

Soldier From Rival Sheet Indulges in Whimsicality

It is with considerable magnanimity that we admit there are other army newspapers doing their futile best to emulate the paradoxical high and low standards of the Sentry. Just as an example, one of our foolish contemporaries is the Camp Hahn Post Beacon.

Camp Hahn, we learn from Military Intelligence, is in a state called California. The state Cpl. Sidney Goldman was in when he penned the article that follows is theoretically a military secret. Anyway, if you've got a minute or two, read what the poor soldiers at Camp Hahn have to put up with. Take over, Cpl. Goldman:

By Cpl. Sidney Goldman
Headquarters AATC

Every time that I pick up a paper to read a few epitaphs (be it the Berlin Taggenblatt Racing Form" or the "Asparagus Corner Free Press-Scandal Monger") I am impressed by the articles written by men and women who ought to be cultivating victory gardens or honorably beating their spouses, yet worry instead excessively about what will happen when the war is over.

Some prophesy that technocracy will take over—others, polygamy. Some see a return to the wampum standard; some see a return to the Gay Nineties with plenty of petticoats, a Merrie Oldsmobile and a mortgage in every garage; while still others advocate capital punishment if it is not too harmful.

There are altogether too many sleek civilians worrying about the future, and not enough about winning the war.

Old maids who read horoscopes and look ravenously under the bed for reasonable facsimiles of men, are especially prone to worry about the post war days.

Will there be girdles after the war? Will there be enough Sterno for cocktails? Will mothers-in-law be confiscated? What will we do about ex-cooks and unexploded bombs? Will free love replace free beer?

But how often do you hear of a soldier jumping up and down in his long underwear and saying that after the war this and that will be done. It's time that the soldiers gave a thought to what will be after—since they are the ones who will eat precariously off of mess kits, pull guard at 3 in the morning, and then come back to find that their best girls have become muscle-bound at Lockheed. . . . These men should have something to say about the situation!

First, as to just punishments for

the men responsible for this global mess.

Hitler should be sentenced to ride the Memet bus for the rest of his natural life, eating only the de-monic packaged sandwiches sold at the bus station.

Going dressed in ill fitting fatigues, should be made to field strip directors.

Since Mussolini is already a comic opera figure, he should be dressed in a tattered uniform with acres of ludicrous braid, and permitted to open car doors outside a bluesque show.

As for Hirohito — transplanted from the shambles of his Tokyo, he can be a Japanese house boy on a Chinese junk.

Goebbels can have his choice of marrying a campfire girl hostess or committing a decent suicide.

Every man, upon leaving the army will be issued a 90 mm. gun to set up in the back yard in order to show the neighbors how it was done. Ammunition, of course, will be issued as well as a limited number of height-finders for the little boys of the neighborhood.

Jeeps will be given freely to all men who have never been convicted of ogling a P.X. girl.

Helmets will be given to all men with dish-throwing wives but it will be necessary for the Red Cross to verify the need.

Then, due to the abundance of women, each soldier will have a girl for weekdays, one for Sundays, two for leap year, and in addition each non-com will be issued a pair of native dancers to keep up the morale.

And all these women will be happy—for there will be more beer for the working girls (also much more work.)

All fifth columnists will bear the brunt of the unpleasant work, and the worst of these will be sentenced to attend sex lectures until they become gibbering idiots.

Here's Your Chance if You Are a Camera 'Bug'

The Camp Adair Camera club is in the process of being formed, so, if there are any camera "bugs" within reading distance, why not join up?

First meeting will be held Tuesday night, October 27 (that's next Tuesday night) in Service Club No. 2, corner First Street South and Club Avenue. T. S. R. C. Johnson has been appointed acting chairman.

Don't forget . . . next Tuesday night, October 27 . . . around 7:15.

"EVERYBODY EVERY PAY DAY AT LEAST 10%"

An "All-out for Victory" drive has been launched at Camp Adair for the purpose of bringing every Treasury employee into a special war service for his country.

