

T. W. Artillery Show Will Go on the Road

Talent Hunt Begins With Show by Men of Major Stangl's Battalion

The first of a series of battalion "home talent" shows, from which a Timber Wolf artillery road show will be picked, was given last Friday night by the battalion which Major Joseph H. Stangl commands.

Among those present, and sitting directly in front of the bass drum and a trumpeter who can blow the roof off, was Brigadier General William C. Dunckel, in command of the artillery of the division. He explained that although these shows were being organized and managed and put on altogether by enlisted men, he and all of the officers were mighty keen about it and were engaged in a talent hunt which would put the artillerymen in the middle of the map as showmen.

Incidentally, the general's confidential secretary, Pfc Arthur M. Richardson, was master of ceremonies. He used a Loew theatre manager in big eastern cities and was secretary to the comedy star, Billy B. Van. He has been in the service since June 11.

Another with professional experience was Pvt. Alexander Santo, originally of Akron, Ohio, who has been in vaudeville and musical shows, on the production end.

Nazis Killed His Family

Friday's show, consisting of comedy and music, mostly light, closed impressively with a solemn blackout skit, the more moving because of the sad family history of the principal figure on the stage. This was Cpl. Joseph Morpurgo, a cook. The Germans, it was announced by the M.C., have killed eight members of Morpurgo's family in this war.

A sister and three children were killed by bombs which the Germans dropped from planes into the streets of Amsterdam, on May 11, 1940. Another sister was killed in that wholesale bombing of Rotterdam, after Holland had met the German terms. Two brothers, in the merchant marine, were lost at sea when their ships were torpedoed. A cousin, convicted of sabotage, was stood up against a wall and shot.

Morpurgo, almost 42, made a little speech, saying he hoped that what had happened to his family would never happen to the families of any in the audience, and that everybody should stick it out until victory has been won and the last Nazi gangster has been put out of business. Then he read a poem about Bataan, reminding the audience that the enemy had to be crushed on both sides of the world.

While he spoke, a group of soldiers formed a tableau, with rifle, bayonet and knife all poised to shoot and strike. It expressed,

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New Band Gets a Hand

The new band, only two weeks old, and conducted by Warrant Officer Joseph Rubel, got the biggest hand of the evening. Numbers ranged from a Sousa march to "Jersey Bounce." When the show began, the recreation hall was not quite full. After the band played, it was crowded with standees to the doors. This band includes big-time musicians.

But the class artist of the occasion was Pvt. Frank Mader, formerly of the first violins in the Little Symphony Orchestra of St. Louis. Without accompaniment, and on a violin not his own, he played the familiar Bach Air for the G string and the Brahms' Seventh Hungarian Dance.

The extreme north and south states of the country blended in a lightly charming duet when Sgt. John McClean and Cpl. Winston Hughes, with a guitar, got together on the stage. The first hails from North Dakota, the second from Texas, and they made a big hit with this talent scout.

Other acts, all much applauded, were as follows:

Pvt. Lowell Austin of Springfield, Mo., in hill-billy songs, with guitar. Put a beard on him and give him a "Tobacco Road" make-up and he would be quite an act.

Davis and Hall, in blackface comedy. Leo Daniel, songs, with guitar. Pvt. Charles Houston, playing harmonica. A skit about a "pickpocket's" union, involving Pts. Santo, James Luscher, Andy Frank, Joseph Watson, Walter Samuels.

Division Chief Given Greeting

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lier this war may terminate, with victory for this nation and for our allies.

"This being the Yuletide, may we pause in our labor and depart from strict adherence to military custom to wish you, "Doc" Cook, the merriest of Christmases and the greatest of success and happiness in the New Year, and to further pledge to you our lasting loyalty and endeavor to help you make the Timber Wolf Division the best division of our Army."

In accepting the scroll, formally presented by Col. H. C. Mandell, Chief of Staff, in the presence of the other generals and officers of the division down to company commanders, General Cook said the first paragraph on the scroll indicated his objective, and the second paragraph his wish. He felt that the division would be the best in the Army, that even the newest recruits were doing their best to make it so, and he expressed a belief that already the division was better trained than his battalion was on embarking for France in 1918.

Brigadier General William C. Dunckel, divisional artillery commander, proposed the presentation of a scroll to General Cook, and headed the committee. The greeting was drafted in the G-2 office.

Yuletide Spirit Prevails At Station Hospital

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ful "Nativity Story" will be presented in pageant in the auditorium, by a group brought from Corvallis under auspices of the "Gray Ladies" of Linn, Polk and Benton counties. Mrs. Roscoe Stephenson is chairman of the group.

Participating in the pageant will be a 50-voice choir from Corvallis.

The Gray Ladies were also responsible for a humorous Christmas play, presented by a Corvallis group for the station hospital patients, last evening.

