

# 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. Address all communications to "Camp Adair Sentry, Box 347, Corvallis, Oregon."

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## THE FEAR OF FEAR

Back when this country was in the depth of depression, President Roosevelt assured the nation that the "only thing to fear is fear." That is more true today than ever. This war we are in, desperate as it is and deadly as it is, can not frighten us unless we are afraid of the very thing we are fighting for—freedom.

All of us know instinctively that we do not fear for the future of our country . . . that when we win the war from the axis, we will not be under the heel of an even worse tyrant or tyrants. We know, or should know, by this time that the effort to fill us with fear is the work of the most high-powered propaganda machine in all history. A machine perfected ten years ago to spread fear rumors in this and other countries that are now open enemies of Hitler and all he stands for.

Said Hitler in 1933 . . . "Artillery preparation for attack will be replaced in the future war by psychological dislocation of the enemy through revolutionary propaganda. The enemy must be demoralized and driven to passivity. Our strategy is to destroy the enemy from within, to conquer him through himself. Mental confusion, contradictions of feelings, indecisions, panic—these are our weapons."

One would think it was pretty silly of Hitler to tell us what he intended to do when war came, but those of us who pass on wild rumors after he has told us he was going to start them, are the silly ones.

Give that some thought the next time you hear a ridiculous latrine rumor . . . a report that "the United States will never be able to buy back the War Bonds" . . . that "our country is losing 50 per cent of all troop transports, but the government is keeping it a secret."

You know how ridiculous such a rumor is, but don't pass it on. If it is repeated often enough somebody will begin to believe it. Hitler thinks Americans are morons. Help to prove him wrong.

## MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

Two men, Theodore Roosevelt and Arturo Toscanini, probably never paired thus before, have had my reverence and affection more than any other men of our time and except for them I might not have enlisted last May, volunteering, at 53, in a second war.

This piece is about T.R. and what he stands for today. His birthday falls on the 27th of October, and I dropped in at the Oregon State college library to read again what he said before we entered World War No. 1 and to see if I could be right in my notion that he did say then, with more simplicity and force, much that the spokesmen of our side are saying at present.

"Fear God and Take Your Own Part" is the title of the book which holds the best of the articles which Theodore Roosevelt wrote in an attempt to make the American people see that the other war was our war, too. Most of them appeared in the old Metropolitan Magazine, remembered now mainly because of him. They appealed to me so deeply that on my one day in New York, just before sailing for France, I telephoned his office to say farewell.

To his secretary I said, over the wire, that I had never met the Colonel, our former president, but had been devoted to him for years and had found in his words my chief inspiration as a soldier. Her response was that he was away on a trip (and he was), and that she would tell him, and that she was sure he would have been delighted to talk with me. What a wise, kindly woman she must have been! How nice of her to say a thing like that to a young fellow who fairly worshipped Teddy Roosevelt!

In January, 1919, not quite two months after the Armistice, a newspaper correspondent whom I knew visited our regiment and our own colonel took me along on a trip to the undergrounds forts of Verdun. It was a great treat, but for me the day was spoiled by a notice in a Y.M.C.A. hut reading, "Theodore Roosevelt is dead."

That seems long, long ago, almost in another life, but on re-reading the Roosevelt books I was amazed to find how perfectly his words apply today, in another war, and as I read I became convinced that because I loved Theodore

Roosevelt those words were like gospel to me, and meant so much that my faith in them was sure and has never been shaken. Here are a few excerpts:

"The fundamental evil in this country is the lack of sufficiently general appreciation of the responsibility of citizenship . . . World peace must rest on the willingness of nations with courage, cool foresight and readiness for self-sacrifice to defend the fabric of international law . . ."

"Righteousness is the end, and peace a means to the end, and sometimes it is not peace but war which is the proper means to achieve the end . . . It is a wicked thing to be neutral between right and wrong. The only way successfully to oppose wrong which is backed by might is to put over against it right which is backed by might."

"Until as a nation we learn to put honor and duty above safety, and to encounter any hazard with stern joy rather than fail in our obligations to ourselves and to others, it is mere folly to talk of entering into leagues of world peace or into any other movements of like character . . . I believe in nationalism as the absolute prerequisite to internationalism . . . If we clamor for peace without saying that Belgium's wrongs are to be righted before peace can come, we are false to every true standard of international morality."

