

Camp Adair Sentry

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(Much has been written and broadcast of late about the proper amount of hate a soldier should build up to be a good soldier. The following editorial which appeared in The Christian Science Monitor, January 25, is reprinted here without comment . . . The Sentry.)

HATE IS WASTE

One by one the stops are being pulled out by frantic organists, and the hymnody of hate swells in an ugly crescendo. Men and women of good will are being asked to hate, not simply the evil that is in the world, not simply the conscious planners of mass mesmerism and world destruction, but our fellow beings who have become the unwitting or unwilling tools of evil.

The argument is that we must hate if we are to win the war, that we must get this hate down from the plane where it is a product of reason—fueled by hate, it is argued, is too mild—and develop it in the emotions. The only way to do so, it is pointed out, is to hate people.

A recent article by a widely read author begins: "Love your enemies. Fight your enemies, shoot them, starve them, kill them, destroy their cities, bomb their factories and gardens—but love them! That may make sense to the Tuesday Evening Culture Club but not to me."

There are at least two reasons on which the most worldly-minded among us can agree for loving a fellow being. One of these is that our love may do him some good; the other is that it certainly will do ourselves good. Hate is waste. It wastes our mental resources, it undermines our self-control. It is not winning the war for Hitler, although he taught so many Germans to hate so horribly that half of Europe faltered before the threat of that hatred.

It was a wise man indeed who commanded Christians, "Love your enemies." Jesus gave us this commandment not only for our enemies' sake but for our own.

YES, INDEED!

When the song was making musical history—which is different from making history musical—few North Americans foresaw the day when they could truly say "Yes, we have no bananas." Yet many a town north of the Rio Grande would probably do what Halifax, Nova Scotia, did the other day, if a banana appeared on Main Street. In Halifax they put a picture of it on the front page of a newspaper.

But the news report had this strange fact to relate: The banana came from Toronto, where "they say bananas still hang in golden bunches in fruit store windows." It probably isn't so very important—not half as important, for example, as buying war bonds and stamps and contributing to the United War Fund drives—but it might interest the song writers to know that when you say to a fruit dealer in Toronto: "You have no bananas?" the answer is "No, we have some bananas."

So far as most of the towns and cities in Toronto's quarter of the world are concerned, however, the answer is still "YES, we have NO bananas."

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

FT. JAY, Governors Island, N.Y. Battery and a picnic lunch in the park. —Old timers at this post tell me that the girls' stock adjective for it is "cute." I'd say "fantastic."

One inescapable fact about it is that on this island one is ever-conscious of the proximity of the great city. Day and night the stupendous skyline of lower Manhattan looms there across a narrow water to the north.

On a bright, clear day the huge buildings are magnificently clear. On clear nights they are a dark blur. Through haze they have the quality of an impressionistic fresco. In fog they are invisible and all around one hears, continuously, the blowing of whistles and the eerie warning of the sirens in the harbor.

Governors Island is different, though, when you're a soldier, and also it is different in wartime. The old free-and-easy atmosphere is gone.

In other years it was a favorite spot for a Sunday afternoon outing. I had a pass to the polo games, because I covered Army stories for a newspaper, and my wife and I liked to look at the officers' brick houses, which have the charm of a bygone architectural period, and to stroll the brick walks.

"A Good Time on a Quarter" was the title of a newspaper series I did for six weeks one summer and I recommended this island as a nice excursion for the cost of no more than subway fare to the

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



"... ah, if I could but there be
With thee.
Where robins sing 'neath some shady tree,
Bathed in sunshine
Even warmer than wine,
With thy hand in mine—
Oh! to be with thee, my Valentine.

CAMP ADAIR RIDES THE AIRWAVES

- Monday—"Camp Adair on the Air" — 8-8:30 P. M. — KWIL — 1240 kc.
- Tuesday—"Timber Wolf Orientation Course"—5:45-6:15 P. M.—KOAC—550 kc.
- Thursday—"Camp Adair Sentries of the Air"—4:30 P. M. KWIL — 1240 kc; 5:45 P. M. KOAC—550 kc.
- Thursday—"Timber Wolf Variety Program"—7:30-8 P. M. — KOAC—550 kc.
- Tuesday, Thursday, Friday—"Pvt. Pete Presents"—5:5-15 P. M. —KOAC—550 kc.
- Sunday—"Camp Adair Concert Hour"—3-4 P. M.—KOAC 550 kc.

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT TO YOU!

