

General Cook Makes Address

Adair Soldiers March In Salem's Armistice Parade With Veterans

Soldiers of World War No. 1 and World War No. 2 marched together to the tune of "Over There," yesterday in the Armistice Day parade at Salem, the capital of Oregon, and Major General Gilbert R. Cook was the main speaker at ceremonies under auspices of the Federated Patriotic Societies.

From the Victory Center in front of the court house, the general from Camp Adair addressed the veterans, the officers and men from this camp and elsewhere, and a host of civilians, men, women and children, and appealed for all-out co-operation in the winning of the war and the winning of the peace and the maintenance of peace in the future.

At the request of the Camp Adair Sentry, General Cook submitted his address in full and the camp newspaper presents it here:

"Today is the 25th Armistice Day. How well I remember the first one, Nov. 11, 1918. We were in France, in the vicinity of St. Mihiel. We had been attacking for about four months. In that four months, we had lost 120 percent of our officers and men. We were completing our preparation for an attack on Metz on Nov. 14; we knew our losses in the coming fight would be around 30 percent.

"We hoped that this would be the last fight—the attack that would win the peace. We were willing to pay that price for the right for you to live your democratic way, for you to enjoy your many freedoms—mental freedom, spiritual freedom and physical freedom. We did not have to pay this additional price. The Armistice was declared.

"As far as we were concerned, the cost of peace had been reduced 30 percent in dead and wounded. We were glad for we were tired—tired of killing and seeing our buddies and friends killed. The military had done its part. We turned the 'maintaining' of the peace over to others. Was it maintained?

"Let us skip 23 years. It is now Nov. 11, 1941. We celebrate Armistice Day but our tongues are in our cheek. The whole of Europe and China are aflame with hate and war. We are continuing our pursuit of happiness emphasizing our rights to operate in the democratic way with all our freedoms. We are worried, however, about our preparedness to maintain the peace so dearly won in 1918. Maybe our attitude towards peace has been wrong. Have we been trying for 23 years to eat our cake and have it, too?

"It is now Sunday morning, Dec. 7, 1941. I and my family are stationed in Hawaii. We are just getting up, preparatory to church, when out of a clear sky a treacherous attack by the Japs is launched on Pearl Harbor and adjacent air fields.

Whole Family Barbers Soldiers



Mrs. Tillie Cain at work on the army as her husband, John Cain, stands by. Graduates of the same barber college at Lincoln, Neb., they went into partnership in business as in domestic life, and now have chairs side by side in PX 11, Camp Adair.

U. S. In Another War

"Our dream of peace has been shattered. We are at war. I saw, on this occasion, many soldiers and civilians pay the cost for inadequate preparations to maintain the peace. The lessons of Pearl Harbor are many and national in scope. The main point, though, is that the nation is awake to its danger. You are awake. We are beginning to forget our privileges and rights. We begin bending every effort to expedite our preparation for again securing the peace.

"Today, about one year later, we are celebrating the 25th Armistice in Salem, Oregon. In what situation do we find Oregon at this time? We find off the coast of Oregon our Navy patrol, guarding the sea lanes. Our air force guarding our vital installations. Our ground force guarding our coast lines. And in the interior, we find other troops in training. Labor is producing vital war materials. Our communities are furnishing innumerable young men and women for the armed services. You are buying bonds and salvaging 'scrap' for the war effort. You are even dimming out your lights at night. In fact, Oregon is in the combat area. In fact, Oregon is at war. Oregon now almost fully appreciates the value of peace.

"In this situation, Oregon sees fit to celebrate Armistice Day. The question naturally arises—what is the purpose of this celebration, or better 'ceremony?' The Federated Patriotic Societies can well answer this question. They have fought through previous wars. They appreciate to the greatest extent the value of peace and the necessary steps that must be instituted to insure a just and lasting peace. They preach the value of preparedness.

"Oregon justly prides itself on its war effort. In every war activity initiated by the nation, material or financial, Oregon is at or near the top in results accomplished. Material and financial means will not win the peace. Oregon must become tough mentally and spiritually. The object of this ceremony today is then to discuss how to win the peace, and after winning it, how to preserve it.

How to Win the Peace
"Let us tackle the first question—how to win the peace. There are two principal groups vitally concerned in winning the peace—the Armed Forces and the Nation behind the Armed Forces. The first agency—the Armed forces of the US—is directly concerned in winning the peace. From recent reports, it is apparent that they are doing a fine job in Africa and Australia. They are inevitably paying a price in dead and wounded in this struggle. These dead and wounded are from your communities. You are vitally concerned in

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armistice and the 24th armistice, the virtues of peace were preached and the active measures to preserve it were constantly reduced. The cost of maintaining peace can not be compared with the cost of winning wars. The cost of the last war has been estimated as some 400-odd billion dollars. The present cost of your war I don't know, but it is many billions of dollars. Had the cry of the Federated Patriotic Societies for adequate military preparedness been heeded during the war, we might not now be at war. They preached an adequate army—a large air force—a 2-ocean navy. Their voice was lost in the cry of the communities for patronage or a reduction in taxes. The taxes we are now paying and will continue to pay will be without doubt double those that would have been required to provide adequate preparedness during this period for maintaining peace.

