

# SNARLS FROM AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.—DEML

When the Army accepted me and it was time to pack and go to camp I looked through old keepsakes to see if there were a few things that I should like to have with me wherever I went.

Among papers that the years had yellowed I found a typewritten poem, "The Mother Speaks," by Grace Ellery Channing. I couldn't tell when or how I came by it, but I did remember taking it to France in the other war and feeling that it was in the tradition of American motherhood at its best.

Today I use this poem as the basis for "Snarls" that really are not snarls at all, but are hints from an old fellow whose heart is in the right place, even if he blunders occasionally in trying to be of use to younger comrades.

The mother in the poem begins like this:

"Exempt. Your feet need never go  
That crimson way to hell  
Through shot and shell—

Then she goes on, deeply thankful because her son is safe, won't be torn from her, won't have his well-ordered life interrupted. But suddenly her thought changes:

"Exempt. Exempt. It means—  
Let me think clearly:

When all you played with, worked  
with, grew with, bravely  
March in brown ranks down well-remembered ways,

While all your youth revered, reverently, gravely

Salutes in them the honor of a race;

It means—in those proud ranks  
you have no place."

From that point the mother rhapsodizes, and maybe it's overflowy, about the son missing "the Presence in the night" as well as "the anguish of the trenches" and "the blinding vision" as well as the terror, but there's substance at the close:

"And when those thinned brown  
ranks once more move proudly  
Up the well-loved, the well-remembered street,

And the long-silent stone  
Rings to the echo of victorious  
feet,

Of feet that come again into their  
own;

When eyes again with other eyes  
shall meet;

When proudly, proudly,  
Heard high above the trumpets  
piercing sweet—

Oh, still more sweet—  
A million throats as one throat  
shouting loudly

Welcome to its imperishable hour  
The flower of a people in its flow-  
er—

Our warriors against wars,  
Our knighthood of the stars,  
Whose empty hands are honor's  
utmost boast.

Oh, of that high, that hallowed,  
that most happy host

You, framed for honor most,  
Shall not be one. You of their  
years and blood,

To that blood brotherhood  
Born, bound by every tie that is,  
most nearly,

Exempt from honor then, as now,  
from fears,

You will walk humbly, not among  
your peers;

And I, who of the world love you  
most dearly,  
That day I shall not see you—for  
my tears."

Now I say that even if it's too sentimental for you that poem tells the truth about our situation today, the situation of all Americans in the uniform of the armed forces. Although it may not seem like it on guard when the relief is late, or on K.P. or at Reveille on a cold morning, we are all enjoying the

with a cause too great for our imaginations to grasp.

In short, we "belong." From the rugged old general to the latest recruit all of us in uniform today make the vanguard of a marching nation. More than that, for we are part of a vast crusade of many nations, united against a concept of life that is repugnant to every son of freedom. We may regard this war as an evil interruption of our individual lives, and it is that, too, but it also is a fact that this war is the biggest thing that we will ever know, bigger than our lives and not to be avoided if life is to be worth living in the future.

Retreat should be a daily reminder of who and what we really are. Here in camp, living together as we do, it is difficult to see clearly, through all the dull routine of training, that ours is a comradeship beyond all of the friendships and chance associations of ordinary times. We are bound together as no other men are. Whenever we march over a camp road, and even when we look funny or grotesque with gas masks over faces, our marching in smooth cadence is a symbol of the unity and harmony which a trained army represents.

But usually our imagination is too weak, so that we are not fully conscious of our place in the world of today. That is one reason for the Retreat ceremonial and for formal reviews. At such times we do have a sense of our importance, a reverence for the soldier's calling, although we may be individually humble. Then, as the Flag goes forward and we follow, it is possible to see that in a mystical way the Flag and its honor are in our keeping. And as the National Anthem is played we may remember that the privilege of standing at salute or at present arms is ours and that the confidence of a nation is centered in us whenever people sing:

O say does that Star-spangled Banner  
yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the  
home of the brave?

## What Cooks, Craig? Message to Garcia, Or Is it in the Bag?

Off hand it hardly seems a ease for the "G" men, but the strange actions of one Cpl. Charles M. Craig, DEML, are keeping many soldiers in his barracks awake when they could be sleeping through reveille (or trying to).

Cpl. Craig, as if you didn't know, does something or other at Camp Headquarters. Every morning he departs for his chores, which isn't so odd, but he never fails to carry a small kit bag with him, which is. The corporal doesn't cut across fields as many lesser men do, but sticks carefully to the main thoroughfares.

What does Cpl. Craig carry in that bag? Is it the latest in bomb sights? Is it an extra pair of socks? Is it Yehudi? Is Cpl. Craig going to break down and tell us before we start screaming?

We hope to have some kind of an answer next week.

