

Spontaneous Talent Show Illustrates Fellowship Spirit Developing Here

A gala entertainment program, which started and grew like the proverbial snowball, materialized into a five-hour feature at Service Club 2 last Sunday afternoon and night and offered a variety of acts, mostly of a musical nature. This item is being written to prove a point that Camp Adair does have some of the finest talent of any camp in the United States (even if we didn't have Clark Gable!) and that the true spirit of fellowship prevails in that the one who has an excess of talent is willing and feels free to entertain his fellow soldiers and guests.

Sundays at Camp Adair are primarily visitors days... for Sunday is the one day of the week that the average soldier can count as being his very own. It is the day he can feel free to invite his family or friends to the post... and the most natural place to entertain the family or friends is the service clubs.

This illustration is by no means the first time that a program of spontaneous nature has developed among the men... nor will it be the last. But it does show the spirit that our Camp Commander, Col. Gordon H. McCoy, and our divisional commanders, Generals Cook and Bradley, have sought to foster.

Chronologically, the program began when Pvt. Homer Carlson and George Goebels, both accomplished pianists, sat at the two club pianos and decided to try playing as a piano team. They played an impromptu hit for their styles synchronized. Request numbers poured forth. As a matter of course, Sgt. "Dink" Freeman dropped into the club... saw the program in progress... and asked if he might help. The sergeant is known for

his impersonations of noted film stars, such as Lionel Barrymore and James Cagney. His entertainment was naturally more than welcome. Next came the inseparable Pvt. Birkkrant and Baer from the 96th... and with a few well-timed gags set the stage for their portion of the show. They called over Pvt. Columbus, and as a trio, executed several familiar dance routines.

Someone then spotted the Camp Adair Equilibrium Artist... Pvt. Jacobson... and instead of his balancing act (which ALWAYS makes a hit) he presented something new by offering a comic dialogue on "How Not to Use a Table."

Turning once again to music, Pvt. Tony Rogers appeared and asked Mrs. Merriam if she would sing a duet with him. They went into a musical huddle, decided they knew several scores, and entertained with the popular love duets from "The Chocolate Soldier" and "Sweethearts."

Community singing came next and seemed to be the only way to satisfy all the requests for songs. With Pvt. Rogers at the piano, the crowd at the club gave forth. Then, turning to current popular numbers, three pianists alternated and collaborated at the piano... Pvt. Jack Brice, Sgt. Earl Edwards and Pvt. Carlson.

Someone then had the idea that a singing quartet might be fun, so one was immediately organized... Cpl. Rourke, Pvt. Collins, Pvt. Rogers and Mrs. Merriam. By this time it was after 10 p. m. the program having lasted well over five hours. Once more the program was turned over to the audience, and dancing filled out the rest of the evening until closing time.

This is just an instance... an illustration of what can be found at the service clubs. And such spontaneous programs are not confined to Sunday... but it shows the spirit that is needed on any army post.

TIRE INSPECTOR HERE

An authorized inspector will be at the Post Motor Pool at Camp Adair Mondays from 1 to 5 p. m. for those who wish their tires inspected in connection with present mileage rationing plan.

All "B" and "C" book holders must have their inspection on or before February 28, 1943 and all "A" book holders on or before March 31, 1943.



Dr. E. Stanley Jones
World-Traveled
Missionary-Statesman and
World-famous Religious Leader

Will Give Address
Sunday, February 21
Men's Gym—Campus
and
Monday-Tuesday Evenings
February 22 and at 23, at
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Weekly Book Reviews Slated for 96th Art.

Chap. Clarence Kilde
Starts Series Feb. 25

A series of pertinent, timely book reviews by the recognized literary analyst, Chaplain Clarence Kilde, has been scheduled for the men of Adair.

The series will be sponsored by Chapel No. 3, of the 96th Div. Arty., and meetings will be held in the Chapel (7th & D streets, South) every Thursday evening beginning February 25. Pfc. Lester W. Crank, Hq. & Hq. Btry., will provide a 15 minute recital of organ masterworks beginning at 6:45; the 45 minute book review then following.

The series is slated as follows:
February 25th — "Guadalcanal Diary" (Richard Tregaskis) — the February Book - of - the - Month choice. This is a day-by-day account of an I.N.S. correspondent who landed on Guadalcanal with the first detachment of United States Marines and then sweated and slept with them for seven weeks to produce this superb story out of the ordeal of fire.

March 4th — "What About Germany" (Louis Lochner, chief of the Associated Press bureau in Berlin, who, after the U.S. declaration of war, was interned in Germany until June, 1942.) This book is one of the last authentic reports out of the land of the enemy and supplements William Shirer's "Berlin Diary."
March 11th — "A Time for Greatness" (Herbert Agar). With the hard-headed sensibleness of a realist the writer, famous editor of the Louisville Courier - Journal, now on active duty as a lieutenant commander in the United States Navy, describes the moral background of this war.
March 18th — "Christian Europe Today" (Adolph Keller). This book may well be called "Inside Religious Europe," for it is a comprehensive survey of Christianity as it exists openly and in secret in Europe torn by war. The author is director of the European Central Bureau of Relief to Suffering Churches, which is under the patronage of the Federal Churches of Christ in America.

