

# Camp Adair Sentry

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

A weekly newspaper published for the military and civilian personnel of Camp Adair, Oregon, and circulated free to officers, soldiers and civilians by written permission of the camp commander.

Published by the Camp Adair Sentry, publisher, Box 347, Corvallis, Oregon. News matter pertaining to Camp Adair, furnished by the Camp Public Relations Office, is available for general release.

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Subscription by mail \$1.50 a year or \$1 for six months.

Advertising rates upon request.  
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## LENGTH OF THE DURATION

(The following editorial appeared in the Portland Oregonian on October 12. As it seems to deal with a question that is a great topic of discussion wherever two or more soldiers get together, we are passing it on with a vote of thanks to the Oregonian.)

Most of us have pondered upon "the duration," to wonder how long it may prove to be. Though we pray for a short war, with a decisive victory to the United Nations, few qualified commentators think it will be other than rather protracted. The consensus of such prediction ranges from one year to several—or did until Lewis Mumford, author and sociologist, lately peered into the crystal ball and glumly prophesied that the duration will be for a full century at the least. To be sure, the melancholy Mr. Mumford does not mean that the war will last that long, but that the hangover will.

One is reminded of Clare Boothe's favorite story. On a dock at Cherbourg, after the armistice of the first world war, when most of the doughboys had gone home, a small detachment of Negro stevedores toiled rather cheerlessly at the loading of American equipment. "Sarge," said a big buck private from Alabama, "Ah wants to ask jist one question. Did Ah or did Ah not enlist fo' de' duration of his heah wab?" The sergeant replied, "Man, dat's what you did." The big buck private rolled his eyes. "Well, de wah am over, ain't it?" he said. Sadly the sergeant shook his head. "Man," he said, "grit on wid dat job. De wah am over—but he duration am jist begun." This probably veracious tale will illustrate Mr. Mumford's pessimistic view of the sequel to the present conflict.

When our leaders of industry tell us that an unexampled period of American prosperity will follow the second world war—such leaders as Henry Ford—they are deluding us with "false, empty promises," Mr. Mumford believes. There won't be private airplanes for common people, and automobiles, refrigerators and other material comforts on a scale never witnessed before. Instead there will be only gruelling toil, and much deprivation, and enforced denial of the comforts to which we have been accustomed. And this relatively necessitous period, according to Mr. Mumford, shall last for not less than a century. Go on with you, Mr. Mumford! Not really? But our divinator only nods glumly.

While it is true that we ought not to dwell in a fool's paradise, and probably true that the prophets of a new golden age are a trifle too optimistic about post-war conditions in this country, we find that we prefer Mr. Ford's forecast of the American future to that of Mr. Mumford—and not solely because it pleases us more. We incline to agree with Henry Ford for the sufficient reason that his cheerful predictions are highly authoritative, issuing as they do from the lips of one of the greatest industrialists of all time, and that the future he perceives is well within the scope of American resources, initiative and leadership. If we fail of an approximation of the goal Mr. Ford describes, it will be for the reason that we shall have failed ourselves and our providential advantages. But we must not fail, nor need we. This time, a better America and a better world.

Mr. Mumford should discard his smoked glasses, or at least modify the tint of them. What manner of talk was that to make to Americans who are fighting a war they intend to win, and who are somewhat sustained in this effort by the hope of a cleaner and happier era? The duration must end with the war. If we Americans say that it shall end, and do not resume quarreling among ourselves, while abating our selfishness, it will end when the war is over, spite of the croakers.

## MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

This war—how long will it last? A tremendous question, and no one can know the answer without knowing the full resources of both sides and their state of mind in the months and years ahead, as well as today.

Of course nobody knows all that. Therefore it is amazing to find moderately informed men predicting, with glib assurance, that the war will be over at some particular time.

But the strangest prophets of all are those soldiers in the ranks who are dead sure—despite the dark warnings of recognized military authorities—that the war will be over early in 1943.

One young private said to me, just the other day, that the news from Russia was especially cheering and that he really believed he could return to civilian life within a few months. When I asked him to tell me exactly what news he meant, this lad pointed to a bulletin stating that the defenders of Stalingrad had thrown back

19 Nazi attacks. Suddenly, then, I understood why it is so difficult for Americans to see this war as the desperate struggle it is. We have grown accustomed to Axis victories to such a degree that when they stop, for a time, we think that our side is winning.

