

Buck Private in 96th MP's Is Man of World

Five Crossings of Atlantic Added to Experience in North Africa Sketch

By Private Paul R. Kalman, Jr.

Even if Private John Lowell Wilson of the 96th Division Corps of Military Police could have gotten an occupational deferment because of his position with the United States Treasury department, he probably would have told his Chicago draft board to take a running jump in the nearest lake. A hitch in Uncle Sam's army was just what the accomplished soldier of fortune needed to climb back on his military horse and ride the battlefields of the world.

The carefree banter that Wilson calls his life's history is sprinkled with intrigue, mystery, and high adventure. It is entirely possible to begin with any phase of this remarkable soldier's colorful career and find enough hair-raising incidents to make the most fantastic fiction writer happy, but it's best to go back to the spring of 1931. Had you, at that time, been an Arab trader or a tourist, you might have spotted Wilson's infectious smile as he bartered with a merchant in an Algerian market place.

Started in Paris

On a trip to Paris, Wilson was introduced to a number of French military intelligence officers who were impressed with his knowledge of secret service operations. On their invitation, he accompanied them to Marseilles where they were joined by two more officers and sailed for North Africa.

While on the boat the officers explained to Wilson that their mission was to take into custody a group of Arab and half-caste traders who were suspected of gun-running. Cases of such underhanded operations were a dime a dozen in Tunisia and in the desert outside of Carthage and the natives were becoming so bold that they threatened to revolt at any moment.

Rode Motorcycle

Acting on the suggestion of the French officials, Wilson disguised himself as an American tourist and roamed back and forth across 12,000 miles of North African desert in the saddle of an obsolete 4 cylinder motorcycle which he describes as "The most curious contraption that ever astounded an African native." As he stopped at towns to refuel his sputtering vehicle, the sun-baked secret service agent would make his way to the public market place where he made himself known as a traveler and collector of objects 'd art. His guise was a natural in with the scheming Arabs and before long, over a glass of strong African wine, he was propositioned by one of the smugglers to join up with his gang of desert gangsters.

"I'm not the type of person who is easily frightened but when that shifty-eyed Arab offered me the job, I was overcome with a nostalgia for Quincy, Illinois," he recalled. "However, I kept my wits about me and pretended to play along and as soon as I was out of the place, I rushed over to the

French authorities and reported my findings."

Switched to Camels

On another case, Wilson's motorcycle was incapacitated by the shifting desert sands so that he had to disassemble it and carry it on camelback. With the motor on one side and the chassis on the other, he rode on the camel's hump.

He describes his 500 mile ride as the most unpleasant experience in his career, saying, "I've been across the Atlantic five times, in fair and foul weather and not once have I been sea sick. But that damned camel jounced around so much that I turned green."

It is true, Wilson acknowledged, that the French Foreign Legion is one of the toughest military outfits in the world and he should know; four months as an inspector of forts and outlying posts for the French government offered him an excellent opportunity of observing the famous unit in action against the incessant forages of Arab brigands.

With over 15,000 miles of African territory under his widely-traveled feet, the soldier of fortune came home to Quincy, U.S.A., in 1933 and joined the National Guard. The following year, he was promoted to first sergeant and served in that capacity until his hitch was up.

Was Prison Guard

His regular position, a guard in the Illinois state prison at Joliet fitted him like a glove, Wilson said, because he always had a machine gun in his hands while on duty in the prison tower. Any other type of less precarious position, he explained, might have made him a little rusty.

Just a year before he came into the army, Wilson had a taste of the excitement on which he thrives when, as an investigator for the Treasury department, he was called upon to round up Japanese aliens.

The week end of December 7, 1941, found him at his home in Quincy when he heard a radio flash announcing the Pearl Harbor incident.

Jap Hunting

"I rushed to a phone," Wilson said, "and called the office. They told me that they would meet me at the train station and I spent the next 48 hours in Chicago searching for Japs. We had very little trouble with most of them but there were a few hot-headed slant-eyed 'so and 'so's who just couldn't or wouldn't understand."

Wilson contends that the Treasury department's record of 98 per cent convictions in all cases brought to trial is second only to the Postal department. This, he said, speaks for itself as far as the investigators' ability is concerned.

As a part of his federal work, he had a hand in the training of military intelligence men for the United States Army and many of these individuals are now actively engaged in counter-espionage work throughout the world.

Organ Recital Held; Pvt. Scores With Bach

"An evening of notable music," was the opinion expressed by Professor Petrie of the department of music at Oregon State college.

Professor Petrie referred to the concert last Sunday evening at

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Boys, meet Miss Glenna Lee Greene, our nomination for Miss Billfold Girl of 1940. Our Billfold Girl of the Week judges fell in love with Miss Greene at first sight when her daddy, Pvt. Albee Greene, SCU 1911, Hq. Company brought her picture into the SENTRY office for entry in the weekly contest. However, in fairness to her older contemporaries, the judges decided that Glenna offered just too much competition to the rest of the entrants so they are herewith displaying Miss Greene in a class by herself pose.

