

1st Sgt. Ben Kladder Has Been Around Army Barracks Half of His 38 Years

By Cpl. Paul R. Kalman, Jr.

It happened two years ago down at Camp Roberts, Calif. While astounded NCO's stood around and gaped, a tiny six-year-old moved deft fingers over the received of a heavy machine gun. Five minutes later the youngster had detail stripped the weapon and laid the parts out in neat order. Then he put it back together again.

Remarkable? Not in the least. Young Martin Kladder just has army blood running in his veins.

As for his old man, most of the boys down in the 3rd Battalion H.Q. Co. of the 383rd Infantry know Top Kiek Ben Kladder only as the genial guy who gets their passes signed and who listens to their bellyaches. What they do not know is that in his 38 years, he has crammed 19 of them in every type of sundry and assorted army barracks from New York to Manila, that his biggest obsession is to take a personal poke at Mr. Schickelruber, and that he plans to soon be wearing the coveted gold bars of a second loonie via the Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning.

Sgt. Has Been Around

His face is like an open book, honest and smiling. He is personally acquainted with almost a fourth of all the first sergeants in the 96th Division and his joining the Old War Horse Club won't place him among a group of strangers. This Sergeant Kladder has been around.

When his mother died shortly after his nineteenth birthday, Sergeant Kladder's family broke up and he decided to join the army. That was in 1924.

Signing his name to the enlistment blank was just like tying a sky rocket to his back.

A few days later he was on his way to the Philippines.

Two days out of Panama his transport ran into a terrific tropical hurricane. Sergeant Kladder lays no claim to being a deep water man and a very natural occurrence resulted — three fourths of the ship's company began fighting it out for a place at the rail.

"I had to wait three days to squeeze in," the sergeant contended.

ed, "and I stuck there feeding the fish until he hit 'Frisco. To my knowledge I was the only man on the boat who reached the West Coast by rail."

Was in Japan

On completion of a two year hitch in Manila the transport bringing him home stopped at Nagasaki, Japan, to refill her bunkers.

"I will never forget the sight of the crew that loaded the coal bags on board," he recalled. "Men and women, some of them as old as 80, were standing on a bamboo scaffold and passing the sacks along from hand to hand and into the ship's hold."

Like all true army men, Kladder got homesick for GI chow after 28 days in civilian life following his discharge and hustled back to the recruiting office.

As in the case of First Sergeant Murray who we interviewed last week, Sergeant Kladder had his turn at guard duty at the military prison on Alcatraz Island.

Soldier Romance

In 1931 he met a pretty girl in San Francisco. They were married a short time afterwards and for the past decade she has made her home near whatever army post the sergeant has been stationed.

It is interesting to note that all through Sergeant Kladder's career he has stuck to his first love, the infantry.

His longest stay with one outfit was from 1927 to 1941 with the 30th Infantry in California. From the 30th, he was transferred to the Infantry Replacement Center at Camp Roberts.

No Desk Soldier

Sergeant Kladder is by no means attached to his orderly room with invisible strings. True, he's a fine desk soldier but whenever the occasion permits, he's right out there in the field with his boys sweating along with them. Their worries are his worries and the esprit de corps

Theodore, The Timber Wolf



Cpl. Sansone

"He is giving us what is called a broadside."

that he injects into his company is second to none.

Last year on maneuvers down in the California desert, Sergeant Kladder pulled a stunt that is still circulating wherever army yards are spun.

"The temperature was up to 122," he said. "It was so damned hot that even the jackrabbits were equipped with canteens."

At the time he was driving a Jeep when all of a sudden he spied a field shower room which had been improvised from an old cistern and a couple of lengths of rubber hose. He slammed on the brakes and drove the car right of the road and under the spray. Both sergeant and jeep got a thorough soaking.

Then, with a sigh of relief, he stepped on the accelerator and roared away into the dust of the desert.

Out of the HQ. Well

By Cpl. "Dubby" Duboff
Hq. Co. SCU 1911

Greetings: New York is a beautiful city to be FROM these days. Times Square is as dark as Corvallis after eight, and pleasure driving at any hour is forbidden. (No holds on "parking" have been changed to my knowledge).

