

Camp Adair Sentry

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A PLEA FOR READING

The Sea Gull, mimeographed weekly of a Timber Wolf infantry regiment, makes a plea for more reading about the war. It says:

"A check-up around the area shows that about five men in every 200 are reading newspapers daily. No wonder officers sometimes wonder if some of the men know there is a war going on.

"Take it from the Sea Gull, it's well worth your while to buy a paper. You want to know, for instance, how soon you'll be getting home. Well, that question is being decided every day and reported in the press. You want to know if the folks back home are backing you up with bonds and bombers. That's in the papers, too.

"We're all part of a big team, part of which has already got its hands bloodied and part of which has died. Don't you want to know how your team is making out? Buy a paper, buddy, and get into the spirit of this war. You won't really feel part of this army until you feel yourself part of this war."

ABOUT WAR SONGS

For some time now a lot of people have been demanding that a fitting war song be written—a song that would stir the fighting men on to bigger and better fighting.

We got on the band wagon along with the rest and wondered why somebody didn't write one. We now realize that what everyone wanted without knowing it was a singable, whistleable song NOT about war.

Proof of this is the amazing success of a song, paradoxically enough written by a fellow who in the last war wrote war songs that were about the war. The song is "White Christmas," an Irving Berlin number that is hitting an all-time popularity high.

It not only isn't a war song. It isn't even a love song. Yet it has sung its way into practically every home and heart in the country. No one seems to be able to explain just why. Even Berlin is puzzled. "People read things into that song I had never dreamed of," he admits.

It amazed public-wise Hollywood producers of "Holiday Inn," the film in which it was introduced, who had confidently plugged "Be Careful It's My Heart" and left "White Christmas" to take care of itself—which it did to the tune of more.

Dreaming of a White Christmas brings memories to almost every American. Soldiers hum the tune on far away battlefronts. Snatches of it may be heard in almost any barrack in Camp Adair.

We are not suggesting that "White Christmas" be adopted as the Battlecry of World War II. But we're not yelling any more for somebody to write a stirring "war song" either. We think soldiers want to be happy and sing happy songs—it's being like that that makes them the greatest soldiers in the world.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

This is a Christmas reverie about hate, war and peace. It begins with the thought that in all countries where German is spoken, one song, "Stille Nacht," will be sung more widely on this Christmas Eve than any other hymn or carol. And the next thought is that "Silent Night," to the same tune and with English words which still mean the same, will be sung more widely in all lands where English is spoken.

Yet the song is truly Germanic, in origin, melody and sentiment, and for many of us older men in camp this song is irrevocably identified with the voice and personality of one woman, German by birth, who had sons in the armies of both sides for the other war. Although American club women once named her the first woman of America, she sang and spoke, to the end of her days, with a German accent.

Every Christmas Eve this woman, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, used to sing "Silent Night." During World War No. 1 she sang it to us in the training camps and later the grand old dame's singing of this song became an American institution, on national radio hook-ups of the night before Christmas. So much so that now, when she is gone, American families everywhere still play records of her "Silent Night" when the tree is lighted.

The Good In Germany
Now Mme Schumann-Heink represented German characteristics which the world cannot afford to lose, yet she was only a simple woman with voice, artistry and a great heart. From her my thoughts pass on to a man of genius, a

phenomenon of our time, possibly the biggest musician of his kind in all the history of music.

It is literally true that the noblest spokesman for the older, better Germany and Italy today is Arturo Toscanini, son of Italy, an orchestral conductor who never makes a speech, never gives interviews, never writes for publication. He does it by transmitting, rather than interpreting, the music of master composers.

No German has conveyed so eloquently as has this Italian, the message of beauty and brotherhood that Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Wagner and the other Teutonic composers, have bequeathed to us. And the war has not shaken his devotion. He refused to play the fascist hymn in Italy, and was beaten for it, but nowadays he plays, on one program, our National Anthem and the symphonies of Beethoven.