Minute Men and Supervisors have been selected for all units stationed at this Camp, to discuss with you the part which you can play in this "All-out for Victory" drive by enrolling in the Department's Payroll Allotment Plan, for the Purchase of United States War Savings Bonds. Give them your sympathetic attention. Do even better. Help them perform their assignment by encouraging your fellow employees to enroll in this important undertaking.

Not only must we win this War but it is important that we prepare now to win the Peace.

Again we urge that you cooperate with the representatives in your section, and make "EVERY PAY DAY, BOND DAY."

OFFICE OF THE WAR BOND OFFICER.

First Two Civilians to Enlist at Camp Have Bunks Side by Side in HQ. Company

Pvt. Charles Lee, of the Post Exchange office, is the first Camp Adair civilian to enlist in the Army, and Bradford Collins, who occupies the next bunk in a SCU No. 1911 barrack, is the first civilian outsider to come to the camp and enlist.

Pvt. Lee, 44, has had two years in the Merchant Marine, is a war veteran, worked for the Department of the Interior, and has been in Army Post Exchange since 1940, mostly at Ft. Lewis. Two years ago, at Spokane, he applied for enlistment, but was rejected because of a slight physical disability.

Now that standards are lowered,

Can't Blow Up G. I. Underwear, Even in Air Raid Explosion

That was G.I. underwear which disappeared when a clothes line exploded, last week at the incendiary bomb demonstration on the parade ground, but nobody is charged with it. The only thing charged was the clothes line itself.

That was a special kind of clothesline, not recommended for your back yard at home. "Primacord" is its name and it consists of a rough, yellow cord with explosive material stretching through

GREAT-GRANDSON OF GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON



CAPTAIN THOMAS J. J. CHRISTIAN, JR.—In tradition, it may be said, Stonewall Jackson's famous "foot cavalry" has taken wings. The tradition is borne by the Confederate leader's great-grandson, Thomas Jonathan Jackson Christian, Jr., recently promoted to the rank of captain in the Air Corps. Born in 1915, the son of Brigadier General Thomas J. J. Christian, the young officer was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1939 and the following year was transferred at his request from the Field Artillery to the Air Corps. Captain Christian received his "wings" at Kelly Field, Texas, and after serving as a flying instructor at Randolph Field was ordered to duty in April 1941 at Clark Field in the Philippines. He has since been assigned to an unannounced overseas station.

This Truly Happened, But Don't Try Unless Your Evidence Is Pat

This one is told by Major Ralph E. Riordan of the Headquarters company, 1911 service command. It's the story of a private who before the last war went A.W.O.L. for two years—and what happened to him when he was checked back for duty. This soldier was a real yardbird—if he were lucky he could tell his right from his left — a couple of times in 10. He finally drove his sergeant to the point of drinking to forget it all (which would have been all right with the sergeant, but it was Tuesday and four days from a week-end pass).

"Listen, my dear fellow," said the sergeant, "why don't you go far, far away from here and stay there. Don't trouble yourself to come back," (that wasn't exactly the way the sergeant said it).

"Do you mean that, sergeant," said the yardbird (that was the way the yardbird said it). The sergeant said, "Yes, please." Not really, but that's the general idea of the sergeant's answer. Darned if the private didn't go and he stayed away until two years later when war was declared. He wanted to get in the fight then. Court martial officers shook their heads — this they said sorrowfully would have to be a stiff penalty.

"Wait a minute now," said the private. "I went over the hill on a direct order." The court was taken aback a little to say the least. "Yes, and I can prove it," the private followed up. Whereupon he produced an old corporal of his who remembered the incident.

"What is more I am entitled to my full pay," added the private, not at all satisfied with a victory that was too easy.

The court shuddered — but the guardhouse lawyer ruled the day. The private got the pay and a full dismissal of charges. His former sergeant, who never, never again said anything he didn't mean—was reduced to a private. The moral of the story is—don't get your sergeant sore, even if you don't like him. You can't tell where you'll wind up.