No more space now, but next week I hope to quote what T.R. said in praise of the Russian people and about the way they would fight for their country.

### THREE TIME LOSER

Once, when I was blind  
And could not see  
The lips and smile  
Professed me  
Once, when I met an  
Alluring maid,  
And I, the fool,  
Drey back afraid.  
Then grew I  
Humble and meek  
When some wench sighed  
"What poor technique!"  
—Pvt. Andrew Galet,  
M.P. Dept., SCU 1911

The population of the U.S. is about 88 percent native.

## It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



End of Day—Now that the wash is up, settle back and have another look at that letter.

### WAR

My harp and lute are dumb—how shall I sing.  
When you require a song? (as those of old)—  
No music ever heard or made could fit  
The blare, blast, blaze and boom of global War.  
What would you of the lyre? — 'tis out of tune.  
There is no more of harmony on earth;  
Vibrations echo round the globe, and all  
The atmosphere with terror is a-tremble . . .  
We scan the waves of turbulence and strife,  
But see no bird of peace, no fluttering form,  
Bearing an olive leaf, with promise rife,  
But thunders roll, presaging stress and storm.  
None can distinguish — none can e'er portray  
The heights of triumph, or the depths of loss;  
Extremes of seeming gain and of defeat,  
The crown and conq'ror, or the spear and cross,  
We try to mete the goal, — to estimate  
The staggering expanse of wreck and woe,  
In vain, the centuries shall surge and roll  
And man to child shall tell, and child repeat  
Again to generations yet unborn  
The awful tale — how Might arose one night,  
One quiet night, and filled a land of peace  
With groans, tears, prayers and cries of agon,  
And yet — the tenth had never then been told . . .  
"Sing then of Victory?" O who is she? —  
Headless and armless one is drawing night  
Who smells of trench, of fire, and battle smoke,  
Of warm, wet blood, from veins of brothers shed,  
Her white robe torn to shreds, her tottering form  
Is able only to proceed a space,  
Then, with the past and future coast appalled  
Stands — turned to stone — a statue for all men  
To gaze upon — that they who may read, —  
"Ye pay the price — for warned, fore-armed, fore-doomed."  
By Ida H. Waite.

## SOCIAL SWIRL

By Adele Adair

Although the regularly scheduled Friday night dances at the Service Clubs on the post were cancelled last week because of the Bombing Demonstrations, the social swirl in and around Camp Adair kept moving with several weddings, teas and parties.

### Wives Honored at Tea

One of the largest social events of the past week was the Wednesday afternoon tea, given by the Las Amigas Club of Albany for the wives of officers stationed at Camp Adair, at the residence of Mrs. G. C. Knodell, 808 Washington street. Greeting the guests at the door were Mrs. Vincent Hurley, Mrs. Edwin Fortmiller and Mrs. Knodell, the hostess.

Music was furnished during the party, from 3 until 5 o'clock, by Mrs. Lyle M. Bain, violinist, and Mrs. Marshall B. Woodworth, pianist. Presiding at the tea urns were Mrs. B. R. Wallace, past president of the club, and Mrs. Edward Sox, current president. Assisting were the Misses Madeline Knodell, Dorothy Roth, Jerry McMahon and Mabel Pontius. Assisting were Mrs. J. K. Weatherford, Mrs. E. Konzelman, Mrs. Earl Fortmiller, Mrs. Wallace Eakin, Mrs. Dorothy Miller, Mrs. G. Hector, Mrs. K. Bloom, Mrs. F. M. Scott and Mrs. James Jenks.

Among those officers' wives who signed the guest book, and the club members present were Mrs. Fred E. Kohler, Mrs. R. D. Collins, Mrs. F. J. Hallahan, Mrs. Frederic F. Mulloof, Mrs. Peter A. Martin, Mrs. Joseph W. Powers, Mrs. John M. Mallory.

