

# Gray Ladies Make Day At Hospital Cheerful

## 33 Women of Polk, Linn, Benton Counties, Red Cross Volunteers

Have you ever done your turn at an Army hospital? Then you'll remember the Gray Ladies. As one remembers a friendly smile, and courtesies and thoughtful little kindnesses.

There are now 33 "Gray Ladies" at Station Hospital here. Who are they? Explicitly, the "Gray Ladies" are volunteer Red Cross workers. They are civilians who have completed a required course of 18 lectures presented by the hospital staff, finished 24 "probationary" hours and now work regularly in the wards and rooms of Station Hospital.

Their work? At Christmas time, for instance, the Yule was made more festive for hospitalized men, through help of the Gray Lady Corps. They purchased and wrapped gifts, decorated the auditorium, made Christmas candles for men to send home. They brought out from neighboring communities — and accompanied — groups of carolers who sang in the wards. They sponsored a Christmas pageant and a play. And these were all things extra-curricular.

At Station Hospital, supplementing regular work of the hospital recreation staff, they act as librarians, play games with patients, sponsor programs, conduct classes in English, assist generally in activities during their hours at Red Cross center. In wards, to which they have been assigned, they talk and read to men, maintain a "shopping service," answer the requests for magazines, books and games by bed-ridden patients.

For that is their work. The work of patriotism; or of love, if you will. Financially, there is no remuneration for them. Yet the Gray Ladies work regular, assigned hours each week.

"Gray Ladies" is the name that patients conferred upon these women. It was suggested by their uniform; perhaps a little, too, by the comforting cheeriness that is brought along when one of them comes into a ward.

The corps had its inception during World War I. It is an outgrowth of work rendered by the American Red Cross, to hospitalized veterans and service men. Women of the Gray Ladies Corps at Camp Adair are civilians resident in either Linn, Polk or Benton counties.

As further preliminary to their work they were required to attend a course of lectures designed to instruct them in work of the various hospital departments. They have all passed a written examination.

Attached now to the Station Hospital on regular duty here are: From Corvallis — Mesdames Esther L. Arpke, Jeanne L. Auld, L. R. Breithaupt, Walter T. Durjan, Harry W. Holroyd, Albert E. Joynton, W. L. Powers, Ilione Schenck, Harry A. Scoth, A. A. Schramm, Roscoe E. Stephenson, Mildred Woods, Ralph O. Coleman, A. L. Keeney, C. W. Labhart, Lona Locke, Frank McWhorter, Ben H. Nichols, Sigurd H. Peterson, Grace Dalton, Norma Potter, Gayle Kreason, H. D. Peterson, Winifred Phelps, Marie Woods.

From Albany — Mesdames Hertha M. Elliott, Marcia Lamberty. From Monmouth — Mesdames A. F. Duntach, Stella Taylor.

From Dallas — Mesdames Laura Cleveland, Grace Dalton, Gayle Kreason, H. D. Peterson, Marie Woods.

### Tragedy of the Week! K.P. in Wrong Place

What this camp needs, says Pvt. August T. Genese, is more landmarks, something to go by when a fellow must turn out at dawn for K.P. or some detail. Now, in New York City, where he came from, there's the Empire State building. With that looming on the horizon, you don't need a compass. You know where you're going.

But you don't here, Genese insists, and the consequences can be said. The other day, for example, he stumbled sleepily into a company street, bound for the kitchen that desired his services as K.P. He looked around, trying to get oriented, and couldn't. It was the same in every direction and there was no star, just Oregon mist.

As he wondered what to do, along came some soldier, and when Genese asked the way to the mess hall, the soldier pointed. It was a mess hall, all right, and Genese set to work. He was busy turning out clean and shining pots and pans for Company H, when his absence from the mess hall for Company M—his own company—was noticed. Tragic, wasn't it?

—Pvt. William N. Beldorf.

### A SOLDIER SPEAKS

The following letter written to "Yank," the Army Weekly, was printed in their Mail Call column.