Plan Conducted Tour Of Ore. State Campus

The Oregon State college campus, with its beautiful grounds and buildings have interested many of our service men at Camp Adair. One of the newer and most attractive buildings on the campus is Memorial Union, erected in memory of students and alumni who lost their lives in World War I.

Tentative arrangements are being made for such a trip with guides furnished by the college, for Saturday, October 31. Watch the next Sentry for full announcement.

Post Service People Corvallis Speakers

Mrs. Florence Coardy Merriam, assistant director of Service Club No. 2 at Camp Adair, discussed "Woman's Work in the War" as she represented the women of the post as guest speaker at the fall meeting of the Professional and Business Woman's club of Corvallis, last Thursday night in the recreation room of the Christian church. Capt. Alex T. Ruth, SCU 1911 special services officer, spoke on "What the Women of Corvallis can do for Camp Adair," and Major Robert Creager, special services officer of the 96th Division, spoke on a similar topic.

Mrs. Merriam was guest soloist last Wednesday night on station KWIL, Albany, on the Lois Reedy

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program, related to the work of the Professional and Business Woman's club. Mrs. Merriam sang two selections, "Nocturne" by Curran and "Stardust on the Moon" by Dutesh.

"Everything is unknown about the future save this alone," says Herbert Agar in "A Time for Greatness," a book new, yet already famous. "If the American idea prevails the future will offer man some dignity and some chance for self-improvement. If the American idea is presently extinguished, the future will be dark for uncountable years."

INDIANOLA, Miss. — War Bond campaigners found a man who still has his Liberty Bonds from World War I. He thought the money was his donation and the bonds receipts.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Ten cents per line per insertion. Count 5 words to line, dash must accompany copy with order.

NOTICE: Soldiers placing classified ads in this column which require answer to your location, must have answers go through Camp Public Relations office. No outfit designations may be printed in these columns. Public Relations office will forward answers to your address.

FOR SALE

ACREAGE, farms, Large selection. Robinson Realty, Independence. pmo.

'37 OLDSMOBILE Coupe. Very good rubber. 11 Park Terrace, Corvallis, 781-M.

WANTED

NON-COM'S WIFE for housekeeper. Husband may board and room days off. Home of working woman and her mother in Salem. Call Mrs. Lamkin, 5367, Salem.

SOLDIERS to represent their own outfits in the news columns of The Sentry. Turn your stuff in to the Camp Public Relations office, where it goes through censorship and is prepared for publication.

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Help conserve precious Tires! Gasoline! Motor Vehicles! By Replacing Your Own Fuses!



FUSES ARE EASILY REPLACED.
It is as simple as replacing a lamp bulb! Each service call you eliminate conserves critical materials needed for Victory. Your cooperation will save tires, gasoline and motor vehicles.

- PULL CORDS FROM OUTLETS**—If you're not certain which one caused to fuse to blow.
- TURN OFF MAIN SWITCH**—Stand on dry surface, not directly on concrete or earthen floor.
- REMOVE BLOWN FUSE**—Replace with new one of the same size, usually 15 amperes.
- TURN ON MAIN SWITCH**—If new fuse blows and you cannot locate trouble, call electrician.
- EXAMINE ALL CORDS**—Before reconnecting appliances or extensions, and make repairs.
- DON'T USE SUBSTITUTES**—Never substitute a coin for a fuse. . . it's dangerous!



Your Electric Traffic Policeman
Your fuse is a traffic policeman that "stops" electricity when something goes wrong. A safety valve! So you see a fuse that blows is not a nuisance.

How to Tell a "Blown" Fuse
Notice the metal line across the face under the window, this is a traffic bridge for a measured amount of current. When the circuit is overloaded or "shorted," the link melts. And the current stops.

Why Fuses "Blow"
Most frequently, fuses blow because of worn out, damaged or loosely connected extension or appliance cords, or circuits becoming overloaded. That's why you need the electric traffic cop! Keep new fuses on hand.

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