

Camp Adair Sentry

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It's probably been a long time since you've been to church and you probably resent anyone's suggesting you try going again.

Maybe you were never much on praying and you thought the guys who wore collars and donned clerical robes were dull stuff.

Maybe you didn't like the fluttering old ladies, the familiar hymns, the lean-faced deacons. Or the cherubic faced altar boys, the choir or the kneeling. Maybe you'd rather sleep off Saturday night's revel on Sunday mornings.

That was in civilian life. Things were easier and different, then. Religion was pretty important, but it didn't mean much to you. There were too many other things to be done.

Besides church was for women and the pasty-faced guys. The real guy who understood the world and its ways didn't need religion. He lived it by being a good guy—that was your argument.

It used to be our argument, too.
A fella didn't have to go to church to let the world know he believed in God and wanted to live up to all that religion was supposed to mean.

It was a swell argument—a clincher, in fact—when you discussed religion over midnight coffee or hotly debated it over a hamburger in your corner lunchcart during the wee hours of the morning.

But honestly, weren't you a take?
Wasn't the argument something you built up because you didn't want to be bothered going to church or were too lazy to make it on Sundays? Or because you just didn't like going to church?

And weren't you a failure at living up to the creed you so smugly laid down? Didn't you occasionally covet your neighbor's wife, push a guy in the face to get yourself a little further up near the top? Did you always love thy neighbor as thyself?

There's no point in enumerating the others, you're caught. You did break the rules and truthfully, didn't you break with yourself? While you were hollering "hypocrite" at everybody else weren't you a bit on the hypocritical side yourself?

This is no argument for you to go to church. Maybe you don't need to go. Maybe you've found out how to live up to all the rules. If you have, don't go.

But let's get this straight: These are tough days on a guy. Days when it's easy to lose faith and days when a guy's courage is undergoing its greatest test, and there's no use foolin' about the future. It's going to be even tougher when we get into this war with both feet.

Maybe you think you don't need religion, but did you ever stop to think in the days ahead when you're going to need something to lean on, something to believe in? Because maybe we'll stop believing in a lot of other things out there.

You'll find religion in the Army is the kind of religion a guy can understand because it's the kind that understands a guy with a gun in his hands.

Maybe you remember the chaplain at Pearl Harbor who shouted, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." And way back in the Revolution there was Chaplain James Caldwell who was in the thick of the New Jersey battle at Springfield. When the patriots ran out of paper shot for their muzzle loaders, he dashed into a country church nearby and emerged with an armful of hymn books. "Now put Watts into 'em, boys!" And then there was Father Duffy.

Try going to church some Sunday, soldier. See if you don't find that something that's been missing from your life. See if it doesn't help a guy to have faith in himself and the uncertain future. See if it doesn't sort of make you warm and proud and happy inside.

And see if it doesn't give you something to lean on when things go wrong. And from now on, lots of things can go wrong.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

As one "old man" to another, a comrade in SCU 1911 has written me about a story on the front page of the Camp Adair Sentry last week. He read the account of the President's remarks at a press conference, and the testimony of the Secretary of War and the Chief of Staff, before a Senate committee, and he doesn't understand.

"Is it a fact," he wants to know, "that we old Yanks will be yanked out and sent home as no-account soldiers? If so, why? Suppose we can't go over the top, as many of us did in the other war. Suppose we lack the resiliency of youth. To make up for our deficiencies we have assets that young fellows don't have. Surely, in years of service, we have learned something and must be their equals as instructors and for administration."

"Here we are, in a Service Command Unit, equipped, partly

soldiers are doing most of the "Army housekeeping." I wish that we had something definite on that as regards Russia, where the people are fighting our war with a gallantry far from universal in the United States.

In reading over the words of the hero of my youth, Theodore Roosevelt, before we entered the other war, I was struck by his evaluation of Russia. Way back in that time, while the Czar ruled, and before Russian Communism changed the country, old T.R., who had been President, felt the worth and potentialities of the Russian people in a war of self-defense.

"Russia's sufferings have been sore," he said, "but it is not possible to overestimate Russia's tremendous capacity of purpose and power of endurance. Russia is mighty, and her future looms so vast that it is hardly possible to overstate it. The Russian people feel this to be their war and Russia's part in the world is great and will be greater; it is well that she should stand valiantly and stubbornly for her own rights, and as a firm and ardent friend of the Russian people may I add that Russia will stand for her rights all the more effectively when she also stands for the rights of Finn and Pole and Jew."

(Bear in mind that Colonel Roosevelt said that before the military collapse of Russia, and in the other war, when the Russian people were handicapped by official corruption in high places.)

