

Camp Adair Sentry

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As this 1942 Thanksgiving Day rolls around, America, above all feels strong. Strong and confident now that whatever happens in the future we are on our way and nobody and nothing is going to stop us.

Just what has been accomplished up to now in the African offensive—whether it's as successful as we would like to believe or a too rosy painted picture — does not matter particularly. It is important only that we have now begun to feel our own power, that we are indubitably mighty. We've had a determined hunch all along that we were, but now we know it. Let's give thanks for that.

That is not saying that any of us believes the fight is all over but the shouting. That things will proceed smoothly to the enemy's inevitable defeat. We are going to have trouble holding the gains we have made—plenty of trouble. Our temporary shocked foes will recover quickly. The ultimate victory—as it must in all wars—will be bought with blood. But this action in Africa constitutes a moral stand as well as a physical one, and it is certain we will not retreat from it. It may not be the beginning of the end for the Axis powers, but it is the end of the beginning we made in eleven months of war. Let's give thanks for that.

And as for things to come? The initiative is ours for the time being, but there is no use in kidding ourselves into believing that Hitler won't try to seize it again. The former house painter doesn't fight that way. He will not choose merely a holding operation such as sending troops to Tunisia; he will launch a new attack designed to make us pull back or divert part of our forces. We will, now that we've started, keep a couple of jumps ahead of him. Let's give thanks for that.

Hitler now occupies all of France except Toulon. He will probably be successful in pulling Spain into the war. This threat to Gibraltar would force us to take Spanish Morocco in order to guard our supply line. The Nazis might hope by launching a drive into Turkey to call back Britain's Eighth army from Libya. United Nations forces in Syria and Iraq are not too strong. But unless Turkey surrendered—which seems unlikely—there would be plenty of time to meet such a threat. Let's give thanks for that.

But above all and everything, we should be thankful this Thanksgiving Day for the definite feeling everywhere—here in Camp Adair as in Stalingrad—that more developments are on the way. Thankful for a brave new feeling of confidence that we will win the war and win the peace. Thankful that we are no longer whistling in a graveyard.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

By tradition, Thanksgiving Day is a day when Americans give thanks to God and surely we have reason for doing that this year.

But here I am setting out to do a thanksgiving piece that is different. Let the preachers hold forth on being thankful to God. They'll have plenty to say. My self-imposed stint now is to develop the idea that we soldiers, in this camp, should think a little tomorrow about what some other people are doing for us and should be grateful, too.

Especially let us give thanks, quietly, in our own minds, to the men who have gone before us, across the seas. In weeks to come, and even now, we must benefit by their achievements in the war and by the evidence of their gallant spirit. For inevitably we share in their glory, their renown, their name for brave deeds.

Every soldier of the United States has a standing, today, higher than he had before the news of our recent successes could be told. Nowadays, when a man in uniform walks the street of any town, the residents see in him more than one more fellow from a training camp. Unwittingly they identify him with the vanguard of the war army, with the men who have already proved themselves in battle.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the civilian feeling about the soldier is changing. It tends toward that reverential attitude which the American people at home came to have during the other war. We don't deserve to be the beneficiaries of any such attitude, but we are bound to be the gainers.

Of course this is all strange to the men who were not in the other war. Some of us were talking about it not long ago in the home of the man who is the founder and civilian publishers of this newspaper for soldiers. The younger men were talking about how well civilians treated us, in nearby towns. But we older men, all war veterans, agreed that this kind of treatment was unsatisfactory. There was something patronizing about it. There was even a trace of compassion. Everybody wanted to be sure that we were getting enough to eat and that living conditions in camp were all right.

That, we told the younger men, was not as it should be and not as it used to be. We tried, in vain I fear, to convey the notion that in the other war, after casualty lists were published regularly, residents of American towns acted more as if they considered it a privilege to have us in their homes and to play the host in other ways. Every soldier had the status of a potential hero.

Certainly that was the spirit of the crowds which hailed troop trains on the way to ports of embarkation and it increased right up to the front. I have a hunch that it is getting to be that way as the year 1942 draws to a close, and now in thinking of the march of time I suggest that we have another special reason to be thankful to a great many people that we don't know and never will know.

