

Changes in MP Personnel Noted

A reminiscent glance over the shoulder revealed this week that only seven members of the Military Police Company, out of its present company strength of 97, were among the original contingent to activate the unit. Sergeants Peterson, Harris, Mound,



Photo by Signal Corps Photo Lab. CPL. FRED SOULERET

Fendell; Corporals Giglietta, McBain, Shoptaw, Souleret; Privates first class Brune, Ratcliff, and Private Leon were among Camp Abbot's original MPs' Lt. T. E. Pennington, company commander, said today.

"The unit has expanded its function considerably since the early days," Lt. Pennington said. Camp Abbot Military Police are now engaged in town patrol, motor patrol, special service patrol, gate guard, stockade guard and prisoner guard. In addition, MPs from this station cover The Dalles, territory when troop movements warrant it.

The original MP unit was a section of the headquarters com-



SGT. RAOUL MOUND WITH WAR DOG

pany, occupying quarters which now house the Supplemental Training Co. Then, upon completion of the stockade, the outfit moved to the present location and was simultaneously designated as a company.

With each gradual turnover of personnel, Military Police refresher courses are given in regular scheduled classes. These include judo, riot control, courts martial, traffic control, special weapons, first aid, and a score of other subjects.

The K-9 corps, the four-legged aids to sentries, are also under the supervision of the MP company, Lt. Pennington declared.

Army Wives Club Repairs GI Togs

The Army wives organization, at its second meeting Thursday at the USO in Bend, decided to devote every Thursday afternoon to a repair service of soldier's uniforms. Rips and tears will be mended, buttons replaced, chevrons sewed on in this service without charge.

Clothing brought to the USO during the week will be repaired each Thursday.

This feature is in addition to other activities by the newly organized Army Wives organization. They are devoting one day a week also to the making of surgical dressings.



Bonnie Camack, pure-bred cocker spaniel, is shown looking over her pedigree. Sgt. Raoul Mound, trainer, holds the certificate. Bonnie's family tree boasts ten champions, one an international champion.

Notes From A-52

THE STORY OF A-52
By Pvt. John W. Schmale

Now here is the story of "A" Fifty Two, Of the Fighting Engineers.

A story I know our children will read,

Throughout the passing years. Our training began the 13th day

Of February, year Forty-four— A bunch of green rookies from all walks of life,

Learning the Engineer's lore. A motto we learned from the very start,

One that we'll never forget, The period plan forcibly brought it to life,

That "Blood can be saved by sweat".

So into the training we plunged with grit,

And plenty of guts from the start,

The will to win and get home again,

Was tops in every man's heart. We mastered our rifles, positions too,

We hardened as days went by, It wasn't long ere began to appear,

That fighting spark in our eye. We handled the bayonet, learned its use,

We practiced hugging the ground,

We knew in the end, it takes this to win,

And a hardier bunch can't be found.

Fighting by day, and working all night,

Is something that we came to know,

So when Fifty-two crosses, up go the losses,

Of the sons of Tokio.

The stories of bravery and jobs well done,

Will be added to this by the score,

They'll learn to know of the Abbot Gang,

That trained here in Forty-four.

And buddies, when we return home,

And tell of our Army careers, Tell them, by God, who won the war,

But the Combat Engineers. And every time we see them raise

That good old Red, White and Blue,

Remember the days we trained like hell,

With the bunch from "A" Fifty-two.

But children, now my story must wait,

Notes From B-56

By Pvt. Norman W. Pudlack

B-56—where champions are produced! Yes, indeed, B-56 has been a leader throughout the year in every cycle.

Under the guidance of Company Commander Lieutenant Lucas, Lieutenant Hiegel, Lieutenant Clark, and a very worthy cadre, this cycle has already established a fine record.

Looking back after six weeks of training, one feels elated in having learned so much in so short a time.

The first week of training at Camp Abbot found the men soft, using muscles lacking development—and all of us still civilians at heart. We were placed in barracks with men from California, Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Texas, and many other states. State boundary lines and the Mason Dixon line hold no grudges, for we are now, all of us, seeking one objective—together we'll win!

Till news of peace reaches our ears,

But when they ask, just swell with pride,

And say, "Dad's with the Engineers."

Notes From A-55

THE WAGGING TAIL
By Cpl. Hal Unterberger

My mom was a lovable cocker spaniel, about middle aged, yet very graceful and kind. She had brought me up with the greatest of care but I always had some sort of wanderlust—in my blood, I guess.

I Leave Home

Pop was a rather quiet airdale, tall and dark and quite proud. He always let me have my way. Said I'd learn the hard way—if ever. It was so monotonous—that life I'd been living. And so finally, about two years ago, I ran away from home—for the last time. Mom must have wept a lot, because she said she'd never want me to leave her. But I couldn't help myself. I know pop didn't mind so much. He understood.

