

During my stint at the barracks, while on Sgt. of the Guard at Camp David, I got a desperate call from the gate sentry ABOUT MIDNIGHT that a skunk was trying to enter the gate shack.

We had some new troops at that time and i had forgotten to inform them at guard school that the gate sentries had tamed the skunk by feeding him mid-rations.

The sentry, in almost hysterical tones, screamed that he was going to shoot the skunk. I threatened him with all kinds of intimidating verbiage and told him that I would be right there, and to do nothing.

I jumped in the guard Jeep and broke the speed limit on the short drive to the gate. As I screeched to a halt and hastily disembarked, I saw one of those scenes that make you wish for a camera.

The sentry, who shall remain anonymous in defense of his dignity, was perched standing straddled atop the small desk with one foot on the window sill and the other on the edge of the desk. He was in the firing position with a 45 clutched in both hands and aiming at the poor confused skunk sniffing at the door who was only looking for his accustomed night rations.

A BUTT CHEWING FOR THE SENTRY AND A BOLOGNA SANDWICH FOR THE SKUNK TOOK CARE OF THE SITUATION (WHICH, BY THE WAY, NEVER FOUND ITS WAY INTO THE SGT.OF THE GUARD LOG!).

Ed Crogan - CGC '55 to '59  
"Special Ed"