

Camp Adair Sentry

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LET'S BE SMART

When two speeding railway trains pile into each other or a streamliner hurtles from the rails the resulting wreckage is hard to forget. Huge steel cars are broken like soda crackers and rails are twisted like pretzels. Human bodies are not that strong—it is impossible to describe what is left of them.

When a giant airliner plummets to earth it isn't a pretty sight. The engines dig large craters in the ground—craters that should serve as graves for the unfortunate humans. But they are not given that macabre care. Instead arms and legs and torsos lie scattered over hundreds of square yards. It's a tough job identifying bodies when the skulls are crushed and the faces burned. Sometimes a soldier's dog tags help if they stay with the body.

When an arsenal blows up the sight isn't so gory as a rule. The velocity of the explosion does away with the corpus delicti. They just check the dead from the list of those who were working.

But in airplane crashes, train wrecks and explosions those killed don't suffer. It's the few left horribly mangled but still alive who endure physical torture. The greatest tragedy is seen on the faces of wives and mothers—in the lined faces of fathers who dare not cry and the saddest of all is the pitiful bewilderment as the slow realization dawns in the eyes of small children.

Such sheer, stark murder might be your fault.

Whispering a bit of information to the sweet young thing across the table or to tell something knowingly to an admiring audience in a beer parlor; to silence argument with irrefutable facts just out of the feedbag—that may be the preview to murder.

Sure it's just an unrelated fact that means nothing by itself. And how could it go further? The cute young thing doesn't know a Flying Fortress from a wheelbarrow and those fellows in the beer parlor couldn't possibly know anything about troop movements.

But remember working a jig-saw puzzle.

One small piece alone means nothing, but with two or three continuous pieces the pattern becomes more clear. When you talk and Joe talks and Johnny adds his bit and Jack lets a word or two slip at the next junction, they may all add up to spell a journey's end.

Those posters on billboards, those pleas and orders from your government to quit talking about things military, aren't addressed to the guy in the next barrack—they're addressed to you.

Be smart, soldier. Keep your mouth shut.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

Reports from the outside world indicate that some people are getting silly about this war. Evidently the state of mind among soldiers, in camps and at the front, is more wholesome. Well it was in the other war. That's natural. At home, and in their communities over the country, the people still struggle to live as they did before we entered the war. Because the environment is the same, they find it difficult to grasp the situation as it really is.

Here, all transplanted as we are, and all conforming to a discipline which in itself promotes both a healthy unity and a peace of mind which civilians cannot enjoy, we have a saner outlook. We may not know where we're going, but at least we are on our way.

This train of thought is prompted by a letter from my minister, the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, of the Community Church, New York City. He happens to be an extreme pacifist, whereas I think we should have been in this war from the time our enemies started on the warpath, but at least we are both at odds with the isolationist spirit which had no care for the rest of the world.

"Just a word about the feeling of hate for our enemies, and the teaching of this hate," writes Dr. Holmes. "I am getting a bit scared, for the hate spirit is going to lose the peace, however we may win the war, and it seems to be growing. I agree with you in all you say about atrocities committed on women and children, and old folks and prisoners, as reported by Le-land Stowe and others. These are the atrocities of war, and they make me sick, and the perpetrators should be punished."

"But when hatred of whole people is urged and taught, I re-voyle, for these peoples are largely

innocent. They are just like you and me, and they are not to be blamed.

"Yet Cecil Brown, in a lecture at the Town Hall the other day, said that all Germans and Japs should be exterminated, killed to the last child, as the only solution to present problem. Ernest Hemingway, in a preface to a new book he's just published, declares that all Germans should be sterilized, and thus the whole tribe eliminated in a generation."

"At the meeting of the P.E.N. club on Saturday, there was a furious debate on the hate question, most of the authors present apparently feeling that we had to hate all our enemies in order to defeat them. I count this as monstrous, and shall fight it to the end."

My minister is mildly disturbed, I think. When people are wrought up, and don't know what to do, or don't care to do what they should do, then they usually talk wild. Long before this country began to fight, many citizens were full of hate for Hitler and the Nazis, but I have noticed that some of those people are still just taking it out in hate, and have found excuses to keep clear of the armed forces.

The most bitter people I know are people who refrain from fighting, because they might get hurt. On the other hand the brave are traditionally gentle. They fight because they must, or because it seems right, and seems the only way to end a wrong.

But I don't think we have to worry about the haters. Although the pacifists have deplored the Versailles Treaty as cruel and oppressive, the German military machine somehow survived it and again the German nation resorted to force in a world where force no longer may be tolerated as a means to acquire territory and

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



No Comment

PEARL HARBOR
(December 7, 1941)

By Gail Cleland, Lt. Col., Chaplain

'Tis a quiet night, and the first faint light
O'er the eastern sky is creeping.
While the motor's roll of the Dawn Patrol
O'er the ocean waste is sweeping.