"It is an oddity as far as practical religion goes that the chaplain for the common soldier is a commissioned officer. Psychologically, this puts him apart from some of the men and possibly makes it harder for himself. The original 'Fisher of Men' would probably have taken the grade of first class private as the most effective place for a chaplain."

Pvt. Carl E. Peterson, Fort Sill, Okla.

### For You, Soldier, With Her Prayers

#### Testament Served in One War; Sent Again

"... and I pray that you may bring it back."

The words are in a letter written Christmas day by an Oregon mother. They are directed to a soldier—perhaps to you.

They are enclosed in a worn, patched copy of the New Testament. A soldier carried it with him through one war. A soldier now at Camp Adair—perhaps you—may have it to carry along to the battlefields of this war.

With it will go the prayers and the faith of this mother.

The Little Book is in custody of Miss Carrie Reedy at Service Club No. 1, awaiting some soldier who really wants it.

The letter, from Rhoda D. (Huddleston) Cobb of Willamina, Oregon, reads:

"Dear soldier boy, whoever you may be—this Testament went with my boy to France and back and I pray that you may bring it back. If so, let me know, will you please? If God is for us, who can stand against us, and I believe that He is with us.

"May He ever bless and keep you and bring you safely home, is the prayer of Sgt. Vernon O. Huddleston's mother."

### 1st Sgt. Fletcher Now Proud Father

First Sergeant and Mrs. Leonard T. Fletcher announce the birth of a seven pound 12 ounce son, Leonard T. Fletcher, Jr., born December 16, 1942, at Memorial hospital, Albany. Sgt. Fletcher is a veteran of the army having served 14 years and has seen service in the Philippines.

He was a member of the old 31st Infantry which was organized for foreign service and which has never been on American soil. Fletcher left this organization in 1936 to return to the United States. Many of his former buddies are still with the 31st and some probably were captured with the fall of Bataan. Sergeant Fletcher is with the Timber Wolf division.

### Man Rating Machine Maker Is Mail Man

Pvt. Kieselhorst, hailing from St. Louis, and now mail man for Hdq. and Hdq. Btry., T. W. artillery, is the inventor of a business machine which classifies men. He's a graduate of Andover and Yale, where he was a track man, holding the intercollegiate low hurdle championship.

Sgt. Stronley is the father of a girl baby born at Des Moines. Sgt. Hedinger expects to marry in January. Pfc. Richardson went to church three times, Sunday morning, as a talent scout, listening to choirs. Pvt. Hermann had his piccolo oiled. S/Sgt. is an aerobat and once was in burlesque, according to rumour.

Pvt. Jim Currie is in the hospital with pleurisy. We hope that he will be back with us soon.



### Gunner on Transports to All War Zones Now Instructs Recruits at Camp Adair

Sgt. Gerald A. Griffin, who passed nine months at delivering American soldiers to war ports in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, is now picking up recruits at rail terminals in Oregon and delivering them at this camp.

He is in the artillery of the Timber Wolf Division and this account of his military service may be the first information received by recruits he has shepherded—the first knowledge that he is not quite the usual sergeant.

Sgt. Griffin grew up in New York City, attending the Sacred Heart school and High School of Commerce. For awhile he was a mechanic and then he got himself a job as a guard at the Manhattan State Hospital, a hospital for the insane. He also enlisted in the 258th F.A., New York National Guard, whose home armory is reputed to be the largest in the world.

In 1940 he was called into Federal service and went to Pine Camp, N.Y., for training with the 155 m.m. gun—the rifle, not the howitzer. Then he was in maneuvers down South and later in a motor convoy to Madison Barracks, N.Y., and after that he was guarding bridges at Buffalo.

