

Field House Ready; Plan Allows Use by Everyone

Field House is ready for use. A generalized program for that use by the entire personnel of Camp Adair has been outlined and is in operation. And there isn't a reason between here and Portland why every man in camp can't make that splendid, "super-gym" at the corner of Avenue F and South First street the kind of an athletic home-away-from-home he's always dreamed about.

The reasons? They are multiple and in the following general way about as outlined for The Sentry yesterday by Capt. Frank C. Wimer, athletic officer of Camp Adair.

1. The general setup. — Field house will handle plenty of men, 300 of whom, for instance, gave it a very mild baptizing Monday evening. The over-all floor area, 180 x 100 square feet allows three maximum-size (94 x 50 square feet) basketball courts. Thus three basketball or volleyball games, or boxing and wrestling matches could be conducted simultaneously.

There are seats for 4,000 to watch the exhibitions. When not in use, seats are stored in a room on the south side of the building. Before dwelling on added items here, let's take a look at

2. The general program of use. — The daily use of the gym space will be from 10 a.m. until 10 p.m. (except when special events are scheduled). Space and facilities will be divided up, Capt. Wimer said, among the 96th and 104th Divisions and a post complement group.

Lt. John C. Van Vulpen will be athletic officer of the 96th Div., which will have away over the east gym court and will utilize dressing room (hot showers, boys, and steam heat attached) on the south side of the building. The medics and MP's will also use the 96th's dressing rooms.

Lt. Joseph Quinn is AO of the 104th Div., which is assigned the west court and will use dressing rooms on the north side, along with men of headquarters and quartermaster companies. Although each group will eventually have its own athletic officer, Capt. Wimer will for the present serve as AO for the post complement group.

Lighting is "20-20" — One of the notably outstanding features of field house is the lighting. It's definitely "20-20." There are 45 of those potent 500 watt lights on the hanger-type ceiling, five floods of "better than 1500 watt" above the boxing arena and enough extra wattage in smaller lights here and about to let you read the words "KP TODAY" as far away as you can see them, with your name attached.

It may be mentioned here that Field House is "all ready to shoot" and athletic activity of practically any kind your heart desires is there — on hand is the equipment needed to accommodate a good supply of men, although Capt. Wimer points out that this mostly represents equipment either donated or earned by proceeds from a talent show conducted some time back.

The main supply of "GI" equipment, of all kinds, is yet to arrive. On hand are boxing gloves, skipping ropes, volley and basket balls, punching bag gloves — even 32 pairs each of sneakers (in case you haven't your own, sir) for each of the three groups. This is to name a few of the items in stock and procurable from the AO of your particular group.

If you want to know "what fer" about anything, call or see the ath-

CURTAINS? WHOOPS!

WILLAMETTE-KIGER ISLAND (Special) — Members of the Home Economics club have volunteered to make curtains for one of the day rooms at Camp Adair, and in addition, to collect and send along as much furniture as possible.

Contributions are being taken to the grange hall and among the articles being donated are chairs, end tables, lamps, ash trays, magazines and books.

letic officer in charge of your group. The AO office for the post complement thus would be phone 2897, Capt. Wimer said.

Tournaments Ahead!

There will be tournaments ahead, probably the latter part of February when the seasonal fever is on — in basketball, volleyball, boxing and wrestling.

The leather pushers have a definite break in the man who will instruct boxing. He is Pvt. Pete DeGrasse, who once proved himself enough shucks as a lightweight to go ten rounds with "Hurricane Henry" Armstrong.

Taking a barracks bag peek at some of the other features: the fact that an athletic supply room will be continuously maintained... that there are both men's and women's rest rooms on the east side of Field House... that there are three drinking fountains...

Capt. Wimer also has hope of adding for his boxers and wrestlers, an 80x20-foot building annexed to Field House. This would be used as a dressing room.

The gym of Field House is under able care at all times, with Cpl. J. H. Shackleton in charge, Pvt. Moe Tanke and Pvt. Thomas Borelle (maintenance).

Getting anatomical, you might say that Field House is sort of a heart to the entire athletic-recreational program of Camp Adair. The activity fans out to each and every company, where there are (or are being) constructed, such helpful items as basketball courts (with all primary equipment), volley-ball courts and horse-shoe pitching grounds.

