

# Camp Adair Sentry

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## TALK IS NOT CHEAP

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 Hirohito 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, and we will continue to be entrusted with more and more information so long as we are privileged to wear the uniform. And the more we learn, the more the agents of Hitler and Hirohito can get out of us; that is, only if they are smarter than we are. Every bit of military information is of value to the enemy, no matter how small.

Conceit is the most common cause of leakage. Ninety per cent of indiscretions are the result of it, and 99 per cent of us are vulnerable to it.

Why do we boast? Most of us to impress a woman. That is understandable enough. Everyone tends to "hand out a line," when out with a girl. There is little harm in it, and providing you leave the service out of it, you can go ahead. The Army really isn't too much concerned about the fact that a corporal is able to persuade his girl 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, as long as his "line" doesn't include service matters.

We may be on secret duties. 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.

There will always be a temptation to boast when you know a lot more than the other people you are with. It is admittedly very hard to pretend you know nothing when in point of fact you know everything; and in order to try to satisfy your conceit without giving much away, you may find yourself just hinting at all you know. That is fatal. If a thing is secret, you must not even hint at its existence.

The trouble about this boasting is that it is so contagious. A man boasts to his girl friend of what he is doing just to impress her, and she in her 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.

No one is easier to "pump" than the man who is "handing out a line." It is only necessary to pretend not to believe him, and he will get so indignant that he spills a lot more, or to pretend to be lost in admiration of him, and he will get so pleased with himself that he will keep right on talking.

A lot of soldiers today are worried about their war effort. They feel they are not accomplishing much in the monotony of training. And so they talk a lot about their work in order to convince people that they really are doing their bit, and if they are on anything secret they talk about it all the more. Think it over, Soldier!

## MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

NEW YORK CITY—Camp Adair is a sweet memory. What's that? Did I hear somebody suggest that I blow it somewhere? But I mean that. Camp Adair is a sweet memory.

Even when I applied for a transfer to Governor's Island, at the cost of falling from the dizzy heights of a sergeant to the estate of a private, I knew that it would be so, and I went through with the transfer solely because this city is my home and I missed my wife and daughter.

Of course most of you sorely long for home and the members of your household, and why should I have this privilege and not you? I can give no reason which satisfies my conscience, although there is an explanation which shows that mine is a special case.

Being 53 years old then, I was admitted to the Army last May only because I was a war veteran and got special authorization from Washington. Through a possibly fanciful belief that self-sacrifice was the proper course for anyone seeing this war as a grim crusade for a decent world, I joined up with the idea of serving at the front, as before.

Years and eyes were against me. Despite my remonstrance, the doctors marked me limited service. Still I kept away from my natural place—public relations—as long as possible, hoping to get into a combat unit. But finally I was doing public relations work, and then I did apply for a transfer, feeling that I could be as useful near home, and much happier.

Now that I am here, Camp Adair is a sweet memory, and for two reasons:

First, I made friends there and had associations which always will be dear. Some of them are in the combat outfits, for I got around a lot, but naturally more of them are those of the Service Command Unit, and a few of the dearest are civilians. Certain ones I talked with very little, yet their personalities greatly appealed to me and I want them all to know that I shall never forget them and that I should like to keep in touch with them.

The second reason for my attachment to Camp Adair is that I consistently did the best I could and all of my "mutterings" so far leads up to the wisdom that lies in that fact. I am older than most of you—older than some generals and colonels—and I have a right to do this bit of preaching:

In retrospect, the most satisfying periods of life are the periods when you try the hardest. At Adair I felt a certain loneliness, being so much older than most of the men about me. It was no fun to turn out in the dismal dark and do calisthenics. It was no fun to eat crudely, in a mess hall, and live in a bunk and a locker. And I longed for my wife so much that there was a kind of dull ache in my heart all the time.

Still my time at Camp Adair was a good time, in the sense that I have satisfaction in it today, and I know why. Even if one is inevent at the chores he must do, and even if he feels insignificant and ineffective, he can have a kind of happiness if he just keeps on trying and trying, and makes the cause—this war, I mean—his personal affair. And as months and years pass this mood of satisfaction grows. I know that because it happened in

## It's A Great Life

### Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



"No! You can't have a little vaseline with your pills!"

