

One of the Primary Things Is Care of Rifle and Learning to Shoot—and Shoot Straight!



(Left) Tables are available out at the range so that soldiers may keep their rifles in condition for firing. (Center) A bottle comes in handy when the infantryman wants to smoke up his sight so that there will be less gleam in the sunlight. (Right) Proper trigger release is emphasized and men must learn not to flinch, and to fire from any position. Here they fire prone. (These are Public Relations Photos.)

Adair Vets of First War Recall Armistice

(Continued From Page 1)

11 o'clock that night. But we went to the hotel an old woman refused to admit us, saying that a French general and the members of his staff were staying there and the hotel was full. Of course the general was asleep. He did not know about it. He was in command of a cavalry brigade and was on the way to Sedan for the formal entry of the French Army.

"Commercy, I remember, was sound asleep at that hour. Every place was closed. But a policeman told us of a bakery where we might pass the night. The baker fixed us up, brought newly baked bread and coffee, took my temperature, then 103, and gave me a thick feather bed for the night. Next day we went on to a hospital at Neufchateau, and found the town celebrating, too. Doctors and nurses and French people greeted us and gave us cigarettes, flowers and candy. I was in the hospital for two weeks, with bronchial pneumonia."

Major Gen. Gilbert R. Cook

On the day the war ended, the Major General Gilbert R. Cook of Adair was a major, without any "general" in the title, and he was in charge of horse-drawn vehicles coming down from Montfaucon and had just turned them over, at Commercy.

"My greatest thrill," he remembers, "was repacking my suitcase according to peace needs and not as if expecting to go into combat. That was my first act and how I enjoyed it."

"With us there was no cheering. It was a solemn day, a day of great relief, and of satisfaction in a job well done, a difficult job, too. We had been fighting for four and one-half months, steadily, and as time passed the chances for survival had seemed to decrease."

"So the change which the armistice made was an abrupt one for us because we had only one more night's march to make before reaching the front lines for a great drive on Metz. Yet I know that some comrades of mine fired a last shot in the direction of Berlin at 10:59 a. m., one minute before hostilities ceased. They must be proud of that now."

The Major Cook of that year had passed the night in a splinter shelter along the road at the eastern edge of Commercy and was busy all the next day and at 11 o'clock on the night of the 11th his car ran into a ditch and in strong words he informed the driver that he did not relish the idea of dying on the first day of peace. The Major Cook of World War No. 1 was executive officer of the 58th Infantry, Fourth Division.

Lt. Col. W. P. Sammet

Nov. 11th, 1918 came as a distinct letdown to Lt. Col. W. P. Sammet, now commanding officer of a field artillery battalion here—but then a 2nd Lt. in the second battalion, 132 Field Artillery, 36th Division. Col. Sammet's outfit was at Camp Coetquidan in Normandie and was all set to move to the front.

Keyed as Col. Sammet's outfit was for front line action—the news of the armistice came almost as an anti-climax. At first, the Colonel remembers, hardly anyone would believe the news. It had been just a few days before that all their personal effects had been collected and shipped to Paris—the usual preparation for immediate front line duty.

When everyone was finally convinced that the Armistice was not just a rumor—Col. Sammet's outfit didn't have the energy to celebrate. They saved that for later. Col. Sammet himself stayed in France until August, 1919. He had charge of a casual company at St. Aignan which was composed mostly of hospital releases.

When he finally sailed for home he had charge of another casual company, every man of which had at least one court-martial on his record. The winner was one who

had collected seven trials. This company of men who had just finished their guardhouse terms was unique in that it included soldiers from 32 states of the union and was further unusual in that it included both colored and white troops in its roster. This was the only company of its kind that Col. Sammet had ever heard of and he claims that it was the best—casual outfit that sailed from France.

S/Sgt. Jack S. Vinson

S/Sgt. Jack S. Vinson, M.P.—"I was confined to quarters with the flu. A major had been buried and I heard his funeral train go by. Then I heard more funeral marches and looked out and saw two funerals go by, each one with three caissons draped in black. I remember wondering when I would get mine. All this happened before 11 o'clock and we didn't know anything in advance where I was, at Ft. Lewis. Then the news came and I think a poker game started. At that time I was a second lieutenant and instructor of infantry."

