

Camp Adair Sentry

Published Every Thursday

A weekly newspaper published for the military and civilian personnel of Camp Adair, Oregon, and circulated free to officers, soldiers and civilians by written permission of the camp commander.

Published by the Camp Adair Sentry, publisher, Box 347, Corvallis, Oregon. News matter pertaining to Camp Adair, furnished by the Camp Public Relations Office, is available for general release.

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Subscription by mail \$1.50 a year or \$1 for six months.
Advertising rates upon request.
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"MAIL TO THE FIGHTING FRONTS"

During the past year, the response to the Army's request for mail from home has been overwhelming. We in training camps and our comrades overseas are certainly appreciative of all the letters and packages that have been sent to us. However, the homefront has responded with so much enthusiasm, especially in the matter of sending packages, that the War Department has found it necessary to issue a new set of regulations for overseas mail. With more and more men being sent overseas, vital cargo space has to be conserved for food and ammunition.

Our Army takes just pride in the fact that it is the best equipped, best fed, and best clothed Army in the world. You may be sure that as far as it is possible, our men overseas are getting everything they need. The Army Exchange Service travels with our men to whatever part of the world they may be sent. If a soldier needs any special item he can usually get it at the Overseas Post Exchange.

Folks at home will therefore save a great deal of essential cargo space and eliminate waste if they will adhere to the regulations for Overseas Mail which were printed in the Sentry last week.

First of all, no package may now be sent to a soldier overseas unless it contains an article that has been specifically requested by the soldier. If your son or husband or sweetheart overseas finds he needs anything which the Army cannot furnish him, he will inform his Commanding Officer of his intention to write home for that article. His request must have the Commanding Officer's approval. You will have to present this written request to your post office before the package will be accepted for shipment.

Those packages which are acceptable must be limited to 5 pounds in weight and may not be more than 15 inches in length and 36 inches in length and girth combined—or about the size of a shoe-box. Magazines and newspapers may be mailed to a soldier only by the publisher, and only if the soldier is the subscriber.

Whatever we have said thus far does not concern letter-writing. Our Army wants you to write as often as possible. But when you do write, be sure to use V-Mail. The V-Mail letter is the only type of letter that will be assured of overseas transportation by air. V-Mail is the safest and quickest way for your letters to reach our soldiers overseas. Possibly you may have wondered about the privacy of V-Mail. Every letter sent out of this country today is subject to censorship; V-Mail is as private as any other type of mail!

At times some of you at home have written to soldiers who are strangers to you. We know that this has been done with the best of intentions. But experience has shown that these types of letters have usually meant very little to our soldiers, and have taken up valuable cargo space. Therefore, please write only to those soldiers with whom you are personally acquainted.

Cooperate to the fullest to aid the War program by following these ABC's for overseas mail: Write often, but only to soldiers you know; use V-Mail; do not send packages overseas except by specific request. In this way you will help to conserve vital shipping space so that we may the quicker win the victory and the peace.

We suggest you mail this to someone at home.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

New York City—Still muttering, but can you hear me at this distance? Anyhow, I feel safer, muttering from the other side of the continent. So safe that I no longer hide behind the initials "H. B." I come right out in the open, using my real name.

Last spring, as a recruit, and before I learned better, I sometimes was so foolish as to tell a young non-com. that his way was not the way we used to do it in World War No. 1. The response was ever the same: "This is a different war." The tone of voice also implied that the present war was quite a superior war.

Well, he was right. This is a different war, and this war is different for me. In the first World War I got busted because I traveled too much, without permission. In this war I had to agree to be busted before I could have permission to travel.

The other time I had that curious kind of drunkenness known as a Gothic jag. It was not alcoholic, for I was a teetotaler then, as now. But the old cathartics of France drew me to them. Somehow I felt strangely at home within their portals, as if I might have known them long ago, in another life.

