

Vignettes of Army Life—
Saturday Inspection
BY T/S R. C. JOHNSON

There's a prelude to everything... and the prelude to every week-end... rigid Saturday morning inspection... is the bane of most soldiers and is one medium that is turning Joe Rookie's hair grey before its time.

The first thought of Saturday inspect usually hits Joe's weary mind around 5 o'clock Friday afternoon. The dying rays of a bright sun trying to filter through the dust-laden window panes brings the stark realization that the window needs a bath.

Immediately after chow, Joe donned his fatigues, rolled up his sleeves and began. All the while he was concentrating on the approaching Friday night dances at the Service Clubs and the swell time he was anticipating.

Astride the sill, Joe soaped, rinsed and polished his window. It really wasn't a hard job, and was by no means the labor orgy it always appeared to be when studied objectively.

Next, the accumulation of junk on the shelf... which had grown cancerously since the previous Saturday noon... was put back in the barracks bags and foot locker where empty spaces were waiting to reclaim the assorted articles.

Then came a quick-brown-check of the clothing he knew he wouldn't be wearing either that night or the next morning. Then... the IMPORTANT job of polishing those G. I. walkers.

Of course they were polished intermittently during the week... here and there as the case of neglect warranted... but for Saturday, each and every boot had to be cleaned and polished... all over.

Daisybelle's Deluxe SHU-SHYNE-KYT, which had appeared to be an afterthought after Joe's induction, was his helpmate. So he brushed, rubbed, applied, polished, brushed... and polished and rubbed and applied and brushed. How he wished the army went barefoot!

By 8 o'clock, he could call his task done... but some of his barracks mates were still working while others had left wishfully thinking that their lick and promise job would get them by.

Saturday morning dawned dark and dank. But it was THE day... so he popped out of bed, performed the usual early morning functions, and gave a hasty last minute once-over to his "niche." The shoes and shelf were dusted again, the foot locker wiped with a damp cloth, and the blankets shaken with gusto before they could embrace the mattress once more.

The morning hours dragged. Joe was wondering from time to time if the barracks had been giggered or if he would be able to secure a week-end pass. But time marched on heedlessly and 11:30 eventually rolled around. Shortly thereafter, Joe re-entered his barracks and came face to face with the orderly.

"How'd it go," he inquired anxiously. "OK as far as I know," reported Pvt. Orderly. "The Capt'n took a few names... but the barracks as a whole, passed!"

Still in doubt, Joe sank on his bed and casually glanced about. Everything seemed to be in order... there was still hope. But you could never be sure.

Shortly thereafter an orderly room deputy arrived in the hall and tacked up the Captain's report. Heading the list in bold type, Joe read: THE FOLLOWING MEN ARE NOT ELIGIBLE FOR WEEK END PASSES DUE TO THEIR FAILURE TO PASS INSPECTION:

Joe's eyes skimmed the list down to the R's... Robinson... Ronald... Road... Sanford... Sansoni...

A sigh of relief that WAS a sigh of relief came over him. Hurray! His weekend would materialize. He was a new man!

But in six-and-a-half days more, the cycle would recommence. There would be a window to wash... clothes to brush... shoes to polish. But the feeling of this impending responsibility was far overshadowed by the feeling Joe experienced when he realized that he had done his job well... and to the satisfaction of his commanding officer!

William Gragg, Rev. George Campbell, J. C. Meehan, Mrs. Ferdinand Smith and Hockaday, director. Hockaday comes to this center from the national USO. He is a graduate of Lincoln University, Jefferson City, Mo., and his training included that of the position of physical director for the Paseo Y.M.C.A. in Kansas City, and as inspector of food and sanitation for the Kansas City health department.

1942 Last year we sang of violets and birds. Mountains where wild things rove. Of fields where flocks grazed and of gardens fair. Where dew lay heavy and the odor rare. Filled all the land, as scent from orange grove. We sang a song of joy in Summer, sweet; Of fruit, of vineyards and the blossoming corn. The feast of harvest and the rip'ning grain. Of Christmas joy—of giving thanks again. Welcomed the day whereon the year was born. Last year we had not known a bitter pang; For then we mourned because an early frost Had nipped our flower buds and we were sad— A fave-rite terrier sickened and went mad; A horse had stumbled, and a race was lost. Last year, compared with this, was full of bliss, For then a little disappointment stung— Our sons are summoned now by call of fate— Our best, young manhood walks the plank of hate! This year—our blood chills and our hearts are wrung! —By Ida H. Waite.