(The following letter was received by one of our soldiers stationed at CAMP ADAIR and is quoted verbatim with only short passages of a personal nature omitted. The significance of this letter cannot be over-looked and should be brought to the attention of all military personnel and civilian employees at CAMP ADAIR.)

Dear Sarge:
I imagine you know by now that I have moved, but am unable to disclose my position. You have probably read accounts of our activities in the Pacific and learned of the wonderful exploits of our armed forces. The Navy, in no small measure, played a great part and though some say our air power is very vital, let me tell you we boys certainly appreciate the presence and prowess of our great Navy.

Well, Lou, as the months pass swiftly, in a few weeks our boys including myself, will have been overseas exactly one year. I think we have the distinction, without being boastful, of being the first group of any size to leave the States for overseas. Although the year went by fast, it nevertheless is a long time to be away from home, so naturally the boys are eagerly hoping for some kind of a break. We have progressed a long way from the day we left and no doubt at present are on the offensive, not only in the Pacific, but on all fronts.

I just received a Boston Globe and read of the great Bond Drive being conducted. I hope it is a great success for what reason can there be that it shouldn't succeed? I read often in the newspapers of the bickering of politicians and the griping of defense workers and although I try to consider all sides, I can't help but become vexed at their actions in these days. So are all the rest of the boys. I guess they don't realize what's going on or what war REALLY is, but Americans better stop their bickering and griping and thank their lucky stars for the comfort and shelter of the United States.

You know, the boys here would gladly take over their positions, work seven days a week and devote their salaries to the war effort. If you see any of those slackers, convey to them my utmost disgust and contempt and let them PLACE THEMSELVES IN OUR POSITION! Take care of yourself. Love to all.

Your friend,
LEO.

In the Pacific, in Africa, in Europe, in Asia, in Alaska, thousands upon thousands of American fighting men are writing the same letters. Inwardly they know that YOU won't let them down. You can't, for you promised to bring them back. And even on the front lines, they are concerned about the success of the War Savings Bond drive back home. A majority of the soldiers themselves are buying bonds through the Class "A" Pay Reservation Plan, because at the front they KNOW WHAT WAR REALLY IS. Can you honestly say you cannot AFFORD to invest in War Savings Bonds, when these men far from home are investing their LIVES for your future security? Read the last paragraph of the above letter again! THINK AMERICA, for mistakes are too costly in this present era!

it out of sight. Searchlights on police boats play about the island shore to make sure that all is well.

X CHANGE CERPTS

EDUCATIONAL NOTE: A Navy boat wandered, of all places, into the officers' club, where he was greeted by a lieutenant: "Get the blazes out of here! Can't you read?"
"Officer," the rookie moaned, "if I could read, I'd be in the Army."
—Courtesy USNTS "Hoist"

POLITICAL DEPT.: The boys were griping about the sons of politicians when a new voice spoke up behind them.
"I'm a politician's son," said the voice, "and I'm in the army just like you ordinary guys."
The gang turned around to see who owned the voice.
"Yes, captain," they replied.
—The Range Finder, California

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

Camp Adair

In a recent radio quiz program a contestant was asked if there was any Army regulation that would restrict an enlisted man from becoming a general. The answer, of course, was that there is not. In this democratic nation of ours the only real obstacle to a man getting to where he wants to be is his lack of opportunity to fit himself for the job he wants.

This obstacle has been eliminated for men in the armed forces by a plan recently announced by the War Department, a plan whereby any enlisted man can avail himself of the finest educational facilities in the United States, no matter where he is stationed.

This has been made possible by a working agreement with some 79 leading colleges and universities for correspondence courses in more than 700 different subjects. Any enlisted man is eligible to enroll after four months of service.

All courses listed have been selected and approved by the Army as studies which will add to military efficiency and improve chance of promotion. It is up to the individual soldier to choose the particular course that will help the most. Just to mention a few in passing, a soldier can obtain instruction in business, scientific, technical, industrial, liberal arts and engineering fields. Anything from accounting and aviation to trigonometry and welding.

Time for this study is also optional with the soldier. Even an hour of spare time now and then will show results. The student is his own timekeeper and can fit his reading to suit his schedule of regular military duties from day to day and from week to week.

This course of self education is just one more way of making the soldier's stay in the Army serve him profitably and at the same time contribute to his effectiveness while the world is at war.

And—if too much stress has been placed on how study and application will benefit the man as a soldier—let it be remembered that in the peacetime that will come eventually it will be the civilian with the firmest background who will go the farthest.

