

Camp Adair Sentry

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THE RULE OF THUMB

The problem of transportation for men in uniform to and from camp while on pass, now a minor irritant, promises to soon become serious.

More and more men are arriving but so far as we have been able to ascertain bus line operators are not keeping pace. This is not necessarily a criticism. The tire shortage, priorities of many kinds, lack of qualified drivers and other war time restrictions must be taken into consideration.

But, regardless of the reason, it is apparent that we cannot depend on bus lines to any great extent. We must solve the problem some other way—and NOT by thumbing rides on the highway.

At first glance it would seem that elimination of these two methods of transportation automatically means the majority of us are doomed to spend many evenings and holidays wishing we were some place else. There is, however, a solution. The army is hourly overcoming much more difficult obstacles than this one and will continue to do so. Contrary to the belief of some, those in charge of our army do not begrudge a soldier having a certain amount of diversion and relaxation. They know from years of actual experience and observation that a certain amount is necessary.

The specific order forbidding the "thumbing" of rides can not be questioned. We must, as soldiers, accept it as an order and let it go at that. What then, is to be done?

As we said before, the army will find a solution. Whether it will be the establishing of certain areas or loading zones, from which soldiers will be picked up by private cars under supervision of military authorities, or some other method, remains to be seen. But some way will be devised. Until it is, here is a suggestion:

When you get your pass and outside the gate, manage to look like you want a ride without moving your arms. That may sound difficult, but the U. S. Army is noted for its ingenuity. Don't let it lose that reputation.

Remember, also, to pass on to the fellow that picks you up your orders about not signaling for a hitch. By doing this and comporting yourself like a soldier and gentleman, you'll make it easier for the next fellow.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the right of all, Americans believe, and most of us have felt so secure in the first two that we have taken them for granted and have concentrated on the third.

Today that state of affairs is reversed. We must forego the pursuit of happiness while we join with many nations in protecting the life and liberty and in freeing others now in bondage.

It is not easy for us Americans to understand that. Never before have the people of this country had to turn from the quest of happiness to the grim task of fighting for survival as a free nation. Our forefathers fought for the opportunity of building a free republic and later there was the sad struggle to preserve it, but this is the first time that other hostile powers have forced us to use all our strength.

In World War No. 1, as we are calling it nowadays, we were not pitted against an enemy which already controlled most of Europe and much of Asia and had taken our Pacific islands and crippled the British Commonwealth of Nations. Also the heavy losses were registered before our entry. Consider our figure of 60,000 against the British loss of nearly a million men.

In saying that it is difficult for us to comprehend what has happened I am mindful, certainly, that the facts are on record and that men of authority have called attention to them right along.

"We are engaged in a most tragic war, the most bitter this country and the world has ever known," says Major General William N. Porter, Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service. "We must deliver a knockout blow because we know the consequences if we fail. Our enemies have a big head start. They have been preparing for a showdown ever since the Armistice in 1918 and they have been piling up munitions and men to attack us."

"The war has not gone well for the United Nations up to the present," says Brigadier General G. L.

Van Deusen, commanding general of the Eastern Signal Corps School at Monmouth, N. J. "We face the prospect of a long and bitter war in which each of us carries a heavy responsibility."

"We have been living on our fat so far in this war," Donald Nelson, War Production Board chairman, tells the American Legion, in remarking that 60 per cent of American production will be going for war by the middle of 1943. "Believe me, we aren't going to have an ounce of fat left in another year. We'll be down to bone and muscle, because we have to get down to bone and muscle in order to win."

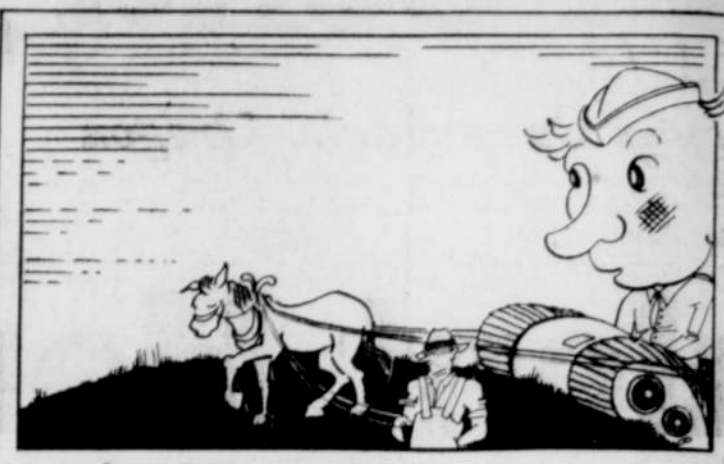
Most Consider Future
No doubt we'll feel better, ethically, better, when we are down to bone and muscle. The Declaration of Independence, which comes out for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," also has in it the expression, "decent respect for the opinions of mankind." Nowadays we need a decent respect for the sufferings of mankind in all of the stricken nations which look to us, most of all, for any possible future.