On Tuesday, when the week of functions began, hospital nurses and detachment men enjoyed a special Christmas program, brought from Salem and featuring the St. Paul's Episcopal Choir. The program was obtained through efforts of Chaplain Victor New-

Bugle Is 'Stone Age'



Left to right: Lt. Col. Lee R. Woods, Post Finance Officer; Capt. Julius Hale, Provost Marshal; and Mrs. Robert L. Wilson, of PX tailor shop. Also a real bugle, almost obsolete now, and a canned bugle.

The G. I. towel in the left hand of Lt. Col. Lee R. Woods, Jr., the sweet bugler of Cottage Grove, Ore., even before the other war, is to catch his tears as he weeps over an honest bugle, victim of the mechanical age.

Nobody murdered the bugler, as Irving Berlin threatened in his song of World War No. 1. The species is about extinct, though, because the canned bugle has been widely adopted. No longer do comrades listen, in the still night, hoping that he will hit that bad note. They know, in advance, that the call, whatever it is, will be perfect, because every call is played on a phonograph record and the recordings were made by experts and done until they were right.

With difficulty a real bugle, with mouthpiece missing, at that, was located, so that Col. Woods, once a bugler, now Post Finance Officer, could pose holding it. To his right, in the picture, is Capt. Julius Hale, Provost Marshal, from whose building the calls, magnified through an amplifier, blanket a large section of camp.

Also in the picture is Mrs. Robert L. Wilson (Mary Lou), wife of a Quartermaster staff sergeant. She runs the tailor shop in the Post Exchange across the way and is on hand for revolve call, because she and her husband drive in from their Corvallis home. She grew up in Atlanta, Ga., came to Portland to run a tailor shop, and then had one at 29th Engineers Post there, where she and the sergeant met.

As a bugler, the present Col. Woods was in Company E, 4th Inf., Oregon National Guard, at Cottage Grove, in 1910.

"The Little Bit That Counts" ...

The train pulled into the station at North Platte, Wyoming. It was late afternoon and the approaching shadows of evening cast their grayness on the newly-fallen snow. But the train was filled with the light-heartedness and gaiety of soldiers, sailors, and marines—most of them going on furlough for the first time in many months. And for the few minutes during which the train was scheduled to stop, the men in uniform carried their song and cheer into the station where the altruism of the American people stood ready to serve the cups of coffee and cake that brighten the long journey of service men.

In the center of the table there was displayed a typical American birthday cake bearing 9 pink candles. The sweetness of a woman's smile was seeking someone in uniform who claimed a birthday that day. And the Goddess of Joy arranged to send one such soldier to that little station in North Platte, Wyoming, that very day. When he happily took the cake from the woman's hands, he asked to whom he could send such thanks for the thoughtfulness that went with it. And the woman turned with a tear in her eye and pointed to a little crippled boy sitting in a wheel chair in the corner of the room. This was HIS birthday, and it was his wish that the cake be given to some soldier or sailor whom that same day honored. This is the little bit that counts!

Where is your little bit that counts? Whether you be a soldier or civilian employed here at the Post, what are you doing in the war effort that bears such meaning? It must have been a great sacrifice to this crippled child to part with one of the joys of reaching another birthday. But this is the era of sacrifices . . . and may the child be our guide. For this Christmas, let a WAR SAVINGS BOND be your gift to ALL Americans in uniform. And let every pay day be a gift day. Buy War Savings Bonds to the utmost of your ability through the CLASS "A" PAY RESERVATION PLAN.

man. It was followed by a party for nurses in the day room, at 10:30 p.m., during which Miss Orpen sang.

Adair on Air Again Jan. 4

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will be Pvt. George Johnson, former concert pianist and Pvt. George M. Tordy, concert violinist, who has appeared with some of the most famous musical organizations in the country.

Rousing applause greeted the initial broadcast. In this John Carpenter, well-known radio personality, m.c.'d and music was furnished by Joseph Sampietro and his augmented KOIN orchestra.

Feature top-flight performers included Suzanne Burce, Oregon's Victory Girl; Carol Worth (Miss Oregon of 1942), Jimmy Riddell's KOIN chorps—also, Red Dunning, Norman Anderson, dancer and tenor and Andy Clausen in his final program appearance. Ted Cooke produced the show. KOIN will continue to handle the staging and sound details, with Earl Denham as sound engineer.

Colonels to be Guests At Hq. Co. Dinner

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a Christmas design by Don Lynch, of the company, and carrying greetings from Col. McCoy and Capt. Rutledge, reads as follows:

Olives, pickles, shrimp salad, roast turkey, giblet gravy, dressing, mashed potatoes, candied sweet potatoes, peas, creamed corn,

cranberry sauce, chilled celery, bread, butter, pumpkin pie, chocolate cake, icing, coffee, fruit cake, oranges, nuts, and candy.

He's in the army now, but still Pvt. Fred L. Smith is reminded of his old job when he helps Supply Sgt. Hilery K. T'ason issue cloth and mosquito netting, because he finds that he had a part in its manufacture.

"Pvt. Smith, now in the infantry of the Timber Wolf division, came from South Carolina, where mills process cotton into cloth for army use. He worked at looms making army duck and he made netting. The factory received the navy "E" rating and his sweetheart wears the pin that was given to him. Smith worked seven days a week.

