

Soldier, Soldier on the Wall (Washroom) Why Pick That Place to Give Your All?

By Cpl. John J. Gubelman

Maybe no one ever got a Ph.D. by writing a thesis on washroom scribbles. But a study of these would undoubtedly be a significant contribution to our knowledge of what Average Citizen really thinks and feels. True—we do have the man in the street radio broadcast, and the Gallup poll too. But in the first instance your average fellow is highly conscious of his audience. He conceals, lies, or preens himself—if he doesn't retire in a stammering nervous fright. The second attempt to probe Mr. Average Character results in statistics, and statistics are a cold, inhuman approach to such a very human subject.

A washroom is the only ivory tower that most Joe Citizens can retire to. In its relaxing and soothing atmosphere there is nothing to inhibit; a man gets to thinking pretty deeply. There, more than any other place, he is likely to heed William Shakespeare's advice "know thyself." In a sudden rush of understanding that hits him like an Old Testament revelation, he is almost compelled to set down true feelings. Thus the washroom scribbler. A study of latrine scribbling on the post may be the beginning of what on a larger scale will prove a highly important sociological contribution.

best place in the world." A Houston soldier came in later and asked, "Have you ever seen Houston?" The artist, apparently on a return trip, answered, "No and I don't want to." The Houston soldier had the last say. In a remark addressed to all New York soldiers in general, the Rebel penned, "You've heard of Bronco Busters, you've heard of Block Busters. If you want to see a Bronx Buster, look me up."

Found—the Silver Lining

If it's "always fair weather when good fellows get together," the best weather in the whole state of Oregon is right in the latrines of the post. For soldiers issue appeals to fellow home towners to sign up on home rosters. "If you're from Ft. Worth, Texas, sign here." "Hi fellows, how's Louisiana? Like to hear from you." Friends are found and meetings arranged. A Howard Ave., Brooklyn name and address was followed by "Be here Sunday night at 8; friends from Howard Ave." In a stall that seemed to be the exclusive property of the Michigan boys, under one name and address was another with this: "Say, soldier, I used to have a girl friend in Marygrove college. Look me up." "All Wolverines (Mich.) meet at Blank's Bar at 9 o'clock Sat."

Apparently washroom scribbles in OD's were washroom scribbles in civilian life, too. Evidently overcome by nostalgia for the happier walls of former days, they have covered latrines with names of their former hangouts. Adair soldiers used to frequent "Talk of The Town Tavern" in Peoria, Ill., "Club Plantation," St. Louis, "Blue Mirror," Newark, N. J., "Cocacnut Grove," Salt Lake City, "Rip's Bar and Grill," Pontiac, Mich., Latin Quarter, New York—and many others, the country over.

Where's the Kitchen Stove?

Assorted scribbles of interest are "I like my wine and women—the Fairbanks Kid, Fairbanks, Alaska"—"Sammyp Weiss from Chicago, look me up, I'm a big shot." "I'm no draftee, I'm a forcee—they forced me into the army"—which was commented on by a later comer, appropriately enough,—"Maybe you'd rather work for Hitler, you dirty rat." "Kid goes over the hill, 11-4-42." "When you're in Portland, phone La-2072." — It takes all kinds of soldiers to make the latrine mosaic.

The soldier is proud of his home—there isn't, he realizes now, another place like it. And so he writes "Damn good country, that's Illinois"—"San Francisco, the town that knows how"—"Take me back to Texas," enthusiastically endorsed by a later Texan, "You said it buddy."—"Ft. Dodge, Iowa, the town of pretty girls."—"Kentucky, the blue grass state, I'd sure like to be there," which is followed by musical notes which proved to be "The sun shine's bright" part of "My Old Kentucky Home."

The old favorites are there of course. You've read since you were able to read—"Fool's names like fool's faces—always seen in public places," and "A man's ambition is pretty small to write his name on a latrine wall."

The Sentry's research and its critical study ended at the same time when this inscription was read: "What are you looking up here for—watch what you're doing." Which seemed like sound advice.

Who Said "Go West Young Man?"