But long before, in 1899, T.R. expressed his scorn for that narrow kind of Americanism which kept us out of this war until France went down and the conflict assumed such awful proportions that only the British, with their magnificent self-confidence, staved off defeat for our side.

"We cannot sit huddled within our own borders," he said, "and avow ourselves merely as an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters who care nothing for what happens beyond."

Also, at the centennial establishment of the United States Military Academy at West Point, in 1902, he spoke out against what I call the "camp soldier," the fellow so concerned with the comparatively petty routine and customs of the service that he forgets the real reason for having an army.

"I ask you to remember," the President Roosevelt of the first years of the century said to future army officers, "that the final test of soldiership is not excellence in parade-ground formation, but efficiency in actual service in the field and that the usefulness, the real and great usefulness, in the parade ground and barracks work, comes from its being used not as an end, but as one of the means to an end."

TO THE EDITOR:
After all, there isn't so much difference—or shouldn't be—between a soldier and a citizen. The former still IS the latter. And the latter is in the war also. The common man all over America is realizing that this is HIS war, that how it comes out will make a lot of difference to HIM, and that he must do HIS part.

On that basis, John L. Soldier and John W. Citizen ought to get along famously together. But of course we all have our moods. When they are in the "Dr. Jeckyl" phase, harmony prevails. When both resemble "Mr. Hyde," the sparks are sure to fly. Even when one is the villain in the play, trouble may be brewing. For Dr. Jeckyl is not quite a saint.

Here is a soldier from Boston, New York or Chicago,—big cities where strangers do not speak Mr. Citizen tries to say a word of greeting or flash a friendly smile, but he doesn't get a chance. Or perhaps it is the other way round. It takes two to be friendly, as well as to make a quarrel. Patience, a friendly spirit and a sense of humor are the oil that lubricates the machinery of human relations. Pride, super-sensitiveness, discards, and selfishness are the sand—or the monkey wrench—that ruins these relationships.

John L. Soldier (Camp Adair species) and John W. Citizen (Oregon variety) are in the main friendly and courteous folks. Let's overlook the occasional crabbiness of an undigested meal or an ingrowing disposition, and be friends. Here's my hand. Put her there, Citizen (Soldier)!
—N. H. CARMEN

Dear Sir:
As a by-product of Ft. Dix, and also a resident of the wonderful metropolitan area of New York City, I wish to call attention to the fact that Vice-Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, a native of Portland, Ore., has been supplanted by Vice-Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., a native of Elizabeth, N.J. That's for the naval command in the Solomon Islands. Ft. Dix, in case there is anybody who doesn't know it, is in the state of New Jersey.

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



Remember that lusty challenge—your first night on guard—'t was only your shadow.

SOCIAL SWIRL

By Adele Adair

The Eve of all Hallowes, falling as conveniently as it does this year . . . Saturday night . . . gives both Service Clubs on the post the chance to celebrate the occasion with two fine Hallowe'en parties . . . typical and traditional in every sense of the word. Decorations will be in keeping with the date, and much fun is in store for those who desire to attend.

According to Mrs. Merriam, assistant director at Club 2, and Mrs. Blodgett, director of Club 1, the regular Friday night dances will take on new atmosphere this week. Corn stalks, pumpkins, and "all the trimmings" will transform the clubs into a Hallowe'en atmosphere and unusual games, including the one where you try to take a bite out of an apple on a string and not out of your partner—are planned. But you'd better drop in tomorrow night and get in on the fun . . . you'll never regret it.

While strolling with my nose scenting news, I saw the finishing touches being put on at Service Club 1. Pvt. Jack Greenhouse has been busy all week shelling the stained walls of the club and library. It's really a grand improvement, and as soon as this club is completed, artist Greenhouse will start action on the sister-club. "More yellow will be used," says the Private, "to give it a theatrical look."

Did you go to the dances last Friday night? They were both swell affairs, with a mob of enlisted men at both clubs. The SCU 1911 Dance Band showed even more improvement as it played for the dance in Club 1, and the newest addition to the entertainment roster of Camp Adair . . . the Field Artillery Band that came down from Fort Lewis for a few weeks . . . proved well worth listening and dancing to at Club 2. They'll be on hand again tomorrow night, and one of the "Sentry's" leg-men reports that this orchestra . . . which is versatile to play both five and long-hair stuff . . . is just about the finest organization of its kind at its home post!

The opening of the fountain at the new cafeteria, housed in Club 1, brought two charming young ladies to the post. They are Mrs. Elsie Lee Meyer and Miss Marvis Ward, both of Corvallis. The former is in charge of the fountain and the latter is her assistant. They turn out those delicious milk-shakes, sundaes and ice cream delights . . . with a bright smile accompanying every purchase.