To any of you air minded soldiers who may be contemplating a trip east (if you are fortunate enough to get that furlough) I have this to say, "Don't do it." Present transportation conditions are tough, that's true, but the railroad will at least tell you what day you should arrive at your destination. However, if you don't mind being awakened by a pretty airline stewardess who does not tuck you in, but kicks you off as you are tucked out, and a few minutes later you find yourself trudging through inches of snow wondering what the h— it was all about. It doesn't take you long to unscramble this Jerkwatertown's airline executive's doubletalk. It sounds something like this. "Do you have priority? Just a moment please. No eh— Well, sorry but you must have priority, only passengers with priority will be able to make the trip, due to bad weather we must take precaution, all flights are traveling light, some will be cancelled, you can phone the priority officer at Denver." "What's his number?" I asked, catching a word in while he paused to take a long breath. "Oh," he replied, "you can't phone him until morning." "What time is it now?" I asked. "Three a. m.," said he, intelligently. "Hm — do you mind if I get my coat off that plane before it takes off?" All he had to say was "Why sure" (famous Oregon expression) and I probably would have pinned his ears back with my corporal stripes. I can take that from Oregonians, because the sun is now shining beautifully here, but not from CHEYNE, WYOMING. . . . It is still a mystery to me how a certain attractive blond managed to get on the next plane, to visit her boy friend in Seattle, while I was left behind looking up, holding the bag, as usual.

I am told upon my return that a Hq. Company soldier home on a furlough visited a health resort to rest a few days. He was told by the proprietor that "everyone here at this hotel must exercise every morning. It is a tradition here at 'Hotel Greenhouse' which has not been broken for twenty years. "But I came here to eat and rest," this recruit proclaimed, "and I refuse to exercise." He later checked out. "Before you leave," the proprietor pleaded, "just do one exercise for me—to keep my record clear. Please just bend down, keep your knees stiff, and touch your valise." The yardbird bent over and said,

MARRIAGE VOWS 'TOKIN' AND NOW 'WHOSE COOKIN'

Dan Cupid recently took a double "pot-shot" at the SCU 1911 QM Mess Hall with the net results:

S/Sgt. Moss, mess sgt., on March 1 was married to Miss Jeanne Cochrane at the Post Chapel. They will reside in Albany.

Sunday before last T/5 Thomas, cook, joined the list of the benedicts when he married Miss Betty Schmidt at Chapel No. 1. The couple will also reside in Albany.

When S/Sgt. Moss and T/5 Cook now greet their ever-loving in their Albany thresholds the time-honored greeting will be changed to:

"Hello honey. Who's cookin'?"

"I'm touching my valise. What now?" "Open it," said the proprietor, "AND GIVE ME BACK MY TOWELS."

No Dearth In The Mail Business, eh, Corporal?

At Fountain City, Tennessee, Sir Stork brought a baby daughter who will be named Charlotte to Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Stork recently. Mr. Stork's occupation is not delivering babies. It is delivering mail.

Frenzied Finance

by Sgt. Fred Ashworth

Fare-well Parties! Lots of fun, but the morning after is the thing that hurts. During the past week we have had so many that every-one has a perpetual hang-over. In fact, some of the fellows have so many dark circles under their eyes that they are afraid to get near a rifle range. From the shoulders up they look like targets.

First fare-well of the week was to Pvt. George Andrews from Officer's pay section. He's off somewhere in the Utah country and plugging away as usual.

Next two men to be given a send-off were Staff-sergeant Paul Barnhill and T/3rd Cal Chandler. Barney was the popular manager of the Post Headquarters Theater and Cal was the captain of the Headquarters Company basketball team. Both fellows were good men in the office and both took such interest in recreational activities. We are all ready to salute them again when they get back from OCS with their bars.

M/Sgt. Chick Reynolds, last but not least, to leave, will be missed by all. As first sergeant he was able and popular with all the men. As head of the Enlisted Pay Section he was well known amongst all the men of SCU 1911.

Sad Scenes Seen at Post Finance

"Spanky" McAllister brooding over "Skeeter" since Cal Chandler left the office. The fellows are all beginning to worry about Spanky as he has been trying to fill Cal's shoes. His feet are big enough, but can he make the grade with "Skeeter"?