Pvt. Carl K. Cohen

Pvt. Carl K. Cohen, Hdq. Co.—"I was with the 131st Infantry, 33rd Division. We were stationed with other units of the A.E.F., about 15 miles from Metz, which was then thought of as the gateway to Germany. At 11 o'clock sharp we were instructed to cease firing. Where a few minutes before there were shot and shell flying all about us, a sudden quietness prevailed. A few moments later we proceeded from our trenches and walked out to meet a group of Germans from the trench opposite ours. They greeted us hospitably. Thus was ended a war that had lasted more than four years, with a victory for the great American army and her allies."

Sgt. Edwin A. Brown

Sgt. Edwin A. Brown was driving an ambulance, attached to the 30th Ambulance company. His recollections are a bit hazy as to specific incidents on the big day, although he remembers being so close to Metz that he drove into the city, capital of Lorraine, that afternoon and "evacuated" three soldiers who had ingeniously sneaked into the city ahead of schedule and loaded themselves down with souvenirs—German officers' helmets, iron crosses and other loot that was good for a few francs in 1918.

While in Metz he saw Frenchmen overturn a statue of Frederick the Great. "The awful stillness, after so many months of the noise of the war, was our only real proof that there was an armistice," said Sgt. Brown. "We had been hearing rumors of one for several days, but rumors then, as now, were a dime a dozen."

"That night, though, when I got back to Gondrecourt, and discovered that the M.P.'s were allowing the lights in the cafes to stay lit—and also the soldiers—I knew it must be the real thing. I packed up to return home and then drove on up with the Army of Occupation for the next seven months. "A lot of things must have happened that I would never have forgotten except for the many war movies I have seen since. They confuse one . . ."

Major Earl F. Armstrong

Major Earl F. Armstrong, Chemical Warfare Officer here, celebrated in New York City. Then a Chemical Warfare Sergeant, at Lakehurst, N. J., he and several others rented a five-passenger Packard and set out for the metropolis.

"We were lucky to get there," he says, "because the roads were congested and none of us knew the way. But we rode across the Jersey meadows in the dark, and it was the coldest ride I can remember, and then took the auto ferry across the Hudson river, and hit Manhattan about 11 p.m."

"Of course we got into the theatre section, around Broadway,

and we dined at Churchills, a restaurant we had heard much about and then joined the milling crowds on the sidewalk. A girl grabbed my hat and I chased her two blocks to get it—"

But what did the major (then sergeant) do with the girl?

"Oh, I was lucky to get the hat," he said. "But you know, in that great crowd we even saw other men from Lakehurst. There was a lot of noise, naturally, and heaps of excitement and I remember that we had to wade through paper about knee deep. Newspapers had been dumped around and strips of paper were thrown from windows. But we got away all right and reported back at Lakehurst next morning."

Capt. Jean D. Lewis

Capt. Jean D. Lewis, transportation Officer, and a private in the Medics of the 55th F.A. in 1918, says that the front seemed more dangerous on Armistice Day than it had been earlier.

"Everybody cut loose with machine guns and rifles," he says, "but not right away. First there was that strange silence. The French people started to come back to Genes, where we were, near Sedan, and the soldiers were well kissed and toasted. It was an affecting sight—all of the old people tottering back to their old homes. Also bugles were blowing again and lights could be on at night."

"Then two old women and an old man came with shovels and began digging in the ground right by one of our kitchens. They didn't say anything, they just dug. Suddenly we heard the shovel strike something hard, like iron. Then the three reached down and pulled up an iron box. It held all their money and valuable papers. The iron had been there four years. They had buried it when they had to flee, at the time the Germans first came."

Pfc. James E. Curl

Pfc. James E. Curl, QM, was near Thiécourt, sitting on a mound with a rifle in his hand, guarding an ammunition dump. He'd been there two weeks, with Co. B, 103rd Engineers, 28th Division, and when firing ceased he went right on guarding the dump. Also there were German rifles that the French had seized and "a bunch of things that we were afraid to use in celebrating."