Perhaps some of you have been wondering who the Housemother is at Guest House 1. Her name is Mrs. Gertrude Goddard and she is the widow of Major Goddard of the first World War. She sees that everything at the guest house runs smoothly, and assures all visitors a comfortable and cheerful visit. Mrs. Nina B. Mills is the housemother at the other Guest House. Both ladies report that the houses have been well-occupied since they opened, with week-end visitors predominant.

The Camp Adair entertaining troupe . . . this time including Cpl. Nick Sansonia, who works at Club 2, and Pvt. Jack Gates, Cpl. Perez and Pvt. Gene Logan . . . adds two more stands to their already long list of engagements. Last Tuesday night, they appeared at the Salem USO to entertain the sailors and they will repeat the show tonight at Turner where they will assist with a scrap salvage drive. Such

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

SCU 1911

The weather, Mark Twain once remarked, is something that everybody talks about, yet no one does anything about it.

The weather in Oregon, especially in this beautiful Willamette valley, is unusually interesting. We have just enjoyed that most delightful season, known here as "Indian Summer." Some of us were here for the summer months, with its occasional torrid days, but on the whole very pleasant.

Natives tell us newcomers that the winter season is now at hand. Winter in the Willamette valley does not mean severe storms, nor snow or ice. It does mean rain, and lots of it. Those who have lived here for some time really look forward to this wet season, and don't seem to mind the precipitation. They claim, and statistics prove their contention, that the rain cleanses the air and makes this valley one of the most healthful places in the world in which to live.

The rains also mean water in the ponds and lakes and marshes, and when this water comes in, so do the ducks and geese. Right here on this reservation there are some excellent spots for hunters of these great water birds. The rains also mean water in the conical streams, and streams from here, and as these streams rise, the fighting silverside salmon and steelhead trout come up, to provide the finest sport in the world for the angler.

Naturally the rains will mean some discomfort for those who live here on the post. This fine soil turns to a rather sticky mud, which clings to the G.I. shoes. Mats or sacks placed just outside doors, and then used, will greatly help the orderlies in their work.

Particular attention should be given to dress for rain. Sufficient clothing has been issued all men for winter wear. The main thing is to keep dry, and for most of the time, raincoats rather than overcoats will do. Colds should be cared for at the first sign of infection.

Drill and maneuvers will not be as pleasant during the rainy weather as during the season just past. But it should be remembered that in the various theaters of war, the weather is not made to order. Men must be conditioned to fight in any climate, and we should be mindful of the fact that here on this reservation there is a wide variety of terrain for training.

Men have been stationed at Camp Adair for just one purpose, to further our war effort. The weather can be an asset and useful in our training program. This asset, and all others on this post, will, of course, be utilized to the utmost so that victory can be achieved as soon as possible.

Mrs. O. V. McKinley, Mrs. Richard Miller, Mrs. James Miller, Mrs. T. F. Nielson, Mrs. J. S. Liddell, Mrs. Walter Leon and Mrs. R. B. Floyd.

Hallowe'en Party
Col. Edwin T. May, the officers of his command and their ladies, are looking forward to an old-fashioned Hallowe'en party and dance which will be held in the Regimental Officers' Mess, Saturday night.

Details of the party, which is to be a genuine hard time affair with all the trimmings, are being arranged by Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Bailing.

Wearing Wedding Bells Soon
According to the Benton County court house records, Clarence A. Johannes of the post, whose home is in Swanville, Minnesota, has made application for a license to marry Miss Doris Mae Raver of Monmouth.

Another application was made last Wednesday for a wedding license when Cpl. Leo Kravitz, Medical Corps, Camp Adair, and Miss Helen V. Sugarman appeared before the county clerk, Miss Sugarman recently arrived in Corvallis and the ceremony will take place soon.

Hallowe'en Party Albany Recreation Center
Service men are cordially invited to attend an old fashioned Hallowe'en party at the Recreation Center in Albany, Saturday night October 31, starting at 8 p. m. An interesting program is planned, consisting of contests, games, community singing, music and refreshments. There will be no charge and you are asked to come and have a good time.

Belonging to the club are Mrs. P. B. Bradley, Mrs. C. L. Bieck, Mrs. P. O. Brash, Mrs. S. C. Bush, Mrs. E. B. Ellison, Mrs. G. H. Jones, Mrs. D. F. Lyon, Jr., Mrs. D. S. Shaver, Mrs. G. R. Yarbers,

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