War Interrupts Romance Then he got a 10-day furlough and hurried to New York City to marry Miss Betty McCarthy, whom he had met at the hospital, where she was a nurse. But on New Year's eve, 1941, before they could be married, Sgt. Griffin received a wire to report back to Madison Barracks. He was cautioned not to talk about it and not to write. At Watertown, N.Y., he and others boarded a train and he fell asleep in the belief that he was off on

reconnaissance duty somewhere. When he awakened he looked from the window and saw, to his amazement, that the train was at the 125th St. station in New York City.

Within a few hours Sgt. Griffin was on a transport. He learned that the Navy did not yet have enough men to handle the guns on all the ships. So he was taught all about a Navy gun and did not find it difficult. He was at guns on transports carrying American troops to Australia, New Caledonia, Iceland, England, Scotland, Egypt, Suez, Russia, Aden and Freetown, Durban and Capetown, in South Africa.

Americans Eager for Trip "All of them were trained men," he says, "and full of spirit." "They wanted to go, they were eager about it and from the way they acted you'd have thought they were on a pleasure trip."

There were plenty of thrills in it for Sgt. Griffin. He saw bombs drop from planes, saw barrage balloons over the Red Sea, heard firing at the front, in Egypt, and himself fired at submarines and planes. No men were lost.

He traveled some 64,000 miles and during four months received no mail at all from the girl he had hoped to marry, because no mail could reach him. But when the Navy had men available for the work he and others were doing, he was put ashore and sent to Camp Upton, L.I., and from there he came to Oregon, far from Miss McCarthy, but with regular mail service.

In his battery he is chief of section and he teaches new men about field fortifications, camouflage, rifle nomenclature and much more. He likes his outfit and has a high opinion of the division.

### Battery A Is Run by Officers Named 'Smith'

The Smith family is fast getting control of Btry. A, Major Stangl's battalion, T. W. artillery. The commander is Lt. W. C. Smith and with him are two lieutenants named Smith. Lt. Mark Darney, reconnaissance officer was married at Salem.

Despite sentiment for the George Petty style of decoration, headquarters battery artists are doing day room murals about battery activities. Sgt. Lloyd Hesse is a meat grinder victim. The barber didn't do it. That's merely Hesse's story.

Sgt. William Hare has been so busy handling the mail that he has had no chance to mail Christmas gifts. So he's getting out a form letter telling everybody he is just back from maneuvers.

T/Sgt. C. C. Pogorzelski, supply, Major Stangl's battalion, went to Detroit, a 14-day furlough papers in hand, to marry Miss Catherine Ebling, that beautiful blonde whose picture is on his desk.

Btry. 'A, in a T.W. battalion, reports that Miss Noana Branch and Pfc. Harther were married at Chapel 10, with Sgt. Eugene Nella as best man and Pvt. T. L. Hanna as bridesmaid, if you can imagine that. . . . Pvt. James Giordano, size 4-E, is said to have the battalion's smallest and widest feet. . . . It's said that Sgt. Triesch opened his window and in-flu-enza.

One blond, lean, drawlin' youngster from the south was on the hot seat when "Brooklyn" demanded he describe a subway, Broadway traffic, a night club and a turnstile. Party broke up later when "Georgia" said he once asked a New Yorker to draw a picture of a cow and the sketch he got was a milk bottle with horns on it. "I bin a thanks' you boys from

### N'York ain't evah even seen a live tree.

"You guys is right, only der is Prospect park where dey grow dem—big bunches of dem, millions of dem."

Things you can see in Company I:

Buck Sgt. Walls leading long-drawers brigade to Medics, who have no respect for anybody's privacy, and Watts bellowing orders with the sharpest prize-winning, hog-calling lungs you even encountered.

Thirty-four goldbricks disappearing in cracks of the barrack wall when Sgt. Gazetti appears with that "I-want-any-six-of-you guys" look in his eyes.

Sudden disappearance, into thin air, of 100 lighted cigarettes, when it is announced that attention is about to be called. Not done with mirrors.

Lt. Lacy demonstrating six ways not to salute, including the Indian salute, "Hi Joe" salute, timid-curved salute, uncertain, jerky salute, droopy, tired boy salute, and the non-salute of the soldier who ducks when an officer appears.