## Lt. Hale Appointed Camp Provost Marshal

According to special orders issued Monday, 1st Lt. Julius Hale, Inf. SCU-1911 is detailed as Acting Provost Marshal in addition to his other duties.

Also, 1st Lt. Walter R. Padrick, Inf. SCU 1911, is released from his assignment as Assistant S-4 and is assigned to the Military Police sec-

## Best Fish Story to Win \$10 for Teller

Sept. 19 Deadline in  
Contest for 3 Prizes

Are you a liar or a fisherman? Or are you both? And are you a buck private?

These are the qualifications for entry into The Sentry's Fish Story Contest now in progress and to close with the mail on Saturday night, September 19. There are three prizes, \$10, \$6 and \$4, for the three fish stories judged best of the lot received.

Tom Smith, Independence food merchant, is the sponsor of the contest, and poster of the first prize.

Tom got tired of the fish stories told repeatedly by his Independence barbers, butchers and candlestick-makers. He believes that some buck private from Maine or Florida or Colorado can put them in the shade. He barred officers and non-coms because he was not so sure about them. The Sentry offers half of the prize money.

Read the rules and then write your effort. Tell about big ones or about little ones, but bear in mind that you are contesting with others who can tell some too. Then get your stuff in to the Public Relations office.

## Week Program Given For Camp Movie Show

Friday, September 4 — "Calling Dr. Gillespie," with Lionel Barrymore, Philip Dorn and Donna Reed. Selected short subjects including Community Sing and Movietone News.

Saturday, September 5 — "Spy Ship" with Irene Manning, Craig Stevens, plus "Hi, Neighbor" with Jean Parker.

Sunday, Monday, September 6-7 — "Talk of the Town" with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur and Ronald Coleman, plus news.

Tuesday, September 8 — "Little Tokio, U.S.A." with Preston Foster and Brenda Joyce. "Also "Daughter of Rosy O'Grady," "Bats in the Belfry" and "Colorful North Carolina" as selected shorts.

Wednesday, Thursday, September 9-10 — "Are Husbands Necessary" with Ray Milland and Betty Field, based on "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat." Also "Soaring Stars," "Donald Gets Drafted" and news.

Friday, September 11 — "Pierre of the Plains" starring John Carroll, Ruth Hussey and Bruce Cabot, plus "A Study in Socks," "Neck and Neck" and "Personality Plus," a Sportlight.

All films listed are for Post Theatre No. 5, Avenue "D" and Fifth Street South.

PAY CHECK — Are you kidding?

## Enlisted Personnel Receive Promotions

Promotions for the week:  
Quartermaster section: To be sergeant, Cpls. G. E. Fisher, R. A. Gordon. From Pvt. 1cl. to corporal: H. R. Ingber, S. Lee, C. W. Fiola, J. H. Wilson, G. L. Chamberlain, I. Hankin and T. Bingel. Four DEML men were promoted to corporal: H. Beckett, E. V. Hendricks, E. A. Brown and R. L. Black.

Veterinary section announced the promotion of two men. I. W. Hope to S/Sgt., and S. P. Maher to Techn. 4th grade.

Medical section gave promotions to 58 enlisted men. A. H. Stalvey to M/Sgt., R. H. Farris, J. R. DeBrayne, E. M. Haskins, H. R. Jourdan, A. Levine, M. C. Lindsay, R. Lynch, L. O. Philliber and J. A.

Toews promoted to S/Sgts. Techns. 4th grade T. T. Duffield, R. B. McNeese, H. H. Ochs, W. A. O'Rourke, C. C. Burch, H. J. Kesling and R. N. Maki were also promoted to S/Sgt. grade. J. Chipko, C. H. Keefer, K. D. Stern, D. D. Siquido, C. W. Cox, E. W. Nelson and J. A. Tipton promoted to sergeants. To be corporal: Pvts. 1cl. J. H. Ford, H. L. Jess, C. P. Wind, W. J. Wilson, W. D. Bittinger, H. U. Breen, R. L. Gross, W. G. Klum, J. F. Lynch, I. C. Pystad, E. S. Mott, J. R. O'Keefe, H. J. Reinke, and S. W. Southard. To be Techns. 5th grade: Pvts. 1cl. J. C. Herron, F. M. Bradler, R. L. Churchill, N. C. Elliott, B. R. Lockridge, J. A. Orwick, R. S. Rapisardo, H. L. Roberts, C. J. Thill, H. J. Wolfe and C. Bomar. Also promoted to Techns. 5th grade were Pvts. L. A. Cavanaugh, T. F. Cussen, N. R. Gordon, O. D. Kanouse, C. A. Mason, J. W. Moore, G. Silverman, F. T. Troy and J. E. Young.

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## Hello Soldier:

Have you sent a new photograph of yourself in uniform home? The ones who are "that way" about you would appreciate a good picture of you. Don't be misled by special prices for quality yet deserve a better price. Yet good photographs are not expensive.

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