

Camp Adair Sentry

Published Every Thursday

A weekly newspaper published for the military and civilian personnel of Camp Adair, Oregon, and circulated free to officers, soldiers and civilians by written permission of the camp commander.

Published by the Camp Adair Sentry, publisher, Box 347, Corvallis, Oregon. News matter pertaining to Camp Adair, furnished by the Camp Public Relations Office, is available for general release.

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Subscription by mail \$1.50 a year or \$1 for six months.
Advertising rates upon request.
Address all communications to "Camp Adair Sentry, Box 347, Corvallis, Oregon."

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"OUR FIRST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF"

No man has left a greater heritage to Americans at war than our first Commander-in-Chief, General George Washington. It was he who gave to the Army of the American Revolution the courage to fight on against insurmountable obstacles. It was his powerful personality, his superb leadership, that turned a small band of green, poorly equipped men into an efficient Army.

We are all familiar with the hardships that Army had to endure at Valley Forge. They faced a bitter winter with threadbare clothes, with no shoes, with little food. But despite those hardships, they complained little about rationing or shortages. They did not adopt a "me first" attitude. They knew that war meant sacrifice; they knew the price of freedom. They were glad to pay that price. There is the spirit that the vast majority of our people still have today—a spirit that once more will enable us to fight our way through to victory.

There are many striking parallels between the problems facing our people today and those of the original 13 States. The French Alliance during the Revolutionary War brought a wave of over-confidence to the colonies, just as our recent limited successes and those of our Allies have spread the sedative of over-optimism throughout the United States. It took all of General Washington's pleading to make the American people realize that the Alliance should spur them to greater effort, in order to win the war as quickly as possible. We, today, must not allow ourselves to become complacent. A few battles won do not mean we have achieved complete victory. As our men on the battlefronts strike harder and harder blows against the enemy, our men and women on the home front must exert greater efforts toward the winning of the war. We must be prepared to pay the price that our all-out offensives will exact—a toll of lives in battle, and sacrifices at home, greater than we have ever faced before. And we in the Army feel sure that the American people today will face the grim facts of war with the courage of their pioneering ancestors.

Just as in Washington's day, when a paramount problem was to keep the thirteen states unified, so today we must see to it that there is no disharmony among us, or among the United Nations. Enemy forces during the Revolutionary War tried their utmost to split the thirteen states; as today the Axis is attempting to inject the virus of disunity among the United Nations. But their efforts have failed because the freedom loving people are determined to stand together. As our Commander-in-Chief recently expressed it . . . "the personal freedom of every American and his family depends, and in the future, will increasingly depend, upon the freedom of his neighbors in other lands."

As we commemorate the anniversary of the birth of one of our greatest Americans, let us recall the courage of those men he led to victory. Let us resolve to share together whatever hardships and sacrifices we may be called upon to endure. Let us determine to work together, to fight together, until the power of the United Nations shall have destroyed the Axis.

In that spirit we shall win the victory and the peace.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

Governors Island, N. Y.—There's one thing that I've wanted to write, ever since entering the service last May, but I've always been afraid to write it. Afraid that it would get me into trouble.

But now all I have to do is to quote from an article in "Army Life," the periodical which is written, edited and printed right in the building where I am writing this.

It says that a Pvt. Eugene Hensley, New Orleans Air Base, is giving speech lessons to non-coms who drill troops. That's his line. He has taught public-speaking and he knows, and he sounds off as follows:

"No more 'Hut! Tui! Thrup! Faw!' Military gibberish is out. It's being replaced by the simple 'One! Two! Three! Four!'"

Then he goes on to say that a sense of melody and rhythm is important and that a voice of moderate size can be heard well enough if it is projected from the diaphragm instead of from the throat.

Why, of course. Bellowing like an ox is no good if the words are not clear. Crisp, sharp enunciation is what makes for precision in drill. It's good psychology. If a drill master calls out "Forward, march!" sharply and with easy confidence, men will start moving that way.

But seldom have I heard those words spoken clearly and with conviction. Instead, I've heard curi-

ous, muffled sounds that meant one thing that I've wanted to write, ever since entering the service last May, but I've always been afraid to write it. Afraid that it would get me into trouble.

Aside from indistinct commands, careless and uncertain pronunciation of proper names seemed to be a common failing at Camp Adair, and there really was no excuse for it. Conceding that we men from the New York area carried out to Oregon the most amazing variety of family names ever seen or heard west of the Hudson river, I say that the men who called the roll should have made some effort to master them.