I mean that vast, solemn, tragic and yet triumphant host of people, in this land, but far more in other lands, to whom we are indebted to today because they have all helped to guarantee a future, a future when life will be worth living.

"Hope long deferred maketh the heart sick," you know and the dearest heart of the world would be sick indeed except for the martyr nations, the little peoples and the vast, struggling aggregations of men and women who have kept the war going long enough for us tardy Americans to make up our minds at last and finally cut loose with all our might. Except for them, and except for our own comrades who have been splendid trail-blazers, we would have, on this Thanksgiving Day, the prospect of a war without end, so far as anyone could tell.

But now we know that we can win

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



... Shortstop!

THANKSGIVING

"Joy to earth, for men goodwill!"
Angels sing the anthem still,
Mercy, Love and Charity,
For the millions yet to be—

Clash of armies, crash of steel,
Making kingdoms rock and reel;
Trembling empires, tottering thrones,
Evolution's minor groans.

Roll forth—strains from Woe and Want
Large-eyed Pain and Hunger, gaunt,
Flood and Tempest, Storm and Gale—
Wave, Wreck, Fire and sinking sail.

These are but the basses notes,
From the cosmic organ throats;
Up aloft, where all is calm
Sounds the tumult like a psalm.

Law and Knowledge, Virtue, Truth,
Wisdom, Order, Age and Youth,
Tenor voices lift the hymn,
Chords of rhythm and synonym.

Faith, Peace, Hope, their altos roll
And Love's treble leads the whole
Universal Nature song—
Echo bears the theme along—

When the Master gives the key,
Voices sound in harmony;
Chorus of eternal years—
Mystic music of the spheres.
— Ida H. Waite.

MEDITATIONS OF THE MEDICS

By T-5 Bert Shandler

T-5 William Sodja is a serious-minded medic who in civilian life was, of all things, a night club owner in Idaho. He says the most noticeable difference between night life and army life is that in the army you start work for the day about the same time you end the day's—or rather, night's—work in Idaho.

But now Bill is way beyond the hills of Oregon. His gal, who visited him recently from her home in Portland, says they're making him all over the army. Bill hasn't weakened yet.

Pfc. Morris Stavsky has been conducting Friday night religious services for Medics of Jewish faith ever since he arrived June 28 at Tent City. He now directs weekly services in Dayroom No. 602. A rabbinical student before he entered the service, Morris has a remarkable singing voice that is well worth hearing. Some of those songs he leads at these services, by the way, have catchy melodies to rival the best on the Hit Parade.

His buddies just nod their heads understandingly these days if Cpl. Leo Kravitz salutes a passing private or reports to duty in a sun tan outfit, thinking it is spring already. Only last week Leo took as his bride pretty Miss Helen Sugerman of Brooklyn.

He is still in a newlywed daze despite valiant attempts of Cpl. Jack Finkelman, his best pal and the best man at the wedding, to restore him to sanity. The couple live in Corvallis, which explains why Leo was seen wandering around the hospital ramps the other day, asking everyone how to get to Monroe and Fifth.

Motor vehicles are the only means of transportation for 18 million non-farm rural workers, many of them war workers.

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

Camp Adair

The life of a soldier at Camp Adair is a busy one, whether he be a member of the service or combat troops. The former is busy with the many problems of service and supply and the latter with training and combat. Each is equally important to the winning of the war.

Camp Adair is established for but one purpose: to train troops to fight. If these troops are to be good fighting men, they should know what they are fighting for as well as how to handle a gun and bayonet.

There is only one way to form an idea of what this war is all about, why we are in it, and why and how we are going to win it. That way is study. Soldiers should read newspapers and tune in on news broadcasts for what is going on, on the widely scattered fronts. Every battle, whether won or lost, should be of vital concern to all of our fighting men.

A good background is essential for a thorough understanding of the war situation today. Camp Adair has splendid libraries in each service club. These are equipped with maps, charts, books, magazines, reviews and newspapers.

A few hours each week spent in earnest study of current events, plus some time spent in reading for background will bring a realization of what faces our country and our allies. With such a background, it will be easier to understand why and how soldiers must be trained. With this understanding, daily tasks become more interesting and inspiring. If the fighting men of the United Nations know why they are fighting, then, when this war is over they will insist on a peace that will be enduring, a peace that will be an assurance that conditions that made this war possible will never come into being again.