Here's to Mollo, the sad old bloke Who loses every time we toss for "coke"

Said Molloy, "What an expensive joke, No wonder I'm always broke."

So struggling under the debtors clutch

Is Molloy who borrowed for "cokes" and such

"I never thought that it would cost so much,"

Said Molloy, "That hand that loves to touch."

Inflation prices in Italy have brought the price of good farm land to around \$2,000 an acre, and poorer land is proportionately expensive.

Telephone Girls Play Hostess at New Home

Camp Adair Officers Are Invited To Inspect Dorm; Supper Served

The "hello girls" of the Camp Adair Telephone Exchange played hostess last Friday afternoon and evening at a reception and open house for the officers stationed here, at their new dormitory, with guests conservatively estimated to have exceeded the 200 mark. The occasion marked the completion of the furnishing of their attractive quarters and also served to allow the officers to meet and get acquainted with the persons who are playing such a tremendously vital part in the camp's communications system.

All regiments of the 96th and Timber Wolf Divisions, together with Service Command Unit 1911, were well represented, and among those signing the guest book were Generals Bradley and Easley from the 96th.

The ten girls, including Chief Operator Henrietta Bell, have been at Adair since November 23, but were billeted in the Guest Houses until their own dorm had been completed and furnished.

Each girl has her own room in which she has permitted her decorator's taste to develop around the basic maple bedroom furniture provided. A tour of the quarters was taken by each guest. Each room was entirely different as it reflected much of the occupant's personality. Matching draperies, bedspreads and wardrobe curtains seemed the dominant theme, and these ran the gamut from flowered chintz to geometrically designed homespun fabric.

Lamps and personal effects, such as pictures, and hobby collections added the finishing touch. One girl, for example, is a fancier of Indian rugs, and one of her Navajo prizes was hung on the stairway landing wall, and another was on her bedroom floor. Another has a valued collection of dogs; still another preferred odd-shaped perfume bottles.

Attractive Quarters

The entrance to the dormitory opens into a large reception and living room, where guests were received and a buffet snack served. A small and complete kitchen is directly behind, where the girls may prepare themselves a sandwich and salad and some coffee. The showers and bath are on the main floor as are two bedrooms and a guest room. The remaining bedrooms are on the second floor together with linen closets and storerooms. Some of the rooms have been finished in knotty pine and all the rooms were attractive enough to inspire the envy of the visitors.

An enclosed corridor connects the dorm with the switchboard or nerve center of the exchange, and connecting with this is the room where equipment is housed.

Assisting Miss Bell at the affair were the other operators, Mrs. Maybelle Beals, Mrs. Claire Buckner, Miss Ruth Campbell, Miss Louise Cooper, Miss Virginia Gurnee, Miss Bessie Humphreys, Miss Catherine Hanley, Mrs. Bessie Monjay and Miss Harriet Schwendker.

Greeting the guests were Mr. Cal Horn, Camp Telephone Manager of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Capt. Norvel G. Reetz, Post Signal Officer. Assisting as guides were Mr. Jim Howard and Mr. B. R. Nelson who are stationed with the telephone service at this camp. Among the guests were Mr. H. Judy of Portland, Mr. Lewis LaBare, and Mr. Allen Tweedale, both of Eugene, and all of whom are associated with the telephone company.

The exchange as it is now has been operating since early November and the girls arrived in the latter part of that month.

Funds to Outfit One Super-Duper Day Room Voted by Salem Post

Capitol Post No. 9, Salem American Legion, have voted funds to fit up a room for servicemen at Camp Adair.

Vice Commander John Olson is chairman of the committee in charge of this and has already obtained a piano, radio and several other pieces of furniture. Olson states that he will take measurements for drapes in the near future.

Funds available for this purpose were made possible through patronage of service men at the dances held Saturday evenings in the Armory, under the auspices of the local post.

Observers from the Office of War Information traveled more than 12,000 miles, visiting and inspecting troop concentration areas, to find out about American soldiers' drinking habits, and found they were good.

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