

A weekly journal devoted to maintaining morale with the responsibility of circulating post information and news at Camp Adair, Oregon.

Camp Adair

SENTRY

OREGON STATE LIBRARY

By special arrangement MAR 25 1943 programs for towns surrounding Camp Adair will be published each week. You will find them tabulated on page nine.

Vol. 1, No. 49.

Camp Adair, Oregon, Thursday, March 25, 1943.

\$1.50 a Year by Mail

Athletic Drive Successful

\$15,000 Net in Fund For Sports Equipment

Post Benefits From 'Break-down' Made in Portland Conclave Monday

By Pfc. Bob Ruskauff
Sports Editor

The round-up of the now-completed Service Men's Athletic Equipment Fund drive will see immediate allocation of some \$15,000 worth of equipment and cash to various camps and detached units throughout Oregon, it was revealed to the Sentry following a meeting of civilian directors, Post athletic officers and Red Cross field directors Monday in Portland.

Session, presided over by Chairman James K. Richardson, was held in the Public Service Building.

From Adair

Representing this post were Lt. Walter Sindlinger, Athletic Officer, and Verl Lewis, director Red Cross Field office. Also present at the conclave, from the Timber Wolf division, were Major Nicholas DeDakis, SSO, and Lt. Bob Duffy, Athletic Officer.

Civilians present who have served prominently in the fund drive were Ray Montgomery of Chevrolet motors; C. B. Stevenson, vice president, First National Bank; Robert T. Knotson, managing editor, The Oregonian; Ernie Pate, physical director, Portland YMCA, and John Scott, state representative of the American Red Cross.

Distribution of the fund, which will probably be made on the rec- (Continued on page 4, column 5)

Soldiers on Furlough Allowed Food Coupons

Soldiers going home on furloughs of seven days or more will be entitled to certificates for the purchase of rationed foods, the Office of Price Administration has announced.

To obtain a certificate, the soldier merely shows his furlough papers to his War Price and Rationing Board and he will be given enough ration points to cover his time home on leave. The certificate, however, must be used all at one time, as no "change" in stamps will be permitted.

Dayton Donates Vintage Cannon

Capt. Tony Frank in Receipt of Seven Ton Load of Prized Metal For War at Ceremony

Enough steel, of the finest grade, to provide armor for a modern tank was donated to the United States government Tuesday by citizens of Dayton.

The imposing seven inch cannon, pride of Dayton's city park for more than 20 years, was picked up by a detail of soldiers from Camp Adair. The horse drawn weapon, mounted on four sturdy wheels, was believed to have seen service in France during the last war, since residents recall it was in perfect working order and in excellent condition when it was received.

