

Service Clubs Scene Of Dances Friday Nite

Infantry Orchestra Is Here From Salem Hqrs.

The social whirlpool eddied around the two service clubs last Friday night for the second time in the regular series of enlisted men's dances.

Music for the soiree at Club 2 was furnished by a Field Artillery orchestra, playing its second consecutive dance, and was pleasant to listen and dance to with its diversified repertoire ranging from rumbas to Viennese waltzes. Fir boughs were used throughout the clubs for decoration.

PFC Nick Sansonia, man of vocal and piano chords, entertained during intermission with the ever-popular ballads "I Surrender, Dear" and "Embraceable You." Pvt. Richard Iskowitz entertained at the ivories and was well-received with his boogie-woogie treatment of some of the new and old tunes.

Chaplain Alf W. Jorgensen and Mrs. Jorgensen, Chaplain Lloyd V. Harmon and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Creager were among the guests who dropped in during the evening, together with Capt. Frank C. Wimer, Special Service officer and Service Club Officer Robert E. Mallonee.

The Junior Hostesses attending this dance hailed from Salem and Corvallis, and Miss Helen Shumaker, librarian, pinch-hitting for Cafeteria Hostess Carrie Reedy, took charge of the cafeteria. Miss Elizabeth Rogers, hostess, and Mrs. Florence Merriam, assistant hostess were in charge of No. 2 club dance.

At the other club, the Infantry orchestra from the Salem Fair grounds provided the tunes for dancing, and the Hostesses at this affair came from Salem, Albany and Monmouth. Hostess Blodgett major domo-ed the affair assisted by Pvt. Leonard Green.

Large crowds, numbering well over 125 couples at each club, attended and joined in making the evening a social success. The cafeterias, equipped with modern furniture, did a land office business.

Joe Miller Told It, So Why Shouldn't We?

Speaking of priorities, Grover C. Ferguson, Christian Science minister, offers us this one:

An army truck, crashing through the landscape, picked up a soldier and a hill-billy. When it reached camp, a sentry challenged, and the driver cried:

"I got a soldier, a pile of manure and a hill-billy."

Further on, the same challenge and the same answer. Next time the truck slowed up the hill-billy called to the driver:

"Say, pardner, if you have to tell 'em again, do you mind giving me priority over this manure?"

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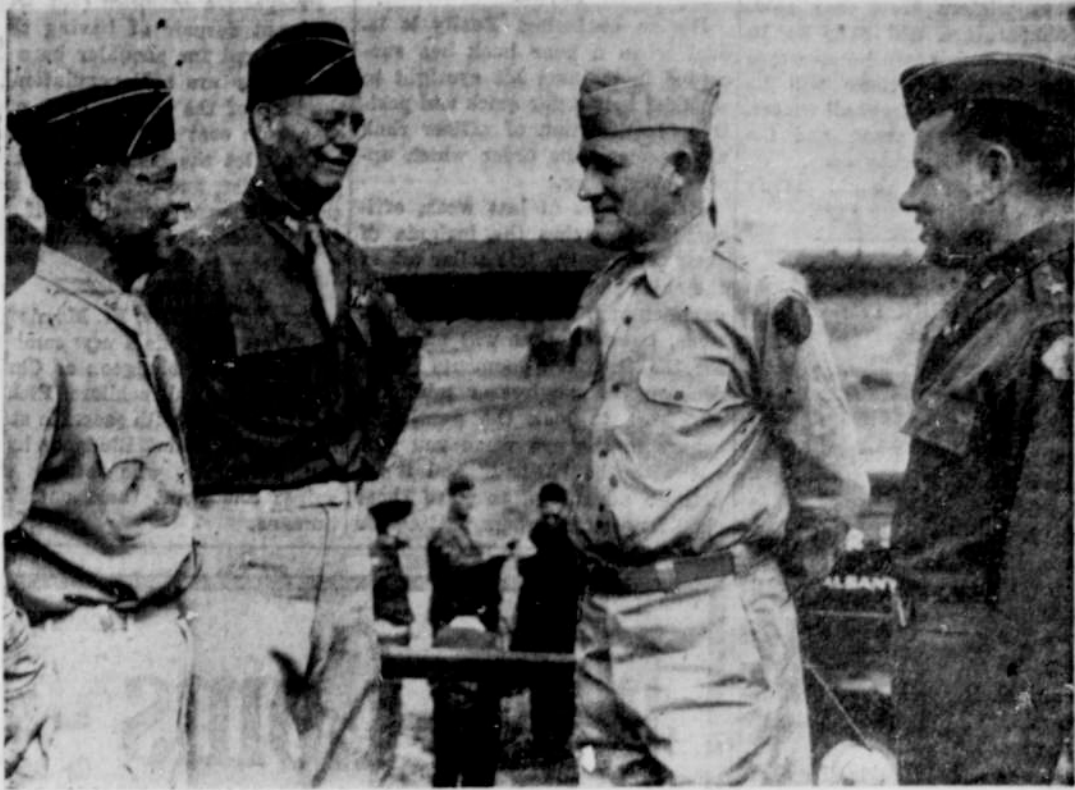
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Congratulates Commanding Officer of 104th Division



