

Camp Adair Sentry

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LEST WE FORGET

Yesterday the people of America observed their first wartime Armistice Day.

The first Armistice Day was born in peace. It marked the end of a war which was to usher in a new era of world wide peace and plenty. Instead, the world today is plunged into a war bloodier, more ruthless, more terrifying than in all history.

Our country lies in the middle of this war — not only geographically—but because she represents, in a very real sense, what this war is all about. For here in America a people has been welded out of a unique common denominator. Not a common background, or religion, or culture, for there is none among us; but rather a common faith in a democracy that works—a common belief in the dignity and integrity of the individual. That faith is being attacked by the Nazis. It is being defended, not only by Americans, but by all who enjoy freedom now or who aspire to it.

Yesterday—Armistice Day, 1942—we paid simple tribute to those who died in 1917 and 1918. The 90,000 men who gave up their lives in action, the hundreds of thousands who were wounded. Was their suffering and their sacrifice in vain?

America's answer must be clear and resounding. For years, most Americans have been cynical about the hypocrisy we read into our determination in the last war to "make the world safe for democracy" . . . to win "the war to end all wars." We have somehow assumed that we were sold out, that the ideas of twenty-four years ago were impractical and unreal. In so doing we have completely overlooked the blatant fact that the world was not made safe for democracy because we did not make it so.

We helped win that last war, and, having won it, we put away our weapons and came home to forget about it. We did not learn the lesson which the Axis powers have now burned into us with incendiary bombs and torpedoes and traitorous attacks on a flag of truce. We refused to realize that America is part of the world. We would not accept the fact that never can we isolate ourselves from all the other peoples who ride this planet alongside us.

These were our errors. We have the chance now to correct these errors. We must pay tribute to the men who made the final sacrifice the last time, not in mere words, but in blood and sweat. A quarter of a century ago those men died fighting for Freedom of thought, Freedom of conscience, Freedom from want and Freedom from fear.

And it is those very Freedoms we are fighting for today. We must dedicate ourselves to those who fell by dedicating ourselves to those who will come after us. And we shall be able to do this only by accepting without question America's responsibilities in today's war and in the peace that will follow.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

Through the rest of the year our veterans should refrain from holding forth about 1917 and 1918. I mean we shouldn't bore the rest of you with talk about the way things were the other time. And if we do, you should tell us to pipe down.

During Armistice week though, it won't hurt to humor us a little. Let the garrulous old men get it out of their systems. That's the idea. So here goes:

On this date, in 1918, a couple of us left our gun positions in the woods and walked down the hill to the plain and into the town of Wool, where the infantry had been when firing ceased the day before. The extreme American front ended at a barbed wire barrier and between that and a similar barrier, some hundreds of yards farther on, the road was strewn with shell and debris. Jonville, the next town, was wrecked.

As we trudged on we saw German soldiers approaching. They were looking at us warily, to see if we would speak and when we did they responded, with a kind of grateful eagerness, it seemed. Cigarettes were offered and German trinkets exchanged for them, as souvenirs. A handsome German officer, the traditional university type of German, was taking pictures of the soldiers of two armies mingling with good will one day after they quit shooting to kill. German guns were still in position and Germans were cooking in field kitchens.

Several days after that two of us non-coms got "unofficial" permission from our captain and hiked to Metz to see the French Army enter in triumph. We stood in the

cathedral square, near a statue of the Kaiser with a new sign, "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi," hanging above it, and saw Petain, then the "hero of Verdun," ride by, with his column of troops in horizon blue.

"So what?" young comrades probably are asking at this point. "That's old stuff. We're not interested."