There is something indecent about the pursuit of happiness in the usual way, at a time when grief and destruction and we past imagining are the portion of some of the nations on our side in this war.

The earlier reports of the torture of Czech patriots, the violation of Polish women, the machine-gunning of refugees in France, the children dying of starvation in the streets of Athens, and the hideous slaughter in China, were bad enough, but the silence of those lands today is more terrible.

As human beings we can't afford business as usual or pleasure as usual; in such a world. If we do, we are marked as shallow, callous, without heart. For the present the pursuit of happiness is out. For our own self-respect we've got to behave as do the masses of China and the gallant ones everywhere who never have expected much from life and never have had much and still are fighting desperately for the mere chance to live at all.

He Has Friends in the Neighborhood



Elmer, the camp tramp, has made friends hereabouts during his work all summer on camp construction. He believes in keeping up his contacts.

SOCIAL NOTES

By Adele Adair

Last Friday night I was the belle of the ball once again. It was "Let's Dance at the Service Clubs" night and I was there in all my glory. I dropped into both clubs and they were just teeming with activity and merriment. Never had more fun. And I'm going again next week, you can bet your best O.D's!

At Service Club No. 1, Mrs. Blodgett, principal hostess, kept things moving right along and there wasn't a dull moment. All the best bands were there... Dorsey, Good, Miller, Shaw, Gray... (on records, of course) and the tunes were gay and danceable.

The feature of the evening was Pfc. Nick Sansonia's accordion interpretations of "I'm Glad I Waited for You" and "I Wasn't Lying," played as only Nick can play them.

There were loads of lovely girls at Clubhouse 1, too. They hailed from Albany, Monmouth, Independence, and Eugene, and among the guests of honor were Chaplain and Mrs. Alf W. Jorgenson, Miss Carrie Reedy, cafeteria hostess, was on hand and assisted Mrs. Blodgett with the guests.

Over at Club 2, where I popped in in all fairness to you as your gossip columnist, there was some grand music dished up by the boys in the Field Artillery orchestra. At this clubhouse, Principal Hostess Miss Elizabeth Rogers was in charge, ably assisted by Junior Hostess, Mrs. Florence Merriam, and Miss Helen Shumaker, club librarian.

Everyone here was having a barrel of fun and for the first time there was a stag line. And no wonder, with the Junior Hostesses coming from Corvallis and Salem. During the evening, I saw, among the honored guests, Major and Mrs. Creager, Capt. Thompson, Chaplain Lloyd Harmon, 1st Lt. Victor Mix and Capt. Frank C. Wimyer, of Special Service, and Warrent Officer Logan, band director.

Oh, yes, while the dances are in progress the libraries are closed, in case you were wondering.

Oh, and there's a rather funny twist to the crack made about there being a 'stag line'. Seems that a greater portion of the fellows had decided to spend a couple of hours with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire at "Holiday Inn" before coming over to the dances. So when 8:15 rolled around (the show still being in progress) an S.O.S. for more men was sounded throughout all the barracks for the lovely hostesses had arrived and there were no soldiers to dance with. By 8:35, the fellows who had been rounded up to take care of the "emergency" arrived... along with the film patrons who had just come out of the theatre. P. S. No wonder there were stag lines!

Decorations at Club 2, by the way, were dreamed up and fashioned by Miss Rogers and Mrs. Merriam... with the color scheme (blue and white) in keeping with the colors of the 96th Division.

On Friday there will be dances again... at both clubs. And by the way, speaking of tomorrow night's dances, the Junior Hostess who will assist Mrs. Blodgett in Clubhouse No. 1 arrived during the week, and will assist with the dance there. Her name? Miss Venola Gibson.