Maj. Gen. G. R. Cook, (second from left) 104th Division commander, is congratulated by Maj. Gen. C. H. White, commanding officer of the IX corps. Left, Maj. Gen. James L. Bradley, commanding officer of the 96th, and right, Brig. Gen. C. M. Easley, also of 96th. Occasion was activation of 104th here last week.

Madison Square Mail Man Is in Camp Adair

Square-pegs-in-round holes department:

From Madison Square postman to the Medics of Camp Adair is the way Pvt. Leo B. Schachter has gone in the army so far and he wonders why, although liking it well enough.

He just hopes that his old customers on the Madison Square mail route in New York City will learn his camp address in time for the usual Christmas regards. If not, the Madison Square station has a Victory club that includes some war veterans and they are looking after the fellows in the service.

MEDITATIONS of THE MEDICS by Pfc. Bert Shandler

Those who try to get themselves admitted into Station Hospital with the prospect of a few days of neat goldbricking have another think coming. That's the warning of Pfc. Lloyd Wunderling, medical section, SCU 1911, day ward-attendant.

Lloyd refers everyone to this ward rule: "Convalescent patients selected by the Ward Surgeon will be detailed to assist in keeping the ward, corridors and patients' rooms and grounds clean and tidy."

Practically every patient able to get around must do his share in sweeping, mopping, dusting window sills, says Lloyd. And he rarely has trouble getting patients to cooperate!

Patients physically able must also assist in regular window washings. Of course, bed patients are exempt. Hypochondriacs with an eye to an army rest cure, warns Lloyd, better think before signing up. But if they do, Lloyd can use 'em!

The daily early morning drills given to the medics of SCU No. 1911 hold no terror for Pfc. Leo Schachter. When his barracks mates puff after the ordeal, Leo suggests they take in a brisk walk after breakfast. For Leo was a New York City letter carrier in civilian life. After pounding the big city pavements for two years, Oregon drill is like walking on air.

But Leo's buddies think it mighty strange that Leo is always looking for someone to "run over to the PX" for him!

Committee Members Plan Aid to Camp

Twenty-five representatives of the inter-county committee for camp and hospital service were present at the meeting Tuesday afternoon in the Red Cross chapter house, called together to talk over and plan furnishing of the day rooms and hospital service for Camp Adair.

The representatives set up a committee to direct the work and elected Milton E. Meyers of Salem chairman, Mrs. Charles Greenwood of Dallas, co-chairman, and Rev. Charles Neville of Toledo treasurer. Mr. Meyers was instructed to select a secretary from his own trained staff of Marion county assistants working with the

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Red Cross chapter there. Corvallis is to be the regular meeting place of the workers and the next session is to be held at the chapter house on Tuesday, October 6.

In checking up on the furniture needs for the camp day rooms, the workers found generous response is being made, although additional furnishings will be needed. Among the "desirables" are ping pong tables, card tables and amusements.

There is an immediate call for ash trays and preferably metal trays, for the hospital, and also for coat hangers. These articles may be left at the Red Cross chapter house and will be delivered to the camp.