Curse of Militarism
In short this Toscanini, who stopped conducting in Germany when persecution of Jews began, distinguishes between good and bad in a nation and acts accordingly at all times. Without so intending, he reminds us, merely by playing music of bygone Germans, how absurd it is to talk—as a few Americans do—about annihilating the German people. It is the other way around. Indirectly we fight to lift the curse of militarism from a nation which militarism has almost ruined. We can do it only by smashing through to victory and to a peace that will last.

If we must hate, let's not hate people. Let's hate war and do it intelligently, not by refusing to fight for justice, but by uniting

It's A Great Life Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



DEMOCRATIC BELLICHOSE — "Ohhh, No thanks — Sweeney's corn beef, Shultz's pigs knuckles, Atkins plum pudding, Mariano's spaghetti, Olson's swagsbord, Cohen's gefaltfish.—Ohhh, my—but I think I done myself in when I sandwiched the English plum pudding between the Italian spaghetti, and the German pigs knuckles.—Ohhh! Calling Dr. Kildaire, Call Dr. Kildaire, Ohhh!"

THAT STRANGE FAMILIAR STORY

1. And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from a certain Dictator, whose name was not Augustus Caesar, that all the world would be taxed.
2. And by reason of this decree, a certain Jewish Carpenter, not Joseph, together with his young wife, whose name might have been Mary, I know not—sought refuge in a crowded town, not Bethlehem; for the young wife was an expectant mother.
3. And so it was that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
4. And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in ragged strips of cloth torn from her own garments, and she laid him on the straw in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.
5. And there were in that same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night;
6. And lo, a messenger appeared in the sky overhead, not an angel of the Lord, but an aeroplane, and it seemed to say to the shepherds:
7. "Fear and tremble, for behold I bring you tidings of great sorrow, which shall be to all people, for unto you is come this day the forerunner of Death."
8. And suddenly there was with the lone flier a multitude of winged things, not the heavenly host.
9. Instead of singing praises to God, they released their load of bombs upon the earth beneath, and flew swiftly away into the darkness.
10. And the shepherds came with haste, hoping to find the young couple with the new born babe in the manger;
11. But where the child had been, they found only a shell-hole; and scattered about lay bits of cloth and fragments of human flesh.
12. And I saw one like unto the Son of Man; his face was stern with anger, and his words were terrible to hear, for he said:
13. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me; and whose shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a great millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he was drowned in the depths of the sea."
14. Then I awoke, and I knew that it was Christmas Day in war-time. And I thanked my God that Jesus had been born before the age of "Scientific Progress," while angels could sing undisturbed by bombing planes, and the heavenly choir could tell of Peace on earth, and Good Will among men.
15. For how unspeakably sad it might have been, if one chance bomb had destroyed the Christ Child as he lay in that other manger, and men had never known that Love is the greatest thing in the world.

—Gail Cleland
Lt. Col., Chaplain
U. S. Army

against those who start fights. On the positive side, let's love peace so much and so wisely that we will unite to keep it, when at last we get it.

Superficially, it would seem inconsistent to celebrate Christmas while we wage war. But think the matter through and you will see that in reality we are fighting to rid the world of the scourge of aggressive war, so that the decent elements even in enemy nations may have a chance to assert themselves. We are at war at this sacred season so that there may be some chance to establish the conditions essential for a white peace of good will toward men, in the spirit of Christmas Day.

To the Editor:

I'll just call myself Joe Smith, American. I have a little story to tell that won't take me long to relate. I am a soldier like the many thousands that are fighting all

over the world. A man stopped me on the street and asked me a few questions. He asked me what I was fighting for, and if I liked the army. In a short time I thus related my story as to his questions.

When I stop to think for a minute, I can see my folks, my wife, and thousands of other folks walking about without fear and perse-

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN Camp Adair

Christmas is the holiday of the heart. Because of all that it stands for, and because our most tender memories, all the way from infancy to this camp, are bound up with Christmas, we are more sensitive right now than at any other time of the year.

Death seems sadder at this season, cruelly more inexcusable, and on the other hand we take delight in trifles and are receptive to gentle influences which ordinarily may not touch us.