332nd Depot Co. Activities

By Pvt. Harry Klissner

Hey! Take it easy with that door—there might be a booby trap behind it! Caution is the watchword when the lads from the 336th QM hit the road for a tussle with that big menace in a little package—the BOOBY TRAP.

As you no doubt know, gentle reader, and as the name implies, only a careless or unwary soldier will ever find himself in the embarrassing situation of detonating a booby trap. It is definitely a faux pas.

With a little rain, as usual, the well trained dog faces of the 336th pulled out last Thursday to a deserted, rambling farmhouse on the outskirts of Camp Adair for a practical demonstration in the detection of booby traps.

Under the capable direction of Lt. Wilson and Lt. Granoff a small detail left at daybreak to set up a number of surprises for our troops, pending their arrival later on. Merely as an afterthought of one of the more diabolical of our men,

ZIP—AND SHE'S GONE!

If, on your hike to the PX, or if on a hike to anywhere, you see a cute little Fox-terrier, who answers to the name of Zip, and she has a white and black spot in the center of her forehead, please call 3477. Zip has been AWOL for some time now and her master is worried.

Two pits were dug at the entrance of the house, each of them four feet square and four feet deep. No, Mr. Five by Five had nothin' to do with it! The excavations were well concealed with small branches and sod, awaiting the first unfortunate victims.

Six Plus Six Helps

Much to our astonishment, the very first to fall (literally) was our Company Commander, Captain Hoppe. With as much ease as he had stepped into it, the Captain extricated himself from our pitfall. Yes, being six feet, six inches tall decidedly has its advantages.

After a hearty meal, under the shelter of a well-kept barn, the men were divided into sections and cautiously approached the old house, being very careful of what they touched and where they placed their G. I's.

Super-Dooper Snoopers

Before opening the front door the men microscopically examined its cracks and crevices for concealed wires. With no wires noticeable, on of the braver characters gained entrance by shoving the door open little by little. Just at the right point, a small sack of flour swung loose from the ceiling and, in its vicious arc, caught aforesaid character halfway between the clavicle and the adam's apple. Other sacks were operated by devious means with the same results. Small pyrotechnics were concealed inside cupboards, behind closet doors, under a lantern, and inside a kitchen range. With the slightest disturbance these were detonated to the tune of a small explosion.

All in all, the day was well planned and brought out the men's aggressiveness in observation and detection. Flour-covered clothes and countenances save away those who were careless or unobserving in making their way from room to room.

After a short critique the company made the return march to Camp Adair, proudly carrying, attached to the pack of one of the men, an old American flag found

in the house, its stars and stripes unfurled and dancing in the breeze.

IDLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY
—Dear Santa: Please supply us, between now and Christmas, with a detachment of beautiful, blonde WAACs, about five foot three and dimpled. Thank you.

POST GUARD

by
Pvt. R. H. Kerns

The following soldiers, former members of the Post Guard, are being released into the rigors of civilian life under the thirty-eight age limit act: Pvt. John Hills, Pvt. Lance Waggoner, who are returning to Southern California to engage in defense work; Pvt. Ormal Woodworth, who is returning to Seattle to enter the shipbuilding industry.

Furloughs, "A" are being granted to Cpl. Sanford Lehrhoff and Cpl. Donald Eehalt, a couple of "Jersey Bouncers." Both of the boys leave tomorrow for fifteen days of paradise at their former residence, Newark, N. J.

Furloughs are being granted in the near future to the following Guardsmen: Pvt. Edward Hagerstrom, William Burbark, George Nix, Gustave Herrera, Avel Ruiz, and Fred Cook.

If you should happen to be walking near the Post Stockade, just take a gander at the new drill field recently laid out. The boys who laid it out are that way, too, but they're proud of it, especially when they have daily Guard Mount.

Pvt. King of the horse platoon who was nineteen years old, died recently on the field behind the Stockade. It is rumored that he saw a rookie salute an officer and died of heart failure. (Pvt. King was a horse.)

When the daily Guard Roster is posted on the bulletin board. If you are three blocks away you can hear this: "I'm (1)%"—"They can't do this to me!"

THE TIMBERWOLF

Pfc. William F. Moore, who is a Timber Wolf himself, has an aunt way back in Oklahoma City who knows her Timber Wolves. She composed the following poem, sent it to her nephew, who in turn sent it to the Sentry. Read on:

White fanged ranger of the night
The chief leader of his pack,
Of rugged limb in tireless fight
Menace in his arching back...

Alone on snow clad plain he stands
Scents the sleeping village place,
Marauder of marauding bands
Hanger in his lean gray face...

Seated with his head thrown high
He howls aloud a weird wail,
From timber hutch the self-same cry
The waiting wolf pack takes the trail.

Running on the wolves in packs
Stalk and wary down their prey,
By stealth the leader makes attacks
And kill more than they need to slay.

The leader turns and laves his breast
First at early streak of dawn,
On the slope near a hill side crest
Bones lie bare and the wolves are gone.

—M. M. Hargis.