James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, wrote that German war psychology was based on a kind of fear that has existed ever since the Thirty Years War (1618-1648), when the European population was reduced from 20,000,000 to 4,000,000 and cannibalism was practiced, and the land became almost a desert.

Deadline for Mailing Overseas Gifts is Set

November 1 has been designated as the deadline for mailing Christmas parcels to service men overseas—and have them arrive in time—according to a joint agreement of the war, navy and post office departments, just announced.

Existing restrictions on overseas parcel post of 11 pounds weight, 18 inches length and 42 inches combined length and girth, exist at present. Those wishing to mail packages are urged to voluntarily observe these limitations. Volume is not to exceed that of an ordinary shoebox and weight to be not more than six pounds.

All mail matter will remain subject to censorship.

Southern troops have the biggest feet, the Quartermaster corps finds. Those of the north have a longer waist line. Texans are tallest.

Vignettes of Army Life— That Letter Home

By Pvt. R. C. Johnson

Sick and tired of writing letters on his G.I. bed—contorted like a swastika to achieve even the slightest degree of comfort—Joe Rookie decided he would take his barracks mates' advice and amble over to the Post Exchange. There, in peace and comfort, he could spread out his paraphernalia on one of the yarning tables and pen his nightly billet-doux to the lovely Daisybelle.

With his half-killed deck of cigarettes, matches and change for some ice cream and cokes jammed into his pockets with his hands, and his portfolio of Bond squeezed under his arm, he burst triumphantly into the seething mass of humanity bunched around the P.X. door. Like the college half-back with one minute to play in the last down, Joe plunged down the soldier-strewn aisle and found seclusion at one end of a momentarily unpopular table.

Despite the din of boisterous voices and the drone of the juke box, he managed to bring his mind into focus and started writing: "My Dearest Daisybelle...". He always started that way for it made his heart miss a beat when those tender words bounced back at him off the paper. "...Needless to say, I miss you more and more... but a lousy slap on the back and a hearty 'Hi ya, Joe' jolted the pen from his fingers and brought the hulk of Corporal Bill over him.

"Writin' home?" Bill asked, as if he didn't know.

"Nope, ta my girl," was the staid reply.

Silence settled momentarily, and Bill was quick to take his cue and leave. "Well, take it easy," he said walking away, and mechanically Joe mumbled, "See ya later."

... "needless to say I miss you more and more" ... "dear and I long for the time when I shall" ... but the thought trend was severed. The strains of "You Made Me Love You" cycloned through the P. X. from the daily-lighted juke box. Joe propped apart his teeth with his pen, stared out of the window with a my-mind's-a-million-miles-away look and remembered the first time he met Daisybelle. She had freckles, big ones, a cute turned-up nose and eyes like sapphires ... ahhhh ... he sighed. His fingers retrieved his pen and continued ... "return and we shall plan our wedding; I just heard our

favorite song on the 'vic' and recalled the night" ...

"Hey, there, stick-in-the-mud," came a clarion call. It was Gus, the PFC, the camp playboy whose sole regret was that he couldn't bring his string of polo ponies into the service with him.

"C'mon over to my barracks and have a piece of Mom's cake," invited Gus.

"Thanks, no, Gus. Gotta finish this letter. Maybe later," Joe retorted politely. The cake would be delicious—but his loyalty to the intangible Daisybelle outweighed the lure of the tangible cake for his stomach. Gus smiled, and left to seek another patron.

... "when we went to the country club dance and the band was playing that song as we came in, and we decided it should be our very" ...

The lights of the P. X. blinked the warning that closing time was only five minutes away.

As hopelessly futile as the late Prime Minister Chamberlain must have felt when he courageously predicted "peace in our time," Pvt. Rookie gathered together his materials, screwed on the top of his pen, and uncoiled his legs from the table. In utter disgust he meandered out, with a dejected "Hiya" or "Hullo" as he wormed past his friends.

He plodded back to his barrack and checked his watch at 8:57. Three more minutes before "Lights Out." Well, he could "always get into bed, cover his head with a blanket and use his flashlight to see to finish the letter ... or he could advance to the day room ... or to the ... OH NUTS!

