

Camp Adair Sentry

Mounting Guard in and Around Camp Adair, Oregon

"No man can suffer too much nor fall too soon, if he suffers or if he falls in the defense of the liberties and constitution of his country."—Daniel Webster

A weekly journal devoted to maintaining morale, with the responsibility of circulating post information and news at Camp Adair, Oregon.

Vol. 1, No. 30.

Camp Adair, Oregon, Thursday, November 12, 1942.

\$1.50 a Year by Mail

Adair Vets of First War Recall Armistice

Generals, Lieutenants, Privates, Tell of Big Day 24 Years Ago

Major General Gilbert R. Cook and Col. Gordon H. McCoy will learn for the first time, if they read the Armistice Day reminiscences which follow, that they both were in the French city of Commercy on the day firing ceased in World War No. 1.

Others, officers and enlisted men now at Camp Adair, will be happily amazed to see that they were within a few miles of one another, all poised for a terrific drive on the fortress-city of Metz, when hostilities ended.

Possibly this retelling of the old story will make for a renewal, among the older heads here, of that matchless comradeship which comes only through the sharing of hardship and danger at the front.

Perhaps the younger men will read and find that military service in war is not so much of a sacrifice, after all, if it can leave such memories. Maybe it's more a gamble, for high stakes. The loser dies, or is disabled. The winner has a treasure that can't be estimated in money.

Now here are a few Armistice recollections. If there are, in this camp, more exciting stories, don't blame your newspaper, which last week invited one and all to submit them. And please note that these stories are not in sequence according to rank. They are all mixed up.

Col. Gordon H. McCoy

At the 11th hour of the 11th month, in 1918, Camp Adair's present commanding officer, Col. Gordon H. McCoy, was so affected by the sudden silence that he stopped the motorcycle which was taking him to a hospital.

"Yes, I knew about the Armistice," he said when asked whether he really was aware of the reason for an end to the firing, "but the change, from incessant noise all along the front, to deathlike silence, was so impressive that I just couldn't keep on going. I had to stop and let it sink in and try to understand what had happened. And I guess I was pretty sick. My temperature, that night, was 103. I had bronchial pneumonia."

Col. McCoy was riding in a sidecar, and when the motorcycle stopped he was about six kilometers north of Verdun and not far from tragic Dead Man's Hill. He was commanding officer of the 2nd Battalion, 364th F. A., and had been at the front for several weeks on inspection. The weather was terrible and he had fallen ill and if he had been forced to remain there longer he might not have survived it.

"I remember distinctly," he said, "the rumbling of the guns on that morning and its sudden end and the silence of a graveyard that followed. I remember the sight of girls dancing with soldiers in the streets of Verdun, as we rode through the town, and then the solitary Frenchman, waving his hat, from a bicycle on the towpath of the Meuse Canal, and crying 'Fine la Guerre!'"

"We rode on down, over that road which follows the Meuse, through St. Mihiel and as far as Commercy, which we reached about (Continued on page 4, column 1)

As You Were, Sir



Here's Major Earnest Alton Shafer, post engineer, as he was about the time World War No. 1 ended. He was a 1st lieutenant, and with other officers was lined up against a stone wall at Domremy, where Joan of Arc was born, to be shot—by a camera.

Still Time to Crash Big Dough for Photos

Members of the Armed Forces all over the country are submitting photographs in the national contest sponsored by the American Red Cross. The pictures are to depict some phase of Red Cross service or to be symbolic of the organization's humanitarian motives and can be submitted up to Dec. 31 when the contest closes.

Monthly awards are 1st prize \$200, 2nd \$100, 3rd \$50, and 33 special merit awards of \$25. Grand award prizes are 1st \$500, 2nd \$300, 3rd \$200, 4th \$100 and 10 honorable mentions of \$50. No print more than 10 inches in longest dimensions may be entered, nor prints smaller than 5 by 7. Negatives and prints should be mailed to 598 Madison Ave., New York City. The back of each entry should have the name and address of the sender and a brief title or description of the picture.