Cooking With Gas

By T-5 Rolland C. Rogers
Of Cooks and Bakers School

The sweeping reorganization of the cook's training schedule announced this week by Major Josiah J. Osborn, assistant commandant, school for bakers and cooks, will be welcome news to all student cooks.

In the past the poor (?) students have had to trudge to school headquarters twice each week from all over the camp and in all kinds of weather to attend their lectures.

Under the new order the teacher will come to the student. Students will attend lectures in the area where he is receiving his practical training.

This change in the training program became necessary when the school moved from its commodious Building T-4-054, Avenue F and 3rd Street South, to the small but more centrally located administration building (T-7-424) adjoining the Provost Marshal's office, at the same time that school enrollment more than doubled. Two large classrooms were available in the old quarters but there

is only one small classroom at the new location. This room will be used for the lecture work of the mess management course for mess officers and mess sergeants.

The school's instructor staff was expanded again last week by the addition of two new instructors, T/Sgt. James P. Keenan, and T/5th Burt H. Simpson.

T/Sgt. Keenan transferred from the Camp Haan, California, branch school in order to assist T/Sgt. Felix Kellum with the school's lecture and demonstration work. The sergeant is a triple threat instructor having graduated from the cooks, bakers, and mess sergeant's courses. It is presumed that T/Sgt. Keenan can also ride a horse because he enlisted in the cavalry six years ago. He also re-enlisted in this branch of the service but was transferred to SCU 1929 in December 1940.

T/5 Keith N. Barry and Rolland C. Rogers became T/4s early this week.

WHAT USED TO BE

Strange as it may seem to some, and purely out of caste, An Army man, a soldier rough, Does pause and view the past. 'Tis not the recent life he sees, But that of yesterday. Not one of Wool and drab O. D. Nor shouts of "Fire Away" — Home to him is near a dream; Contentment, life and joy Are just those queer forgotten things Belonging to the boy That used to be—

Now moods are not infrequently The children of the time. They come and go, yet leave behind Such thought, — some good, some slime, But that was no mere mood he had, This soldier, man and brave, But the Devil, yes, the Jap's own friend, His object—yes—the grave. For though these thoughts are in his mind, Should be he one to doubt The worth of all he's fighting for, The threat to blacken out What used to be—

His work this day, his very thoughts Should clarify his goal. God made him strong of back and will And fortified his soul. Is it too much to train and fight And hope to live again— To protect his home and right to know The peace of free-born men? His duty is clear, his purpose set, He knows God placed him there To help render safe this blessed land For all know know and care What used to be. Sergeant F. R. Gateley.

TRAINING IS ANSWER

Various reports warrant a surmise, if not a prediction, that gas and fire will be used more widely as war intensifies. There is the recent report of incendiary attack at Brookings, Ore. There is the assertion by Major General Chu-Shih-ming, military attaché of the Chinese embassy at Washington, some time ago, that "the Japanese have resorted to the use of gas no fewer than 800 times." There is the

Associated Press report of Helsinki broadcasts saying that Russian bombers dropped liquid fire bombs and phosphorus pellets along Lake Ladoga.

The International News Service reports that Dr. O. R. Sweeney, Iowa State college chemist, told the Senate Agricultural committee that the Germans want the grain of the Ukraine and the Japanese want Malay rice fields, partly because the grains are needed for making poison gas.

Such reports all serve to emphasize the importance of gas defense training. The enemy will not give advance notice. Unpreparedness invites attack, assures casualties. On the other hand, complete safety is assured through knowledge of gases, gas-proof equipment and drilling in its use.

As evidence of the value of preparedness, consider the history of chemical warfare thus far. In World War No. 1 the Flame Thrower was a thing of terror until its limitations were exposed, and mustard gas, causing heavy casualties among the French and Russians, was ineffective, relatively, against the A.E.F. That was be-

cause of a better mask and more carefully trained troops. "Secret Gases," a Sunday supplement feature "for years, may help newspaper circulation. Otherwise they would seem to be nonexistent. They should hold no terror, anyhow, because any new gas would be subject to the same laws of nature as present gases are and the action would be similar. The real "secret weapon" is surprise.

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