



—Photo by Signal Corps Photo Lab.

Above is Sgt. Mary Sheila of the Wac company checking the oil in a vehicle at the Camp Abbot Motor Pool, where she is assigned. The sergeant is always as happy as she appears here when she is probing the "innards" of a GI truck.

MORE ABOUT Bond Drive

(Continued From Page One)

Monday night to draft a plan of attack. Emphasis will be placed on Class "A" pay reservations for civilians and Class "B" allotments for officers and enlisted men.

Purchase of bonds for cash will be solicited as in the Fourth War Loan Drive. A publicity and educational program is planned, and solicitation will be by personal contact of personnel, from staff divisions through the smallest unit or section, with enlisted men handling solicitation of other enlisted men, officers other officers, and civilian employees other civilian employees.

Decision as to the quota for the current campaign—it was unofficially set at \$100,000 in the last drive—was deferred. No action was taken on the selection of minute men for the drive.

Special Service and Public Relations representatives of Camp Abbot have been invited to attend a state-wide war bond conference in Portland Monday. Purpose of the meeting is to ascertain what bands and equipments are available at various Oregon installations for use in the current campaign in Oregon.

San Francisco (CNS)—When a local thief, who had robbed what he thought was a butter truck, got his booty home he discovered that it was merely 30,000 cigars. Resigned to making the most of a bad deal, he had smoked his way through two boxes when police grabbed him and carted him away to the gooly.

Buy National War Bonds Now!

Italy's Plight Told in Poem by Wac Overseas

★ ★ ★

When Maj. Vernon L. Watkins, now on special duty with the Training Division, came to Camp Abbot recently for reassignment after 26 months' service in combat areas with the engineers, he brought with him a poem written by a WAC in Italy, which he says gives an accurate, if sordid, picture of that country as our men are seeing it. The entire poem, entitled, "Panorama of Italy," contains thirty stanzas, a few of which we print here:

"If I were an artist, with nothing to do,
I'd paint a picture, a composite view
Of historic Italy, in which I'd show
Visions of contrasts, the high and the low.

"There'd be towering mountains, a deep blue sea;
Filthy brats yelling, "Carmella!" at me;
High-plumed horses and colorful carts;
Two-toned tresses on hustling tarts.

"Stately cathedrals, with rich toned bells;
Ricovery shelters, with horrible smells;
Mouldering catacombs, a place for the dead;
Noisy civilians, clamoring for bread.

"Barbers galore, with manners quite mild;
Prolific women, all heavy with child;
Duce's secret weapon, kids by the score,
Caused by his bonus, which isn't any more.

"Mud-smeared children, clustered about,
Filling their jugs, at a community spout;
A dutiful mother, with a look of despair,
Picking lice from small daughter's hair.

"I've tried to describe the things I have seen,
A panorama of Italy, the brown and the green;
I've neglected the war scare, visible yet,
But those are the things we want to forget."

(Ed. note: "Carmella" is the Italian word for "candy.")

Shaffer to Head GI Masonic Club

Named as president of the Camp Abbot Masonic club in its first meeting last Tuesday night, M/Sgt. W. R. Shaffer has announced the group will meet regularly each Tuesday in building 1456. Major Arthur Davidson was elected vice-president of the new organization; Cpl. G. S. Russel, secretary-treasurer; Major W. H. Andrew, chaplain, and Capt. Russell E. McKinney, sergeant-at-arms. A committee was formed to draw up a constitution and by-laws.

All Free and Accepted Masons stationed here are urged to join the new club at Tuesday's meeting, Sgt. Shaffer said.

GI's Father Fined; Took Allowance Checks Illegally

A 48-year-old father of a soldier has been sentenced to six months in jail and fined \$100 on a charge of fraud in connection with the acceptance of family allowance payments to which he knew he was not entitled, the Office of Dependency Benefits announced this week in warning that the law provides severe penalties for fraudulent acceptance of allowance checks. Sentence in this case was suspended and the offender placed on probation for three years, on condition he pay the fine and make full restitution to the government for all sums fraudulently accepted, but the offense can carry a sentence of imprisonment up to two years and fines up to \$5,000, or both.

OCS Program Gets Axe as Three More Schpols Close

Three more Officer Candidate Schools have been suspended, the War Department has announced, and the suspension of others is planned. This will leave not more than 11 of the original 26 OCS courses in operation next fall.

Courses at Ft. Riley, Kan. (Cavalry), Ft. Monroe, Va. (Coast Artillery), and Camp Hood, Texas (Tank Destroyer) are the latest to be suspended. Soon to join them are the MP OCS at Ft. Custer, Mich., the Anti-aircraft Artillery OCS at Camp Davis, N. C., the Chemical Warfare Service OCS at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., and the Armored Force OCS at Ft. Knox, Ky.

