

Camp Impressions Given by Soldier

Good Natured Gripping Requisite Of Trained Fighter He Declares

By Pvt. H. W. Hansen.

As the soldier stepped from civilian life into military life, he cast off all his old traits and characteristics except one—and that is the genuine habit of all Americans—never being satisfied.

The soldier's life at Camp Adair is as tough and strenuous as can be found wherever one might try to find, and at the same time, it provides him the opportunity to ridicule every new step he is forced to take. He cannot talk back to his superiors if he disagrees because he knows he has to acquire the disciplinary principles taken in by every soldier in order that his army will become the strongest and most powerful in the world. But though he could not speak out loud, in general, there was one way he could continue this habit.

That was by grumbling quietly to himself. And there is no doubt that it has helped him make the change so that he would derive the benefits. It was a tiresome of drilling hour after hour without some change of routine. His feet and tired body pulled him to bed at an unreasonably early hour after marching twenty miles through rain and mud with full pack. He went out in the hills and ploughed over them in tactical maneuvers, dug fox holes and squirmed in them waiting long minutes for an imaginary enemy, and then learned how to creep and crawl through mud that left him damp and cold. Shivers crept through him when he first took his bayonet and fixed it to his rifle. His long, ugly point suddenly made him realize just what could happen to him in a close encounter.

Found Things Different
He no longer walked into a shoe shine shop to have his shoes polished nor did he leave his personal effects strewn around his bunk as was the case of his room at home. Daily inspection by some officer has taught him the habit of strict neatness and cleanliness. He shivers for two hours on inspection day and prays that his rifle is given extra detail.

Gets Education
However, this was his education. He met men from every section of the United States; men who had traveled and tell tales of their experiences; men of all nationalities and with different types of dialects; men with different traits and characteristics. It was a place where they could exchange conversation, learn about each other, share each other's joys and sorrows. It was the laying of a foundation for the strength and spirit that each was to find in one another in order to make them a well-knit team.

Has Fun, Too
The soldier at camp, however, hasn't been completely without fun and relaxation. He has been able to go to various small towns around camp and have a change from "the same old routine." There are any number of dances he can go to and draw his mind-away from the next day's work. In camp he buys articles at the post exchanges and has food at the mess halls which civilians are finding difficult to have now. He has the latest movies at the camp shows, and to enjoy his favorite mail, he journeys down to the Service Club where he can casually flirt with a counter girl. All of this is easy on his small pay.

Hardships Lessen
And so it goes on. The Camp Adair soldier grows stronger in body and more experienced in mind. The hardships which at first faced him have now become daily routine. With calisthenics, running obstacle courses, walking long, weary miles.

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'Billfold Girl' . . .



. . . Of The Week

Pretty, isn't she?

She belongs to Pvt. William J. Linahan, Jr., popular greeter at Service Club No. 1. Bill, the lucky guy, is married to the above pretty girl, and has been for the past two and a half years.

Mrs. Linahan, who Bill calls Margaret, met him in Hollywood, where he was employed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture studios. Margaret, who here-by becomes the Sentry's initial entry in the "BILLFOLD GIRL CONTEST," is now busily engaged at a Southern California plane factory and Bill's barracks buddies state that with all of her defense work she still has time to make him the most frequent caller at the SCU 1911 mail room.

Soldier, get that picture of your girl friend or wife out of your billfold and enter it in the "Billfold Girl" contest, which will be a weekly feature in the CAMP ADAIR SENTRY.

Every soldier on this Post has a billfold, and usually contained therein is an informal snapshot of the gal back home. The contest editor wants that picture. However, he doesn't want it permanently; he just wants to borrow it for a short time.

Soldiers who desire to enter the contest are urged to send in their "Billfold Girl" to the contest editor and entries will be judged from a standpoint of beauty, clarity of the photo, and eye appeal. The entries should have your name, address, and name of the girl whose picture is being entered.

Valuable prizes are being lined up for contest winners. So soldier, if you want your gal in the SENTRY and you want to win the weekly prize, send in your entry to the "Billfold Girl" Contest Editor, Public Relations Office.

All entries will be returned promptly after judging each week and entrants may be assured of receiving their pix back in good condition.

Military Police Barracks Banter

By Pfc. Wallace X. Rawles

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Since history dawned, many things have been said about beds, but it remained for one of our better second lieutenants to make the above remark while "giggling" the editor for a corruptly constructed bed in the upper flight of Barracks 1, Military Police, last Saturday morning, Jan. 23.

Interpreted liberally, the lieutenant said: "Rawles, yours is the worst made-up bed I have ever seen in the United States Army."

The lieutenant was right. He remains our good friend because he was sportsman and officer enough to accompany us to our barracks later in the morning to patiently show us HOW TO MAKE A BED.