\$10 REWARD

If the person who found a Waltham Premier wrist watch on a Salem bus recently (the initials "JB" are engraved on the back) will return it to the Post Public Relations office, there is a ten dollar bill waiting for him.

GUARD DETAIL— CAMOUFLAGE STYLE

At times—it comes, and seems to me
That I were born to be a tree—
With wooden limbs, I stand so still,
Just like a tree upon a hill.

Came birds that nest—to bill and coo—
They built a nest—and then they flew—
The nest they built became a snare,
For it was built, yes, in my hair!

A pair of wooden shoes I had—
And then they grew—then I was glad,
For roots that grew and held so fast—
Allowed me—so—to bend to blast.

And in the spring—there runs the sap,
While twigs sprout out upon my map—
Yes, this I know—and so am mean,
For who so likes, a cloak of green?

Pfc. William H. Eyster
February 3, 1943.

E. Stanley Jones Here Next Week

World Famous Minister
To Speak at Oregon
Pastors' Conference

Dr. E. Stanley Jones comes to Corvallis, February 21 to 24, centering his messages around the theme, "Christ Is the Answer." It is unusual for a city the size of Corvallis to get Dr. Jones. He is probably the best-known missionary evangelist in the world today. Thousands of the educated classes have heard him in India, Japan, Korea, Burma, China, and in Malaya. A few years ago South Americans thronged a series of meetings which he held in their principal cities. His following in the United States and Canada is probably unequalled by any other living religious leader. Three times he has refused election to the position of bishop, preferring to continue his work in India and the Far East and his task of lecturing and preaching to the entire world.

Author of Books
Eleven books have come from the pen of Dr. Jones, beginning with his famous "The Christ of the Indian Road." More than 800,000 copies of his books have been sold and have been translated into some 20 foreign languages. As an author, preacher, missionary statesman, and evangelist, E. Stanley Jones has few equals. He is a native of Clarksville, Maryland, received his education in City college, Baltimore, and in Asbury college, and holds honorary degrees from Duke and Syracuse universities.

The Oregon Pastors' conference, sponsored by the Oregon Council of Churches, of which Dr. E. W. Warrington is president, will meet

VENETIAN ALBANY

Now Playing
"GEO. WASHINGTON
SLEPT HERE"
JACK BENNY
ANN SHERIDAN

Starts Sunday
"SEVEN DAYS LEAVE"
VICTOR MATURE
LUCILLE BALL

GRANADA ALBANY

Now Playing
"OMAHA TRAIL"
JAMES CRAIG
DEAN JAGGER
also
"GREAT
IMPERSONATION"
RALPH BELLAMY

Starts Sunday
"SCATTERGOOD
SURVIVES A MURDER"
GUY KIRBEE
also
"ARMY SURGEON"
JAMES ELLISON
JANE WYATT

concurrently with the local Christian Mission. Ministers from all over the state and from all denominations will be so arranged so that they can benefit from the public meetings with Dr. Jones.

The Christian Mission opens with a mass meeting in the men's gym on the college campus Sunday night, February 21, at 8 o'clock.

On Monday morning at 10:45 Dr. Jones speaks to the high school students. At 12:05 Monday noon he speaks to a rally in the White-side theater. On Monday and Tuesday nights at 8 o'clock he will address community assemblies in the high school auditorium. On Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 in the First Methodist church Dr. Jones will address the women of the city. All are urged to be present.

On Tuesday and Wednesday mornings he gives his time to the Oregon Pastors' conference. He winds up his Mission here at a convocation at the college at 1:00 p. m. Wednesday. He will broadcast from KOAC once each day and further announcement will be made of these broadcasts.

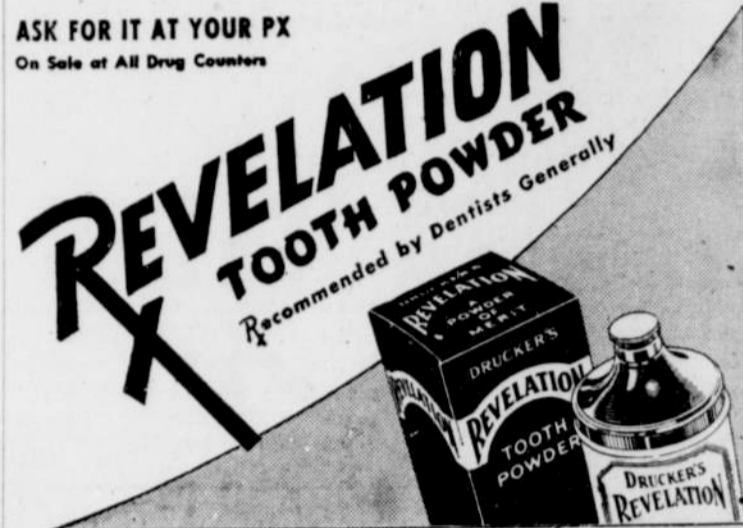
—And That's Why
Q. How come silver outranks gold in officer's insignias?
A. Here's the explanation we heard, soldier. In the early days of the organization of the Army, silver was used for the insignia of the higher grades; the lower grades had no insignia. Later, when they were given designations, it was simpler to use gold for these lower grades.

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