Most of them are pronounced correctly if they are pronounced phonetically, with the accent where common sense would put it. The natural procedure would be to look over any new list of names, mark the puzzling names, and ask the owners how they wish them to be pronounced. That's more dignified than floundering through them day after day, arousing resentment among men who are all the more touchy if their names are peculiar.

An Alabama farmer, with a 654-pound dead hog on his hands, remembered the fats salvage campaign and telephoned the state rationing officer, who made arrangements to have the animal rendered down for use against the axis.

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



and if he asks for a cigar I'd suggest you get it. He's threatened to leave for OCS."

There is a hollow or a trough
For each wave rolling up the beach.
For all the blasts of Winter, dour,
Faith's finger points to rosy June,
While frost and chill numb the earth,
Spring, waiting, grows beneath the gloom.
Forever, morning follows eve,
And after midnight, glorious noon,
For all the black clouds sweeping o'er,
There will be rainbow radiance soon . . .
Now half the world in agony
Writes as a singly beast in pain,
With mighty force sends crushing blows
The other half huris back again;
But after all the strife is o'er
Death's harvest reaped and horrors passed,
Our Morning Star will rise once more—
Faith, Hope and Love join hands at last.
— By Ida H. Waite

CHANGE CERPTS

POEME
There's a notable family
Named Stein
There's Gert and there's Ep
And there's Ein.

Gert's verses are punk,
Ep's statures are junk,
And no one can understand
Ein.
—From THE ALERT,
California.

NO POT TO MISS IN
Dear Ma:
"The Army's fine and I'm getting along swell. Plenty of clothes, good food, and good beds but there's only one thing, Ma, I miss the pot under the bed."
And Ma answered, "That's all right, Son, you've missed it many times at home."
—From THE ALERT,
California.

METALLURGY DEPT.
"How's your top-ktek these days?"
"Much better since his operation."
"Operation? I didn't know he had one."
"Oh, yes—They removed a brass rail that had been pressing against his foot for years."
—THE MOUNTAINEER,
Colorado.

"NOTHER POEME TO OUR PAL
Here's to our sergeant
A wit and a thinker,
Each one of us fellows
Thinks he's an old
Sweetheart.

The rookie failed to salute the post commanding officer.
C.O.: "Don't you know who I am?"
Rook: "Nope, just got here myself."
C.O.: "I am commanding officer of this post."
Rook: "That's a helluva good job, bud. Don't louse it up."
—From THE COMMUNIQUE,
Louisiana.

A motor vehicle was stopped by a sentry on guard at a crossroads.
"Who goes there?"
"One American major, a one-ton truck load of fertilizer, and one back private."
They were allowed to pass, but at every cross-roads they went through the same formula.
After a time the back private driver asked if they were likely to be stopped again.
"I guess so," replied the major,

"Well, major," said the private, "the next time we are stopped would you mind giving me priority over the fertilizer?"

Then there's the one about the recruit who tried every job in the detachment and failed miserably. The C.O. bawled him out and then tried another approach.
"Here you are," he said, "35 years old and no ambition. What do you want to be?"
"Thirty-eight, sir," came the reply.
—From THE COMMUNIQUE,

"A SOLDIER'S PRAYER"

Dear God, watch over her for me
That She may safely guarded be;
Help her each lonely hour to bear
As I would, Lord, if I were there.

When she is sleeping, watch her then,
That fear may not her dreams offend;
Be ever near her through the day,
Let none but goodness, come her way.

Sweet, faithful girl that waits for me
Beyond a wide and spacious sea—
Be merciful, oh God, I pray
Take care of her while I'm away.
—Elizabeth Giseburt:
To every man who has some one at home, one who means everything to him, this poem is dedicated.

A PRAYER AT RETREAT
I pray my son will never see
A day of toll in Infantry;
God keep him from the Engineers,
And spare him Paratroopers fears.
Keep him from the Quartermaster—
Save him from the Tank Corps blaster!
Don't teach him Air Corps spins and loops,
Or deafen him in Cannon Troops.
Wars should be won by Dads like me;
So our sons can live in LIBERTY!
—With apologies to Joyce Kilmer
By Edward L. Keating, T 5
Q.M.C., 332 Q.M. Depot Co.

Restriction of the production of safety razors, razor blades and straight razors will save upwards of 800 tons of high-grade steel.