CALLING ALL CROONERS!

Are you a Nelson Eddy? A Lawrence Tibbett? No? Then hurry down to Service Club 2 on Sunday evenings between 5 and 8:30 and the attendants there will do their best to get your voice in shape.

Community sing-fests are now in progress at the club and all anyone needs to participate in the fun is a strong pair of lungs. Sing books are furnished everyone who desires them and music is supplied by Pvt. G. Geobel. The singing is ably led by Miss Merriam, club hostess.

Chapel No. 3 Pfc. Lamar W. Crask of Hq. and Hq. Btry., 96th Division Art. in which he presented a recital of organ masterworks.

The concert was marked by the presentation of four groups of Bach compositions played entirely in the way of the original school. After the Bach group a baritone solo was rendered by Sgt. Lyle Heitz, SCU.

The concluding group of organ moments by Pvt. Crask included an 18th century composition, "It Is the Victory of Our Lord"; a baroque and the concluding number accompanied by pianist Pvt. Walter J. Babel, "Fantaisie."

96th Officers Honor President's Birthday

Top flight entertainment was offered to officers of the 96th division last Saturday night when they met at their new officers' club to honor President Roosevelt on the chief executive's birthday.

For the most part, acts presented during the ball's intermission were carry-overs from the 96th's big broadcast at the Field House last Monday night. The reception that the officers and their ladies gave the boys was little short of terrific, and the soldiers were called back for so many encores that Lt. Barrett, entertainment chairman and master of ceremonies, had to ask the crowd to quit applauding in order for the show to continue.

Music furnished by Warrant Officer Krog and the 382nd Infantry orchestra featured a number of special orchestrations of popular numbers which were prepared by members of the organization.

In addition to the division's junior officers who attended the ball en masse, many high ranking officers, including Brigadier General Claudius M. Easley, were seen on the dance floor.

As a novel addition to the evening's program, Private Jim Fore-

Next Week 'East Lynne'

The "Plainsmen," seven soldiers of the Timberwolf Division Artillery loaded down with guitars, jugs, violins and mandolins, took over the KWIL radio show "Detail At Seven" Tuesday night and literally stopped the show. The program included everything from the "Milk Cow Blues" to "The Waits You Saved For Me" and before their quarter hour was finished calls were pouring into KWIL for names and available dates.

Former Attorney General of Montana Develops Plan for Free Legal Advice

No longer need the soldier or his family worry along without needed legal advice because they lack the necessary funds. Energetic, genial Lt. Col. John W. Bonner, Staff Judge Advocate of the Timber Wolf Division, has seen to that. Having contacted the Oregon state bar with the view of procuring legal advice and the drawing up of legal documents without charge for soldiers and their families, a program is now being inaugurated by state attorneys which will bring this about.

Bonner was Montana's attorney general before he joined Uncle Sam's armed forces, where his legal knowledge and experience were put to work administering Military Justice. He is staff Judge Advocate of the Timber Wolf Division under the command of General G. R. Cook.

With an eye to the practical as well as the military, Col. Bonner's activities have extended far beyond the duties required by his post as Judge Advocate. He has minimized the endless details and loss of time for military personnel ordinarily entailed in taking care of

civilian matters, by bringing agencies right into camp—agencies for issuing gasoline ration cards, for helping figure and the filing of federal income tax forms, and the like. He speeded the naturalization of aliens in the division through contact with the U. S. Department of Justice, Immigration Service—and did it without unnecessary delay or undue expense from training for the alien.

The 1943 automobile registration plates were available to car owners right here in camp, thanks to Bonner. And in helping to solve a major problem of housing over week ends for men out of camp, he sold the USO in Oregon's capital city, Salem, the idea of providing over-night quarters for soldiers.

All this is definitely "extra-curricular" for Bonner, who is usually swamped "to the ears" with the legal paraphernalia incident to court-martial proceedings and the endless other details of his Judge Advocate pursuits. And don't think the men of the Timber Wolf division aren't grateful for Col. Bonner's interest and efforts. They vote him "a regular guy" as well as a "good soldier."

man of division headquarters company held sway over the club balcony where officers and their ladies make quick sketches of the revelry. In civilian life, Pvt. Foreman was a successful young Chicago illustrator and commercial artist.

NOTES TO YOU

From Pvt. Pete

Carrying on with our little Kolumn for Kats, I'd like to pass on to you fellows the contents of a little interview I had recently with Sergeant Warner Danley, of the 96th Division Infantry band . . . Sergeant Danley left Germany only four years ago, and so he is fully qualified to tell us all the whys and wherefores of modern European music.