Sectional rivalry has sprung up, too. Thus, "Everyone from New York is a..."—"You can take your West and your South and give it to the Indians. I'll take the East for life, Joe..." Philadelphia.—"The best place in the world for life and women is good old 42nd St., N. Y." A Californian came in later and indignantly crossed out and substituted California.—A latrine poet from New Orleans squeezed this out of his muse: "New Orleans is where the grass is green, where there live the most beautiful French girls you've ever seen. Where the whiskey is wild and plenty hot—Oregon, I hope you rot."

Let's Use Neon

Army spokesmen have announced a growing shortage of officer insignia and markings. This means that before long a lot of brand new OCS lieutenants will have a hard time backing up their stories.

Camp Adair hasn't felt the pinch yet but on many posts it's gotten so that a lieutenant can get bars only if he knows somebody who's just been promoted ahead of him.

He's Tougling It Out

Lee Tracy, who used to act tough in the movies is now a lieutenant in the Fort Custer M. P. Detachment.

What's become of Boris Karloff?

IV.

In the deepest, darkest portion of a night, with fell intent, A smart (and early) Corporal, upon a mission went. He got the chair, and carried it, with high and sweet elation To a sweating little office that was called Public Relation. There they harbored it and cherished it and cooked them up a scheme To cover up their knavery, by painting it dark green.

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V.

Days passed; weeks went their fleeting way—PR grew on space; And soon the Chair of Camp Adair again was out of place. One night this wily corporal; now sergeant, blunt of brow, Said: "This can't last forever; the poem's too long now—"

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VI.

"I know that ere this wondrous chair begets some awful doom, I'd better get it out of there, into my little room." So with a strong friend, Sergeant Black, upon an evening ditto, They stole into the PR room—sotte voce, patty pitto:

Send The Sweetie-Pie The Sentry Regularly By Mail 6 Months For A Buck

And to this day, though sat on nay, the chair is doing fine; The joy and pride forever, of T-7-409. The soul, the keepsake, cherished piece, the glory and renown; The wonderful chair of Camp Adair—stolen by Sergeant Brown.

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THE WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL CHAIR (The first—and the worst—at Camp Adair)

Foreword: In the still unpunctured belief that there is somewhere a place for all things, whether or not this is one of them, this is dedicated by its author—and in full view of the complement of this Post—to that charming vagabond, that institution of good fellowship, that Sgt. who edits my copy—Staff Sergeant E. A. Brown.

Harken my soldiers! in case you care To hear of a wonderful, wonderful chair, For it is the story of Camp Adair.

Those who recall it are still alive, Which proves they somehow managed to thrive On the cruel hardship (perhaps it's a pity) They claim to have borne at old "tent city."

Oh many a sergeant was private then Among those gallant "en cadre" men Who lived in tents by a boggy fen; And many a sergeant is private now— (But that is a tale we must skip somehow, Until we have finished our rollick-some lilt Of the chair that Pvt. Pulaska built.)

It still rests regally at the Post, With a Sergeant you'd little suspect as host To a thieving thought. But the story's there— All part of the tale of the wonderful chair.

It was harder to sit then than 'twas to stand; For none of that hardy, un-called-for hand Had aught to sit on—except (we beg Your pardon!) There was a keg That Captain Rutledge had somewhere found And used while the rest stood standing around.

"But it can't go on!" swore Lieutenant Grunder, Who straightaway became tent city's wonder By ordering built, for the day-room bare, Any d—d thing that resembled a chair; The lumber was gathered from here and there And the chair that emerged was without compare— Unpainted and wooden, but solid and sturdy And the personnel said: "Gosh! Ain't it purdy?"

It stood as an emblem—and soldiers came To marvel and wonder. For such is fame.

But then the camp begat itself of modern bric a brac; The little chair of destiny was relegated back— Except by EM (bless 'em!) — MPs QMs and all, Decided they would have the chair, to decorate their hall. And so the details ventured out, to fetch away the chair. But when they got, to where it was — tee hee, it wasn't there.

Once more the soldiers gathered from miles around to see A painted chair at Camp Adair. What fools these mortals be!

"I know that ere this wondrous chair begets some awful doom, I'd better get it out of there, into my little room." So with a strong friend, Sergeant Black, upon an evening ditto, They stole into the PR room—sotte voce, patty pitto:

And to this day, though sat on nay, the chair is doing fine; The joy and pride forever, of T-7-409. The soul, the keepsake, cherished piece, the glory and renown; The wonderful chair of Camp Adair—stolen by Sergeant Brown.

