

Vignettes of Army Life—
4th of July in October
BY T/S R. C. JOHNSON

And the fireworks started! Not fireworks in reality, but a reasonable facsimile. For last Friday night, Joe Rookie and his buddies assembled with fellow buck-privates, non-coms and the officers stationed at Camp Adair to witness an extraordinary bombing demonstration. And this one evening of practical demonstration did more to clarify matters for Joe than all the books, papers and magazine articles he had read on the subject.

Shortly after the darkness set in, the program started. Joe was slightly disturbed and reticent because the dances which he liked to attend on Friday night had been cancelled in favor of the demonstration. But when the program had been concluded, he figured an evening like that was worth a thousand dances... especially since he, as a soldier, is an integral part of this global conflict, and as such, not only should have such information at his fingertips for his own safety and welfare, but also should be able to pass his knowledge on to others. Joe realized he could never learn the chemical composition of the various bombs demonstrated, but at least he knew now what to do in case he was called on to dispose of one. He was amazed by the intense heat and light given off by the magnesium fire bomb, the cancerous spreading of the thermite incendiary, the quick destruction of the phosphorus and oil bombs. But he saw how easily they can be handled, by the person who has seen the demonstration and has profited by it. With earth's most plentiful ingredient... sand... these destructive ingredients are rendered harmless.

Excitement mounted when the "forest" was fired by incendiaries, and reached an emotional climax at the climax of the program... the "raid" of "enemy bombers" on the "city." Although Joe fully realized it was a premeditated and staged stunt, it somehow wasn't funny... it wasn't a laughing matter. For the silent suddenness of the approaching "bombers," swooping scarcely thirty feet above his head in flight to the target, brought a stark reality to the read-aloud and talked-about terror of the dive bomber on the kill. Even though he could see London, Coventry, Athens... the towns and hamlets of Belgium, Holland and Czechoslovakia under a hellish attack of incendiary and explosive bombs, and could feel the terror wrought and conceive the damage inflicted on the civilization of the earth!

Though sham, the toy village in flames as a result of the attack, brought a sense of tangibility within his grasp. All too clearly could

he picture the frenzy, the terror, the sorrow left in the wake of unsuspected and unpredictable fire from the skies.

Then, too, Joe thought a little more about the men who fighting the fires of war, and realized, perhaps for the first time, that the war firemen are doing as much to preserve the civilization we have built and will maintain, as the men in the front line trenches.

Behind these war firemen gallantly and bravely stand the augmented forces of preservation... from the air raid wardens, the bomb squads, the evacuation units, medical and first aid corps, to the lone, roof-top sentinel who stands his post endlessly, prepared to give the alarm which will bring these associate agencies into action.

Simultaneously, Joe realized that his country, America, as one of the United Nations was prepared and able to pay back, bomb for bomb, the debt owed to the common enemy. If the cure is not worse than the cause, it will at least match it... to the last atom of material.

Still in deep thought, Joe realized the show had ended, and he and his buddies were marching back to their quarters. But it wasn't over. It had just begun. He and his buddies were safe now, and he appreciated how safe they really were. The demonstration was purely that... but it served to drive home the point that in actual war zones, the stakes are higher and the opponent is playing for keeps. The demonstration dispelled the fantasy he had associated with fire dropping from the heavens, and brought the grim reality of destruction to civilization in every meaning of the word.

Every day was a Fourth of July in wartime. But each day was not a glorious, rollicking "holiday"... but a hard working day, a workday for everyone. The fireworks started in London; Joe hopes they'll end in Berlin.

Joe looked forward to a real Fourth of July... when the fireworks, once again, will be in the spirit of freedom and liberty for the nations of the world who hold to the true principle of mankind.

Cooking With Gas

By T/S Roland C. Rogers
Of Cooks and Bakers School

More than 400 officers and men are now attending the Camp Adair branch of the Ninth Service Command School for Bakers and Cooks, according to figures released by Assistant Commandant, Major Josiah J. Osborn, at the school's first "sheep skin" exercises.

The nine pioneers who received their diplomas Monday began their course in the sultry days of late August when classes were held in the old school building located at 3rd St. South and F Avenue. Classrooms were bare in the old building but the new school is complete in every detail—includes cooking thermometers, erasers and a new gasoline field range.

The first class was drawn entirely from SCU and includes: Pfc. Heinz M. Larsen and Pfc. Edward N. Kendall, Ivan Larson, Alma E. Larsen, William C. Shrope, Harry

Wally has had his chance to open a larger place but preferred to stay where he was. He likes to know people, to talk to them, and feels that a large place prohibits this. Wally has his favorites at the officers' club, too. One of them is a lieutenant's wife with whom he talks Russian. Others are officers who have great reputations for strictness—but whom Wally finds swell, congenial fellows. The only thing that Wally misses in his current work is the privilege of buying a drink for his favorite customers. When he likes someone particularly, he has an awful job to keep from smiling and saying heartily, "This one's on me." But he can still smile and he does.



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But as one class graduated, its place was taken by a new class. On Monday nearly 90 officers of the 96th Division enrolled in the Mess Management course.

