

### Regimental Club Is Decorated by Rookie

Pfc. Hall's Oil Murals Win Officers' Praise

PFC. Carl A. Hall, Regimental Headquarters Company, 383rd Infantry, 96th Div., has been one of the most ambitious in his early army training. In addition to his duties as a topographical draftsman with the Intelligence and Reconnaissance platoon, he has knocked off long enough to paint some fine murals in the Officers' Club, of his regiment.

These are oil landscapes depicting various phases of a soldier's life.

Pfc. Hall, 21, has plenty of background for his painting. Before coming into the army last October, Hall had his own art studio in Detroit, Michigan, where he "always painted, ever since I can remember."

Upon his graduation from East Detroit High School, Hall received an art scholarship from the Meinzinger Foundation, the largest fine arts school in Detroit. He studied there for four years before setting up his own studio.

#### Goes on Forever

"But no one is ever through studying art," says Hall—and he continued his schooling at night, working at day.

At the time he entered the army, he was completing a government mural for a Kentucky post office, a landscape scene at which he specializes.

A soldier since October 31, 1942, he has received one promotion and hopes for another soon. His work as topographical draftsman is very much to his liking—and he's still surprised that such things exist in the army. Naturally, tho, he wants to get back to his studio to full time painting.

"But first," says Pfc. Hall, "we have a job to do."

### 332nd Depot Co. Activities

By Pvt. Harry Klissner

The 332nd Quartermaster Depot Co. welcomes Commanding Officer Lt. Donald Burnett, who returned from a two week leave on Monday.

Due back from furloughs during the coming week are S/Sgt. William Trout; Guy Blackmore; Sgt. Ralph Lee; Corporals Lute Defrieze; Walter Stellmach; Pvts. Clarence Porter, and Dewey Chenuit.

Corporal Arthur Riley returned from his furlough a week ago via Portland. There he met Pfc. Francesco Belluci, who didn't have money to get back to camp. His dinero gave out before his time was up. Good-hearted Corporal Riley loaned him the necessary amount. That's one thing about the boys in this company; they all stick together in an emergency.

Pvts. George Baltas and John Jelen have been appointed as permanent K. P.'s at their own request.

Sgt. Carl Huges has been substituting as Mess Sgt. in the absence of S/Sgt. Guy Blackmore, who has been on furlough in Wyoming for the past two weeks.

Two of our boys, Pfc. Ben Brown and Joseph Farkas, returned from the hospital. Still in confinement are Pvts. Everett Willman and Lester Cline. All the boys have high praise for the work that the Red Cross is doing at the Station Hospital in order to cheer the boys up.

Members of our company go on bivouack every week at present. On top of that the boys go on long hikes every day to get them in condition. In time they will take even longer hikes without noticing it too much. At first many complaints were heard regarding blisters and sore backs, but the boys are gradually becoming tougher through this training program.

#### Black Out Blitz

Without elaboration the following tale is considered to rate among first ten of those to come out of the siege to date:

During a heavy air blitz on London an excited air raid warden stuck his head into a dark public shelter and yelled, "Are there any expectant mothers down there?"

After a pause a cool feminine voice replied, "Well after all, Mister, we've only been down here a few minutes."

### Military Police Barracks Banter

By Pfc. Wallace X. Rawles

"Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs."—Shakespeare.

Thus, not all the smokescreens in camp are not created by Major Earl F. Armstrong and the Chemical Warfare Service. We've heard some pretty heavy sighing in the barracks both before and after the clock strikes twelve. But we hasten to the defense of the helpless little bundles of fluff back home by affirming our belief that at least 75 per cent of them remain faithful and true blue (well, blue anyway), many months after the soldier sweetheart or husband has been gone to the wars.