We'll see you there!

REGIMENTAL TEA DANCE

The wife of the Army officer does as much and more to aid in the war effort and the women who have come with their officer husbands to municipalities surrounding Camp Adair are interested in taking over their share of the work.

This fact was brought out at the Regimental Tea Dance given for the wives and officers the other afternoon. Mrs. E. T. May called together the meeting and her husband, Col. May of the 96th Div., attended.

This doesn't mean that we can't relax, can't enjoy ourselves, can't take it easy sometimes. But it does mean a vast change in emphasis. Today we must live for victory.

spoke to the women on certain phases of army regulations and told of the rules imposed on their husbands because of the war.

Men of the army are here for work, not play, it was brought out, and the women hope to follow a program of work, with some social activity included.

During the afternoon, the group, which numbered well over 70 women, planned a sewing project at the camp—sewing chevrons and buttons on the uniforms of the enlisted men and officer personnel. They are also planning to aid the Red Cross group on the post and cooperate fully with the other units. Nurses aid will be offered.

Tea was served at 5 o'clock when the officers came off duty, and a dance followed.

DONNELLY-GROENDYKE WEDDINGS

At 7 o'clock last Saturday evening, Miss Ruth Donnelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Donnelly of Newport, Kentucky, became the bride of S/Sgt. Homer D. Groendyke, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Groendyke of Cincinnati, Ohio, now stationed at Camp Adair.

The Rev. Arthur A. Hartenberger officiated at the service read before the altar of the Zion Evangelical Lutheran church. A double ring ceremony was used.

Attending the couple were Sgt. Norman C. Key of Camp Adair and Miss Yvonne Foster of Corvallis. Sgt. and Mrs. Groendyke will make their home at 624 11th Street, Corvallis.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Announced in Washington, D. C. as well as in Corvallis, is the news that Col. and Mrs. Hammond McD. Monroe of Corvallis are telling of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Barbara Monroe to Robert Stone Morrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Morrison of Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Col. Monroe was formerly stationed at the Army War College in Washington and he and Mrs. Monroe have recently come to live in Corvallis while he is with the officer personnel at Camp Adair. Miss Monroe arrived here last week to join her parents and make further plans for her wedding, to take place in mid-October, in Corvallis.

SATURDAY WEDDING

At a quiet wedding ceremony, with just a few friends in attendance, Miss Margaret O. Hagen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hagen of Glenwood, Minnesota, became the bride of Sgt. Erwin A. Schrupp of Camp Adair and son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Schrupp of Wood Lake, Minnesota, at 7:30 p. m. last Saturday in Zion Lutheran Church, Corvallis.

Mrs. Schrupp came west for the wedding and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur A. Hartenberger, pastor. Their attendants were Sgt. and Mrs. Homan A. Hilliard of Corvallis.

Sgt. and Mrs. Schrupp went on a brief wedding trip and are now making their home in Monmouth.

REINHEIMER-NELSON

At a simple and impressive candle-light ceremony read in their new apartment at 335 South 4th street, Miss Harriet Reinheimer, daughter of Mrs. Carrie Reinheimer became the bride of Pvt. Albert J. Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Nelson of San Francisco and at present stationed at Camp Adair.

Vows were taken at 6:30 o'clock Sunday evening, Sept. 20, before an bankment of salmon-colored gladioli, with Dr. Jesse Hunch, pastor of the First Methodist Church, officiating. Only a few guests, immediate relatives and close friends, attended.

The bride wore a street-length dress of soldier blue wool crepe with matching accessories and a corsage of Rubrum lilies. An informal reception followed during which a large wedding cake was served.

Pvt. and Mrs. Nelson are now "at home" at their apartment.

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN SCU 1911

One of the finest examples of cooperation for morale building shown the armed forces is that of the motion picture industry. On this post, as well as in others throughout the country, the best that the silver screen has to offer is available to those who enjoy this form of entertainment.

The pictures are not only released to service men just as promptly as they are to big first run theaters, but at prices that a buck private—even one who has made that \$22 allotment to his wife and has taken out insurance and an authorized war bond allotment—can afford. Actually, by purchasing a script book, the admission charge is but 12 cents.