"I'll get up a half hour earlier in the morning and finish it, before anyone else is awake," he informed himself.

But somehow we doubt if he did. Don't you?

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Men Suffer Burns in Oil Barrel Explosion

Burned Soldiers Help Each Other Douse Fire

Five men were burned, one seriously and another painfully, when a partially filled barrel of waste oil exploded last Saturday. The soldiers were spreading the oil in preparation for burning an area adjacent to a road near the camp incinerator.

Seriously burned about the back and arms was Pvt. Joe E. Roland, of Cookeville, Tenn. Sgt. Clarence D. Leach, Hamilton, Texas, received painful burns about the neck and shoulders. Slightly burned were Pvt. William O. Skaggs, St. Louis, Mo., Pfc. Robert L. Doyle, Steubenville, Ohio, and Pvt. Lawrence T. Coombs, Silverton, Oregon.

The explosion was caused when the spreading oil became ignited. Cause of the fire was not determined. All men received immediate attention at the camp hospital.

Alertness on the part of three of the men prevented more serious injuries and possible damage to the truck, it was reported, Private Doyle, although burned himself, grabbed Private Roland and assisted in extinguishing flames on Roland's back and arms. Private Skaggs, who was not injured by the blast, was burned about the hand when he put out flames on Sergeant Leach. Although painfully burned, Leach jumped into the truck and drove it to safety.

Private Roland was reported Wednesday to be slightly improved, and the other injured men are also making satisfactory recovery, it was stated by hospital officers.

EXPERIENCE

I'm just a recruit who knew it all, Who couldn't be told how to hit the ball.

Went my own way — Scorned advice, Thinking myself pretty nice! Although I had a very bad ease, Woke up one morning, way off my base, Courtmartialled — two months in jail.

Learned to my sorrow, I couldn't get bail, I'm learning my lesson—I'm learning it well!

Outside of the guardhouse, the Army is swell. So, take this advice of one who knows, Button up your lip, keep on your toes.

Buck up a breeze — make your own breaks, Learn to profit by other's mistakes.

I know there are others as foolish as I, Running around with their heads in the sky; So, take this warning and heed it well, or— You'll make your life one sweet little Hell.

By Sgt. "Lucky" Hutchinson.

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HOLD EVERYTHING FOR FOOD HARVEST

The Salem USO organization, through Mr. R. F. Kunz, program director, asks that demands for entertainment during the next 10 days, be held to the minimum—or as nearly that as possible. The reason is to allow those helping with the routine entertainment program to be released for assisting in the food harvest, now in its full swing in the Salem area.

Regular dances will be continued, Mr. Kunz says, but fewer will attend as there will be fewer hostesses available. The USO asks this cooperation as a patriotic duty, as well as in all good neighborliness in helping save the food crops.

Watch Your Step, Men When Giving Address

Soldiers fortunate enough to get to register in a hotel these days must not make reference to their unit, organization or army post office address.

These instructions have been issued by the war department to eliminate any chance of impending troop movements being discovered by the enemy merely by scanning the registration book. It's all right to give your correct name, rank and either "U. S. Army" or home address, but stop right there.

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Surgical Dressing Shipment Arrives

A large shipment of surgical dressing material has just arrived at the local Red Cross chapter house and help will be needed to make the material into dressings.

Small groups of women workers have been supplying the hospital at Camp Adair with the dressings, but as the hospital needs grow more workers will be needed to make up the necessary supply. The work is being supervised by trained women, and the workers are meeting every afternoon from 1 to 4:30 o'clock, in the chapter house.

A class to train supervisors is planned.

From Chemical Warfare Service news letter: "Ours is not the glory of the battle in the field, but ours is the deep satisfaction of those who make the wheels go round. Our combat troops are carrying the ball; we are the passers. You and our combat troops are on the march together—let us work that way." Gather ye rosebuds while ye may For time brings only sorrow. Girls you might have kissed today May wear gas masks tomorrow.

Selfridge Field News entitled it "Lament of the WAAC."

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