Col. George C. Ferch, executive officer of Camp Adair, dropped in to see Capt. Julius Hale the other day, and to inspect our unit, and we cornered the gallant soldier and asked him: "Colonel, what is morale?" And he said: "Morale is established by the leadership. The good company commander studies his men and their problems and shows an interest in their work. Result: High Morale. Morale is the attitude of the men toward their work. They can be enthusiastic or surly. In the average outfit when a special detail is wanted the good men are in their barracks and the goldbricks are out in the trees. Thus, the good men have to dig ditches and pick up cigarette butts. This spoils morale. BUT, when the goldbricks are rounded up, as they always are eventually, and are put to work with the other soldiers, then the morale goes back to a high level."

The Colonel, who was a Captain under General Douglas MacArthur in the Argonne during World War I, also said: "There are NO natural 8-balls in the Army. This against reverts to leadership. If the leadership is good, the fellow who might be an 8-ball, becomes a crack soldier. Someone said that a flock of 8-balls had gone to Eugene, Oregon, during the New Year's flood. This was libelous. These men had splendid leadership and spent 24 hours a day evacuating civilians to high ground. There was no grumbling. These men were good soldiers assigned to do a job, and they did it with a will."

Col. Ferch recalls his Rainbow Division days with Gen. MacArthur

by saying that MacArthur "never wore a steel helmet, and was always out in front near the outpost lines." And of Gen. Henri Giraud, the new high commissioner of North Africa, whom he knows personally, Col. Ferch said: "He is a fine soldier."

Col. Ferch "grew up" with Fort Ord, Calif., Camp White at Medford, Ore., and helped organize this post in June, 1942.

Along the line of morale. This is an undictated column. So it pleases this unsinkable old Legionnaire, who left Washington, D. C., the year McKinley was assassinated, to be able to write, without fear or favor, that he genuinely admires the thorough manner in which Capt. Hale goes to bat for men who play ball according to the established rules. Fair play is rewarded at every turn. One doesn't get to first base on a foul ball in this game!

And the morale of MP Sec SCU 1911 is as high if not higher than any group in the Army. At Guard Mount the MP's present a fine military appearance. They maintain order here and in nearby cities. And the way these Mothers' Sons stamped for Katzenmeyer's Kitchen (mess hall) at 7:10 A. M. 12 noon, and 4:30 P. M., is a sight marvelous to behold. The attendance at these tri-daily gastronomical events is 100 per cent!

Pvt. John Flynn, MP checker champion, won the SCU No. 1911 complement championship, defeating among others, Pfc. Robert Ruskau, the crafty and deliberate California champion. Flynn now is playing in the Camp Adair tournament.

Paragraph in an airmail letter from Private John Greco to a New Jersey relative: "Please send \$20. I am no longer Blackjack Champion of Camp Adair. The crown went to a smoothie from Frisco named Doran."

Pfc. Joseph Pawleeka comes up with the information that "Devil's Piano" is Army slang for machine gun. Lieut. George Kressaty has been teaching the MP's to play a lot of symphonies!

Corporals Arthur Roberts and Carl W. Brandt were school teachers in civilian life and remain intellectually pure during their sojourn here by extra-curricular pursuit of Higher and Higher Mathematics. When the professors reassemble their classes after Vic-

tory, it is suggested to the pupils that they come to school with their dime banks as well as the customary little red apples. . . . And the pupils will have to be pretty agile to beat their Masters in the compilation of figures which will or will not total twenty-one (21).

An MP in North Africa writes (Dec. 1) the Editor: "Our theme song here now is: 'I'm dreaming of a White Mistress.'"

Out of the hospital, Corporal Lionel Moses shortly will complete distribution of American Red Cross sweaters to the Post Guard company, according to Lieut. Hugh Tonsfeldt.

Our sympathies go to anyone in an Army hospital and we were pleased no end when our hard-working little chum, PFC Sammy Haber returned to us under his own power a day or so ago.

M/Sgt. Gillis Narramore was visiting in one of the barracks occupied by the Horrid Hornets, or perhaps it was the Purple Porcupine division.