—Pvt. William N. Batdorf.

Depot Co. Activities at FIRST ST. SOUTH & E by Pvt. Harry Klissner

E.M. at the 332nd Depot Co. are preparing with hearty enthusiasm for the holiday season which is proof enough that the Christmas spirit is here. Especially is this noticeable since Sgt. Wm. Trout and Sgt. Guy Blackmore chauffeured by Pvt. William Liddell took a trip into the hills to cut down a huge evergreen tree, some mistletoe, and holly. Upon their return, the carpenters immediately went to work building stands and braces for these decorations.

In the meantime a committee consisting of Chairman Lt. Robert E. Seng, Sgt. John Forbes, Ronald Brock, and Herbert Rothman completed plans for a Yuletide program. Men in our organization are contributing twenty-five cents apiece to cover expenses for this affair. Also each member of the 332nd, will give a present which does not exceed fifteen cents in value. The one bringing in the most useful item will receive a special gift from Commanding Officer, Lt. Donald Burnett.

Pfc. Al Burzlaff has been appointed Assistant Mail Clerk and will take Corp. Walter Stellmach's place when he leaves on furlough. After the Christmas season, Corp. Stellmach will need a vacation, for the mail is getting heavier every day. This can be taken liberally because those packages certainly don't look light.

In Pfc. Burzlaff, our 332nd Depot Co. has a capable man. Although by trade he is a sign painter which is fortunate for us, he has shown his adaptability to all the army ways and will undoubtedly make a good mail man in the absence of Cpl. Stellmach.

"We've got our boys to keep us warm," is the tune we sing every morning when Sgt. Arthur Dieleman blows his whistle and kicks us out of bed. Yes, the boys to whom we have reference are our firemen, Pvt. Chester Moseley and Lester Cline. These two get out of bed every morning at four and fire the furnaces; so we can rise in comfort at six-thirty in the morning.

Colds and the flu sent fifteen of our group to the hospital during the last month. Among those confined are Corporal Stanley Krula; Pfc's Edward Keating, Robert Lipold, Lawrence Roselle, John Kermon, John Blevins; Pts. Ernest Van Limburg, James Currie, Franklin Brouhard, Phillip Del Pozo, Richard Lindberg, Ceymour Fienberg, Ben Graetz, John Villalobos, and Robert Fasset. The majority of these men who returned to the 332nd Depot Co., have high praise for Miss Bridgman, a member of the Red Cross at the hospital who is doing everything in her power to furnish entertainment and recreation for the ambulatory patients.

Pvt. Wm. Liddell's wife spent two weeks with him, and today left for California. They have two children there.

Sgt. Glenn Teal and Sgt. Connie Cronin have been taking turns in heading a rock banding detail. It seems that Oregon has a few cloudbursts once in awhile, and the ground gets quite soggy. Due to this many have referred to our location as "Swampy Adair." To remedy this situation truck load after truck load of rocks have been taken from the hills. Those who have accompanied Sgts. Teal and Cronin on this detail are Corporals Herbert Blood, Harry Ludwig; Pfc's Jay Backenger, Rex Redhouse, Theodore Biech, Charles Bolton, Homer Boone, Edward Cameron, Norman Olson, Kern Tice, Lee Whetsal; Pts. Raymond Beseley, Harold Bradley, James Currie, Phillip Del Pozo, James Dismuke, William Douglas, Clarence Farmer, Elroy Fetrow, John Jelen, Pierre Oulbre, Elmer Petty Lowell Wylie, Oral Russell, Charles Barret, and Ernest Van Limburg.

Pfc. Joe Montalbano certainly has a soft heart. One of our boys had a birthday recently; so he made a cake for him on his own time. He's always going out of his way to do something nice for the men in the 332nd Depot company.

It's finally happened. The fog is so thick and the swamp so deep that a sailor landed at Port Adair the other day. He was visiting with the 691st Laundry.

F. A. DISCUSSION CLUB

Anybody in the Timber Wolf Division artillery is welcome to join the new St. Barbara Field Artillery Study club, for the discussion of current news and personalities, it is announced by Chaplain Mussel, at Chapel No. 19.

Horses, Dogs, Cats Live In Peace on First Xmas

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they are anxious about spring, because the cats are of both sexes, and in the spring a young cat's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

More Horses Coming

The horses on hand now number 36, but 22 more are expected. They are standard bred thoroughbred and if anybody is caught abusing them he doesn't get to ride any more, whatever his rank. The horses are used for M.P. patrol and by divisional reconnaissance officers. They come from the cavalry at Ft. Lewis, and from Texas, and there are range ponies.

Sgt. Jensen and his assistant, Pfc. Edwin Wiebe, have a nice, little house nearby. With blow torches they have antiqued the wood and have made the place cozy. Jensen used to be a Montana cowboy and California trainer at the race tracks. He plans to establish a riding ring with hurdles.

For Christmas the horses will get extra oats and the dogs and cats will share the soldiers' dinner, and a special friend of cats means to find them some catnip if he can.



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