"How to Make a Bed" What a fascinating subject for a column. (Here we go, converting everything into grist for the mill.) In our nearly half-century of life on this Vale of Tears and Army cots we have made lots of things, including taffy, but Making a Bed, especially in a public place such as the Army barracks, was part of our broad education that had been neglected sadly until January 23, 1942, A.D.

We remember that date distinctly because it was the first snowy morning we had been conscious of seeing Staff Sergeant Joseph Holmes at reveille. (Voice from Corporal Bob Dreher's downy lounge of love: "You're not conscious yet, you Number 8 ball," spoken in his meticulously cultivated New Jersey tone.)

In the beginning, our Mother and Sisters made up the Beds until we ran away at the wise age of 16

to enlist in that portion of the United States Army which subsequently became a unit of the Rainbow Division.

At the university, our fraternity Bed was made up by a couple of fellows named Healy and McGlone. In return, the Editor wrote their English essays, thus enabling them to graduate cum laude. To this day they are conscientious citizens of Denver, Colo.

Then we awakened one fine August morning in 1922 with a hang over and a bride. This affair lasted 15 years, five months, fourteen days, three hours and 35 minutes . . . The next time we awakened we had only the hang over.

But we are proud to write in the Merciful Memoirs of our Sunset Years that throughout our life we have fought the Twin Bed Evil.

Did you ever see pink ant eaters with purple flame sprouting from their eyes, ears, noses and throats come at you in Endless Doves over the foot of a Bed? They usually arrive just ahead of the Pink Elephants. This brings up the interesting question of when is a Bed Not a Bed?

The answer is simple. It's a Barber Chair, in one of which we slept near Jack Dempsey in the Hotel Barbara at Los Angeles the New Year's eve of the Rose Bowl football game in which Columbia defeated Stanford, 7-0. We are very tardy on our dates here in Camp Adair, Oregon, but we remember that Dempsey had his own private Barber Chairs and Barber. We got off to a wonderful start. Barber, not Bourbon!

Perhaps "Beds in Which I Have Slept" would be a better title for these remarks, but on the other hand, this is a Column; not a Confession!

However, while musing on the Pause that Refreshes, we think, that aside from private boudoirs, apartments, parlors, kitchens, box cars, desks, automobiles, desert sand, auto courts, divans, chairs and corridors in and upon which we have slept, we have found the BEST BEDS at the following places:

Hotel Del Monte, Calif.; Caliente Hotel at Agua Caliente, Mexico; Hotel del Coronado, Calif.; the Riverside, at Reno; the Biltmore, Alexandria, Roosevelt, Ambassador, Town House, Marsden, Chateau Marmont and Garden of Allah in Los Angeles and Hollywood; the old Virginia, at Long Beach, Calif.; the Hilton, at El Paso, Tex.; the Roosevelt, New Orleans, La.; the Miami, Fla.; Biltmore; the Roanoke, at Roanoke, Va.; the Monticello at Norfolk, Va.; the Mayfair, in Washington, D. C.; the Waldorf-Astoria, Lexington, Belmont-Plaza and New Yorker in New York; the Statler in Cleveland; the Palmer House in Chicago; the Fontenelle in Omaha, Neb.; the Plains, in Cheyenne, Wyo.; the Brown Palace, in Denver; the Utah in Salt Lake city; the El Tovar at Grand Canyon, Ariz.; the Multnomah, in Portland, Ore.; the Santa Barbara, Calif.; Biltmore and the Tower of the Sir Francis Drake in San Francisco.

But that hotel bungalow in Caliente, Mexico! What atmosphere! Soft guitars tinkling outside the windows through which whispered the delicate scent of honeysuckle and jasmine upon the subtle night air! Tinkling ice in an amber fluid that quenched the Thirst and Aroused the Imagination. Here we were surrounded by Beauty. And what a Lovely Thing, that Beauty Rest Mattress Complete with Beauty Rest Springs. What a B-E-D!

All of which brings up another interesting point, to-wit: When Cleopatra entered Mark Antony's tent upon the Burning Sands of the Nile, he was too busy Dialing his Radio to notice her. Nor did she inspect his Bed to ascertain if it had hospital corners, a la U. S. Army. But when their glances met . . . yes, you are right . . . the Lady was merely looking for Butterflies!

Moral of this Column: Be it ever so humble, there's no bed like your own!

Moral Number 2: Go, old soldier, and Flynn no more!

Fair Trade
One of India's outstanding athletes has traded his turban for a G. I. hat at Camp Kohler, Cal. Pvt. A. K. Mehta, 42-year-old Moslem, holds the All-India 3,000 meter cycling record and was a star in track and field while attending Aligarh university. He came to the United States in 1940.

Cooking With Gas

By Pfc. Norman P. Hughes Of Cooks and Bakers School

"What about Chow?"

This is the foremost question in the minds of all the fellows going out on maneuvers. Not so long ago this question was a very serious problem for the men in the mess organizations, but due to the present day army developments in the mess, it has become practically extinct—so the men in the field need no longer worry.