Dear Soldier: I am a blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl that wanted to write to some lonesome soldier. I am on the overweight side, but am taking reducing tablets. Right now I weigh 100 & plenty. I also wear glasses. How about giving me a description of you?

Oh, by the way, have you any lonesome buddies that would like to have some girls write to them. If you can furnish the buddies, I can get the girls.

I have a joke or two, and a poem that you might like. First I'll tell the poem.

I wish I were a little egg Away up in a tree A settin' in my little nest As rotten as can be,



"I made it all by m'self in me spare time, Sir."

Fire Department Has Tele. Alarm Set-Up

New System, Office Adds to Efficiency

Our Post Fire Department believes in keeping at least one step ahead of all competitors and three or more ahead of all fires when possible. And so it is that the move this week into a new Fire Alarm Telegraph office, which will operate on 24-hour basis, comes, along with other pieces of blazing fire department news, into the columns of The Sentry.

This central office, situated next to Fire Station No. 1 at 1st St. N. and Av. F., will control alarms on all six of the Post fire stations, according to Fire Chief A. L. Sherk.

Inspector Praises

What is more, Vern O. Stockholm, government inspector from Salt Lake, headquarters of the 9th Corps Area, stated that the system is further advanced than that of any camp its size that he has observed to date.

QM Non-Coms Wise Up Films With Special Selms Series Classes

One of a series of non-commissioned officers' classes was held on Wednesday night by the Quartermaster Detachment, SCU 1911, for the purpose of instructing non-coms. by means of motion picture training films.

The initial session was conducted by Lt. C. S. Brazelton, Detachment Commander, and was opened by the showing of the film, "Military Training."

The instructor pointed out that the film's subject matter was particularly appropriate, since it dealt with methods of instructions and it is planned that the non-coms, themselves, will conduct future classes employing demonstrations, training films and charts.

The next class will be conducted by M/Sgt. G. E. Jacobson, after which will be held a round table discussion of the sergeant's topic. It was announced also that each section of the Quartermaster Corps, including the Commissary, Motor Patrol, Property, etc., will demonstrate their specific function.

Camp Pickett News Lauds Our Stuff; We Bow

"It is one of the best action series ever published by any newspaper," says the Camp Pickett News, published at Camp Pickett, Virginia.

With pardonable pride, we of The Sentry staff, take a low, sweeping bow. Our Atlantic seaboard contemporary alluded to us in making such an encompassing statement.

Sentry readers doubtless will remember a full page lay-out published recently, wherein was depicted various methods of attack with bayonets and training for hand-to-hand encounters with the enemy. The page was complete with photos which graphically demonstrated the proper method for disposing of one's adversary.

The Camp Pickett News liked the series so well that it ran the entire page in its January 7th edition and such lovely credit was given that their editor is a "cinch" to be number one on our Xmas card list.

Lonesome Soldier Mail On Kibosh, But We May Publish —'s Letter

The Sentry, never a believer in gilding the lily, presents here a letter which arrived at the camp postoffice, addressed "To A Lonesome Soldier—Camp Adair, Oregon." Just in case anyone is interested the Sentry regrets that recent regulations strictly prohibit correspondence between soldiers and civilians who are not known to the soldier. Therefore name and address cannot be printed. But the letter? Here:

Dear Soldier: I am a blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl that wanted to write to some lonesome soldier. I am on the overweight side, but am taking reducing tablets. Right now I weigh 100 & plenty. I also wear glasses. How about giving me a description of you?

Oh, by the way, have you any lonesome buddies that would like to have some girls write to them. If you can furnish the buddies, I can get the girls.

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Mantinband Music on 'Recorder' Questioned

That peculiar-looking musical instrument Pfc. James Mantinband plays every free evening is really known as a recorder, but his friends call it a flute, or even worse, as the situation varies. James is also a clever pianist, performing at many soldier shows in and near camp.

A young (very young) cadet was home from the exclusive military school which he attends and remarked to his mother, "I hate my sergeant!"

"Do you darling," she replied with sympathy.

"Yes, I do," said the youngster, "he sucks his thumb."

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