That is a most unfortunate way of thinking. It is absurd to suppose that the enemy has lost because the enemy has quit taking territory on a vast scale. The enemy will not even begin to lose until our side starts to recover the land that has been absorbed in sensational Axis successes.

Don't forget that Axis armies, thoroughly trained and magnificently directed, took territory which was not, in all cases, well fortified or ably defended, and that they had been at it for a long time. Since occupying much of Europe and Asia our enemy has done everything possible to develop the resources of various countries and to protect seized terri-

## It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



Weighty tactical problem—How to maneuver that extra sweet looking babe past a G.I. tap-dizzy stag line.

## Social Swirl

By Adele Adair

I had the pleasure last Friday night of attending two of the finest and most enjoyable dances on the post to date . . . of course, I mean those at the two super-duper Service Clubs! The gals were charming and really good dancing partners, the bands were good, and the atmosphere very, very social. Everyone seemed to be having fun, and most likely were!

The progress, instrumentally, that the new SCU 1911 Dance Band has made just in seven short days was remarkable when I dropped in Service Club 1, where Mrs. Margaret C. Blodgett, club director,

was greeting and making sure that everyone was having a good time. Speaking of the band, we can indeed be proud of the talented musicians who have given of their musical expertise and time to organize an outfit which truly represents Camp Adair. Several new tunes were played, with interesting variations and styles. It sounded swell.

Assisting Mrs. Blodgett were Miss Venola Gibson, junior hostess, and Miss Carrie Reedy, cafeteria hostess for the camp, kept the hoses, coffee, ice cream and other edibles moving in the club cafeteria. The Junior Hostesses came over from Salem, Corvallis, Independence, Dallas and Monmouth, and according to plans, a large representation of "lovelies" from Eugene have promised to drop in. Pvt. Lennie Green assisted, too, together with the Senior Hostesses who chaperoned the affair.

The intermission break was filled very pleasantly by the singing and mimicry of Pvt. Jack Gates of the 96th who brought down the house with his renditions of "Night and Day," "Asleep in the Deep" and "Wagon Wheels" and made the audience beg for more with his pantomime of what happens in the bathtub. The band added sound effects. We're still laughing!

At the other club, Service Club No. 2 (according to the sign outside) I ran into club director, Miss Elizabeth Rogers and Mrs. Florence Merriam, junior hostess, (both looking very lovely in evening clothes . . . a gesture which caused a lot of favorable comment among the soldiers!) as, in their official capacity, they were keeping things going. The Field Artillery band was also a pleasure to listen to, and the tunes, old and new, were dished up with the idea of danceability and pleasant listening, foremost.

Evergreen boughs were used for decoration, and the Junior Hostesses at this club came from Salem, Corvallis and Albany. Pfc. Nick Sansonia was on hand to aid the hostesses and Pvt. Larry Turgen, of the library staff, was in charge of the cafeteria.

Guests who dropped in during the evening, at the clubs, included Major Croager, Special Services officer of the 96th Division; Capt. Alex T. Ruth, SCU 1911 Special Services Officer; Chaplain Lloyd Harmon of SCU 1911 and Mrs. Harmon; Chaplain Leslie A. Thompson of the 96th; Capt. W. J. Boydstrun, aide to General Cook of the 104th; Lt. George H. Godfrey and Lt. Walter Padriek, both brandishing sidearm (but only because they were O. D. and O. G., respectively!) and Capt. A. E. Gridley of the 104th.

Thus passed a very pleasant evening in the diary of Camp Adair. But tomorrow night there will be dances again, (and remember the additional girls from Eugene!) . . . so, I'll see you at the club . . .

P.S. Nearly forgot to mention that we have a new addition to the "women's auxiliary" of Camp Adair. She is Mrs. Nina B. Mills from Portland, and she arrived on the post last Saturday to assume her duties as housekeeper in charge of Guest House No. 2.

Pfc. Frederick Crume and Miss Grace Arslanian, who met in New

## CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

SCU 1911

This week end the hunting season for pheasants will open for two days, Saturday and Sunday, to be followed by another day, Wednesday. Duck season opened October 15, and will remain open until December 23. Trout season will remain open until November 1, and salmon and steelhead fishing in coastal waters will soon be good.