All of us must believe in Christmas, if we believe in anything at all, and we mean to keep it here. No doubt most of the camp personnel have been concerned, somehow in preparing for the day, and we see signs of that on every side. It is clear that all of us feel the same. We want a Christmas just like the one we used to know, or as near like it as possible.

Therefore the old familiar carols are being sung. The sacred story is being read. Pictures of the Nativity are reproduced, as at home. Again we hear the melodies that revive the very mood of some particular bygone Christmas and again we are charmed by the traditional symbols of the day.

Here, as everywhere, are trees resplendent with silver tinsel, lights and colored balls. We see the glittering star, the figures of the herald angels and the shepherds in the field, the Holy Family and the manger.

Christmas must be merry, as well. We have Santa Claus tokens

cution. It's a beautiful thought considering the fear and persecution that prevails in the world today. I admire our army because we are going to give Mr. and Mrs. Poland and Mr. and Mrs. Norway and all the Mr. and Mrs.'s of those conquered nations the chance to live again in honor as before. Through our efforts, they will be happy once again and look upon the United States as a great nation of honorable men which has made happiness possible for them.

Although my friends and I are quite a distance from home, we don't mind it. Although we are in the infantry we don't mind it because regardless of what branch of the army or service we are in, or what part of the world we are in, we have a job to do. We do our job seriously because when we do it right, we are closer to victory. I know men gripe and complain about various things. Here at Adair men may complain about the weather and the marching, or food, but don't you see only free men have the right to complain about those things! If this were the Jap army or the other army of evil, they would be shot for complaining. Funny though, when I hear a man complaining about the food and weather, you know what I tell him? I tell him this. How about BATAAN, Wake, Midway and Africa? do they complain? Hell no they don't, because they know that the sooner the job is done the sooner they will come home to their loved ones. So as Joe Smith, American, all I can say for us soldiers and Americans: we pledge to our peoples back home and to those conquered peoples, "keep faith with us and we will never let you down." The American Flag flies as a bearer of honor and glory for all the people of the United States, and a symbol of mercy and kindness for the oppressed throughout the world.

Private Harry Kravitz,
Regimental Headquarters Co.,
383rd Infantry,
Camp Adair.

Read the Last Line Twice!

Just a little perseverance. Just a portion of restraint. Will often place a chevron Where as of today it ain't.

When you always try your darnedest.

And decide you cannot lose. You may have the "Higher Numbers."

And fill the gunner's shoes.

To be clean around your barracks. To be clean upon parade. To be the battery's cleanest man—is a promotion aid.

These thoughts are just presented

To fill the thinking cells; The theory is fine as gold—The poetry—it smells.

—Pvt. Schegtkski,
C. Battery, T. W. Artillery

and gift parties and rollicking songs which our forefathers knew. Into Service Club, Day Room and barrack, radio carries programs and messages from all over the world, reminding everybody of how widely the feast is observed. Then there is the mail, including letters ever more affectionate than usual, and cards of warm greetings, and piles of boxes to be shared in the spirit of the day.

Most important, in our Christmas here, is the good fellowship among men who share a single mode of life and a single purpose. It is true that some men will be longing, more than usual, for women who are waiting, across the continent, for them to come home. It is true that the sad fact of war itself, on Christmas Day, will seem sadder still.

All the more reason to make the most of what we have, and we do have a comradeship which will grow more precious as the years pass. Let us cherish it now and try to understand what it signifies in the history of our country and even in the history of Christmas.

For Christmas, too, has a history. Basically, it is the celebration of birth. It is symbolic of the joy accompanying birth. There is joy because in every new birth there is hope. Thus Christmas also is a holiday of hope. This year it is a hope that through our efforts a better world may be prepared for the generation of children now being born, or learning about Christmas for the first time, or growing up in a world of war.

Christmas is the holiday of kindness, of people who care. Our military service is caring, in action. We care about what becomes of our country and of the world. And we know that the world's salvation depends on making Christmas come true in the hearts of men, all the time. You know the exquisite lines of Phillips Brooks, addressed to the little town of Bethlehem:

"The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

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