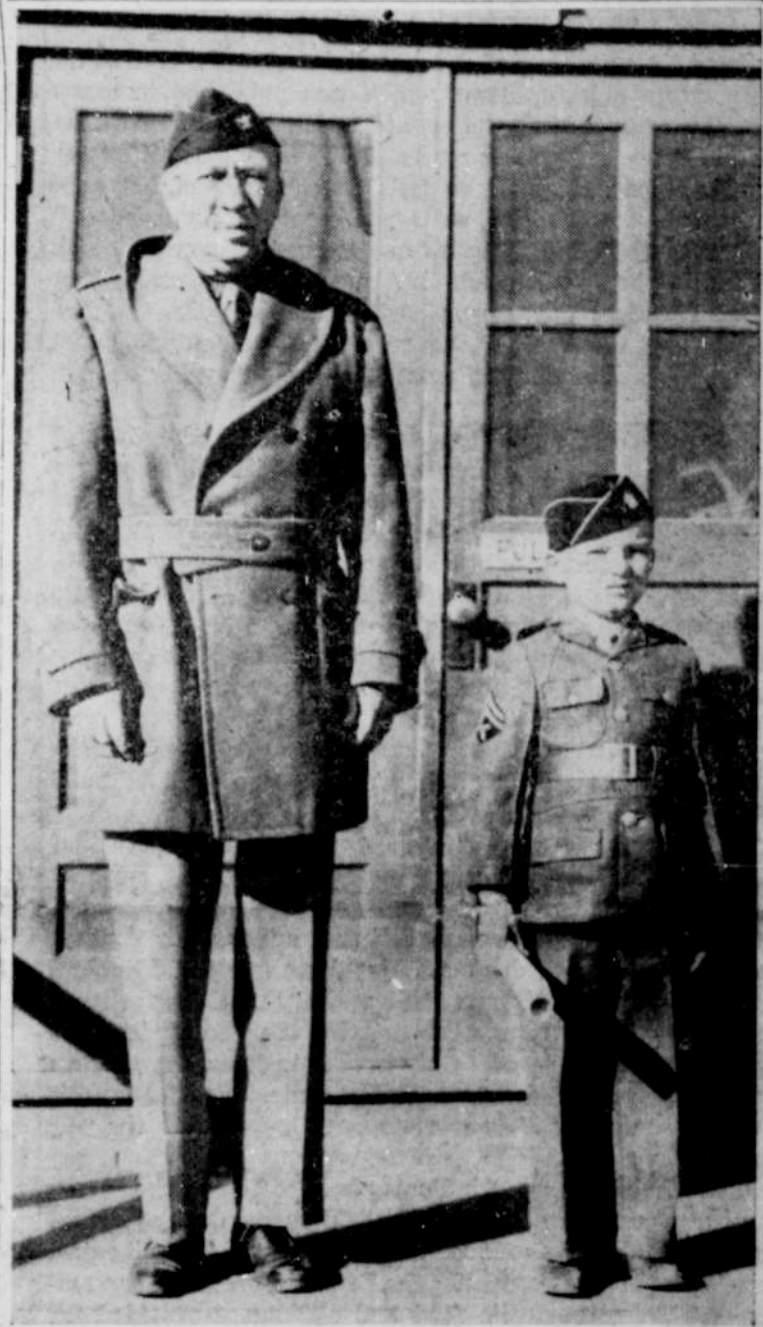
Rites for Relic

Present to pay their last respects to the relic, and to turn it over officially to Captain Tony Frank, assistant director of supply at Camp Adair, were Carl H. Francis, mayor, and Earl Coburn, president of the chamber of commerce.

The cannon was brought to the city about 1922, when a group of business men subscribed the amount necessary for transportation. It arrived in Seattle by boat, presumably from the battle fields of France.

The weapon is an 1899 model, made at Rock Island arsenal in 1902. According to Captain Frank, (Continued on page 11, column 4)

The Colonel and the T-5



No, he isn't the youngest soldier at Camp Adair, but he's soldierly just the same, is T/5 Freddie Sylvia, aged 7. On a recent visit to this Post the "Little Corporal" cracked out orders to a squad from the 96th just like your favorite top kick, then posed proudly for a picture with our Post Commander, Col. Gordon H. McCoy.—Signal Corps Photo.

PORTLAND SPECIAL TRAIN !!!

What was the confusion at the bus depot Saturday?

No Brother, you're wrong. It wasn't a run on the bank like in the good old days, but just the millions of enlisted men from Camp Adair trying to get transportation to the nearby towns for the week end. Reason? The Portland Special Train was not running, because Southern Pacific equipment had to be diverted for vital troop movements. And so no special train . . . last week. OH YES, the train will run this coming week end as usual!

But the mad rush at the bus depot last week only proved what we have been saying for a long time—that without the Portland Special Train, the Camp Adair transportation problem would be sad indeed. Sad isn't exactly the word for it . . . but we think you get the idea.

This coming week end, however, we are fortunate enough to have our train back again, and we expect to see more than ever down at the station, and going to Portland, Saturday, March 27, 1943. The train will leave Wellsdale at 2:30 p. m., and for the return trip Sunday night, will leave the Union Station in Portland 10:30 p. m. Buy your tickets today from your unit Special Service Officer. Roundtrip fare is still only \$2!

Sgt. Franklin, Hero; Given Soldier's Medal

Rescues Drowning Man From River

This camp, although less than a year old, has produced its second hero medal winner.

This was made known late last week with official notice from Ft. Douglas, Utah, that Sgt. Clinton L. Franklin, of the camp Military Police detachment has been awarded the Soldier's Medal. The citation is for the sergeant's heroic action last New Year's Day, in rescuing a drowning man from the Willamette river during a flood.

Thus Sgt. Franklin takes his place alongside Sgt. Clarence D. Leach, of the Timber Wolf division, who was awarded the Soldier's Medal last fall for bravery shown when a truck accidentally caught fire.

Sgt. Franklin enlisted in the service at Big Pines, California, in August 1942. Two months ago he was transferred from Camp Adair to a post in Georgia.

Oh, Dear! The Chaplain Hear. Oh, Gee! The Chaplain See—Bad Girls Whistling at He

It's Spring now, in Oregon just the same as in Sand Point and Brooklyn (Ref: Dr. Carter's Almanac, which states that Spring arrived officially March 21).

Yes, it's Spring and Capt. Lloyd V. Harmon, Post Chaplain, felt it enjoyably as he walked along First Street South. Vaguely he became conscious of a low, melodious whistle.

"The Swallows returning to Capistrano," murmured the Chaplain to himself and gazed skyward. But there were no birds. There was nothing, in fact, but dark bellows of drifting smoke from the post laundry. "Ho Hum, my mistake," admitted the Chaplain.

Again the low whistle penetrated his pleasant haze. This time he was more practical. He looked around at ground level. He saw—

and immediately went over to—a group of four pretty young ladies (Psst! They work in the Red Cross offices).

"Were you hailing me?" asked the Chaplain.

There was a moment of embarrassed silence. Then one of the girls said: "Pardon us, Chaplain, we were waiting for Corporal Ryan."

"My mistake," admitted the Chaplain graciously, and went his way.

It's Spring now, in Oregon the same as Sand Point and Brooklyn.

No unit columns this week because of space. Excuse please.

TURN TO PAGES 6-7 FOR SERVICE CLUBS FEATURE