Mrs. David R. Lutkins, Mrs. John Faggi, Mrs. Peter B. Bradley, Mrs. J. E. McDonald, Mrs. R. L. Brown, Mrs. Henry Cayle, Mrs. James E. Hunter, Mrs. E. C. Edwards, Mrs. L. E. Bartling, Mrs. G. R. Yarbes, Jr., Mrs. C. H. Mosty, Mrs. W. H. Garner, Mrs. G. H. Jones, Mrs. E. B. Ellison, Mrs. George I. Hoffman.

Mrs. George O. Truex, Mrs. F. W. Shober, Mrs. C. W. Dove, Mrs. N. E. Neiman, Mrs. T. J. Gray.

dinner last Saturday evening, given in honor of Mrs. John Daly, wife of Col. Daly of Camp Adair. Mrs. Daly is visiting in Corvallis from San Antonio, Texas. Friends from the cantonment and surrounding municipalities were among the guests.

**Non-Coms Wives at Luncheon**  
Members of the Non-Commissioned Officers Club held a waffle luncheon a week ago last Tuesday afternoon in the Recreation Hall of the Federated Churches. Mrs. Thomas Davee was chef and was assisted by Mrs. James Oethel, Mrs. James Belchambers and Mrs. John Cummins.

This week, on Tuesday, the club members enjoyed a theater party in Corvallis. They assembled at the home of Mrs. Homer Jeffries, 761 Harrison street.

At the luncheon party were the guest of the day, Mrs. J. W. Wetherell, who is visiting in Oregon from Texas and is the mother of Mrs. James Fitzgibbons, Mrs. Ralph Dreyer, Mrs. James Belchambers, Mrs. John Cummins, Mrs. Gale Russell, Mrs. Lawrence Brown, Mrs. Thomas Davee, Mrs. James Fitzgibbons, Mrs. James Oethel and Mrs. Edward Petch.

Before an altar banked with autumn flowers, in the Corvallis Episcopal church last Sunday afternoon, one of the most beautiful weddings of the fall season took place when Miss Barbara Monroe, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hammond McD. Monroe of Corvallis became the bride of Robert Stone Morrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Morrison of Chevy Chase, Md.

The ceremony was conducted by Chaplain Phil W. Roberts of Camp Adair assisted by the Rev. D. Vincent Gray, Mrs. Arthur von Lehe played the wedding music on the organ and Lt. Henry H. Bach was soloist.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, and wore a shell pink bridal robes with train, long sleeves and sweetheart neckline. Her finger-tip length veil fell from a halo of plaited net, and her bridal bouquet was composed of white rosebuds, bouvardia and white orchids.

Miss Martha Monroe was her sister's attendant and wore a faille taffeta gown of pale violet and carried an old fashioned nosegay of pink rosebuds and bouvardia.

Lt. Robert D. Rogers of Camp Adair was best man and the ushers, also stationed at Camp Adair, were Lt. Webb Trimble and Lt. John von Vulpener.

Army friends filled the church for the ceremony and the reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Country Club Heights. The bride cut the wedding cake with her father's sabre.

The bridal couple went along the Oregon coast for a wedding trip and upon their return to Corvallis, Mrs. Morrison will remain with her parents while Mr. Morrison goes to Washington, D. C., to receive his orders for active duty as an ensign in the Naval Reserve.

Mrs. Morrison plans to join her husband at the post to which he is assigned, some time next month.

Cpl. Dimitri Kitrina, QM, SCU 1911, needed a shave. He stepped into the Y.M.C.A. at Salem and asked for a razor. He didn't get it. He got a wife.

The girl at the desk that day was Miss Isabelle Schmierer, teacher at Lebanon high school, University of Oregon graduate, artist, and a volunteer worker at the "Y." She saw that behind his whiskers Kitrina was a diamond in the rough.

So they were married, on October 3, at Portland, by a Greek Orthodox priest. One novelty of the wedding was "a best man by telephone," and from Canada, at that.

Over the wire from Station Hospital, Ft. Smith, Canada, Kitrina's good friend, Pfc. Louis Antonacci, said the proper words as witness to the ceremony. The maid of honor was Miss June Jossy, artist and friend of the bride.

Cpl. and Mrs. Kitrina live in Albany. His old home was at North Hollywood, Calif., hers at Lebanon, Ore.