St. Louis (CNS)—Bishop John C. Brookfield of St. John's Methodist church is looking for a stranger who has deposited \$1,000 bills in the collection plate on two consecutive Sundays. "Its and epidemic, he said, 'we'd be glad to see continue.'"

Trenton, N. J. (CNS)—The will of Mrs. Mary Kubery left \$2 to her husband with the proviso "That he uses \$1 of same to purchase a rope to hang himself."

Class B Issue

(Every line written with a pair of eight-inch scissors.)

One wolf we know is too broke to buy etchings, so he always asks his girl friends to come up and see the handwriting on the wall.

First GI: Still got insomnia? Did you try counting sheep?

Second GI: "It doesn't do any good. I counted 10,000 sheep, sheered 'em, combed the wool, had spun it into yarn, made suits from them, took them to Boston and lost \$150 on the deal. I didn't sleep a wink.

Gal: "Do you know what happens to GIs who feel low?"

GI: "No, what?"

Gal: "They get slapped."

GI LOVE STORY

Sgt. William Jones:

Dear Sergeant Jones:

Dear Bill:

Bill Dear:

My own darling dearest:

Bill Darling:

Bill Dear:

Dear Bill:

Dear Private Jones:

Pvt. William Jones:

Father No. 1: "My son is awfully broadminded."

Father No. 2: "That's all mine thinks about, too."

"I had to change my seat several times at the movies."

"Gracious, did a man get fresh?"

"Yes, finally."

"How was the burlesque?"

"Abdominal."

Drill Sergeant: "Stand straight! Don't you know what straight means?"

Recruit: "Yes—without soda."

She laughed when he sat down, but when he began to play . . .

Don't Be Silly; Let Us Do Your Hiking for You

For those trainees who haven't time to climb a mountain, and wouldn't if they did, the Engineer sent a representative to the top of Lava butte, that lava-bounded, inverted cone a few miles out of camp on the road to Bend, to observe and report what is on the other side. We picked a member of the staff who has been getting a little paunchy and needed the exercise anyway, so you needn't feel that you put us out.

The ascent up the spiral road took about forty minutes, traveling in thirty-inch steps at about three-quarter time.

At the top our reporter found the lookout tower of the Deschutes National Forest, with Clyde Young, ranger, in charge. From his glass house, he makes weather observations for Uncle Sam and watches for forest fires. Also there, taking a look for themselves, were Lt. Tipton O'Neil, a party consisting of Pfc. Selig Abels of the Signal Corps Laboratory and Pvt. Leo Miltulicz, and Pvt. Frederick Ferrier of A-54.

After passing cool drinks of water, which he had brought all the way from Bend, and asking us to sign the register, Mr. Young explained how the bowl-like center of the crater, filled with incinerated rocks, was a sort of boiling pot when hades brook loose about two thousand years ago. He also pointed out the network of forest service trails, other buttes, including McKay, Bates, Pistol and Sitkum, and the now ossified river of lava that damned the Deschutes, which thereupon overflowed its banks and formed the meadowland site of Camp Abbot.



—Photo by Signal Corps Photo Lab.

"Snug with a bug in a sleeping bag," is the title that occurred to us when we saw this photo of Pvt. Julius E. Ulrich of the 51st battalion emerging from a good night's rest in the bivouac area. The hole he's in is called a prone shelter, dimensions for which, given the boys when they start digging, are "2 x 2 x you."

Male Call



BUT, LOO-TENINT, I BIN FILLIN' MY CANTEENS... I WAS ONLY GONE A FEW MINUTES...

YOU DID NOT ASK PERMISSION—THEREFORE YOU WERE ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE! THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY DESIGNATE THAT AS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE!

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



I MUSTA STEPPED IN A HOLE, LOO-TENINT! WHEN I COME UP MY RIFLE WAS GONE!

YOU LOST YOUR PIECE? LOSS OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY IS SPECIFICALLY NOTED IN THE ARTICLES OF WAR AS A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE!



BUT I KILT TH' NIP WOT WORE IT, LOO-TENINT! I KINDA THOUGHT MY KIDS WOULD LIKE T'HAVE--

ALL PUBLIC PROPERTY TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY IS THE PROPERTY OF THE UNITED STATES! THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY STATE...

Hooked By The Book



I DON'T KNOW HOW MY GAL GOT IT THROUGH—BUT WE WON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!... I'D OFFER THE LOO-TENINT A SWIG—BUT THE ARTICLES OF WAR SPECIFICALLY STATE THAT IT'S A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE FOR AN OFFICER TO RECEIVE PRESENTS FROM THOSE UNDER HIS COMMAND!