## HEADQUARTERS CAMP ADAIR

Camp Adair, Oregon January 27, 1943

### DON'TS IN SALUTING

The following is reproduced from A. G. School Bulletin January, 1943:

- DON'T salute the driver of a motor vehicle in motion; salute only the passengers, if any.
- DON'T salute with a hand in pocket.
- DON'T salute at double time (running). Come down to quick time (a walk).
- DON'T hesitate to salute a junior if he is unable to or has failed to salute you. This is good form as a military courtesy, but does not condone failure to salute if junior is able to do so.
- DON'T salute with piper, cigar or cigarette in mouth, or in right hand.
- DON'T salute if your arms are full. Some other form of recognition is considered courteous.
- Return all salutes—smartly and correctly; especially those of enlisted men.
- Be sure to salute the national color or national standard when it passes and is part of a formation (including color guard). Salute when the color or standard is six paces from you and hold the salute until it is six paces beyond you. If in doubt, salute.
- Salute the national color each time you pass it when it is on a pike or lance, except when it is raised.
- Be prepared to salute the flag as it is lowered at retreat, unless you are indoors. Stand at attention during the sounding of retreat and the firing of the gun; then salute at the first note of the national anthem (or To The Colors). Hold the salute until the final note. If you cannot see the flag, face the salute and music.
- DON'T salute as a member of a social gathering held under cover during the playing of the national anthem or a display of the colors. Stand at attention. (You would salute at a football game, but not in a theater.)
- DON'T stand at attention or salute when the national anthem is played over the radio, except as part of a ceremony, or when you are in a public gathering.
- Salute before and after making a formal report to a superior officer (except as otherwise prescribed as part of a ceremony). When making a formal report to your commanding officer in his office, follow this procedure: (a) Knock on his door, unless you are ushered in; (b) Advance to within two paces and halt; (c) Salute; (d) Report: "Sir, Captain Smith reports etc.," or some such appropriate remark. Always precede your report by "Sir," and by stating your name. If you are not a member of the command, state your name, organization, duty and cite your travel orders if you are reporting for temporary or permanent duty. Upon leaving, withdraw to two paces, salute and depart. You should be uncovered before entering, unless you are armed.
- Make a special point of being courteous to a lady. A salute is preferable to removal of the headress. If she pauses to converse with you, remain covered. At the close of the conversation, salute, if a salute was used in greeting. A salute may be rendered to any civilian, in lieu of the civilian form of greeting.
- DON'T fail to render or return the salute when you are with a lady.
- Do salute members of the Army Nurse Corps, the WAVES, and the WAACS and female Contract Surgeons (who rank as first lieutenants). Exchange of salutes with the Army Nurse Corps, who are part of the Army, and the WAVES, who are part of the Navy is required by regulations. Though the WAACS and the female Contract Surgeons are with the Army, while not of it, normal military courtesies should be observed.
- When overtaking and passing an officer, you should salute.
- DON'T salute officers of your office during the daily routine. It is courteous, however, to rise and salute your commanding officer when he enters the headquarters at the beginning of the day.
- It is not necessary to interrupt the work of an office, when it is visited by an officer on routine business. If the officer addresses you, you should give him your courteous attention; you need not rise unless he is your commanding officer, a general officer, a stranger, or an inspecting officer. When the formality of the occasion demands that you stand to attention, remain standing until he is seated.

### FOR THE RECORD

If the Dental Clinic at the Station Hospital are "up to their teeth in the war effort" with a 100% Officer and Enlisted Man participation in the Class "A" Pay Reservation Plan, the Timber Wolf Division with Major Fernley W. Ducey as Divisional War Bond Officer are really "loading guns and shooting straight" in this vital drive. For after the issuance of last week's SENTRY announcing the Dental Clinic Staff as the first unit at Camp Adair reaching the 100% mark, it was learned that there were 5 units in the Timber Wolf Division which had previously hit the bull's eye! The following information is brought to the attention of Messieurs Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito: Co. M and Anti-Tank Co. under Colonel John H. Cochran, Service Btry. under Lt. Col. Edward G. Shinkle, and the Timber Wolf Medical Detachment and Ordnance Co. are all howling to the tune of 100%. "Thar's fighting sense in them thar Wolves!"

the case of the other war and being aware of that I know that I could stand this war, too.

### To Read 'Em, Write 'Em

In order for it to get to the proper audience, W. O. Jos. Adams sends The Sentry the following pertinent poem, which he read somewhere, from Ft. Lewis: There's a kind of empty feeling; All the day I'm feeling low.

I ask: "Is there mail for me?" And my buddy answers, "No."

It was the same again today; There's one thing left to do— If I expect some letters— I'd better write a few.

### Oh! to

Where is the battle, dear, Most fought, I mean? I would say, meaning here, In the barracks latrine.

## CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

### Camp Adair

In the civilian war effort there is a newly coined word that is appearing more and more in editorials and other writings striving to keep the production of guns, tanks, planes, ammunition and other vital war materials moving at top speed. That word is "absenteeism" and deals with the thousands of man hours lost along the production line because of failure of men to show up for work.

One large factory has adopted the artificial stimulus of paying a man in German marks for the days he has missed during the week. Other producers have chosen obvious reminders of a like nature.

In the armed forces the manpower situation is different in that all the workers live under one centralized head. The number of soldiers who get sidetracked between where they sleep and where their duties are is relatively small considering the hundreds of thousands of men row in uniform.

Still, unless each and every soldier does his part conscientiously, "absenteeism" might become more than a new word in our battle for freedom. Let's watch for it.

The one supreme desire of every officer and enlisted man in the service is to get this war over with as quickly as possible so that he can return to his home, his loved ones and his job. The surest way to do this is for everyone to do his share—and do it every day until the peace is won.

It is understandable that with so many soldiers doing so many things, some of them get to the point where they figure what they are doing is of no great importance. "What difference does it make?" they ask, "whether I miss drill for an afternoon or not?" The danger lies in too many soldiers thinking that way. It has to be nipped at the bud by each soldier individually if he is really sincere in his wish to end fighting and get back to peace time pursuits.

Of course there is no way of applying this to the chronic "gold-brickers" who will do anything except work to help his fellow men. He is the same in civilian life and should be pitied rather than censured. Nor does it apply to the soldier who is ill. The army does not want its men to force themselves through the rigors of training when not physically fit. That is the reason it maintains the finest medical and hospital facilities in the world.

But it does apply to those of us who can and should do our part, regardless of how infinitesimal to the war effort it may seem. To try and explain to each soldier individually the reasons for the thousand and one things that must be done in maintaining an army of millions of men is comparable to the engineer of a streamliner stopping his speeding train every few minutes to go back and tell his passengers where he is going.

## CHANGE CERPTS

GENERAL ORDERS DEPT. ... A soldier on duty at Ft. Greely, Alaska, failed to give a lieutenant

the proper salute as he drove by in his car. The car stopped and the lieutenant inquired: "Sentry, what is general order number ten?" The soldier recited the order correctly. "Then why didn't you salute?" the officer asked. "The order," said the sentry, "says to salute all officers, colors and standards not cased. The glass in the windows of your car was raised—and I thought you were cased." From THE BROADCASTER, Ill.

OR TWO—We know a fine recipe for making a peach cordial—Buy her a drink!

RUBBER DEPT. ... "A girdle is like a Jap, thumps the FORT NIAGARA DRUM. It sneaks up on you when you least expect it and it takes a good Yank to bring it down."

POWDER ROOM PUFFS ... "I have just met the most wonderful man, my dear. He has a B-card, a C-note, and a 4-F."

STORY HOUR ... "I represent the Mountain Wool Company, madame. Would you be interested in some course yarns?" "Gosh, yes, tell me a couple!"

ADVICE TO LOVELORN Dept. ... Dear Madame Snafoo: I am only 19, and I stayed out until 2 o'clock the other morning. The sergeant objects. Did I do wrong? —Worried.

Answer: Try to remember.

BEALINER, Calif., Classified Dept. ... TO MEN OF 38—Getting discharged from the Army? Do you dread the thoughts of returning to the perils of civilian life? Then take up our up-to-the-minute refresher course. It will show you how to cross a street safely, how to act in a night club, how to order in a restaurant, and how to keep from calling your wife, "Babe" ... The Return to Normalcy Institute.

Solomon Islands, Spl. ... A stray bullet nipped a coconut which fell on Ernest M. Schfield, marine, as he lay in a fox-hole. The coconut broke his leg.

### THE CHOW HOUND

In any mess hall you will see an oaf who's quick to pull All kinds of underhanded tricks To stuff his belly full A'Glutton for the Grub is he— This Monster of the Mess Who taxes his capacity Until he's in distress.

His greedy eyes are everywhere His hands keep working fast He's first to park his carcass, And in leaving—he's the last. He never passes anything. But, hoards it near where he Can grab it very suddenly Away from you or me.

He never heard of Emily Post And you can bet your shirt This Human Vulture's sure to get Your share of the dessert It's strange the way this greedy lug Can run like Hell to chow. Yet, when his outfit double-times He can not run no how.

He's never eaten better chow In all his life, still he Has got the nerve to gripe about The Army's quality Nobody has a bit of use For this disgusting rummy, So, I suggest we use him for A bayonet practice dummy. By Cpl. George Hindberg, Co. I, 583rd Inf.

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C. P. HORN

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