Camp Adair, now practically completed, is one of Oregon's thriving bustling communities. It has its own churches, post exchange stores, laundry, theaters, and all other facilities found in cities. It has streets and avenues, water systems, power and recreational facilities.

The citizens of Camp Adair are just like those of any other Oregon municipality, except that here all, except a few nurses and hostesses, are men. The Camp differs in another respect, since here all have a single aim, that of training troops to help win the war. All other activities of the post are subordinate to this.

The people who live in this military city are drawn from all parts of the United States, but they differ in no way from the sons and brothers of the citizens of other Oregon communities. They are a fine lot of men, average or above in intelligence and behavior, who have given up the comforts and luxuries of civil life and thrown themselves wholeheartedly and completely into the war effort.

Camp Adair wants to be considered by other cities as a city. The men who live here want to associate with the citizens of the other cities, and within military limits, want to receive friends as visitors to this post.

Naturally, establishment of Camp Adair, adjacent to a number of other communities, makes consideration of some special problems necessary. Men from Camp Adair will want to visit the other cities, and will tax their hotel and other accommodations to the utmost. These men will also appreciate the opportunity for entertainment, and above all, will want to meet people.

Officers in charge of the camp will cooperate in every way with other cities in solving problems. Housing and recreation are but two of the problems which cooperation will help solve. The officers stand ready to meet with any city officials, civic groups or committees.

Many of the officers at Camp Adair have moved their families to this vicinity, and have located in nearby cities. These officers and their families will be residents of this area, and as far as their military duties permit, they will be active in civic affairs in their communities.

The war we are in is an all-out war, and service men and citizens must work together to win it.

made at an attractive party last Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Edward Taylor in Corvallis, when she was complimented by her cousin, Miss Jo Taylor. Announcements were concealed in party favors after an evening spent playing court whist when prizes were awarded high scorers. The wedding date is set for December 4.

Guest at the party included Mrs. Keith Matthews, Mrs. Marian Robinson, Mrs. John Hocken, Mrs. Jack Viehauer, Mrs. Edna Averitt, Mrs. Ralph Torney, Mrs. John Birkes, Mrs. Al Stalby, Mrs. Adrian Trappan, Mrs. Dell Andrews, Mrs. Jack Morrison of Portland, Mrs. Ted Smiley, and Misses Dorothy Texas, Margaret Olson, Girtha Price, Doris Masters, Johnnie Peterson, Kay Conlin, Edith Shearer, Rita Allworth, June Shoehar and Betty Ann Ochsen.

**Informal Tea Given**  
The recreation room of the Federated Churches in Corvallis was the setting for an informal tea to welcome the wives of Army lieutenants last Friday afternoon. A large group attended including the wives of lieutenants residing in town as well as members of the new group.

On the receiving line were Mrs. W. M. Adrien and Mrs. R. Wilbur Simmons, who were assisted by the women of the church. Similar affairs are planned every Friday afternoon, between 3 and 5 o'clock, for the officers' wives.

Guest House No. 2, which opened just a few days ago is fast gaining a reputation for its air of genuine hospitality. In the short time the Guest House has been in operation, the parents of at least 18 enlisted men have been cared for there. Each father and mother was lavish in praising the work of Hostess Nina B. Mills.

Each nation did its share. But Britain remembers that nearly a million of her best manhood died in the last war . . . Use your head before you sound off and remember how long the British held Hitler off without help from anyone."

## If You Wanna' Speak Spic, Call Miss Martin

The Oregon State College Extension series is now offering a course in beginner's Spanish, a foreign language which has become increasingly important during war time because of the use of the language in military and naval affairs.

The course, prepared by the language department of Oregon State college, is offered in three terms of 11 weeks each, at the cost of \$5 per term. Classes are held each Wednesday evening from 1915 to 2115 and enlisted men and officers stationed at Camp Adair are particularly invited to take part in this important study course.

Anyone interested should contact Miss Martin of the language department immediately. Call Oregon State college, extension 60.

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Whitman's Fairhill Assortment 1 lb \$1.05  
Whitman's "Sampler" 2 lbs \$2.80

## Camp Adair Exchange