Gentlemen Duped by Smooth Customer in 'Wrassling's' Variation of Army Game

Either the gents who sit about Camp Adair's fire stations and swap tall ones in their off moments are very naive gentlemen indeed or else Ass't. Chief D. S. (Toby) Wallace is very smooth. It appears that not long back there was a roisterer wrassling professionally about Portland, Salem and way points known as the Masked Marvel. Although certain remuneration was posted for any able to disclose identity of the Masked Marvel by tossing him within the arena, none was able to do so.

The fire station boys being close followers of the sport and prone to practically know every wrassler by his spore, made slight wagers about this identity and among those covering the long green was Toby Wallace.

This went on until one day, lo! it developed that D. S. Wallace, for 20 years a professional wrassler, was quietly getting off nights on a special pass from Chief Sherk and appearing at various arenas; he being the masked marvel.

Wallace, who started wrassling down in Kentucky when he was still knee-high to a small tobacco shoot, has been known to remark and prove that a person is very dull indeed who cannot conduct his operations on a basis of two ends from the middle.

Arctic Temperatures Keep Food Healthful

here is the highest quality I have ever seen anywhere. It is the best on the market, the best that the Army can find," says Mr. Lundale. As indicating safety precautions, Mr. Lundale pointed to a runway, around the side of a meat room through which men may walk, and where they are safe if all the meat on racks should happen to fall down. The framework on the runway would protect them.

Tomatoes are received green, as are peppers, so that farmers do not run the risk of loss as a result of frost. Already stocked, they are ripened as needed, in a temperature of 65 degrees. Little canned food is used. The Army stocks a camp with fresh food to be sure of having plenty of canned food for troops overseas.

There are stoves to keep rooms up to the proper temperature, in case of real winter cold, and there is a room for candling eggs.

Adair Cold Storage Plant Really Frigid

Over at the east side of Camp Adair there is a building which could be used for training troops to fight in Alaska, Siberia, northern Russia, all over the Arctic Circle. Temperatures, in various rooms, run from 40 degrees down to 10 degrees above zero and in the coldest room great sides of meat hang from racks and could be used as dummies for bayonet practice, except that there might be a heap of grumbling, later in the mess halls.

The chances are, however, that it will continue to be the camp's cold storage plant and the chances are—let's hope—that the temperatures therein will continue to be lower than they are outside.

If you make a call, either wear an overcoat or be sure to borrow one of the warm, cozy affairs, that all of the men on duty wear when they have to enter the cold rooms. Also note the exact position of a button, close to a door and within the coldest room. If ever you are in the room, and the door is locked, so that you can't get out, just ring that bell and it will be answered quickly by someone from the office.

The temperature in there is always 10 degrees above zero and it feels at least that low, nowadays, with summer not far behind. Sausage, fish and fresh beef, lamb and veal are kept in the room. The temperature is 40 degrees in the receiving and breakdown rooms and 35 degrees in rooms containing vegetables, butter and eggs, and in the fresh meat cooler.

"We use freezons in all the refining machinery," said L. W. Lundale, civilian storekeeper and manager, under the authority of Col. T. A. Baumeister, Quartermaster. "That makes it impossible for anyone to be overcome by asphyxiation, and there can be no explosion or fire. The machinery is all of the circulating air type. The floors are concrete. There can be no accumulation of dirt and no bugs, rats or mice. They would find nothing to live on here."

"All meat products hang on racks, well above the floor, for circulation of air. Men working here wear woolen overcoats, with white uniforms over them, so that no street clothing ever touches the meat. Also the men in the cold rooms wear gloves. We have hose connections for washing the floors with soap and disinfectants and brushes. All of the clothing worn is kept in rooms apart from the food products."

"And I wish to say, as a man who has been in the meat business for 25 years, that the meat we get

an and her mother in Salem. Call Mrs. Lamkin, 5367, Salem. did he leave it for one of those college co-eds?

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3 Neighboring Towns Outfit Post Day Rooms

Thanks to the citizens of three Oregon communities — Monroe, Irish Bend and Alpine—furnishings for three day rooms at Camp Adair have been subscribed and are installed. The "good neighbor" work was done under direction of Mrs. Philip McGovern and an able group of assistants.

Among fixtures sent were a day-entertainment, violins, Victrolas, numerous tables, radios, smoking sets, reading lamps, drapes. Money for music and records was collected by students of Monroe High School while pictures were given by students of the Monroe grade school.

Camp Adair was all wet on Monday, and if that be treason, make the most of it.

