

"For The Men" - Tale Of 9 Handball Courts

Gift of Contractors, Engineers; Lorenz to Be Championship Court

The story of Camp Adair's nine handball courts and how they came to be is another tale that illustrates how you can take an idea, sprinkle with enthusiasm, mix cooperation and soon start cookin' with gas.

Back "when," there were no courts. Bulk of construction work on Camp Adair was completed. Those who had done it wanted to leave something for memory's sake; something Camp Adair soldiers could use.

Spokesmen approached Col. R. E. M. Des Isles, area engineer. Being a handball enthusiast dating his West Point days and knowing the superb recreational value of the sport, the Colonel suggested handball courts be built.

It was like that — first the wish, then the thought, then — presto! The U. S. engineers furnished the materials. Contractors countered by donating the labor. Eight dandy four-wall courts were built at strategic areas about the camp. All are regulation size; all built of the best material priorities would allow at time of construction.

Fire Chief A. L. Sherk had another thought. If there could be one more court, built even more strictly to every A.A.U. specification for championship play than the rest — to be used constantly of course, but likewise to be kept in "tournament shape" every hour of every day. If there could?

Sherk found his man. It was Emil Lorenz, one of the four contractors. This contractor had built courts (they are surprisingly tricky things, they say, to build). He was willing to "give." So was born Lorenz court, which may be scene of plenty sizzling handball encounters of national championship speed ere long.

Court is regulation size — 46 x 23 x 23 feet; floor and front wall are maple. The gallery is large for most handball courts, will accommodate 125 persons. Innovation is an electric score-board — a handball game, you know, is won at 21 points.

Thanks to central station firemen, the Lorenz court will be kept in tip-top shape at all times, including daily sweeping. Players will sign ahead for use of the court, on a calendar board at the fire station, where there is also dressing room and showers. Sneakers must be worn in play. Otherwise, it's just a case of observe the rules, and use. Handball season is about to bloom at Camp Adair.

Retreat

'Tis in the quiet of evening
After mess that it comes
That melancholy feeling
When day is done.

From across the hills and valleys
Comes the bugle's clear, sweet call,
And each loyal soul "rallies,"
Comes to "Attention" one and all.

'Tis "Retreat" the bugle proclaims
As the flag comes drifting down,
And eager hands reach to claim
Err its beauty touch the ground.

Then with reverent adoration
It is cased and laid away,
But it shall ever rise, loyal nation,
To greet each dawning day.

And so when this life is over,
And my Retreat's been played,
I shall rest in the knowing
Our flag has always waved.

A 45-year-old Michigander gathered 150 pounds of scrap metal and wheeled it by harrow to the village collection center five miles away.

DO YOU KNOW SUSIE?

Susie is a definite brunette, with sparkling eyes. She's small, weighs about 90 pounds. And what an appetite! She ate 40 pancakes for breakfast Sunday; likes salads, fruits, vegetables. She doesn't eat meat.

Whether Susie, the little black bear now proudly owned by Tech. Cpls. Harold W. Bradley and Edmund H. Emeritz and housed at barracks between D and E Sts., an 2nd Av., S., will in any manner officially succeed the lately present Carmichael, is not known. Whatever, she seems far more pleased with life in these parts than Carmy was. But Susie has a shed built for her.

She was picked up recently during exercises at Newport. Now seven months old, Susie was a bottle-fed baby. She's now waiting the WAACs.

If Tootsie's Games Are Cutely Rounded, Lisle Okey—Song Expounded

At least one soldier on the post is appreciative of the dimpled twinklings (feminine legs to you) about the post. Fearful lest the proud possessors of the camp's more shapely gams become too unhappy about the silk shortage he has penned these cheerful yet determined lyrics. May they help you lassies to bear one of the grimmer war shortages. The lyrics should be sung softly to the tune of "Smile A While." — Ladies we give you:

LISLE A WHILE
Lisle a while and lick the Japanese,
Lisle's the style to wear on pretty knees,
Now that skirts are worn so high,
Lisle's the thing to catch the eye.
Lovely legs look smart in cotton mesh

Don't wear bloody silk next to your flesh;
Until peace shall smile afresh,
We will lisle a while.

By, Pvt. Morris Weldon,
Hq. Co., SCU 1911.

Whoops, My Dear; Big Bold Firemen Go in For Pastels and Such

What do firemen do when they are waiting to put out fires, besides shooting the breeze, playing handball, checkers, Arey-Deucey, poker, dominos, back-gammon and keeping the things ship-shape that they put out fires with?

Plenty. For instance, the lads at No. 1 Station are just now finishing up a job of painting in lovely pastels (ex-CCC material) their entire place. They've also installed a stream-lined kitchen.

The example set at No. 1 under Capt. Arthur Kielblock will be followed soon at the six fire houses throughout the post.

It is cozy, homelike. Still lacking, though, is a woman's touch. So far there are no posies.

The men like it, admittedly. How much though, is a poser. It was suggested that, things being cozy maybe they wouldn't even dare to go home now when off duty—to their various residences at such way points as Albany, Corvallis, Lebanon, Independence, Dallas et al. The reply was in chorus:

"Ho, ho, ho, ha, ho, ho, ho, ho—haw!"

U. S. Army helmets are of non-magnetic steel and don't affect compasses carried by troops.

BASIC TRAINING

By Cpl. Charles Bowden

Willie was a rookie.

Who was sent to Camp Adair To receive that basic training— There was no time to spare.

Company "B" of the Umpty-Umph Was waiting for this man,
And when he stepped down from the train
He got a friendly hand.

All fell out at crack of dawn,
The sergeant whistled—shrill;
First command was, "Dress right-dress,"
And much confused was Will.

So when the sergeant called the roll

He answered softly, "Here."
"Sound off!" the sergeant barked right back—
In Willie's eye was fear.

"The first thing taken up today Will be to make your bed,
Where and how to hang your clothes—"

A list for "shots" was read.

"All the barracks will be scrubbed,
Latrines will be just so,
The grounds policed—get everything."

That sergeant said, "Let's go!"
Willie had an awful day,

'Twas hard to do things right,
His arm, that "shot," it hurt like—well,
He couldn't sleep that night.

But Willie's in there pitchin',
I heard his corporal say
He's got a soldier's makins
And improves from day to day.

Those Cold Cold M.P.'s To Get Warm Sweaters

The average soldier may or may not be glad to learn that Camp Adair M. P.'s will be warm this winter as they walk their post. Adair Red Cross officials have announced that they are gathering enough of the O. D. sleeveless sweaters to take care of all the post M. P.'s. An infantry regiment has also applied and received official OK for the issuance of the sweaters.

The sweaters are knitted to specifications in small, medium and large sizes by the various local Red Cross chapters. The national Red Cross supplies the wool, vol-

unteer workers knit them and they are distributed by the individual army camp directors. The sweaters, however, are issued only at the request of a commanding officer — and then proof must be shown that the sweaters will be put to good use.

The Red Cross now makes sure that only soldiers who have definite need for the sweaters are issued them.

If each of the 31 million U.S. families bought one less can of canned goods per week, the steel saved would meet steel requirements of 5,000 medium tanks, there would be tin for 360,000 75 mm. Howitzers, rubber for 2,000 jeeps.



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