To the editor:
Under separate cover we are sending cuts which you graciously loaned us for publicity purposes during our drive for furniture and equipment for recreation rooms and hospital at Camp Adair.
I wish to thank you for this fine courtesy and also to thank you in behalf of Eugene Lodge of Elks and Lane county for the nice write-ups in your paper.
That the drive was a success is the result of the splendid coopera-

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

Camp Adair

Recent figures made public by the War Department reveal that the Quartermasters Depot has spent 750 million dollars in the past six months—as much as was spent in the entire year of 1941.

The result is that, from the Arctic to the tropics, the American soldier is carefully and properly equipped to make good President Roosevelt's promise to "strike the enemy hard . . . strike him again and again."

It is from the Quartermasters Depot that the soldier receives the food he eats, the clothing and shoes he wears, the tents which shelter him, the mattresses and cots on which he sleeps, the toilet articles he uses, the stoves that heat his foods, and the tableware with which he eats it. His buttons — plastics will soon replace the brass — come from the Quartermaster. The flag he carries, the hero medals he wins, even the trombone he toots in the band—all issue from the Quartermasters.

That is why you might call the Quartermaster Depot the Army's general store — a general store that thinks and spends in terms of millions. That is why the American soldier of World War II is better and more comfortably and more sensibly clothed than any soldier since the beginning of time.

This supply division of the Army is doing a big job. It is up to every enlisted man and officer to follow through. In civilian life when a fellow buys a suit of clothes and pays for it himself, he is quite naturally careful of it. As a civilian he is careful to keep his shoes in proper repair and his overcoat pressed. As a good soldier he should be just as careful even though he has not paid out of his own pocket for what he is wearing. Even disregarding the money angle, thoughtless ill-usage of equipment works a hardship on every one. The soldier today has many things that those on the outside can not purchase for love nor for money.

It should not be necessary to keep lecturing a soldier on the care of his equipment. He should take enough pride in the uniform he wears to keep it and other GI equipment in the best possible condition.

tion of all interested people, whether in Lane or Camp Adair.

We shall have another lot of furniture to be picked up on Saturday, February 27—after which the Elks will turn over the detail to the regular Red Cross Camp Adair committee.

Sincerely,
E. G. Boehnke, Chairman,
Eugene Elks Camp Adair Com.

Your Governor Greetings You

Utah
It is a pleasure for me to send greetings to the Utah boys at Camp Adair. We at home are deeply grateful for the contribution our boys are making toward the security of all people. Please assure them that they have our faith and prayers for their safety and comfort at all times.
Herbert B. Maw.

Indiana
As Chief Executive of the State of Indiana, I wish to extend warm greetings and best wishes to all Hoosier boys now stationed at Camp Adair. We are not unmindful that you are ready to make the supreme sacrifice to the end that our form of free government may be preserved.

We want you to know that we at home have a deep feeling of appreciation for your patriotic loyalty to your country.
Henry F. Schricker.

South Dakota
South Dakota is mighty proud of the 30,000 men in the service from this state. They are in every part of the world, representing us and doing the job for which they have been drawn into the service. Please extend my greetings to every South Dakota man in Camp Adair. We are wishing for them all the power and luck in the world, that this war may end at the earliest possible moment.
Harlan J. Bushfield.

Arkansas
On behalf of the two million men, women and children of Arkansas, I have the honor to send greetings to the boys from Arkansas with the fighting forces of our nation.

We know that one of our sacred responsibilities to you is the safeguarding, at home, of those principles of freedom for which you are mobilized to fight.
Our admiration, our affection and our prayers go with you towards the ultimate triumph which you shall soon achieve.
Homer M. Adkins.

Florida
Please convey from me, the greetings of the people of Florida, to our men who are with the armed services in Oregon.

We know that all Floridians in far-away Oregon "acquit themselves like men," in all circumstances. We wish them speedy success and an early return, when their job is done, to their families and friends here at home.
Spessard L. Holland.

The Athens, W.Va., county jail, vacant for a year, was scrapped and yielded 30 tons of steel.

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I'm only a Private in the Battle of Transportation

But it's a mighty important battle, for our armed forces and war workers need and must have more and more transportation. At the same time a lotta other folks want to ride with us, too.
It's tough for both us and our passengers, especially as plenty of my buddies are now servin' our country, drivin' tanks, trucks and jeeps. More are joinin' up every day.
However, we're gonna keep on givin' the best we got to help win the war. And I sure admire the way my passengers bear up under the crowdin' that war conditions bring.

Bill, the bus driver

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