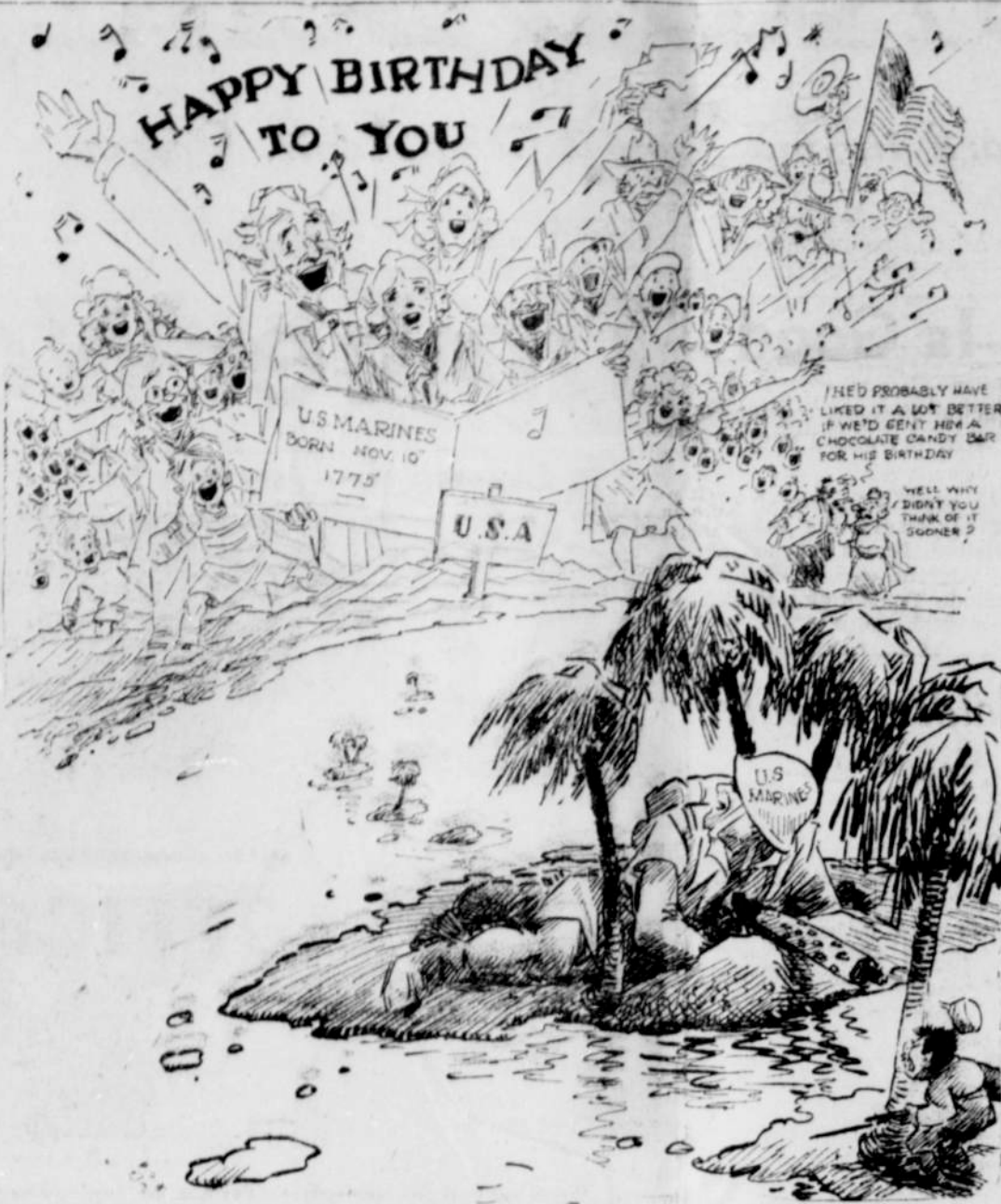
Yes, it is old stuff and it seems awfully long ago and different, because obviously our enemy today is another generation of Germans, far worse than the earlier one. When the war ends, this time, it won't be so easy for soldiers on our side to mingle with the enemy, a week after hostilities cease, and casually pass the time of day.

No, I'm not thinking of revenge. It is only that we must not forget, when this war is over, the tremendous burden of offenses on the part of a great many men, Germans and Japanese. We must keep them in mind so that we will be sure to make them impossible in the future.

Therefore we must remember such fearful, hideous crimes as the obliteration of Lidice, the Bohemian town, after all the men there were shot, all the women placed in concentration camps, all the children placed in propaganda schools. It would be well, I think, if some agency, governmental or otherwise, assembled the facts about what the enemy has done to innocent men, women and children in one country after another, and kept us well aware of them, through the war and afterwards, until the proper safeguards had been established.

This, fortunately, appears to be

Marines Have a Birthday Party



the attitude of our most enlightened public opinion today. For example, take this quotation from an editorial in The New York Times, a great, conservative, conscientious newspaper:

"Isn't it about time to define what we mean by a 'just peace' with Germany? The town of Lidice, a poor, coal-mining village, was near Kladno. Are the citizens of that community to determine what is 'just'?"

"The answer is, they are. It is they who will arise when the great Nazi retreat begins, from behind every tree and every ruined wall; they who will say that the beaten and broken Nazi thugs shall have no water, no food and no truce; they who will insist that no mountain, no valley, no depth of the sea, no island shall save the guilty from retribution; they who will avenge Lidice."