Pvt. "Williamsburg" O'Brien on K.P., getting chance to even scores, by telling Top Kick where to sit in mess hall and pointing finger in no uncertain terms—"Sit there!"

Entire company scrambling into living tableau of stone statues in the mist when Capt. Nelson pulls reveille in the cold, gray dawn all of a sudden.

—Pvt. Charles M. Soroka.

### Sergeant's Heroism Lauded by Many

(Continued from Page 1)

cock and Russell Parker, farmers of the vicinity.

Carl Guntert, with Corporal Evatt and Private Bozza, witnessed Franklin's feat. Guntert himself started to aid Franklin and Smith when he saw Mrs. Guntert clinging to a half submerged tree and swam with her to safety.

"Franklin dived into the river so fast we didn't know what was happening," said Evatt. "We did not see him for several long seconds. We thought he was a gone goose until he shouted. Our truck lights pointed to both men and car bobbing along on the main current. Franklin hauled the man to a tree and both got up into it and stayed until two men in a boat took them off. The rescued man was hysterical. He realized his wife and baby were gone. It's a wonder that he (Smith) and Franklin didn't catch double pneumonia."

Bozza related substantially the same eye-witness story.

Franklin refused to talk.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lee Franklin of 1103 Oregon street, Bakersfield, Calif., and was employed by the Southern California Telephone company before joining the army two years ago. He is a star baseball player.

Perry Stellmacher, Police Chief at Albany, said: "Everyone here calls Franklin a hero. There's no doubt he tried to save three lives and did save one."

### War Dept. Film Makes Hit With Men of Adair

(Continued From Page 1)

The picture was made with the cooperation of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences and it is based on Vice President Wallace's statement last spring, that this war is to decide whether we are to live in a free world or a slave world. Narration by Walter Huston. The film comes here from Universal Film Exchange in Portland, being authorized by the United States Army Motion Picture Service, operated by the Chief of Special Services Branch, War Department.

The series is to be shown at all posts, camps, stations and overseas units and to all military personnel, by order of the Secretary of War. It is an orientation film and it is of interest here that the arrangements for showing the series are in the hands of Lt. Maynard S. Grunder, Theatre Officer, who was the first to attempt orientation discussions, last summer in the tent area, when he was in command of one "company" of the first men to reach this camp.

War Pictures on War Time Lt. Grunder says that in general soldiers dislike commercial pictures about the war and he feels that it is all the more important to make attendance compulsory in the case of these authoritative films. He is sure that the men are glad to see such films, if they are good enough films and if they are shown within the regular training time, rather than after hours.

"They seem to be fond of leg shows and I like them myself," said the lieutenant when asked about the pictures that the men really do enjoy seeing on their own time. After research and care-

### HOW ABOUT VALUE OF M. P. PROTECTION?

Some Yardbird figures that a buck private really makes \$267.50 a month instead of \$50. First, the \$50 itself is just a gift. He has shelter and the barrack accommodations, with bed, light and water and heat bills, would amount to \$40 a month. Army meals are figured at \$90. Expert dental and medical care, \$5. Legal advice when wanted, \$5. Army training and schooling, \$50 a month. Clothes, \$7.50. Entertainment, about \$10 a month, with library and service club facilities and free worship.

ful consideration, Lt. Grunder has decided that what soldiers want in films is simply girls, girls, and more girls.

"They cheer loud and lustily," he said, when asked as to the basis for this conclusion. "They seem to like it most when the girls do not wear too much clothing."

Superman is not a popular film character here, but Donald Duck and Popeye are favorites. Comics are widely relished. Altogether the attendance holds up in a way to indicate that camp movies are about tops, as morale entertainment.