THIS WAR IS GETTING TOUGH

Fruit drinks, milk, cocoa and tea will be substituted for coffee, the Quartermaster Corps announces, when the army stops serving coffee except at one meal a day, beginning in January.

One man will be allotted four pounds per 100 men per meal, instead of seven as at present. This holds in the United States. Men serving overseas may have as much as they want, although it is reported that the soldiers in this war care less for coffee than did their predecessors, in the other war.

Civilians are limited to one cup of coffee a day, beginning Nov. 28.

'What's Your Business?' 'Firing, Sir...' Pvt. Aha Then Whisked into Difficulty

"Once I learn how to fire these room furnaces in these camp buildings. A large room. A very large room, Aha noted, and filled with artillery firing, huh?" asks Pvt. George Aha, a jeep in Hq. Co. SCU. He asks it in a hurt, wistful way.

Aha, a rookie with little basic training under his belt, was one of those chosen recently to learn how to fire the heating boilers about the camp. He reported to a designated refresher course in heavy artillery building in one of the divisions and lery firing. Eventually, of course, was standing idly by when a lieutenant was found that Aha had come tenant brusquely asked him his business. "Firing, sir," said Aha. Pvt. Aha couldn't quite manage a Whereupon the lieutenant seized military exit. The poor fellow, in the rookie and whisked him to a fact, slunk away.

Africa News Is Good

All French North Africa, including Morocco, capitulated to the American expedition at 7 a.m. (11 a.m. PWT) yesterday.

The United States and British expedition was driving eastward at top speed from Algiers toward the Germans now in Tunisia. American and British forces reached and occupied Bougie, 110 miles east of Algiers, early today. (The capitulation does not include Tunisia and all indications were that there would be a clash there.)

The Unknown Soldier Speaks To His Son

By Gail Cleland Lt. Col. Chaplain

I am the Unknown Soldier. When that last burst of shell struck me down in No-Man's Land, and from my broken body life went out, I seemed to hear angelic voices bidding me take heart, for I had not lived in vain, since my Girl-Bride, whom I had wed one month before I sailed for France, would bear a Son to carry on my name.

And now, my Son, I come to you To speak of things forever true, A man must change his value scale, When Death has drawn aside the veil; For money, fortune, fame and power, May pass away in one short hour; But some things to the poorest given Outlast the very stars of heaven. The Best is neither new nor odd, But old as Truth, and Love and God.

I was just twenty-one years old when I went off to war. It seemed the only thing to do, when our great President, Woodrow Wilson, spoke immortal words and, prophet-like, declared the day had come when America must spend her blood and might for principles that gave her birth, and the peace which she had cherished. God helping her, she could do no other.

I volunteered. There was a trace Of tear-drops on your mother's face, Which she had bravely brushed away—I knew she would not have me stay; To stay at home in such a time Had seemed to us almost a crime; So I resolved to give my best; I left my Bride all I possessed— My bank-book, my insurance claim, My faith and hope, and my good name.

All wars are hellish things, and such was that in which I fought—in muddy trench and shell-torn field, with rifle, gas-mask, hand grenade, and biting thrust of bayonet steel. One night, while fiery flares with lurid daylight lit the ground, and screaming shells were bursting all around, an order came directing us to go. My regiment advanced and met the foe.

We grappled with them breast to breast, And beat them back with fighting zest, Believing that unwritten laws Give victory to a righteous cause. And we were right, that fateful night— We met them, and we overcame, We won that bloody battle-game, Our line swept wide, but I—I died! If you ask why, I give reply, THERE'S THAT IN ME THAT MUST BE FREE.

Full four-and-twenty years have passed and now once more the cannon-blast has put an end to peaceful mirth, the strife has gripped the sad, old earth. The wraith of War, with poisoned breath, broadcasts the awful seeds of death, while hatred, like a tidal wave, engulfs the world in one vast grave. And you, my Son, of man's estate, are called to serve, for such is fate.