T 5 Fred Lockwood

T 5 Fred Lockwood, Chemical Warfare, had to wait 14 days more before being born. His father, Everett Lockwood, was with the French Red Cross, in France, but got back before his son was old enough to say "Papa," so until he grew older the son didn't know that his father was away on the day of armistice. Mother did all of the rejoicing.

Pfc. Gottfried Hess

Pfc. Gottfried Hess, M.P., was a German boy, eight years old, living in Leipzig. As well as he can remember, there was a feeling of relief that the war was over, even if it meant defeat. But the city was subdued and quiet. It was not at all like Armistice Day on the other side. The people were undernourished and poorly clothed. Young Hess wore wooden shoes. To get any article of wear it was necessary to submit a request and perhaps wait in line. Some days later the long, long columns of beaten troops began marching through the city. Hess remembers that well and also the revolutionary activity that followed.

Sgt. Scott Miller

Sgt. Scott Miller: "We celebrated, but you couldn't publish the details. I was 18 years old and a corporal in the 116th Engineers. We had been at the front and were being re-equipped to go forward again, when the Armistice came. We were then at Toul, too far from the front to hear the firing, so that we did not know when it ceased. I

had already been in France eight months. After the Armistice we started for Brest, expecting to go home, and then were turned around and sent to Coblenz with the Army of Occupation."

Col. George C. Ferch

Col. George C. Ferch, Camp Adair's executive officer, fell asleep until awakened by the sound of shell cartridges being fired in celebration.

"We were across the Meuse River from Sedan," he said. "We were Rainbow Division troops and the men of the First Division were on our right. I was a captain in the 151st F.A., and regimental adjutant and liaison officer. Our latest drive had started as November opened. Earlier we had prepared the way for the Marines and my brother, in the Marines, had been killed."

"We had pushed through the mud for 30 kilometers, four horses to a gun, and they were about used up and we were about through ourselves. In five days I had slept only about three hours altogether, so when the firing ceased I just flopped down where I was and slept. I slept through the afternoon and night have gone on sleeping, but near dark some soldiers set off shell cartridges and began shooting to celebrate and that awakened me. A few days later we went to a point between Cologne and Coblenz, in the Army of Occupation."

Col. Ferch had been gassed twice and wounded by shell fragments. His service record shows that he took part in a number of the important offensives in France. Names include Bacarrat Sector, Champagne, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Montfaucon Clerge. He was awarded the Order of the Purple Heart for meritorious service as captain of Hdq. Co., 151st F.A., and the Silver Star Medal for gallantry in action.

Cpl. de Tonnancourt

Cpl. Wilfrid deTonnancourt, then a 1st Lieutenant, was taking orders from the late Major General Leonard Wood, at Camp Funston, Kans., and instructing the camp in bayonet practice. The lieutenant had laid out a bayonet course which General Wood pronounced the best he had seen in 35 years. And deTonnancourt knew something about it because he had used bayonets on men in the Philippines and had served under General Pershing on the Mexican Border.

He remembers hearing about the armistice when with a company was some distance from camp. They all marched back, some throwing away their rifles and whooping it up generally.

Major Ernest A. Shafer

Major Ernest A. Shafer, post engineer, one of the "Soldats de Verdun," was a 1st Lieutenant, Company C, 26th Engineers, near Fresno-en-Woevre, between Verdun and Metz.

When asked what impressed him most that day the major said that it was the contrast between the terrific firing, audible for miles along the line, and continuing without interruption up to the appointed hour, and the profound silence that so suddenly succeeded the inferno of sound.

"At 11:30," Major Shafer remembers, "a major in the Medical Corps and a lieutenant and I set out for a walk. We went about 10 kilometers altogether, partly on roads and partly through the woods. But we thought we had made a ghastly mistake when all at once about 50 Germans came rushing down a hill, shouting and waving at us. We suspected that it was another false armistice, but it wasn't. The Germans were led by a lieutenant who had lived in the United States for about 10 years and he wanted to warn us that we were in an area of tank mines."

"They took us to German brigade headquarters for mess and then escorted us back to our lines. That's

where we had trouble. There were orders out to place all Americans under arrest if they had passed beyond our lines. We managed to talk ourselves free."