It was nice to hear these things. I was so lonesome and eager to meet friends. They petted me and kept calling me "Blackie." Maybe it's because I'm dark like pop was. Anyway I liked it and they liked me.

So I followed them, and soon found myself in a place filled with green buildings. And there were hundreds of men in uniforms, marching in all sorts of directions. It looked so pretty and different from everything else. They all called out to me and smiled whenever I'd pass by. Gee! O Boy, it was an ideal place

A canine can pick up a lot off the road in eleven or twelve months. I know. After such a spell, I found myself wandering around in Central Oregon. I still felt unsettled, though, so I kept moving on. I had just gone through The Dalles. It must have been two weeks, maybe three. I don't know exactly, but I was quite a while on the road when I finally discovered what has become my greatest admiration and interest in life. Those guys in uniform!

I Can't Resist Uniform

It was on a sunny warm day a year ago, I might say, about 15 miles south of Bend. I was walking merrily along a hilly road, sniffing carelessly here and there, when I heard a whistle, then some shouts, and they sounded so friendly. "Here, Blackie!" "Come here pooch!" "Hi there, doggie." in which to live, so I made up my mind right then and there, I'd settle down.

I Settle Down

I've been here a year now. And

Unique Insignia And Buttons of Corps Explained

The first engineers in the American armies, who took part in the Revolutionary War, were organized with the help of French officers. From them came the motto, "Essayons," which means, "Let us try," and also the familiar turreted castle insignia, apparently modeled after one of the gates of the city of Verdun in France.

France was the scene of great accomplishments by the fighting engineers in World War I, at Cantigny, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne, with a Corps which grew from a scant 2,500 men to 300,000.

The Corps of Engineers was created by an Act of Congress in 1802 and, up until the Civil War, consisted of four companies. They expanded greatly in that war, fighting as Infantrymen as well as engineers. One notable success was throwing a 2,000-ft. ponton bridge across the James river in a few hours.

Distinctive from uniform embellishments of other officers of the United States Army, whose buttons bear the coat of arms of the United States, engineer buttons carry a replica of an early fortification on Governor's Island in New York harbor. Fortifications and turreted castles have been a significant work of engineers since ancient times.

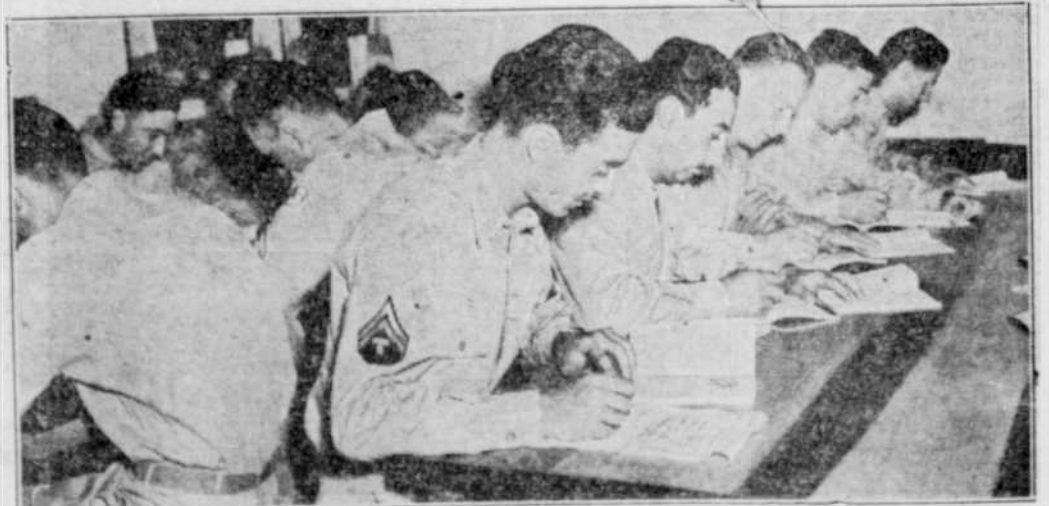
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I don't think there's a nicer place in the whole land! Everybody pets me. I eat as much as I want, because I know just where to beg for it. And my sleeping quarters are kept so warm. I can hear running water at bedtime, because the men who march during the day come in where I'm resting at night, and they wash and shave and do a lot of talking and complaining. But they always treat me so fine!

To morrow I plan to march in front of the whole Battalion because I overheard in my sleeping quarters that there's going to be a 35-mile hike. I wonder if Queenie will come? I hope she does because we have a lot of fun playing together. If that bulldog follows her again, I think I'll take a big chunk out of his neck.

—"BLACKIE."

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