But war's more deadly now than then, Since thundering engines fight with men; The genius of the human brain Has found new ways to count the slain; Destruction is by wholesale planned, To drive whole nations from their land. The endless march of death machines Has blotted out familiar scenes, And Science, once our boast and pride, Invites mankind to suicide.

It matters not what worth or state,—the guns do not discriminate—a mother with her little babe, a working man, a sweet young maid, a soldier or an aged man, a saint with whom an age began—for bombs are blind and deaf and dumb; no conscience guides a motor's hum; an engine speaks with voice of hell, and needs no answer but a shell.

What madness launched this deed of shame, Conceived this "crime without a name?" Some babble of a "master race"; Some passion led by snarling face; Some broken faith and secret spies, A crooked cross, and specious lies. Some insane cry of "racial sin," And "death to Jew's," the Lord Christ's kin. Thus human Freedom takes to flight Before a madman's conquering might.

To free the world from such a blight, and vindicate the truth and right; one hundred million people saved, who now are hopelessly enslaved, the victims of a plundering host, — to give them back a faith now lost; to help bring in the brighter day, and learn to live the Master's way — in such a Cause to have some part, should claim the noblest head and heart.

This Cause outweighs all gain or loss; For this, died Christ upon His Cross. Go, serve, my Son, and ne'er retreat,— Come life or death, such toil is sweet. If life, then live with spirit high; If death, then show how free men die. Give your proud blood to melt the sod, And your unconquered soul to God. If men ask Why, give this reply, THE WORLD MUST BE FOREVER FREE!

TimberWolves Hosts

Stay-at-Homes— They Fight Too



—Statesman Cut

From left to right: Miss Gerrie O'Brien, of the Post Exchange Office; Mrs. May D. Duvall, of PX 8; Lt. Victor J. Mix, assistant post exchange officer. Mrs. Duvall, wife of S Sgt. Frederick C. Duvall, instructor at the Cooks and Bakers School, saved money from her pay and also from her allotment and bought \$206 worth of war bonds. (Public Relations Photo).

General Bradley Has Armistice Day Rally

Generals Easley and Kane Also Speak at Divisional Assembly in Parade Area

Major General James L. Bradley, commanding general of one of the infantry divisions at Camp Adair, late yesterday addressed the officers and men of the division at a brief Armistice Day ceremony and urged them to develop a "killer instinct" for this war.

Other speakers on the program were Brigadier General Claudius M. Easley, Brigadier General Paul V. Kane, Lt. Col. W. J. Bradley, Chaplain (Lt. Col.) Gail Cleland, and Chaplain L. A. Thompson and Chaplain T. P. Bermingham.

The ceremony, preceding Retreat, and including songs by Capt. L. A. Bach, was held on the parade ground and took place so late that the Sentry can present only a short excerpt from General Bradley's address. He emphasized the training of the individual soldier and reasserted his determination to put a hardened combat team into the field with the least possible delay.

"These first weeks of training," he said, "will develop every soldier until he attains technical and tactical efficiency. We will grasp the thorn in our hands and prepare our minds and bodies for the hardships that must come before final victory.

"We must be tough, mentally, each man possessing a killer instinct — a terror to his enemies and anxious to close with him in combat for the honor of the division and in service to our country. Aroused and in condition we are the best fighting men in the world."

P.O. Warning: Be Sure You've Enough Stamps!

The camp post office calls attention to a warning by Postmaster E. T. Hedund, of Portland, that insufficient postage on overseas mail is burdensome and causes delay.

He announces that airmail addressed to a member of the armed forces in care of the postmaster of New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, Miami or Presque Isle, Maine, should be prepaid at the rate of 6 cents for each half ounce. Airmail addressed to a member of the armed forces in care of the postmaster of Seattle should be prepaid at the rate of 6 cents an ounce.

Wanna Ride?

Want to ride to Eugene and back every week day? If so, get in touch with Miss Dearborn, phone 2900, and she'll put you in touch with a fellow who makes the drive. He has room for three.