It did me good to stand just within the door, looking down the

long, majestic nave to the altar, lifting my eyes to the soaring arches, studying their quaint and exquisite sculpture.

So after the armistice, when we were merely marking time, waiting to be shipped home, I visited a number of the grand, old churches. Later officers told me that I might have been given leave, but I was never one to ask favors. Therefore, I got into the habit of slipping away after the last rollcall on Saturday, with the intention of getting back by reveille on Monday. But train service was bad and I didn't always make it.

Several times I came in late and nothing happened to me, and naturally comrades grumbled, saying I had a drag. I didn't like that idea, and finally told my commanding officer that I deserved a penalty. I had taken my chances and luck had run against me and I was ready to take my medicine.

"Well, what do you suggest?" he asked, and smiled. I replied that no doubt I should be busted and have 30 days on kitchen police. He obliged, but then I made a deal with the mess sergeant, who had been my companion on a hike to Metz, to see the French army enter in triumph. He gave me every fourth day free, on condition that I built the fires at 3 a. m. on the

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

Camp Adair

Transportation in this camp, as in every place of all-out war effort, is a very serious problem. War today is getting there first with the most. Not only fighting men but food and clothing and guns and ammunition.

None of us question the absolute necessity of motorized transportation on any and all of the far-flung battle fronts, but on our own front some of us seem to take it as a personal grievance when transportation to nearby cities is not instantly available.

All officers and men of this camp should realize that everything possible is being done to make it possible for them to get to and from neighboring communities when they have time off from the stern rigors of army training. But they must bear in mind that military requirements come first.

In order to relieve the overcrowded bus situation our transportation department arranged for a special train to make a round trip to Portland each week end. It was not a simple task to free this rolling stock from other war needs, but it was obtained in the sincere effort to provide transportation for deserving men on a holiday.

This train will be yours as long as you use it. On the first trip last Saturday a tie-up in train schedules delayed the running time over an hour. Rail officials assure us that the running time for future trains will be four hours. Also they will leave a half hour earlier, 13:30, and start back on Sundays at 19:30.

Of course you as soldiers know that there can be no positive guarantee that these trains will depart and arrive as scheduled. This is war and we must be prepared for any eventuality.

There have been a number of changes in our scheme of existence much more drastic than being delayed for a few moments on our way to town. Help solve the transportation problem by accepting without quibbling the procedure that will benefit the greatest number of soldiers.

ODE TO PUBLIC RELATIONS

Men have conquered countries,
And men have vanquished nations,
Before it gets to you, though,
It goes through Public Relations.

ANSWER BOX

Q. What is the derivation of the word "chevrons" — you know, those stripes that we non-coms wear?

A. It's an architectural term, and the stripe itself is a representation of the apex of a roof. In early days the wearer of a chevron was the head of a clan or "the top of his house."

Q. What is the highest medal awarded by the Government?

A. The Congressional Medal of Honor. It is given to an officer or enlisted man "who in action involving actual conflict with an enemy distinguished himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life and beyond the call of duty." It is worn at the neck, the ribbon on the inside of the collar of the coat and of sufficient length that the medal hangs at the point of opening of the coat. All other decorations are worn on the left breast, arranged in accordance with their rank.

Services rendered by the United States to our allies under Lend-Lease constitute about one-fifth of the total value of Lend-Lease aid, and about 50 per cent of these expenditures was for shipping and supply services.

other days and aroused the cooks and bossed the kitchen police. That was out in a field, in January.

I did that and on the eve of the free day I always cleaned up, slipped down to the railway station and took a train to a nearby city which was a big railway junction, and from there I went to more cathedral towns and returned in time to build the fires on my next working day. Naturally I didn't get any sleep except in the trains.

Now I have no space to tell about being busted from sergeant to private, in getting transferred to Governors Island, New York. I'll mutter about that next week and I want you to know that I'm muttering by request and that I love everybody at Camp Adair, and only I love my wife more, and she is right here, now, in New York, and in this room.