He heard a private trying to convince a Corporal that he (the private) was General MacArthur. "But who told you that you were Gen. MacArthur?" inquired the Corporal.

"God did," replied the private. "I did not!" came a voice from the next bunk.

Narramore fled!

JUST A HINT, DARLING! You may get fat, You used to wasn't; The reason is You daily doesn't. —Cpl. Bob McKiddy.

Could a femme be behind Sgt. Charles U. Paxton's rapid ascent to being the snappiest dressed non-com. MP in the company? The tailor has done a marvelous job on Charley's pants, and his coats have been modeled to his hips by someone with all the dexterity of a bride in a feather bed.

Sgt. Henry Beckett of Governor's Island, N. Y., telegraphs the Editor as follows: "In your obituary of me on the front page of the Camp Adair Sentry you said I was 54 years old. That is correct. I'm not 27 years old any longer. I'm just TWICE AS GOOD!" That's what we feel, too, Henry. If that ungrateful little scamp over in Med Sec. 1911 doesn't show up within 48 hours with the \$3 we

### DEEP IN THE HURT OF TAXES

For all G.I.'s who have been wondering how this year's income tax program will affect members of the armed forces, YANK, The Army Weekly, is publishing a two-page, detailed summary of the tax situation. The article will appear in the January 27 issue of YANK.

Soldiers everywhere are urged to study YANK's tax article, as it contains information of vital importance to all men in uniform.

loaned him last Nov. 18, we will take steps that will amaze him. We're going to need that \$3 Saturday night in a Game of Chance!

Dear Mama: Please send my red velvet earmuffs. The Oregon rain got into the thermometer and has been dripping out the bottom end, as icicles.

Your unsinkable son,  
PFC WXR.

### Out of the HQ. Well

By Cpl. "Dubby" Duboff  
Headquarters Company,  
SCU 1911

"The King of Spain marched up the hill With fifty thousand men.

The King of Spain then turned around

And marched them down again." Hq. Co. can take it. Led by our energetic Lt. Pete A. Lafka, the entire Company (oh, many hundred strong?) double timed it, gas mask, overshoes and all, to the dispersal area. The boys returned from this gas attack drill, cheerful and happy—that it was all over. . . . Smile, soldier, these drills may one day save your life. As for the gas mask, think of the muscle it will develop on your NOSE.

The other night a Private fell headlong into our Waterless and Fishless Fish Pond. He didn't get his feet wet, but came up with a Lump on his Bump. Will somebody please straighten him out. Diving is done at your own risk, and G. I. bathing suits will not be issued this season. . . .

We mourn our loss. . . . Comedian, after-dinner-speaker, and lovable Pfc. Tommy Ryan has been transferred to Y. M. . . . Loyally he returns every noon hour, and 6 P. M., to jibber-jabber in his inimitable fashion. The following remarks

(in Jew- Irish dialect) made him famous. "Warr is Hell." "I'll Put Two Dollarrs on that Carrd." "Where is Masterfou Sgt. Crowley?" Here's hoping Tommy, that you make many new friends, and especially the "grade."

I hear say that Pvt. Jack (Blowtorch) Greenhouse, painter extraordinary, has been commended for his good work on the Co. mess halls by his Union. Did they mention anything about back dues, Jack?

The other day (when zero was below) two 87-year-old "school girls" (native Oregonians) were reported frozen and dying. When interviewed, the "kids" opened their mouths only half way, before they were interrupted by the reporter. "I know," said he, "This is a very UNUSUAL weather."

Sgt. Paul McCormick, the man who always has something happen to him every Sentry week, is in a rut. This reporter (no cracks please) personally picked up the body on 1st Street South this Saturday P. M., and delivered it to Albany. Now please—don't nobody tell me that anything can happen to anybody in Albany? If it has, Oregonians, will again say "It's Unusual." We just say, "O nuts."

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