104th Div. Staff Pic On Display at Salem

Portraits of the general staff of the 104th division are prominently displayed in a window of Miller's department store at Court and Liberty Sts., Salem.

The pictures are of the large, portrait size and the impressiveness of the display has attracted much attention. Several of the wives of the officers pictured, apparently awakened to a new appreciation of their husbands have ordered a number of prints.

Officers pictured are: Major General G. R. Cook, Brigadier General H. F. Kramer, Brigadier General W. C. Dunckel, Col. J. H. Cochran, Col. A. J. Tourat, Col. H. C. Mondell, Col. W. P. Waltz, Lt. Col. J. E. Bowen, Lt. Col. H. B. Ender-ton, and Lt. Col. B. B. Wilkes.

The studio which took the pictures is Jeston-Miller, located in the department store. Nels Tanning, the photographer, has had many years of portrait experience.

SOME PUMPKINS



A pretty reminder that Halloween is coming soon is Movie Actress Ann Savage of Columbia, S.C., as she holds two pumpkins. The studio where she recently made her movie debut says she's green-eyed.

I Want To Get Fighting Mad

By W. J. Weir

Don't get me wrong—I'm just an ordinary guy. I'm not trying to pose as an expert on the moulting of public opinion. I'm not talking big about what I'd do if it was my job to whip up the country on the war effort.

I'm talking as an average citizen. I'm saying, not what I'd like to tell them, but what I'd like to be told. Soon.

Because I'm concerned, and I've been concerned, about my reaction to all that's been happening. Sure, I'm buying bonds. I'm paying taxes. I'm doing with less sugar.

But deep down inside, down where it really matters, something hasn't taken place yet that I feel ought to take place. I'm all a walter of confusion there. It keeps me scratching my head and mopping my brow when I know I ought to be clinching my fists.

You understand? It's like this:

I want to be told—not to buy Defense Stamps or Defense Bonds. I want to be told to buy Victory Stamps or War Bonds.

I want to be told — not about the construction of houses in Defense Areas. I want to be told about the construction of houses in War Production Areas.

I want to be told—not to remember Pearl Harbor. I want to be told to take Tokyo, to bomb Berlin, to raze Rome.

I want to be told—not to do my part to keep Nazism or Fascism from these shores. I want to be told to do my part to spread Americanism to all shores.

I want to be told—not to help keep our world and our way of life from being lost. I want to be told to help build a new world and a better way of life.

I want a positive program instead of a passive one. I want something to fight for—I'm sick and tired of having only something to fight against. I'm hungry for something to get pepped up about — I'm repelled from having only something to fear. I want something to do—not just to wait for. It hasn't been so long since the last war that I forgot what happened then. I remember the parades and the speeches and the ringing slogans. Then we fought to make the world safe for democracy. We bought Liberty Bonds. We sang that the Yanks were coming.

We set out to avenge Belgium—not just to remember it. We made a vow that we'd reach Berlin or bust. We toyed with plans to hang the Kaiser. We warned the Hitler to "keep your head down, Fritzzy!" We girded ourselves for a Crusade—we didn't close the doors for a siege.

We hated the Kaiser—we didn't laugh at him. We printed his loathesome physiognomy on toilet paper—to make the most ignominious use of it. We likened his upturned handle-bars to the devil's horns—not to anything so harmless and pathetic as the famous hirsute prop Charlie Chaplin shelters in his upper lip. We saw nothing to be amused about in his vain and pompous posturings—as we do today in Mussolini's "puffy strutting. We didn't pin our hopes on the defective eyesight of the enemy.

We planted war gardens. We poured money into war chests. We had gasless undays and yelled "Slacker!" at anyone who dared to venture out in his Winton or Hupmobile or Sterns Knight. We churned one pound of butter into two pounds and did it with as much will as if we were turning out ammunition.

We took the offensive psychologically long before we took it physically. And if we hadn't taken it psychologically, we'd never have developed the drive to take it physically. And don't tell me we can't do the same now.

I want to sing that today we control our own destiny, tomorrow the destiny of the whole world. I want to sail against Germany, against Italy, against Japan. If they can sail against us and our allies, why can't we sail against them?

I want to construct a greater America co-prosperity sphere. I want to correct the mistakes of the Versailles treaty insofar as they allowed all this to happen. I want to win lebensraum for the democratic way of life.

