. If I throw a two, three or twelve, you win. Since that gives you the edge and you are only a beginner, I will take the dice and keep them and that will make us on even terms."

"Very magnanimous of you, I'm sure," said Leaverton. "Thanks a lot."

"Oh, think nothing of it," said Timmons. "I'm always glad to give a friend a break." Grabbing the

dice, he muttered, "Be good to me sweet things. I need your love so badly."

He came out with a six. "Now if I make a six before I make a seven I win but if I make the seven first, you win."

"Fair enough," said Leaverton. "and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a buck you don't make the six first."

"You have a wager."

Timmons sevens. "Two rolls and no coffee," said Leaverton.

Timmons looked up. "I thought you never played before."

"Not this game," said Leaverton. "Let me throw the dice."

"Go ahead, but I warn you, since you haven't played African dominoes before you might not know how."

He rolled. Timmons paid. He rolled. Timmons paid. The Kansas flash looked at him. "Look, Bud, are you sure you never played this game before?" he asked.

"Well, now that I have sufficient stakes to keep me in velvet for the rest of the month I'll let you in on a little secret. I've never played the game of African dominoes before, but we have a game called craps that we play back home and the game is so similar to this that I caught on quickly. Thanks for the loan of the dice."

Keatings Corner

◆ Of course, this shouldn't affect the ardor of maneuvering around Florence.

◆ The average political candidate makes much of how the incumbents have wasted the tax-payers' money—then winds up his speeches by telling you how he will see to it that you get your share of the "pork-barrel."

◆ What with rocket ships and super-speed planes being planned for the post-war era, it looks like bad days ahead for the hitchhikers.