Oregon, particularly the Willamette valley, has been blessed with an abundance of fish and game. However, this abundance at this time is not altogether the work of nature. Men, with a well-planned program of conservation over many years, has made possible the sport of hunting and angling today.

The fish and the birds in this area are here now because the people of the state have been "good sports" in the true sense of the word. In Oregon the term "A poor sport" is usually applied to one who shoots or hunts out of season or is a "game hog," and it is one of the most severe that can be applied to a fellow man.

Good sportsmanship calls, first of all, for genuine concern and consideration for the other fellow. In fishing and hunting it means first of all strict compliance with all game regulations. A good sportsman will kill only the legal limit, and only such birds and fish as the law allows. He will hunt and fish only during the hours and on days and on places as prescribed by law. He will use only guns and gear that are lawful.

In opening Camp Adair to hunting, we will conform with state and federal regulations as to bad habits, hours and days of legal seasons. It is to be expected that service men of this post will in all cases be GOOD SPORTSMEN.

For several years a part of this York on Flag day, when he showed an interest in her dog, thus having an excuse to speak, were married last Saturday in Corvallis.

Pfc. Morris Brounstein, whom Crume met at Ft. Dix, was the best man, and Miss Helen Black, employed in the Post Engineers office, where Crume works, was maid of honor. Crume, incidentally, is the fellow who comes to fix it when some gadget gets out of order. Either that, or he tells you what to do. He's one of those mechanical wizards.

The bridegroom is 26, the bride is 21, and after a wedding trip to Newport they are living in Corvallis. Mrs. Levan Arslanian, the bride's mother, came out with her daughter and is paying a short visit, but will go back to New York soon.

The new Mrs. Crume was assistant to the head teacher at the School of Nursing, Flower hospital, on Fifth avenue, in New York, and she has several offerings of jobs in camp.

The Red Cross Social hall in Hospital section was the scene of the first Medic's dance last Saturday night. Over 100 girls from the surrounding towns of Salem, Dallas, Corvallis, Independence and Monmouth were guests on the occasion, making the trip no doubt to see just what size rug the Medics could cut. Evidently the Sand Street Shuffle, as performed by those who really know, tickled the fancy of the visiting Misses because all stated their pleasure, and voiced approval at the announcement that parties of a similar nature would be held at least once each month.

Col. and Mrs. William B. Lewis, Commanding Officer and Capt. H. A. Hart were the special guests of the evening. Miss Lillian Bridgman and Miss Pauline Michael, recreational directors for the Red Cross in the hospital area gave valuable assistance in planning the dance. Music was furnished by the SCU orchestra.

reservation has been under the supervision, for game management, of the Fish and Wild Life service of the federal government. Wild Life experts have brought up the count of pheasants from 13 a few years ago to nearly 3000 at present. Quail and other birds also increased. The experts believe that if Camp Adair service men observe the seasons and regulations, the birds will increase and when the war is over, there will still be fine hunting here.

It has long been said that the true worth and character of a man comes out when he goes fishing or hunting. It is this worth and character that is summed up in the term, "Good sportsman." Service men of Camp Adair can have no more worthy aim than to be known to their fellow citizens of this valley as good sportsmen.

**OBSERVATION**  
Mine is a plaint to the wide, wide world,  
That of all dolts I've ever seen  
Are those who at a USO dance  
Form a soldierly, wallflower scene.  
**Nite Guard's Thot**  
Night, the harlot, stalks the earth  
Cloaked in a silvery sheen,  
Ever fearful the sun's mirth  
Will light her leprous mien.  
By Pvt. Andrew Galet.

SIoux FALLS, S. D. — The war has saved Clifford Hayes, 30, from death—temporarily at least. Hayes was due to be electrocuted August 9, but the state has no electric chair and priorities prevent building one.

## But What Does 'Pop' Get Out of the Deal

Some time ago Mess Sergeant (Pop) Bowman and T 5 Martin J. deMarque, both of H 4 Co., drove to Monmouth, craving ice cream, and disagreed on which ice cream parlor to visit.

Pop pulled his rank and they went to his place. Behind the counter was Miss Alice Morgan. She and the T 5 found they were the same age and that both came from Los Angeles and had other things in common. They are being married before long in Chapel No. 1, with Chaplain Alf W. Jorgenson officiating.

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