At Hickam Field and at Wheeler Field,
A hundred planes are resting,
While the shadowy tips of the dull grey ships,
Pearl Harbor's waves are cresting.

In the barracks deep, where the soldiers sleep,
No whisper of "Battle Stations",
For all have heard we have pledged our word
At the Peace Negotiations.

But the seeming hush of the night wind's rush
Is fanciful more than real,
For the listening ears of a sentry hears
The whirr of an airplane's wheel!

With nerves that are tense, he is quick to sense
The threat of approaching danger;
So he hurries alone to a telephone,
Reporting a hostile stranger.

But the officer's mind, too trustfully kind,
Is closed to the caution needed,—
"That motor's drone was, of course, our own!"
And the warning goes unheeded.

"A nation's word above the board",
Is American tradition;
So the troops sleep on, in the quiet dawn,
With never a mild suspicion.

But now up high in the morning sky,
The Japanese planes are soaring;
The swelling sound has shaken the ground,
And the whirr becomes a roaring.

Then swooping low, the treacherous foe
Has struck at a friendly nation—
There's a blinding flash, and a thund'rous crash!
There's death—and devastation!

And down within that awful din,
Men's voices are heard replying,—
From blasted walls come rasping calls
Of the wounded and the dying.

From smoke and noise, American boys
Come stumbling into the open,
Where the rat-tat-tat of the Japanese "Gat"
Leaves bodies maimed and broken.

There is bursting shell and a fiery hell
For our planes that are not flying;
There are submarine guns and torpedo runs
For our ships at anchor lying.

The American troops, in various groups,
Have set up their stout defenses;
And the Japs have paid for the score they made
Under cover of vain pretenses.

With their blood-stained hands, in the Axis lands,
They are boasting a victory won;—
But of shameful deeds, as History reads,
No baser was ever done.

Over ground made red by the blood of our dead,
On their hallowed graves, we swore
That the craven attack by a stab in the back,
Should darken the earth no more.

United at last, with dissension past,
America answers the roll;
We have entered the Fight for Truth and Right!
Pearl Harbor has found our SOUL!

wealth. Our first concern is to win the war and then we must establish such a peace that aggression will be unsafe for the aggressor. If possible, we must do that without penalizing the innocent. But, in any case, it must be done.

To the Editor:
In your last Sentry issue for Camp Adair, we have noted the attached item... being a filler... how come?? and listen, Don... we of the Utilities and Maintenance division cannot stand for the Navy Yards record, as we have one chap here who drives One Hundred and Twelve (112) miles each day, to go

and come to work, as well as bringing FOUR passengers with him and we think that is some record, for besides doing his eight hours on the Camp he drives four hours each day... and he is over sixty years of age. Believe it or not? Let's see if there is any better record, as we feel he deserves a TIN medal.

His name is Louis Borde and he works in the heating department. Why not come over some time and see some of us guys. We might have some interesting dope for you.

More power to your efforts on the Sentry.

From the Gang.

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

Camp Adair

Now is the time to remember, not so much Pearl Harbor, as the state of the nation on December 7th, 1941, when the Japanese attacked there. And now is the time to think about how far we have come as a nation since then, and to be proud.

Proud and also solemn, in the light of the world's trust and expectation, for the reports which travelers bring home should call out all of the hidden virtues that Americans possess. They say, these returned travelers, that nothing, among the stricken or struggling peoples they visited, so impressed them as did the universal faith in the U. S. A.

Perhaps in some mysterious way we have drawn strength from that very fact. Human nature has a way of rising to emergencies of growing under the burden of responsibility, and this may apply to a nation as well as to a man. Certainly no one of any spiritual dignity can fall to be touched by signs that other people believe in him and keep on hoping because they are sure that he will come to their aid.

Well, we have come to their aid, and if we were slow about it earlier, and began fighting only when we were attacked, we certainly have speeded up amazingly within the year. Precise information must be withheld, of course, for military reasons, but all of us know that American fighting men have crossed both oceans and are upholding, on every continent and on the islands of the sea, the old American tradition of grim heroism and a vitality unmatched anywhere.

We also know that old camps have been enlarged and new camps have been built and filled with fresh divisions now in training. We know that the war industries have grown enormously and that by degrees all other activity is subordinated to the winning of the war. We know that even the most selfish and unimaginative citizens are learning the stern truth that life won't be worth living unless we do win and that only with victory can they resume the pursuits of peace.

Think of these things and then suddenly carry your mind back to that day, in 1941, only last year, when a proposal to continue the drafting of men for defense was passed by a single vote. By such sharp contrasts we may gain some notion of our astonishing progress.

One more idea. On this date, last year, we were half in the war and half out of it. The situation was intolerable and unworthy of a great people. Now that question is out of the way. We're in, and we're in all-out. Another question, that of whether we could win the war, can be answered now. It has been answered in Africa and in the Pacific. A third question remains. That question, fellow citizens, and officers and men of Camp Adair, is up to us. The question is: How long will it take? We know, all of us, that the answer depends on how hard we work and fight.