"We, who are not yet caught closely in this fearful struggle, had best not try to subdue the passions of those of our allies who have lived with the Nazi beast. Let them first be satisfied. In grief and agony they have earned the right. After that we can help to write the peace."



CHAPLAIN'S COLUMN

POST CHAPEL SERVICES

Avenue D and 3rd Street North

Friday, November 13

1900 Jewish services, Pfc. Bernard Axelrad.

Saturday, November 14

1900 Catholic confession.

Sunday, November 15

0800 Catholic Mass, Chaplain Talbott.

0930 Bible study, Chaplain Jorgenson.

1000 Protestant service, Chaplain Bartell.

1115 Later Day Saints, Pfc. Alvig Nielsen.

1900 Vesper service, Chaplain Jorgenson.

HOSPITAL SERVICES

Friday, November 13

1815 Jewish services, dayroom No. 602, Pfc. Morris Stavsky.

Sunday, November 15

Red Cross Recreation Room 312

0800 Catholic Mass, Chaplain Kenney.

0900 Holy communion according to the book of common prayer.

1000 Protestant service, Chaplain Newman.

Services — Sunday, November 15

Chapel No. 7

0900 Catholic Mass

1100 Protestant Service

Chapel No. 8

1000 Catholic Mass

1100 Protestant Service

Chapel No. 9

0900 Catholic Mass
1000 Protestant Service
Chapel No. 10
0900 Catholic Mass
1000 Protestant Service
Chapel No. 11
0800 Catholic Mass
0900 Protestant Service for 246th QM
1000 Protestant Service
1100 Christian Science Service

Sunday, November 15

CATHOLIC

Chapel No. 2—10:30

Chapel No. 3—7:00, 8:30, 11:30, confession Saturday 1500 to 1700, 1800 to 2000.

Chapel No. 4—8:00, 11:30, confession Saturday 1800-1900.

Chapel No. 5—8:00, 11:15, confession Saturday, 1800-1900.

Chapel No. 6—7:00, 11:15, confession Saturday 1800 on. Daily Mass 1830.

PROTESTANT

Chapel No. 2—9:15, Chaplain Leslie A. Thompson.

Chapel No. 3—9:30, Chaplain Howard Patrick Soloist, Mr. Shetney, warrant officer.

1900, group singing conducted by Mr. Shetney.

Chapel No. 4—9:00, 10:00, Chaplain Cecil W. Brown; 10:00, Chaplain Virgil W. Jackson; 1900, Chaplain Virgil W. Jackson.

Chapel No. 6—9:30, Chaplain John K. Ormond; 10:30, Chaplain Charles O. Churchill.

Jewish services at Chapel No. 2 every Friday at 1830.

Two new divisional chaplains have arrived at Camp Adair. They are 1st Lt. George L. Steinbeck, recently at Ft. Dix, N. J., and formerly at Trinity Lutheran church, Paso Robles, Calif., and Lt. W. B. Kenworthy, Jr., who has been at Hope Lutheran church, West Seattle, and Emmanuel Evangelical Lutheran church, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Chaplain Steinbeck, born at Oakland, Calif., attended California Concordia college, at Oakland, and Concordia Seminary, at St. Louis, Pa., attended Lehigh University and Nashotah Theological Seminary and did postgraduate work at the University of Chicago. Later he taught at Nashotah.

Christian Science Churches

"Mortals and Immortals" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, November 15.

The Golden Text will be, "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God" (Romans 8:19).

Among the citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will be the following from the Bible: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God" (Romans 8:14, 16).

The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following correlative passages from the Christian Science

textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy: "The great spiritual fact must be brought out that man is, not shall be, perfect and immortal. . . . The evidence of man's immortality will become more apparent, as material beliefs are given up and the immortal facts of being are admitted" (p. 428).

LETTER TO THE EDITOR?

Dear Sir: Please may I have the pleasure of recommending the Camp Adair Sentry as an advertising medium? Oh, thank you, sir, you are so generous!

Last week you ran this notice: "Anybody finding a stray kitten, with whiskers on only one side, will please take it to Bldg. 501. An elderly sergeant there is grieving for it."

I am that elderly sergeant. Within one day after your paper was on the street a kitten was found in the furnace room where my kitten had slept. This was a new kitten, part wild cat, perhaps, for it bit my finger and growled.

Next day Pvt. George Brooks, that M.P. who knows everything, called to say that my original kitten was over at the Post Stables. I carried the second kitten over there and the stable sergeant invited me to leave it.