This post has two theaters already in operation, with a third soon to open. Others will be in service as needed. All are well equipped with the latest projection and sound apparatus.

The screen today is not only a medium of entertainment, but of education as well. Enjoy the movies regularly, and make special note of what you see in news reels and short feature subjects.

Until profits roll in, we will have to be content with cushionless benches. Some smart fellows take along a pillow, especially if the program is a double bill.

The governor of the state of Oregon has by decree set a maximum speed limit of 35 miles per hour on the highways. Speed limits have already been set for this post.

To obey these limits is more than just a duty. It is a vital necessity, not only for safety, although a drop in accidents is certain, but because rubber must be conserved. Slower speed means less wear on tires.

Perhaps some of us will chafe a bit when we are in a hurry, and have to hold down to the limit. But we may be very thankful, when a year or so from now, we still have some rubber on our wheels and can go places, even though we have to start earlier in order to get there.

All drivers of military vehicles will obey the speed limits on the post and on the state and local limits when driving off the post. Drivers of private cars are expected to conform to all regulations also. Let's do it cheerfully, willingly, as we must do if we are to win this war.

Go Up in the Air

Three Camp Adair men go to the Air Force classification center at Nashville, Tenn., as aviation cadets. The three are T/Sgt. Billy L. Bickley and T/3 Edward J. Joyce, both of the 96th division, and Cpl. Thomas A. Robinson, military police detachment.

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Sir: Last week you had a front-page story about the sign, with a verse on it, warning all comers to keep off the hint of grass in front of the headquarters of Hd. Co., SCU No. 1911. I wondered where that verse came from, for it seemed familiar, but nobody at headquarters knew.

While I was in the office one night a sentinel entered to learn why the light burned. He was Pvt. Abe Steinbach, who painted that sign and almost 400 others, for officers, truck drivers, and so on, when he wasn't on guard, on K. P., or some work detail.

"That verse," he told me, "is on signs in Ft. Tryon Park, New York City. I go there all the time—I mean I did go there, and remembered the verse. I don't know who wrote it."

I tell that as one from New York myself, and proud of it. That park is the one which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave the city. It is high

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—Nightworker.

QUERY

By Pvt. Andrew Galet
Was it in a dream that I beheld
Suns crashing in space
And from their firmaments was
fashioned
Your most lovely face?
And did your eyes acquire their
fire
From a flashing storm?
Was it from a willow reed
You got your swaying form?
And did the tossing, restless seas
With their strange commotions
Impart to you a part of their
Tumultuous emotions?

BUY WAR BONDS

How're we going to help beat the Germans and the Japs
It'll take a lot of equipment,
To clean them off the map,
To preserve this Our Democracy
for the good old U. S. A.
We'll save for Bonds,
We'll sell War Bonds,
We'll buy War Bonds today!

What do we need to win this war,
why tanks, and planes and
guns,
The Army's got the soldiers,
And by God we'll get the funds.
We've got to win—we've got to
win, so we must reserve
our pay,
We'll save for Bonds,
We'll sell War Bonds,
We'll buy War Bonds today!

An investment in our government
is an investment in our kids,
For they're the ones who'll bear
the brunt,
When Hitler hits the skids,
We'll buy the bonds to break the
bonds of friends without
delay,
We'll save for Bonds,
We'll sell War Bonds,
We'll buy War Bonds today!

We're out to beat the Axis and to
conquer them we must
It took a lot of argument,
But we know our cause is just,
And now good Americans have
enlisted in the fray,
We'll save for Bonds,
We'll sell War Bonds,
We'll buy War Bonds today!

From Midway to Dutch Harbor to
the shores of Tripoli,
We'll lay a path of Savings Bonds
For all the world to see,
Our Army, Navy, and Marines will
fight along the way,
We'll save for Bonds,
We'll sell War Bonds today!
—To be sung to the tune of "The
Cavalry, the Cavalry".



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what it takes
SIR . . .

to photograph you as a
man should be photo-
graphed in uniform.

Characteristically
Forcefully—
and will all—
Quickly—with no
waste of your time!

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utes and—why not to-
day?

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- MEN'S, WOMEN'S, CHILDREN'S SHOES
- YARD GOODS and DOMESTICS
- BLANKETS and BEDDING

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