Depot Co. Activities

at
FIRST ST. SOUTH & E
By Pvt. Harry Klissner

A great majority of the Depot Co. at First St. South and E, celebrated Thanksgiving Day by eating a hearty meal in the mess hall. Under the capable supervision of Mess Sgt. Guy Blackmore, the permanent K.P.'s consisting of Pfc. Benjamin Brown and Pfc. Irving Niccum, Fred Kelly, Merrill Anderson, Franklin Brouhard, Alvin Drouth, Myron Johnson, Thomas Johnson, Theodore Spier, and Homer Almond set the tables in an attractive manner and gave excellent service to our men, their wives, and girl friends.

Those present with wives were Lt. Burnett, Lt. Cordes, Corporal James Mitchell, Pfc. Edward Silver, Edward Cameron, Charles Browder; Pfc. Wm. Gray, George Carothers, Bill Liddell and James McGahey.

Sgt. Harry McDonald, Sgt. Carl Hughes, and Private Orville Tru- buey enlightened the spirit of the boys by showing up with girl friends.

Four more men were furlough bound this week. Pfc. Harry Foster left for West Virginia. He has six months of service. Pfc. Price Evans and Pvt. George Baltes both are Wisconsin boys. Evans caught a train for Madison and Baltes headed for Milwaukee. The fourth

one of the group, Pvt. Theodore Johnson, went to Flandreau, South Dakota. Pvt. Baltes was really a worried man for several days when his traveling money didn't arrive from home. His countenance lighted up when he discovered that the telegraph company had accidentally delayed his lucre and promptly made up for this neglect.

Eight new enlisted men arrived at Adair recently to swell the ranks of our Depot Co. The new arrivals who came from Camp Grant, Illinois, were Pfc. Seymour Fienberg, James Kennedy, Richard Lindberg, Stephen Meskis, Theophilus Griffith, William Medrow, Barney, Job Whydrow. At present they are going through the basic training.

Supply Sgt. William Trout is our general handy man. Besides seeing to it that the men are properly outfitted, he cuts hair, and runs errands for the boys. Trout will gladly buy a nickel ping pong ball or a bar of Life Buoy soap if the P. X. is out or doesn't handle it. No favor one can ask is too big or too small for him. Assisting him is Corporal Richard Von Wald who will do anything in his power for the men.

Another person in the supply room is our mail man, Pfc. Walter Stellmach. Daily he trudges back and forth between the post office and the company area picking up and delivering letters. Stellmach takes a real interest in his work. He'll wrap packages for the boys in his spare time merely for good will when he opens the mail window twice daily; he's the most popular man in camp.

Twenty-eight have signed up for basketball. Several practice games have been played in the Field House. Those that have shown an interest in the sport are Corporals Ralph Lee, Alva Kinkade, Russell Barry, Ronald Brock, Richard Von Wald, Lute Defrieze, Connie Cronin; Pfc. George Bass, Norman Olson, Theodore Riech, Homer Boone, Melven Gamble, Rex Redhouse, Albert Burlzaff, Kern Tice, Robert Fleming, Roger Hufenus; and Pfc. Berthold Butz, Noel Nox, Pierre Oubre, Marvin Rikansrud, Richard Gross, Ernest Van Limburgh, Bill Liddell, Jim Currie, James Dismuke, and Jim Kennedy.

Private Lowell Wylie is considered the brainiest or luckiest checker player here. He wins on the average of two out of three games. With the keen competition at hand, he is really gaining a reputation.

Many remarks in regard to Oregon's heavy mist have been made, but the one by Pfc. Edward Keating really sums up the feeling of a great number of soldiers. Pfc. Keating said:

"I wish some power would give us the reason
Why the Navy isn't stationed
there;
Especially during the rainy season,
When it's best known as Lake Adair!"

Pfc. Kern Tice denies himself many pleasures; so he can send more money home to his wife. If more would show that spirit of self-sacrifice, the war would be over in a short time. Pfc. Tice washes his own clothes, doesn't smoke, and stays at home over the week end. He says that he really doesn't mind staying in camp because there are so many things to do here.

December 1 was set as the final day for entry into the ping pong tournament. Since the Oregon rains began, this game has been gaining a great deal of popularity.

Our Depot Co. is very fortunate in having Pfc. Albert Burlzaff. He was a sign painter in civilian life and has certainly brightened our quarters with his professional printing.

MAJOR DE DAKIS

The Special Service Officer of the Timber Wolf Division is Major N. George DeDakis, who has been promoted from a captaincy. Last week The Sentry mistakenly reported that he had been promoted from major to lieutenant colonel.

Play in Corvallis

Headed for Eden, a mystery-comedy in three acts will be presented by the seniors of Corvallis high school in the school auditorium Friday night. Curtain at 7:30 p.m. Admission for soldiers is 35 cents.

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