I'm fed up with singing plaintive songs—I want to sing battle songs. Don't tell me there'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover. To hell with bluebirds. Tell me there'll be vultures and a deathly silence over Berchtesgaden.

I'm bored with keeping a stiff upper lip—I want to develop a stiff uppercut. I'm tired of being made to feel sad. I want the experience—the purging, marshaling, driving experience—of being made to feel mad. Fighting mad!

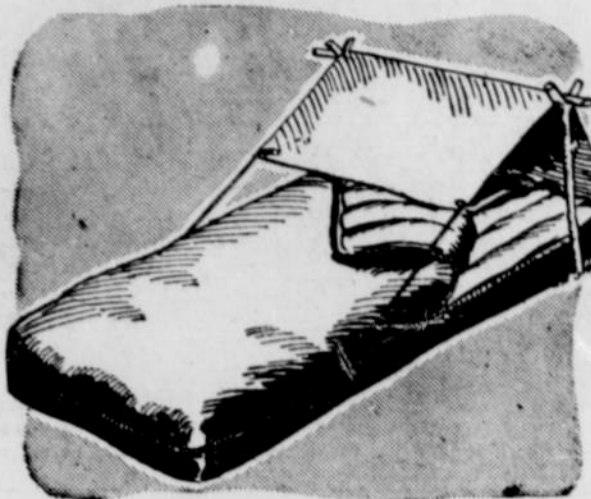
You get me!

—Reprinted from Printer's Ink.

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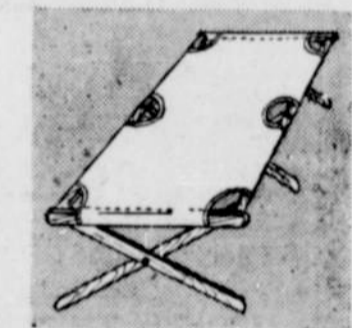
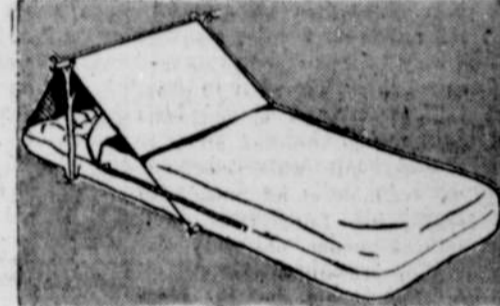
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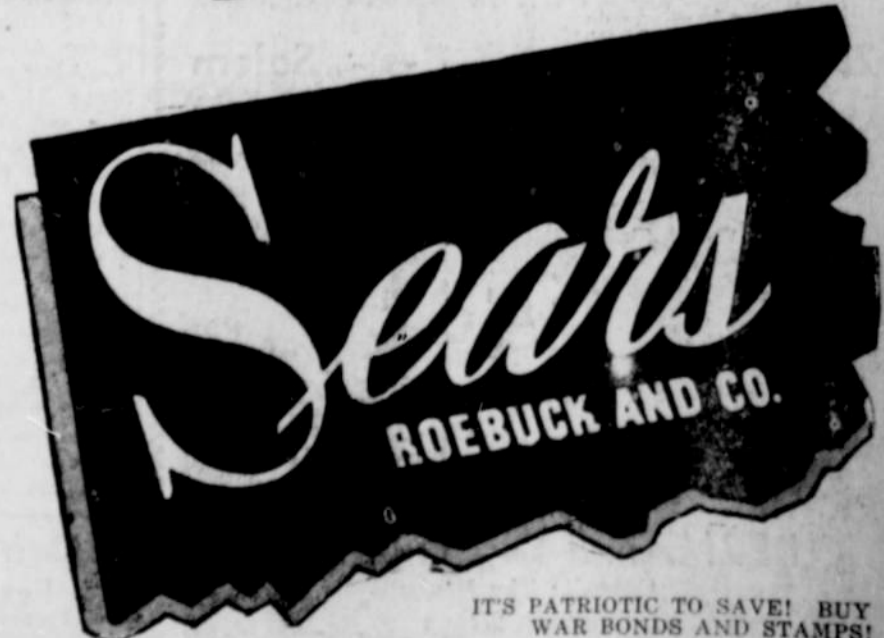
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