The remarkable growth of this branch school is in line with the growth enjoyed by the Ninth Service Command Schools for Bakers and Cooks during the past two years. Total enrollment in the schools jumped from 256 in 1939 to 8,700 in 1941, and increase of 3285 per cent. And registration figures are still climbing.

Camp Adair
DIME MUSEUM

By Pfc. John J. Gubelman

Pvt. Walter Pitkewicz is the bartender at the SCU Officer's club and an ideal man for the job. He is a patient listener, will laugh politely at any of your humorous asides and has the kind of quiet, confident dignity that characterizes so many of the set-up-up brotherhood. Pvt. Pitkewicz comes by all this naturally, for in civilian life he owned and managed his own bar and grill in Passaic, N. J.

"Wally's," according to Wally, was and is one of the "zayest spots in town." Right now Wally's father has taken over, but Wally has his memories of his semi-circular bar and his fifteen booths where he sold an average of 125 gallons of whiskey a month, 60 or more kegs of beer during the same period. And he remembers wistfully the days when his personal weekly take—came to just about three times his monthly Army pay.

Wally's specialty in civilian life was a drink composed of gin, pineapple juice and brandy, and this Jersey lightning is fast becoming an Oregon hit, too. But Scotch is still the favorite drink here as in the East, although Pvt. Pitkewicz can't restrain a shudder when he thinks of the Western habit of using a glass of lime soda for a chaser. Other differences he has noted in drinking habits is the lack here of requests for Martinis and Manhattans and the large demand for Whiskey Sours, "Sours," says Wally, "are used strictly as a morning-after pick-up back home. Here they start out on them." Mixing milk and whiskey is another Western custom, strange to him.

Wally has wanted to own a bar ever since he ran an errand for a barkeep as a child. The bartender was a magnificent fellow who could afford a large expanse of belly, cloaked in gleaming white. He smoked a large, expensive looking cigar and wore an elk's tooth suspended from a gold chain. The final convincer was the 25c tip Wally got. Wally bought his place when he was 21, thus automatically becoming the youngest bar owner in New Jersey. Wally knows lots of people in Passaic and six months later was doing so well that the former owner wanted to buy his place back for three thousand more than he sold it for.

Wally has played the host to a number of big shots in the dance band field—among them being Jack Teagarden, Woody Herman, Jan Savitt and the Andrews sisters. The Andrews sisters were his favorites, for besides being young, pretty and well known to all his patrons, they bought a drink for everyone in the place as soon as they entered. Then all Wally's regulars politely returned the gesture. All in all—an exciting and definitely profitable evening.

Wally has had his chance to open a larger place but preferred to stay where he was. He likes to know people, to talk to them, and feels that a large place prohibits this. Wally has his favorites at the officers' club, too. One of them is a lieutenant's wife with whom he talks Russian. Others are officers who have great reputations for strictness—but whom Wally finds swell, congenial fellows. The only thing that Wally misses in his current work is the privilege of buying a drink for his favorite customers. When he likes someone particularly, he has an awful job to keep from smiling and saying heartily, "This one's on me." But he can still smile and he does.

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CHAPLAIN'S
COLUMN

The organization named Truth for Students and Soldiers is distributing nationally, a leaflet written by Chaplain Lloyd V. Harmon, SCU 1911.

"The Bible—the Word of God," is the title, and the chaplain, remarking that 42,000,000 copies of the Bible are printed every year in 900 languages and dialects, regrets that comparatively few persons read the Bible at all and that the Good Book "has been so much misused and abused that it has to some become a thing of magic..."

"We have had several translations," he says, "but the one translation that all will read is the one in which kindness, goodness, purity and justice are translated into flesh and blood and the every day Christian life. This is a translation understood and appreciated everywhere."

POST CHAPEL SCHEDULE

Avenue D and 3rd Street North
Friday, October 23
1900—Jewish service.

Saturday, October 24
1900—Catholic confession.

Sunday, October 25
0800—Mass, Chaplain Tabott.
0845—Episcopalian service, Chaplain Newman.

0930—Bible class, Chaplain Harmon.
1000—Protestant service.
1115—Latter Day Saints, Elders V. B. Hair and A. C. Nebeker.
1900—Vesper service, Chaplain Jorgenson.

HOSPITAL SCHEDULE

Friday, October 23
1815—Jewish service, Dayroom No. 602, Pfc. Morris Stavsky.

Sunday, October 25
0800—Red Cross Recreational Bldg No. 312
0800—Mass, Chaplain Schwarz.
1000—Protestant service, Chaplain Newman.

104th Division Services

Catholic—No. 7, 0900; No. 8, 1000; No. 9, 0900; No. 10, 0900; No. 11, 0800.

Protestant—No. 7, 1100; No. 8, 0900; No. 9, 1000; No. 10, 1000; No. 11, 1000.

Christian Science Service—No. 11 at 1900 Wednesday; 1100 Sunday.

Christian Science Services

Grover C. Ferguson, wartime minister, will be in charge Sundays at 11 and Wednesdays at 7, in Chapel No. 11.

