

**Camp Adair Sentry**  
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**NOT SO BAD!**

Recalling the other war for a carload of soldiers riding into Corvallis from camp the other evening, we decided that our Uncle Sam is doing better. Here's the story.

The A.E.F. tank corps was recruited from other outfits in France by volunteers. We went through a tank school and then went up to the front and saw active service in two major offensives. Tanks then were seven or eight miles an hour as compared with 30 or more today. Armament was French air-cooled machine guns and French one-pounders. The tanks were French Renault.

The tanks used in action by the U. S. troops were rebuilt. They had already been through other shows under French piloting. They were second-hand. We had more mechanical trouble with them than we did with shot and shell.

On November 4, we had been on the front 60 days. We turned our tanks over to an outfit which had trained in this country and went back to our base for a rest. We rested two days and then got a complete complement of brand new tanks. Boy! Were they honeys. They'd go two or three miles an hour faster than our old second-hand ones, and had some refinements.

We loaded them on those impossible French flatcars and had our orders to go back up November 15. The armistice was signed on the eleventh.

Two weeks after the armistice, we got our first shipment of American-built tanks. We got two. Two weeks later we got the balance of the shipment, eight. That was all. And the war was over.

Our Uncle is doing better this time, don't you think?

**LEARN WHAT'S POISON AND BE OAKY DOAKEY**

Two specimens of poison oak, each also labeled "Rhus Diversiloba" for soldiers unfamiliar with English, hang in frames on a wall near the entrance to headquarters of the 96th and 104th Infantry divisions. One is a specimen of the plant in bloom, the other has berries like mistletoe.

Ever since the pioneers from the east arrived at Camp Adair they have been warned against going into the bushes and have been cautioned about poison oak, but to this

day many do not know poison oak when they see it. If specimens were placed in more buildings around the camp all soldiers might get to know poison oak at sight, avoid it when encountered and still not hesitate to walk in the woods because they couldn't tell what plant was poison oak and what was not.

Not all of us can hitch hike to town. Not all of us can ride the buses now on the run—Oh, well. Save your money, soldier, and buy war bonds.

Give us a handcar on this railroad. Tracks run to all the towns. We could have certain hours. Answer: Railroad unions and common carrier laws.

August 31, 1942

To the Editor:

In response to that little article in last week's edition entitled, "If You Don't Believe There's One Left in the World Read This," I hereby go down on record as being a party to the joke and it has been misrepresented! The private was sent over to the D.E.M.L. supply room to ask for a skirmish line and a squad wedge, by Captain Rutledge! The supply sergeant wasn't there but his two assistants couldn't find either of the articles. So, said private told them to make out a special requisition for one of each but to make sure that the wedge was a green one!

I am very grateful, and thank the Sentry for allowing me to correct the story. There are two left and they belong to the D.E.M.L. The Misunderstood Buck Private (M.P.)

**Will Dedicate Chapels Sunday**

(Continued from page 1.)

104th division chaplain, will read the scripture lesson. Chaplain Harmon will pronounce the benediction.

Hymns sung at the service will include "Holy, Holy, Holy," by Dykes; Walton's "Faith of Our Fathers"; and Giardini's "Come, Thou Almighty King." Pvt. Walsh will sing "The People That Walked in Darkness," from "The Messiah," by Handel, and there will be an anthem by the Monmouth and Independence Inter-City choir, directed by Mrs. Florence Merriam.

The Hammond electric organ will be dedicated at 7 o'clock Sunday night, with the following program of music: Prelude played by Pvt. James Mantinband; Invocation, Chaplain Edward N. Bartell; Dedication, Chaplain Harmon; Choral Response, "Jesus With Thy Church Abide," by Webb; Hymn, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," by Webb; "Sanctus" from Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass; Solo, Major Maurice H. Herzmark; "The Lost Chord," by Sullivan; "Festival Te Deum," by Buck; "A Sinner's Sighs," by Dowland, and Dowland's "Where Sin Sore Wounding," both sung by

John Walsh; Franck's anthem, "O Lord Most Holy"; Stainer's Sevenfold Amen; Sullivan's "Onward Christian Soldiers"; Claussman's "Te Deum Laudamus," with Pvt. Mantinband at the organ. A choir of 36 voices, from the First Methodist church, Corvallis, will take part in this service.

**Even Generals AWOL in Calling for Mail Here; Pile Is Growing Large**

Don't look now, but that general across the way probably has some mail waiting for him at the Camp Post Office. We're not kidding.

The Camp Adair Postmaster announces that he has on hand, as of the first of the month, just to be military about the whole thing, some five hundred perfectly good letters that he can't deliver because of improper address. Included in the half thousand apparently homeless soldiers are a couple of brigadier generals, not to mention such run-of-the-mill titles as colonel, lieutenant colonel and major. Captains and lieutenants are in profusion, as well as master sergeants down to those thoughtless corporals who blow whistle blasts in your ear at the first crack of dawn. (Personally, we don't care if they never get their mail.)

While many of the letters that can't be delivered are genuine in every respect there are quite a few that are obviously the penmanship of alleged comedians. For example there is one fat epistle brazenly addressed to "Burns, Eet and Company." Another moniker that catches the eye is Sgt. "Crash Jeep" Byers. If there is such a guy, the case history of how he got the appellation would be a lot better reading than this story.

But anyway, the camp postmaster has all this mail and he'd like to get rid of it before the Christmas rush. He is of the hopeful opinion that a general can't remain in obscurity forever, but refuses to be quoted. His final bit of advice before closing the general delivery window for the day was that "Believe It or Not" Ripley might be able to get mail addressed in Sanscrit with invisible ink, but the soldier can't.

Maybe it would help if the postmaster would announce if the undelivered mail looked like bills from the outside.

**Intelligence Wins in Bowling From Finance; Money Isn't Everything**

The Military Intelligence bowling team, composed of Major Ralph E. Riordan and Lt. George H. Godfrey, now holds the undisputed, definite and final championship in the M.I.-Finance league. The title passed to the eagle-eyed duo Tuesday evening, when they crashed out a victory over the money bags by a margin of 96 pins for the three-game series.

Before agreeing to the final match, the Finance team captain, Lt. Col. Lee R. Woods, demanded and obtained one of the most remarkable concessions ever granted in organized sports. He was given the privilege of using two other teammates, and allowed to count the highest of their scores.

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