It's A Great Life



... "But it is a perfectly beautiful country tho!"

"TO DO LESS THAN YOUR BEST... IS TREASON!"

At the bend of the winding highway leading from the City of Vancouver, British Columbia, there was an unobtrusive billboard sign carrying the following slogan:

To do less than your best is Treason.

To the Americans whom the sign faced on their way back to the States, this billboard had little meaning and in many cases went unnoticed. For it was December 6, 1941, and America was determined to stay out of this new war. America had all the guarantees which a peace-minded nation could expect. Japan had sent a "peace mission" to Washington; and our two oceans "prevented" all threats of an invasion. What meaning could such words convey to us? But Canada had hoped and prayed for peace, too, and she was at war! By this billboard she was extending a friendly warning to her neighbors with whom she had lived in perfect harmony for well over a century.

A year passed. Japan had desecrated the honor of her own "peace mission". Our two wide oceans had seemed to contract; our outposts in the Pacific and Alaska were bombed and some even occupied by the enemy. Your own sons and brothers have journeyed on the high seas to far off lands to save not only your honor but YOUR very lives. Hard as it was to realize, America, too, was at War!

When a soldier does "less than his best" on the field, he is a deserter. But this is not only the soldier's war; it is the war of every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth. Ask the widows in Belgium, in Holland, in Yugoslavia; let the orphans in China, in England, in AMERICA awaken you to the stark reality of YOUR responsibilities.

Your failure to comply with the War Department's Class "A" Pay Reservation Plan for the purchase of War SAVINGS Bonds can have no other meaning but treason. Nowhere else in the world does a government ask its people to VOLUNTEER their Savings at interest, for the rest of the world no longer possesses savings. The other day a soldier asked how much he should reserve from his pay to buy bonds. This is the only answer he received: "The most you can save is the least you can do."

X CHANGE CERPTS

OCs Tips: A private, according to "THE COMMUNIQUE," Louisiana, spent all last week brushing up on his military courtesy in preparation for his interview as a prospective candidate for OCS.

Came the great day, the nervous private approached the CO's sanctum. To assure himself there would be no error he stopped at the desk outside the office and inquired of the soldier seated there: "Say, Bud, what side of the room does the Colonel sit on?"

There was a brief pause, "I," said the Colonel, "sit right here."

Recipe For Draftees: Take one draftee, slightly green. Stir from bed at a very early hour. Soak in shower or tub daily. Dress in olive drab, and mix with others of his kind. Toughen with maneuvers. Grate slightly on top-kick's nerves. Add liberal portions of baked beans and corned beef. Season with wind, rain, sun and snow. Sweeten from time to time with chocolate bars. Let smoke occasionally. Bake in 110 degrees in the summer and let cool in below zero weather in the winter. Stand right side up and boy — you've got a MAN! Serves

130,000,000 people... Swiped from "THE HOWITZER," Texas.

Laff of The Week: Bainbridge Army Flying School, Ga. ... When two ferry pilots landed here last week and requested overnight accommodations, the operations office called the Officer of the Day. "Sure," said the OD, "just send them down to the BOQ."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I don't think the Bachelor Officer's Quarters would be ... er, quite suitable ..."

"What do you mean?" interrupted the indignant OD, "we may not be on a par with the Astor, but if the BOQ is good enough for the permanent personnel it ought to be good enough for the transients. What do they want, anyway, a country club?"

"But, sir," said the operations clerk, "these ferry pilots are WOMEN!"

TO A NAIVE RECRUIT

It never snows in Oregon— Especially in Camp Adair; Put that fur-lined thinking cap on Man, and gaze at the balmy air. What are those white specks floating down, Or why I wear Long D's? Man, list, Why must you always act the clown? That's our famous frozen mist! Pvt. Andrew Galet, M. P. Det. S.C.U.

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Jitterbug Contest for Men in Uniform — Cash Prizes

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