Lesson-sermon for Sunday, "Prohibition After Death."

The Golden text, "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment" (Rev. 3:5).

Among the citations which comprised the lesson-sermon is the following from the Bible: "Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him" (Luke 20:37, 38).

The lesson-sermon also includes the following correlative passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with

Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "In the illumination of death, mortals wake to the knowledge of two facts: (1) that they are not dead; (2) that they have but passed the portals of a new belief. Truth works out the nothingness of error in just these ways" (p. 251).

96th Division Services

Catholic—Chapel 2, 10:30; Chapel 3, 7:00, 8:30, 11:30, confession Saturday 1800 to 1900; Chapel 4, 7:00, 11:30, confession Saturday 1800 to 1900; Chapel 5, 8:00, 11:00, confession Saturday 1800 to 1900; Chapel 6, 11:30, confession Saturday 1800 to 1900.

Protestant—Chapel 2, 9:30, Chaplain Gail Cleland; Chapel 3, 9:30 a. m., Chaplain Howard Patrick; Chapel 4, 9:00, 10:00, Chaplain Norris Halverson, Chaplain Cecil Brown; Chapel 5, 9:00, Chaplain Norris Halverson, Chaplain Virgil Jackson; Chapel 6, 10:00, Chaplain Charles O. Churchill.

Free movies will be shown Tuesday, October 27, at 1830, at Post Chapel No. 1, Avenue D and Third Street North. The following films will be shown: "Exploring with X-Rays," "Speedway Tested," "This is Our War," and "Book of Books."

In the last mentioned film, the Christian cavalcade moves to the music of church bells. Views of early hand-printed Bibles, the first edition of the King James version, a testament in the Cherokee Indian dialect are also shown. Shows special modern printing presses at work printing 128 pages at a time, the process of assembling, trimming, binding and putting on covers. Each book contains as many pages as ten average novels, yet today it is produced by millions of copies and is the "best seller" in the world.

SUBS FOR CAPT. RUTLEDGE
Captain Beryl E. Worley, Camp Adair police officer, is in command of Hq. Co., SCU No. 1911, while Captain Paul S. Rutledge is on vacation.

MEDITATIONS
of
THE MEDICS
By T/S Bert Shandler

Proof that the Medics are musical-minded is that five of the 12 piece SCU orchestra are Medics. The hard-working quartet: Sgt. John Ford, guitar; Cpl. Rudolph L. Gross, violin; Cpl. William J. Hill, tenor sax; Pvt. William J. Duncan, trumpet, and Pvt. Joseph Sieff, bass and electric guitar. Two or more often get together for jam sessions during off-duty hours, and the barrack they select, really jumps. The boys know their scales and their hep-cat jive is strictly out of this world.

For any sports statistics of the past 10 years look up Pvt. Richard

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MOTORISTS

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Rickard's Garage
Second and Van Buren Phone 21

Hellman, Dick is a one-man sports encyclopedia and has facts and figures for all sports right at his finger-tips. He buys tickets for nearby games even before he applies for a pass. He explains that should he get the pass, he wants to be 100 per cent sure he has a ducat.

Easterners who are seeing the far west for the first time at Camp Adair usually like Oregon. But it's an old story to T/S Ralph Rocklin, who has crossed the country 19 times as a civilian.

He says the West never looked any better to him, although this time his surroundings are just a bit different. As a civilian Ralph

worked for CBS in the New York City short-wave news room, and helped broadcast this news in 12 languages.

Pfc. Sidney Ratner is an Atlantic City lifeguard who finds himself deep in the heart of Oregon. Sid, who during the past three years saved many lives at the New Jersey playground, has turned into an Oregon lover.

In order to qualify for his job, Sid had to row 500 yards out to sea and then row backwards, or stern first, to shore. Sid's lifeguard partner at the eastern resort was Eddie Stetser, national lifeguard champion, who has 5,000 rescues to his credit.

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- Chevrons for All Grades
- Hash Marks
Both O. D. and Suntan
- Web Belts, Brass Buckles
- Officers' Dress Gloves
- Garrison Cap Covers
Rainproof
- Suntan Shirts
- O. D. Cotton Sox
- Regulation Oxfords
With Buckle
- Garrison Shoes
- Athletic Supporter
- Ties, Suntan and Black
- Regulation Wool Sox
- Military Dress Shoes
All Types
- Officers' Elastic Slacks
Blue and Green
- "Dyan Shine" Shoe Polish
- Saddle Soap
- "Raintite"
For Waterproofing Jackets
- Sewing Kits
- White Emblem Tee Shirts
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- Non Com Metal Polish
- Matchless Liquid Rouge
- Slippers—Packed in Kit
- "Aunt Lydia's" Thread
- Jersey O. D. Gloves
- "Spiffy" Collar Stays
- Army Photo Albums
- "My Life in the Service" Albums
- O. D. Laundry Bags
- Metal Soap Boxes
- Garrison Cap, Pdr. Boxes
- Gun Cleaning Brushes
Brass Wire—30 and 46 Calibre
- Army Wallets
- Combs
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- Army Discharge Holders
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