

Chatter Away Soldier But Not of Military

Trenchant Bulletin Reveals Our Conceit Is Our Danger

"Butt'n your lip!" Those are the popularized words to the War Department admonition: "Do not reveal military information" by design, by accident, or under any circumstance. We are human and we are garrulous. If we know our frailties, we are fortunate. We can guard against them. Soldiers will talk, about something. "Shooting the breeze" is a favorite pastime. There are, however, plenty of subjects to dwell on besides the military. And—it is strikingly pointed out in a recent bulletin issued by the Secretary of War—there is only one real safeguard. That is: **KEEP MATTERS OF A MILITARY NATURE COMPLETELY OUT OF ANY CONVERSATION.** As some of the more salient points in the bulletin emphasize:

We Learn— On the day that we donned the uniform of the United States Army we began to learn things about the Army, things that Hitler and Hiroshito would like to know to aid them in attacking our country, our families, our cities, our homes, our farms and ourselves. Every day since then we have been entrusted with information. We will continue to be entrusted with more and more information so long as we are privileged to wear the uniform. Every bit of military information is of value to the enemy, no matter how small. Leakage of information must be stopped. The time has come when security must cease to be a hackneyed catchword in which we have but little interest. We cannot expect that posters will be drawn forever—just to remind us again and again that we must not reveal military information. There are three methods of stopping this leakage of information: Retribution, punishment, and security education. Security education appears to be the best means of stopping leaks. Its argument is simple: "American soldiers are not fools; they are reasonable beings. Only teach them what they must not talk about and why, and they will stop."

Our Conceit Conceit is the most common cause of leakage. Ninety percent of indiscretions are the result of it, and 99 percent of us are vulnerable to it. Why do we boast? Most of us to impress a woman. This is understandable to us. The trouble with this boasting is that it is so contagious. A man boasts to his girl friend of what he is doing just to impress her. She, in turn, boasts to all of her friends about the importance of her boy friend—just to impress them. It becomes a vicious circle with everybody trying to outdo everybody else in the magnitude of the secret information which they can impart.

Our Trust We may be on secret duties. We may know what is in the wind for future operations, or the date of departure of a convoy about to sail, or the names of ships. If that is so, we must remember that these are the Army's secrets, and that we have no right to share them with anyone. We may be on secret duties. We may know what is in the wind for future operations, or the date of departure of a convoy about to sail, or the names of ships. If that is so, we must remember that these are the Army's secrets, and that we have no right to share them with anyone.

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INFANTRYMEN ARE BORN, NOT MADE Twenty-two year old George Shaw of New York City, received his induction notice while working in Albany, N. Y. Shaw wanted to be an infantryman and just to prove himself that he could take it, walked all the way to his draft board headquarters. He completed the trek in a little under five days.

Understandable enough. Everyone tends to "hand out a line" when out with a girl. There is little harm in it, providing you leave the service out of it. The Army really isn't too much concerned about the fact that a corporal is able to persuade his girls that he gave up \$50,000 a year when he joined the Army, or that he would have been a senator if it hadn't been for the war. That's okay, just as long as his "line" doesn't include service matters.

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Major General James L. Bradley is shown above as he viewed a likeness of himself carved on mahogany by Pvt. Kurt F. Litzkuhn, left. The plaque now adorns the wall of the newly opened 96th Division Officers' Club.

Plaque for General

Corvallis USO Will Pretty Up Next Week

Closed Jan. 25 to 29; Soldier Wives to Meet

Due to renovations, the Corvallis USO Club will be closed from Monday through Friday next week, January 25-29. On Sunday the USO is inaugurating what it hopes to be a series of weekly talent programs for the men in service. If you can sing, dance, act, or play an instrument you are urged to register at the information desk in the USO as soon as possible. Everyone is welcome! The lucky winner will be awarded a phone call to his home any place in the United States. This amateur program will be held in the dayroom of the USO building January 24. All enlisted service men's wives are invited to attend a meeting on Thursday, January 21, at 2:30 p. m. at the Corvallis USO, Fifth and Madison. This is to afford an opportunity to get acquainted and to make plans for further activities. After the renovations of the building are completed there will be a special clubroom for wives—also definite program.