The army now has what is called the emergency field ration, which has been developed and perfected by dieticians and food authorities. Several types of these condensed rations have been successfully prepared and nearly all of them prove to be very nutritious and palatable.

The latest addition to the ration family is known as the "K" ration. It is exceedingly important in conducting field work because it requires no cooking before serving. The outstanding factor, however, is the manner in which it is packed. Each unit, of which there are three, is packed in a light waterproof cation that can be added to the pack without much additional bulkiness.

The "K" ration has been scientifically tested to insure the greatest amount of energy producing material, upon which the strength of our armed forces depend.

Well-known "chow hounds" undoubtedly will complain that the ration is not filling. But through actual tests, it has been determined that the "K" ration is sufficient to satisfy the pangs of any average soldier's hunger.

Supplements have been added to the basic "K" ration for use in various types of climatic conditions which the fighting men will encounter. They are to be used only in emergency cases and for not more than three days at the very most. So don't worry, fellows, your "Chuck Wagon" will still be "bringing up the rear" for most of your meals.

The School for Bakers and Cooks proudly states that it will have samples of the "K" ration on display in its newly constructed classroom building.

QUARTERMASTER "QUOTES and QUERIES"

Pfc. F. Smith—Sgt. M. Gaines

Again we come with printed poem—

To bring headaches to your Army "home"

All of which should introduce—

Some Q. M. items lying loose.

Talk about Strange As It Seems!

It took a World war, a draft notice, and a little item like a 10-day furlough for T/5 Dom Arbia, Warehouse Driver, and his relatives to meet. Till Fate, in the form of his furlough papers, came to the rescue. Dom and his relatives had never come face to face. To his relatives, we say: "We'll bet you're SORRY."

To all those who are silly enough to want their names in this column, we print a few words of warning. After one little notice in our hodgepodge, M/Sgt. Sinnott was transferred to Finance. (All those in this week's "rogues' gallery" please pick your barracks comments.)

Despite jealous comments like: "The QM Cooks are working with the Medics," or "It's not a mess hall, it's an annex of the Station Hospital," Q. M. Mess Hall No. 105 Mrs. Sophie Gaines and Mrs. Marge was honored by the presence of Semon. Yes!!!! Before anyone asks—they're still breathing. We'll admit it's slight but it's honest-to-goodness breathing.

Speaking of our mess halls, we'd like to clear up a question everyone's asking. Those "Men in White" coming from the mess halls aren't internes, they're the "dough-boys" from the Q. M. Bakery.

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Scene at Q. M. Retreat or strictly G. I. Carrying things slightly to an extreme was the "Khaki Kid," who when caught by Retreat, while climbing a ladder to the roof of his barracks, tried to come to attention. Proof that reason came to him in time is the fact that he's still around to read this.

Even, or in this present day should we say, especially, Kings must fall. With that thought in mind, we report the results of two ping-pong games played in the Service Clubs, January 8th and 15th. In one corner was QM's own "Fancy" Sam Farkas and in the other, Al Niema, of the 96th Div. Both battlers are two-strikers (Corporals). Results: "Sam we mourn your losses."

Quartermaster Quin-Type
While it's true, "dead men tell no tales," it's another story about the Dead Men's caretakers. All of which, introduces today's Quin-types. Pfc. Julius Leighty, former embalmer and Undertaker for 14 years in and around Kansas City, Pfc. Leighty works in the QM Clothing Warehouse. We know it would make better reading if we said he worked in the Dead Storage Section but "it ain't the truth." To those who enjoy hair-raisers, we suggest you corral Pfc. Leighty some day and listen.

This past Wednesday night, M/Sgt. G. E. Jacobson conducted our non-coms. class. The topic was, "Action Against Air Raids." Mimeographed forms were distributed and the action they'd have to take. The meeting was very well conducted and much information gained.

If Your Name Is Here You Have Mail at P.O.

The following named persons have mail in the Post Office, which cannot be delivered because of incorrect or insufficient address. It is requested that these persons call at the window for this mail and leave their correct address.

Malcolm Adams, F. A. Bushman, R. M. Bremner, E. Rano, Henry Bernip, Edward Bratman, T. E. Harter, A. Blackford, Jack Clark, Christopher Cost, Maurice Cantino, Tommy Crandall, Forest Collier, Howard Chatham, Leon Long Chase, Nicholas Costello, Oliver Eversen, John E. Farrell, Kenneth Pinnar, Lawrence Groves, Gill Gordon, A. S. Gilber, Fred Gills, Leroy H. P. Fine, Whinnson A. Johnson, Daniel F. Jones, E. T. Jager, Lawrence E. Johnson, Hoy Jefferson, Elmer Johnson, Eugene D. Johnson, Carl Kahka, T. Kyron, Tom Kizis, J. W. Kelly, Jas. J. Kelly, Louis Lavin, Rohman Longana, Jerry W. Loubie, William F. Lynch, Mark J. Lofnerdi, John Lohman, David Lewis.

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