Officials From Two States Will Be Here

Oregon-Washington Dignitaries To Get Close-Up View of Army; Will Be "Inducted" for One Day

Some 50 men prominent in the civilian life of Oregon and Washington will be "in the army today—but for today only," as they get a close-up view of real army life at Camp Adair to be provided by officers and troops of the "Timber Wolf" Division, under the command of Major General Gilbert R. Cook.

It won't be a plush-cushion day. As explained through offices of Brigadier General William C. Dunkel, in charge of the arrangements, the agenda has been arranged with a dual purpose.

Primarily the program will serve as a gesture of appreciation for the excellent cooperation which the command has consistently received from civilians. Secondly it will help these citizens, who represent a pretty complete cross section of public life, to get some real idea of what the selectee will meet when he arrives for Army service.

The "civilian army day," as outlined, will begin at 10 o'clock this morning. At that time guides will meet civilians at gates of the post and escort them to meet with General Cook at division headquarters.

The next step will project the guests "into the army." They will be taken to classification section, interviewed and classified, via Form 20. After this they will get in jeeps and be escorted to artillery recreation hall.

Next comes chow, served GI and eaten from mess kits.

Following this they will get a replete review of infantry operations, from the bleachers just north of 12th St. N., and Avenues B and C. This will include demonstrations of various weapons, bayonet fighting, commando fighting, the "blitz course," erection of hasty field fortifications.

Top-off will come at the officer's club, with a coffee and doughnuts snack.

To those who have "qualified" in their army day, General Cook will then present diplomas.

It will simply be, it was pointed out, "one way in which the Army can show that it appreciates civilian cooperation."

Carmichael, Bear That Walks Like a Penguin and Talks Like a Politician, Gives Cub Reporter a Scoop on Plans

Carmichael, the erstwhile "Bear of Camp Adair," is revealing amid the pines of his new home, eight miles south of Corvallis.

He is happy now. But the hectic story of his rebald six days under and about barracks 409 of Headquarters company, which climaxed when he tried to outfox Sgt. Charles Webb and made his "big break" in Corvallis Saturday, is a tale to out-do the Perils of Pauline.

Let us tell it. But first—the Sentry has a sensational extra-account to offer. One of our reporters INTERVIEWED THE BEAR. Here is the story—as exclusive as mud on a GI shoe, as natural as bleach on a blonde, as revealing as the drapery on Gypsy Rose Lee:

"Before I went to see Carmichael," said the cub reporter (Pvt. A. Zilch), "I plumb knew I had everybody scooped. Why? Because I am a cub reporter and I can barely talk in any language."

"First, I scrooged down and crawled under the barracks. It was dark. I couldn't see. But I could hear a sound. I recognized it for what it was. It was Carmichael scratching his fleas in his sleep. I hoisted my head and hit a joist. It awakened the bear and he growled:

"Waddayabumsawant now?"

I said I was a cub, from the Sentry. I said I'd snuk in for an interview.

Carmichael snorted: "Fish and tosh. Leave my name out of this." But in the gathering light I could see he was pleased. He was also surprised to find I could talk bear.

I at once began the interview. "Where were you born," I asked.

The bear sounded a little condescending. "In a den. All bears are born in dens," he said. "If I'd been a dog I'd have been born in a litter."

I observed that things were quite a letter here.

Confesses Birthright

"The maid ain't been in to clean up yet," said Carmichael. "But this is a den. You find them everywhere. I was planning to start one in Corvallis when the army got me."

"You wouldn't be related to Jack Benny's bear, Carmichael, would you?"

The bear snorted: "I would NOT. I am named," he said, "For M/Sgt. William E. Carmichael, whose writings you have no doubt read. You can put it down that I am mighty proud of the honor."

The bear was looking around, unavailing, in his pockets. He asked: "You got a fag handy?"

"Just one," I told him. "I will split it with you. A couple of pfc's practically stripped me last night. The guys around the bar—"

(Continued on page 7, column 5)