(Editorial note: For information on this correspondence course, talk to your Special Service Officer, your librarian, or write direct to the Army Institute, Madison, Wis.)

4-Square Service Corvallis
I. O. F. Hall, services, Sunday at 4-Square Gospel, Corvallis, 4th and Madison streets. Sunday school at 10 a. m., church service 11 a. m. Evening service, 7:45. It was announced by pastor E. G. Skultety.

"T" on their arm."
—From The Fort Bliss Weekly

CLEVER THESE CHINESE: A furlough was sought by Pvt. Ling Foo Lim at CAMP KILMER, N. J. The captain asked why the time off was needed and the Private said he was lonesome — he wanted to visit his wife.
"O. K.," agreed the captain, "where does your wife live?"
"China," was the calm reply.
The captain granted him a three-day pass.

DEDUCTION: Two M. P.'s finished their ninth round of drinks, breathed alcoholic farewells to their friends, climbed into their jeep, and began the forty-five mile drive back to camp.

After a considerable period one of them observed, "We're getting closer to camp."
"Zat so? What gives you that idea?" asked the other.
"Well," reasoned the first one, "we're hittin' more soldiers."
—Swiped from Sioux City Bomberier

THE SENTRY
It sure is great to just sit back, and read the Adair Sentry. To read the tales of soldier boys, both poor, and landed gentry. To read how Ryan has made T 5 how our chow hounds in mess halls thrive;
A sergeant's wife has had a baby, furloughs for the QM—maybe. A picture of Sam Dubuff's girl. Who's who . . . what's what . . . the social whirl.
A cartoon too by Donald Lynch. The boy's got talent . . . that's a cinch.
Some words of wisdom here and there, that's our Sentry—at Adair.

The characters and all promotions mentioned herein are purely fictitious, and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is purely coincidental.
—T. J. Ryan, Pfc.

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

The Yokum Basketball team representing the 337th QM Depot Co. were honor guests at a banquet tendered them by the company as a reward in maintaining the leading position in the P. C.-IX Corps basketball tournament. The affair was held Tuesday night at the Hotel Benton in Corvallis. Guests included Capt. L. E. Bentley, Lt. Alfred Smith, and Lt. John N. Norris. Among the guests of honor were Lt. Walter Miller Jr., under whose capable and proficient coaching enabled the team to attain such high standards and Captain R. O. Campbell, until recently company commander. The Yokum Basketball team is composed of Corp. Hill Welton, Sgt. Welter, Sgt. Lalman, Sgt. Stolpe, Sgt. Arterburn, Corp. Saacks, Pfc. Blevins, Pfc. Stauch, S-Sgt. Pardavy, Corp. Strickland, and Pfc. Biano, and last but not to be forgotten our emeritus booster Pvt. Bert Segal who has been attending every game in the capacity of official score keeper.

You can tell a good play, movie, or book, but you can't tell a top Sergeant where to get off.

You can spend about two months on maneuvers in the woods battling ants and bees and poison oak and the day you return you go on a picnic with the girl friend.

You believe a 10-mile hike is a lot worse than death and think nothing of living the light and fantastic 25 miles in a single evening with three girls and a million other soldiers at the USO.

What's the big idea, walking out of the mess hall with that toast? Pfc. Rosenfeld?
I'm studying to be an artist and I want some G. I. charcoal.

POET'S CORNER
They rive me shots of Tetanus, For Typhoid, I get three The Yellow Fever is excuse, For one more hole in me.

They stick the needle in me dry, They stick it in me wet, They punch me full of holes, it seems, At every chance they get. The Typhus, Measles, Housemaids Knee.

There's shots for everything, Fallen arches, Leprosey— Boy, those shots do sting.
Sometimes those Vampires stick me good, Right in a vein on me, And then they take a pint of blood And smile with a fiendish glee.
Oh, I haven't been in battle yet, In war I haven't starred, But if you saw the holes in me, You'd swear I'm battle scarred.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Sometimes the fellow that we think is really our best friend,

Is just the one to knock us down and desert us in the end. So do not judge your many friends by goosy smiles and flatter. With all their friends together they'll pick you quite apart. And they won't care a jiffy if it does break your heart. They'll serve you up with apple-sauce, mustard and relish, too And you'll be naught but dog scraps when all of them get through. So do not slight the casual friend who has little to say, For he maybe the only one to stand by some rainy day.



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