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YOKUM HOKUM From the 337 QM. Depot Co. by Pvt. David Rosenfeld

After completing a very hard day's work last Tuesday, we prepared for an overnight bivouac. Everyone started in splendid spirits, with Lt. Smith setting the pace.

The march terminated across from the field opposite the incinerators, and was greeted at the happy hunting grounds by Mess Sgt. Reveglia and his competent staff. After a hearty dinner, the Company gathered around the various fires that were raging in order to keep slightly warm as the temperature was declining around the zero mark, or at least we thought it was that cold.

The well-known 337th QM String Ensemble entertained for quite some time, and then the peace of the night found us preparing to go to bed.

About the time everyone attempted to get themselves comfortable and making every effort to keep real warm, a shrill whistle blew. At first not a sound nor a murmur could be heard, when finally a voice like from Heaven called out: "Strike Tents."

Oh boy! Was that sweet music when we even told that we were homeward bound to that sweet double-decker at our barracks.

Under a setting sun that presented an ideal atmosphere preceding retreat, Lt. Alfred Smith honored the entire Company by bestowing upon those who qualified on the range, medals symbolizing their achievements. PFCs Kenneth H. Skipper, John Halder, and Pvt. Elgin E. Hall received the highest reward, that of Expert Rifleman. The award of Sharpshooter was presented to First Sgt. Dones Maulden, Pvt. J. D. Rogers, Philip D. S. Alfred, Roy Ward Jr., and Joe L. Belk. Also honored by qualifying as Marksmen were 80 members of the Company. Average was 93 per cent for the entire organization, certainly something to be proud of and which, incidentally, is considered the Camp Record.

If you are wondering why PFC Seceeny is so down-hearted these

This Mess Sergeant Lacked Imagination

Bakery Instructor Tells Tales About Career

A baker by trade and unaccustomed to a ration consisting largely of Spanish fried baloney, fried baloney and green peppers stuffed with baloney, S Sgt Frederick C. Du Vall, bakery instructor for the Camp Adair Branch, Ninth Service Command school for Bakers and Cooks, decided he would correct the faults of his mess sergeant by applying for admission to the B&C School, Fort McKinley, Philippine Islands.

"The beef supply was limited," according to S Sgt Du Vall, "but the mess sergeant wasn't the best either. He lacked imagination." "I figured that if I went to school and graduated as a cook I could at least cook something besides baloney," continued the Sergeant. "But my company commander ended my hopes of improving on the ration when he refused to approve my application to take the cook's course."

Nine years later (1939) the Sergeant was sent to the B&C school and graduated as mess sergeant. He has been with the school ever since, serving in Fort Lewis, Washington, before coming to Camp Adair.

Although baking is S Sgt Du Vall's specialty, he is an expert demonstrator on the care and use of the gasoline field range. Our "Foreign Legion" The sergeant "signed up" at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, and had the unique experience of being immediately assigned to the 31st Infantry Regiment—America's foreign Legion—in spite of the practice of assigning only men with three or more years of army service to foreign duty.

The 31st Infantry has always served in the Orient. During the first world war it was stationed at Vladivostok. Later it was transferred to the Philippines. It was there that S Sgt Du Vall joined Company E.

During the Sino-Japanese war in 1932 the regiment went to China, and from that vantage point the Sergeant saw entire towns wiped out by air and artillery bombardment.

"During the hot season in the Orient," according to the Sergeant, "there is no drill in the afternoon except guard and fatigue details. But to make up for this siesta time the company drilled late at night."

"But don't get the idea," the sergeant warned, "that service with the 31st was a snap. Passes were limited to one 3-day pass per month and an annual 15-day recuperation furlough at Camp John Hay, if the outfit wasn't too short handed."

"And discipline," continued the tall dark haired Sergeant, "was strict enough to make one have bad dreams." If one were absent from Reveille it was a summary court martial with a fine of two-thirds of one's pay or 3 months in the guard house, or both. Soldiers who were as much as a minute late to reveille or retreat received company punishment. This consisted of pounding rocks into the landscape in preparation for the coming rainy season.

