

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.

Editor and manager: Don C. Wilson
 P. O. Address, Box 347, Corvallis, Oregon. Phone 865-M.

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."

News contributors to this issue: Lt. George H. Godfrey, Public Relations officer; T/Sgt. E. A. Brown, associate director; T/Sgt. R. L. Black, Sgt. Raymond C. Johnson, Pfc. Robert Ruskauff, Pvt. James O'Connell.



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 benumb 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
 Writhes as a kingly beast in pain,
 With mighty force sends crushing blows
 The other half hurls 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

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.

Supplies for Officers and Enlisted Men

GORDON HARRIS, Inc.
 Corvallis
 Across from Whiteside Theatre

"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.

X 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 statuses 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-kick 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.

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.

DECORATE THE SERVICE MAN WITH GIFTS FROM BROWN'S

Let the Service man know you are proud of him ... proud of his great achievement—Give him gifts from Brown's and buy War Bonds too!

WATERPROOF MILITARY WATCH
 \$1.25 Weekly **\$29.95**

MILITARY SERVICE RING
 Solid Gold
 \$1.25 Weekly **\$19.75**

PARKER '51 PEN AND PENCIL SET
 \$1.25 Weekly **\$17.50**

BROWN'S
 JEWELERS-OPTOMETRISTS
 LIBERTY AND COLONY STREETS SALEM, OREGON

Member Better Vision Institute
 SALEM'S LEADING CREDIT JEWELERS—OPTICIANS

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.

"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 toil 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 cooperation of all interested people, whether in Lane or Camp Adair.

HURLEY'S LOTION For Poison Oak

Over 5000 bottles sold. Guaranteed treatment for poison oak relief, 50¢ bottle by mail. HURLEY'S DRUGS, Albany

ANNOUNCING
 Change of OFFICE LOCATION to
Elks Building
 358 Monroe Street

STATE FARM INSURANCE CO.
 LIFE — AUTO — FIRE

Hollenbeck Insurance Service
 Phone 718—Corvallis

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! Tup! 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 "Forward, march!" to the men only because that was the command they expected to receive.

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.

"NOTHER POME 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?"
 Rookie: "Nope, just got here myself."
 C.O.: "I am commanding officer of this post."
 Rookie: "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 buck private."
 They were allowed to pass, but at every cross-roads they went through the same formula.
 After a time the buck private driver asked if they were likely to be stopped again.
 "I guess so," replied the major.

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

GREYHOUND

DEPOT: 111 Jackson St. PHONE: 1871, Corvallis

CRISP COTTON FRESHNESS!

Woven Seersucker Frocks

In a new spring collection of smartest styles. Various colors.
\$4.95

Seersucker Suits

Fine woven fabrics in stripes and plaids. White collar trim.
\$7.95

NOLAN'S
 The Quality Store Since '84
 THIRD and MADISON CORVALLIS