Swing, as we know it, does not exist in the Axis countries . . . Herr Shickelgruber, who is notoriously ungroovy, has seen to that . . . European bands to us are just plain "Sweet" bands . . . usually they use three rhythms, two brass, and three saxes . . . their primary interest is the melody and the rhythm comes second, but in this it is just the opposite . . . American musicians believe, and rightfully so, that the rhythm is the important thing, and once that is gained the melody will take care of itself.

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Tired of your hum-drum life; seek you adventure still Then take a day off and climb yonder hill. Scale the sharp bluffs; gaze on the blue sky Look at the birds and the way they fly Then stay to see the sun's reddened rim Slowly fade as the earth grows dim. Night huz, gently fallen, was the climb tame? A whole day lost—what a wasteful shame! You long for Adventure that quickens your breath Like fax-off climes, romance and death; Bid you "good-by" then to your dearest friend For you'll travel alone to bitter end. You will toil for naught and starve for days And curse Adventure for the wage she pays Yet, when Adventure calls you'll list to Her voice For you, poor fool, will have no choice. Then slowly growing old you stop to rest But, Adventure laughs and thinks it's a jest To force you to rise and to prod you along And mockingly ask, "Oh, where is the song You sang in your youth?" And so with aching breath You continue to wander 'til claimed by Death.

Private Andrew Galet
M.P. Det. S.C.U.



LET FOLKS KNOW WHAT'S YOUR APO

Yard birds overseas or "on your way" gotta see that the folks at home learn your APO number.

When you're shipped give the folks a sample address as: Pvt. John Doe, ASM 000000, Co. A, 100th Infantry, APO 000, c/o Postmaster, Tokyo. Also be sure to let 'em know when your APO number is changed.

DANCE FRIDAY

Members of the Latter Day Saints church will hold the annual Gold and Green ball tomorrow at 8:30 p. m. in the west ballroom of the Memorial Union building on Oregon State college campus in Corvallis.

The ball, featured annually throughout the church, climaxes the mutual improvement association program for the year. The dance is semi-formal and the admission charges are \$1 per couple—or 75 cents for men, 50 cents for ladies.

LASSO MAN—now with the MP's is "Cowboy" Jackson, great bronc buster and lariat artist. He has performed in Madison Square Garden.

Btry "C" 363rd F. A. Bn.

C NOTES

By Cpl. Frank W. Spaak.

New officers welcomed to the "C" battery include: 1st Lt. Richard A. Hloway, 1st Lt. Donald D. Bridenbaugh, 2nd Lt. Robert D. Bennett, 2nd Lt. Rollin F. Harlow. The Company Commander of Battery "C" is Captain George C. Hofmann, and 2nd Lt. Willard P. Hovery complete the officer roster.

The following men of "C" Battery who received their belated holiday presents in the form of corporals' promotions are: William Gibbs, Lawrence Pochocki, Floyd Hubbel, Edward Korpela, Forrest Ashcraft, Gordon Brien, William Midwood, Frank Spaak, John Ruddecki, Walter Tennessen, Benny Lucas, William Marendish, Donald McNamara, Julius Matusek.

Have you heard of the "Photo Kid"? He is none other than Cpl. Floyd Hubbell, who receives more perfumed mail and photos from gals all over the country than any soldier in camp.

A guitar was smuggled into the barracks by some unknown and found its way into the hands of Ptes. Fidel Flores and Jose Marina. The two seniors went to work and lulled the whole barracks asleep with pleasant Mexican melodies.

Pvt. "Wild Bill" Hemsley of the Arkansas Hemsleys is growing wilder every hour, like the well known prairie flower. He is the Ozark Bing Crosby of the outfit, and his hill-billy songs, which take him hours to sing, are a real treat to the gang. Koop it up, Bill!

Fred Astaire may have his dancing feet, but so has Pvt. Ray Caraway. He is a professional hooper, and the more the lads chunk in the change into the kitty, the more Ray gives with the feet. He's liable to break a leg around payday.

A SURE BET: That Sgt. William Walsh and Corp. Bob Mahood will soon be causing wedding bells to ring in towns near Camp Adair. Both boys have honeys and are in a very serious mood, so are the girls. LONGSHOT: To go the same route, Sgt. John J. Mullet.

The problem child and who is it?

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He was too old to enlist . . . too old P. S. For further information, for the air . . . too old for the Para-see Sgt. Raymond Warren. troopers . . . too old for the gliders . . . too young for the cooks and . . . Now that the flood waters have bakers school . . . too young for re-finally receded, Sgt. Wilson Tillit-lease because of the 38 year age-on, motor transportation, can get limit . . . and is now a sergeant in to his home in Eugene without the "C" battery.

Startling Revelations in First Poll of Service Men

Through the first poll of the fighting forces ever conducted by any American publication, CLICK magazine has learned what you service men want Americans at home to do for you.

Questionnaires covering 25 important subjects were submitted to thousands of service men through the U. S. O., Y. M. C. A. and other services. A wealth of information was secured.

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