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in order for inspection," he continued, "the lackless dogface fell out at 1300 with full pack (100 pounds) for a 4-hour tour of duty in the sun—temp. more 93 degrees or better."

In case you won't know—a full pack consisted of shoes, raincoat, mosquito bar, two blankets, tent pins, tent pegs, a shelter half, 3 changes of underwear, rations for two days (6 cans corn beef, 2 cans hard bread), 240 rounds of ammunition, rifle, mayonette, and belting. After his tour of duty in the Far East S Sgt Du Vall returned to Vancouver Barracks as chief baker and later aided in troop movement cooking under Lt. Col. Pettibone, now Commandant of the Ninth Service Command School for Bakers and Cooks, but then a Captain.

It was also at Vancouver Barracks that General George C. Marshall, present Chief of Staff, but then commander of the Barracks, gave S Sgt Du Vall permission to marry. The Sergeant wears a Yangtze Service Medal and a good conduct medal.

Signal Company Ups Among Timber Wolves

The Signal Company announces the following promotions: From Technical Sergeant to Master Sergeant, Mark E. Moore Jr., 38604679. Home address, 2337 Broadway, Beaumont, Texas.

From Staff Sergeant to Technical Sergeant, John B. Pace, 38093397. Home address, Box 136, Addicks, Oklahoma.

From Corporal to Technician 4th Grade, Wilburn N. Mielhauser, 6285811. Home address, 202 S. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

From Technician 5th Grade to Technician 4th Grade, Howard E. Varborough, 38090066. Home address, Box 66, La Rue, Texas.

From Second Lt. to 1st Lt., Stephen E. Morris, 0-1633422. Home address, 141 Logan avenue, Westerville, Ohio.

From 2nd Lt. to 1st Lt., Alan C. Rosenbaum, 0-1633593. Home address, 141 21st Street, Brooklyn, New York.

From 2nd Lt. to 1st Lt., John P. Shean, 0-1633559. Home address, 2427-90th avenue, Oakland, California.

Free in Portland, IF— In Geo. White Center

Going to Portland, soldier? You are? Then be sure and drop around to the George White Service Men's Center.

Portland is proud of their community enterprise and Mayor Earl Riley urges all Camp Adair soldiers who visit Portland to pay at least one visit to the popular "center." The Service Center has four floors of activities devoted exclusively to the entertainment of service men. Visiting "firemen" may be assured of free food, free clothing instruction, musical concerts. There's a WPA lounge which includes library, ping pong tables, radio, records and craft shop.

If a service man feels the need of a shower, shave or uniform pressing the facilities are there for his use and it's all free! The location: 523 S. W. Third avenue.

House Dicks Wanted

Along with several hundred firsts, the U. S. Army is now the biggest hotel manager in the world. A government report says the Army owns eight hotels outright and leases 475 more with a total of 43,000 rooms. Most of them are being used to house Air Force trainees.

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Again Activated One of the most famous Dixie divisions of the last war, the 87th, has been officially activated at Camp McCain, Mississippi.

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- Souvenir Pillow Tops
- Top Kick Chevrons
- Metal Polishes (of all kinds)
- O. D. Army Coveralls
- O. D. Wool Sweaters (Wool, sleeveless)
- Shoe Brushes, Shoe Paste
- Leather Wallets
- Field Caps (100% Wool)
- Garrison Cap Rain Covers
- Uniform Buttons
- Money Belts (With Zipper)
- Zipper Utility Kits
- Shoe Rags
- Slippers - Packed in Kit
- "Aunt Lydia's" Thread
- "Spiffy" Collar Stays
- O. D. Laundry Bags
- JUST RECEIVED—HOLLYVOGUE SUNTAN STAY TIES.
- Gun Cleaning Brushes Brass Wire — 30 and 45 Calibre
- Glastic Dog Chains
- O. D. Scarfs (100% Wool)
- Soap Boxes
- O. D. Cotton & Wool Sox
- Officers' Raincoats
- Military Jewelry
- Tooth Brushes (Prophylactic)
- Stationery (Kits, folder or box.)
- Copper Button Boards

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