This day, we can then pledge ourselves that never again shall we be caught unprepared to provide security for ideals, our democratic ways and our many freedoms. As Somerset Maugham says:

"The nation who values anything greater than freedom will lose that freedom, and the irony of it is that if it is money or comfort they value more, they will lose that, too."
In conclusion, I want to re-emphasize that Oregon has taken the lead in the war activity. Oregon and Salem in particular should set the example and standard for the nation behind the armed forces in this present crisis, and of now instituting measures to prevent another war—among which is military preparedness.

Corvallis Scrap Drive Hailed All-Out Success

The Battle of Corvallis was fought by that city yesterday (Armistice Day). Not wishing to yield to the soldiers in patriotism, several hundred "citizen-soldiers" loaded scrap all morning and part of the afternoon.

There were scores of blow torch welders, loaders, sorters, bosses, and even a few buck privates. Late yesterday, the commanding general of the drive (City Engineer Goodnight) and the commander in chief (Mayor Howard W. Hand) reported that a very good "clean-up" campaign was nearing completion.

Was at Funston



Cpl. Wilfred deTonnancourt was taking orders from Gen. Leonard Wood at Camp Funston, Kas., when the 1918 Armistice was signed. Today he is drilling new medics at station hospital. Public Relations Photo.

Camp Fire Department Adds Five to Roster

During the past week five new men have been added to the fire department complement, bringing to 67 the total now at the six stations of Camp Adair, Fire Chief A. L. Sherk announced yesterday.

Significantly, Chief Sherk pointed out that experienced men are hired—men who, as a rule, have had considerable past experience in some other department.

Twenty-one different departments in Oregon and Southern California are in fact represented in the past service records of firemen now at Camp Adair. It's no Toonerville outfit.

Carmichael, Bear With Penguin Walk, in Scoop

(Continued From Page 1)

racks are always pulling their stripes on me."

"Yeah," Carmichael sighed. "That's the way you always find it. Used to be a big Kodiak up around Sitka was that way. But the boys finally got to him with a polar plexus. Gave him an outpost detail on an ice floe."

"That is what we call our barracks," I commented, "the Ice Floe."

In N. Y. Too

"Well, that's life in the far north for you," said the bear. "I remember in '29 I had a right tidy place near Central Park, west."

"Oh, you're a New York bear?" "Yeah. Used to be a bear on Wall Street."

"Well," I said, "until you got here, all we had at Camp Adair was a lot of wolves."

"That's what the girls in Portland told me," said the bear. "I was getting to the ticklish part of my interview. I trembled a little. I was in Carmichael's den, remember, I ventured:

"I hear they're going to ship you out."

But a grin spread over Carmichael's face; and spread and spread. I was relieved. "So? Well, whaddayaknow?" I took heart; plunged further:

"And they're going to swap you for a couple monkeys to be headquarters mascots."

"What!" The bear's voice was an explosion. He roared:

"Swap ME—for monkeys! Pesky, chattering, ill-mannered, thieving little beasts. Why," said Carmichael, "they'll be gold-bricking their way into sick bay every morning."

I retreated: "Well, that's only according to Sgt. Beckett's story. Don't blame me."

"It's probably right," said Carmichael. He sat quietly for a moment, then leaned back and took a long drag on his fag.

"So they're swapping me for monkeys. When do I get outa here?"

I told him Saturday. "Know where I'm going?"

I said no. I thought a zoo, but Sgt. Webb was to take him I guessed and might have other information.

Carmichael thought for a moment. He leaned forward. His beady little black eyes were glittering:

"You," he said, "are a nice fell."

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ah. I am about to tell you something. You can say after it happens that I told you so. Saturday," Carmichael took another drag, "I am going to make a break!"

My pencil quivered in my hand as I took these notes down.

"That," said Carmichael, "ends your interview."

I backed carefully out from under the barracks. I looked back. The bear was leaning back against a stanchion, thoughtfully rolling the paper from his cigarette butt into a tiny wad.

I kept my promise to Carmichael, concluded Pvt. Zilech: Zilech Vindicated

The story and facts in this strange interview with the bear Carmichael, were vindicated Monday, when Sgt. Webb made formal report of the bear's break for freedom in Corvallis, Saturday, while enroute to his new quarters at the farm of Sgt. Webb's father-in-law, George T. Horner.

"We got him into the truck all right," said Sgt. Webb. "He crawled up over his bath-tub. All went well to Corvallis, where I stopped to get some old clothes, to keep from getting ODs dirty. (Handling Carmichael had already proved an unpredictable job).

"When I returned, the bear was hanging over the side of the truck, snapping at his wife. He cut it clean and went bump onto the street. Then he faded. I chased him. He saw a tree and that stopped him. It was then a question of whether I could rattle him into the truck or not, but my honor was at stake."

They went on to the farm and unloaded the bear. Sgt. Webb said Carmichael was obviously both amazed and pleased.

"He grabbed pine leaves and rubbed them all over his face. He practically did a samba, scraping his feet in the fresh, clean earth. When I left," declared the Sgt., "I'll swear he saluted me."

The final postlude came yesterday in a letter address to Pvt. Zilech at the Sentry offices. It was from

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Carmichael, and, in part, it said: ". . . I'm glad now that the break didn't work. I like it here and you can have your monkeys. I'd sorta have liked though, to get a den started in Corvallis."

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