Incidentally, Lt. Grunder would like it understood that the 11 men who handle the films and run them are working as hard as any men in camp. He says they do a heap of work that the rest of the camp doesn't know about, not being familiar with movie technique. For example, every foot of film has to be inspected before the film is shown, to fix responsibility in case of scratches or flaws of any kind. This takes hours, every day.

Because of the flood, there was difficulty in getting scheduled films and it took much time and effort to make substitutions and keep the shows going. According to Lt. Grunder, the movie men are working seven days a week, all day and well into the night.

### Get Hep, Hep!

Here it is cats. . . a column dedicated to all you gates who miss their jive and want to keep up on what is going on in the music world. . . as you know, the music situation out here is slightly on the square side, so we'll do our doggondest to keep you informed as to what is going on on the outside. . . you, know. . . civilization. . . The Special Services Office is working like mad, and maybe one of these days we will have some good solid jump out here. . . here's hoping. . . It will probably make some of you Jersey boys homesick. . . or should we say "Jivesick". . . to know that the Count is playing at the Adams in Newark, so we'll just let it go. . . Better late than never. . . didja know that "CORKY" CORCORAN, Harry James' terrific 17-year-old tenor man tied the fatal knot last month. . . November 28th to be exact. Mrs. C. is the former Betty Pastore of Newark, N. J. . . Corky met her LAST year when he was playing with Trumpet Man Sonny Dunham at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook. . . And I thought musicians were fast workers. . . Notes to a Cindy City cat. . . The Cab is playing at Regal theatre, but you're in Camp Adair, task, task, task. . . Bob Platner, who wrote "The Jersey You-Know-What," was bounced into the Army last week at good ole Fort Dix. . . Pvt. Bob was playing with Tiny Bradshaw when his Uncle called. . . doing a mighty fine job on tenor and making some bang-up arrangements, too. . . Three stripes to a mighty terrific gal. . . vocalist Martha Mears. . . in a nice, throaty way, Martha puts out some beautiful vocals. . . give her a liz some Monday afternoon about 4:30 over KOIN. . . Joe Lippman, ex-J. Dorsey ivory tickler and arranger for "This is the Army" has gone off to O.C.S. . . lucky boy. . . Captain Glenn Miller, Special Services officer in the Sixth Service Command at Omaha has a bad cold. . . ha, ha, ha, he should be here.

Notes to you. . . —Pvt. Pete.

### Whaddya Read, Boys? Books Coming in Fast

The first shipment of new books arrived this week for the two post libraries from Library Headquarters, Fort Douglas, Utah. The titles include mysteries, sea adventures, and western stories as well as the current novels. Gray's Anatomy, Glover's Compound Interest and Insurance Tables, Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia, and Who's Who in Art, are some of the many reference books to arrive.

Telephone books of local and

principal areas of the country are being added and are now available for use. Tables have been set up in the upper floors of the libraries which are now open for writing rooms. A record attendance last Sunday reached over 450. Each library has recorded over 2,000 soldiers for the month of November.

### CALL 1ST SGT. "MOM" —IMAGINE

When men start calling their 1st sgt. names—well, considering that he puts them on details, that's to be expected. But they call S/Sgt. Chandler "Mom." He's of Group D in the Timber Wolf Arty. Bn. under Major Joseph H. Stangle, and is so motherly that the men almost forget to be homesick.

Capt. Richard J. Bestor, Bn. plans and training officer, is promoted to major. He came here in August, with officer cadre from Camp Barkeley, Texas, and was Btry. A commander. . . Roger Crum, Service Btry., is now T/4. . . Otto Liebermann and Wm. A. Windstead are Pfc.

C Btry promotions make the fol-

lowing: S/Sgt. Edmond J. Boza; Sgt. Frank Williamson; T/4 George W. Alden; T/5 Leonard Flieger. Sgt. Jerry Zak, Btry. A, last week attended at Eureka, Calif., the funeral of a brother killed in an automobile accident. Pvt. Benjamin Rappaport went to Clarksdale, Ill., following the death of his mother. —By 2nd Lt. Wm. L. Duncan.

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