Sgt. Henry Beckett

Sgt. Henry Beckett has with him a copy of the history of his regiment, the 136th F.A., then a bivouac in a dense woods, the Forêt de la Montagne, covering the range of hills forming the escarpment of the Meuse, just southeast of Verdun.

"Firing continued here until the armistice," the history says, "one battery continuing in action up to the last moment, even taking account of the time of flight of projectile so that the last round exploded in the German lines at the exact second of the termination of hostilities."

Shortly after the great silence came, Beckett walked down hill, through the village of St. Maurice, to the plain, and went on some miles to the right. He knew of a canteen down that way. He bought a quantity of cigarettes, chocolates and crackers, put them into a large wooden box, and started back with it. Along came part of the 135th F.A. and he rested the box on a caisson, going up the hill. Later he sold most of the stuff, at cost.

"Night fell," reads his own account in a battery history, "and for miles over the plain German and American troops sent up rockets. The sky was alight with red, white and green balls and showers of gold."

Brig. Gen. Paul V. Kane

Brigadier General Paul V. Kane, commanding general of divisional artillery, was in hospital at Vichy when firing ceased at the front. He was then a major, commanding a battalion of the 121st F.A. firing the 155 millimeter howitzer, and he was one of seven officers who were casualties as the result of drinking coffee made with water contaminated by mustard gas.

"That was northeast of Romagne, near the great war cemetery," General Kane said. "Our

troops had already taken Romagne and the Germans captured were so emaciated, exhausted and listless that we felt the end must be near. In fact there were so many rumors about an armistice that General Headquarters issued an order to stop circulating them. But they persisted, anyhow, and there was much to indicate a collapse.

"We saw very young boys, 16 and 17, and the Germans seemed let down and glad to fall into our hands. They were half-starved and their clothing was worn out. Also the German artillery was getting worse. They were using old shrapnel and odd lots of stuff. Their supplies were almost exhausted and they were shooting a lot of duds.

"I had been in bed for more than a week, when the armistice came, and we all knew about it. After 11 o'clock that day all of the patients who could walk were out in the streets celebrating as much as their condition permitted. The cafes were all filled and there was a kind of a victory parade. I went out, but had to go easy, for I was still weak. Later I returned to our old position, but so many of our horses were gone, partly as the result of eating brush contaminated by mustard gas, that we could not go on into Germany."

Don C. Wilson

Don C. Wilson, editor of the Camp Adair Sentry and now a resident of Corvallis, was a 1st lieutenant, in the First Brigade of the Tank Corps, resting near Langres, on Armistice Day. Although back from the front since Nov. 5, the unit had orders to go back in and 144 brand new French tanks were loaded and ready to go, when the war ended. Lt. Wilson rode to town and bought a copy of The Paris Herald, telling all about it. Then he celebrated.

T Sgt. William J. Sweeney

T/Sgt. William J. Sweeney—On the morning of Nov. 11, 1918, I was preparing to celebrate my fifth birthday in a little town; Milton, Okla., when guns started cracking, dynamite shots going off and men and women hollering and whooping at the top of their voices. During the middle of all this I saw my father come running up the street towards home, waving a newspaper over his head and shouting with the rest. Of course the news was "The War Is Over, Germany Surrenders." My father, then the father of six children, was scheduled to go to the army the following week. What is more vivid in my recollection is that my grandfather, a Civil War veteran, came that day and had me turning somersaults one after the other and shouting, "Hooray for Uncle Sam." Now, as a T/Sgt. in the army, I still feel like shouting, "Hooray for Uncle Sam."

OMAHA, Nebr. — Orville Johnson was rejected by the Army. His wrists aren't flexible, the Army says. Orville is chief baton twirler for the Union Pacific railroad band.

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Your Electric Range



Avoid spilling food or fluid while cooking. If any spills, burn it off. Wipe oven after use, removing any spilled food. Wash outside with soapy water after it is cool.

Your Refrigerator



Defrost according to instructions. Empty drip water. Wash inside with baking soda and water. Do not overload with food—it stops circulation of air.

Your Electric Washer



Drain after washing and rinse. Leave cover off until completely dry. Wipe and release pressure on wringer, saving the spring and rubber. Wind connecting cord carefully on hooks provided.

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