Barnum Lodge No. 7 I. O. O. F. Corner 4th & Madison TUESDAY NIGHT, 8:00 Service Men Welcome

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HAVE YOU SEEN IT? A tan calf skin purse has been lost on the Post. The purse contained many important papers which would be of no value to anyone except the owner. If found, please notify Miss Edith B. Calavan, 1006 E. 2nd St., Albany, Oregon, or phone Albany 511-Y or 495.

Singers, Dramatists, Script Writers, Sign Up for New Activity

Singers of Camp Adair—ten SHUN! Also dramatists and script writers. Tuesday has been set as deadline to sign up at Service Club No. 2 for a Camp Adair soldier's chorus and quartette, being organized under direction of club hostess, Mrs. Florence Coardy Merriam. Mrs. Merriam, who gave up a stellar career in music to serve with the armed forces, said she will release her entire library of favorite music to use in the vocal activity and will include instruction for those who are seriously interested in singing and vocal expression. Camp shows are in the offing; hence, dramatists and script writers are also urged to contact Mrs. Merriam.

Soldiers to Get Gas Under Rationing Law

Soldiers who live off post will be allowed to purchase enough gas to get them to and from the post when the nationwide gas rationing goes into effect on Nov. 22, The Office of War Information has announced. These soldiers fall into one of the 20 preferred mileage classes who are allowed a "C" ration which entitles them to drive more than 470 miles a month, if a definite need is proved.

Special Preferences If Actual Need Shown

Applications for supplemental rations of gas are obtained at the time the car owner registers for the basic A book. The applications are presented later to a local war price and rationing board. No additional rations will be allowed unless the applicant has shown, that he has formed a ride sharing arrangement with at least three other persons—or at least that this is not feasible. Provision number 18 which provides for additional gas for soldiers specifies: "Members of the armed forces of the United States or state military forces on official business, where no military vehicle is available or for necessary transportation between home or lodging and post of duty (but not for transfer from post to post)."

Pan-Hellenic Society Meeting in Corvallis

Here is something for Camp Adair men to take home to their wives if they (the wives) are sorority members. An "open meeting" has been scheduled by the Corvallis Pan Hellenic on Monday, November 9, from 8 to 10 p. m. in Room 109, Memorial Union on the Oregon State college campus. All Greek letter women — newcomers and old residents alike — are invited to come for an informal, get-acquainted time. The meeting will provide an opportunity not only for extending sorority acquaintances but for learning more of the City Pan Hellenic activities. Eighteen national social groups are represented in the Corvallis Pan Hellenic Council to date. Sorority women are asked to spread word of this meeting as far as possible.

Every Promotion in This List Is Result Of Joining the Army

Tech. Sgt. Ray Atkins, who has been first sergeant in fact of Hq. Co., for lo, these many moons, is now 1st Sgt. on the official records. His promotion was coincidental with that of several others who survived tent city, Oregon in July, the appellation DEMI, and any number of other hardships that beset a headquarters company. Wilbur I. Hooper, who was a 1st Sgt., is now Master. S/Sgt. Maynard S. Boge is a Tech; Tech/4 Jerome C. Iverson is Staff; Cpls. Fred J. Lipscomb, Paul S. McCormick (who makes out the duty rosters), Thelbert E. Hunter and Henry Beckett are all sergeants, and Pfc's John J. Gubelman and Louis Sacks are corporals. In the Medical section it is now S/Sgt. LeRoy L. Raute, Sgt. Leo B. Schachter, T/4 Orville D. Kanouse. In Chemical Warfare Cpl. Joe Keneally was promoted to Sgt. and Pvt. Ralph M. Salvano becomes a Cpl. In the Veterinary section Pfc. George W. Zimmer becomes a Cpl. The following officer promotions were announced this week by Major-General Bradley: 1st Lt. to Capt.—Maurice Frederick Castle, inf.; Samuel Sidney Wood, inf.; Paul Benjamin Daniels, AUS. 2nd Lt. to 1st Lt.—Edward John Beck, inf. Promotions of enlisted men were: To be 1st Sgt.—Thomas L. Beery, Albert Greene; to be S/Sgt.—Charles F. Pozzino, Wyman E. Brickey; to be T/S.—Joseph B. Holladay; to be Sgt.—Robert E. Heuer, James Plato, Russell G. Beyer; to be T/4—George F. Latrache, Francis E. Rogers, Harlan E. Williams, Lewis E. Westbrook, Earl R. Sonnenberg, Thomas J. Cornwell; to be Cpl.—Ralph E. Stanwood.

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