So the stables have both cats. How the first kitten got there is a mystery. I suspect kidnapping, or would it be catnapping? But the stables are a better place for cats. They can sleep on hay and go in and out at will. Therefore I am deeply grateful to the stable sergeant and the other soldiers there. Nobody pays much attention to cats, as a rule, and I'm glad to find a group of men who appreciate them and treat them well.

All I ask is that my first little cat, Robin Adair, be given a chance to develop as a cat should. He deserves it. One night, some weeks ago, the Officer of the Day found the kitten in his car and took it to Post Headquarters. A soldier knowing that I cared about cats, told me about it and I went over to see what I could do.

When I spoke to the cat it looked up and faintly mewed. I say "cat," but it was the most wretched little waif of a half-starved kitten that I ever saw. In two or three weeks of life it certainly had been through hell. One eye was all red and partly closed. Its fur was torn, there were scars on its face, and its tiny paws were bleeding.

I picked up the kitten and it began to purr. It purred while I rubbed the sore eye with boric acid and scrubbed his filthy, little face, and it purred while licking warm milk from my finger. The way that kitten responded to good treatment was amazing. The eye cleared up, the scars healed and the fur became healthy and clean. In a week that cat had stopped limping and instead the little thing was patting at bits of paper with the droll grace that all cats share and springing grotesquely toward tufts of grass moving in the wind.



As nights get longer, days get occasionally grayer, traffic hazards increase on a post as busy as Camp Adair. Greater caution on the part of motorists and pedestrians is now necessary.

Motorists are reminded that there is a post speed regulation of 20 miles per hour. This will be strictly enforced. The military police are now equipped with motorcycles for patrol and every driver exceeding this necessary speed limit will be apprehended.

Great care must be exercised by drivers at all intersections, and when passing troops. Because there are few pedestrian walks, the streets must be used by persons on foot as well as vehicles. It should be kept in mind at all times that the olive drab color is hard to see at night and pedestrians are thus in greater danger.

Persons on foot should walk on the left side of the road, so that they can observe oncoming cars and trucks. When walking in a group, except when in military formation, it is better to walk in file rather than abreast.

Cars should have lights inspected regularly, and brakes should be in good repair at all times. Windshield wipers should be in working order. Lights should always be dimmer when meeting other cars.

This post is set up for efficient training of fighting men. Any accident, traffic or otherwise, hinders that efficiency. If motorists and pedestrians observe safety regulations and rules, and use good common sense at all times, the accidents will be held to a minimum and a better job of turning out fighting men will be accomplished.

At night, when I brought the cat into the office building, it mewed and clawed at my legs until I put it on the desk beside me where it looked with fascination at the flying rods of the typewriter. Then it took to sleeping on my shoulder while I worked. One night Master/Sgt. William E. Carmichael, personnel sergeant major won a bet on that. As they approached the building where I work he let them that not only would the elderly sergeant be there, at his typewriter, but that there would be a cat asleep on his shoulder. He won, two bits.

So you can see, sir, that this elderly sergeant really did grieve when the kitten disappeared. And as a result of your notice somebody gave me another cat and I learned that the first cat was safe and sound and in good hands. I'll never forget that kitten. He was such a brave, grateful little wretch and it took so little to make him happy.

— Elderly Sergeant

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

(Ed. Note: As a rule, poems signed "Conscientious Objector" are out of place in a soldier's paper, but the following verses are different. They appeared in The Barometer, Oregon State college students' daily, and are reprinted here as a kind of guide to men in the service. So here goes:)

"We're the purty girls of OSC, But not because we want to be; According to the royal decree, We can't have anything stronger than tea.

If offered a cocktail, we must be cool— Forget good manners, but cherish the rule, Or else be expelled From this Puritan school.

Most college girls know it's not right To guzzle booze until you're tight, And no one plans to spend the night Drinking till she's high as a kite. So let us have democracy In matters where it needs to be. Instead of founding policies Which have no place in OSC."

WE DO IT TOO

Numerous readers having so commented, the Sentry imposes this suggestion (which is not our own):

That, for your personal notebook or calendar, you clip items appearing which contain information you might want to remember sometime. And can't find your old copy of The Sentry. And then are forced, perhaps, to bother somebody in order to freshen your mind.

Not that Sentry reporters don't bother the personnel of Camp Adair no end at times. But then, that has been a pre-ordained prerogative of the Fourth Estate since before Tige was a pup.

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"There's a cheerful spirit about this way of accepting wartime restrictions. Morale is high."

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