

Artist's Dream Comes True



Staff Artist Don Lynch puts finishing touches on an oil painting of the shower system used last fall in the "Good Ol' Days" of Tent City, as he thinks of a "Soldier-Artist Work Shop." Barely two weeks ago the idea materialized and since that time has grown and developed into a popular and important Service Club recreational feature.

Artist Don Lynch Organizes Group

Professional Work Side by Side With Amateur Buddies

The "Soldier-Artist Workshop" . . . which started as a seed way last fall and experienced germination and growth about two weeks ago . . . is making rapid strides of progress in its plan to stimulate the arts at Camp Adair.

From a mixed group of rather perplexed master-artists and young hopefuls with a desire to make their fingers and brushes create their thoughts who convened a week ago last night, the "Workshop" has developed into a regular feature at the two Service Clubs and now boasts a membership well over 30 persons, each conveying his thought pictures into pen and pencil realities.

Full credit for organizing the "shop" goes to PFC Donald Lynch, whose work in charcoal, ink, water color and oil is known and recognized throughout the post. The idea of a place where fellows who liked to draw and paint . . . a place where they could improve their talents . . . came to Adair with Don. In Tent City he occupied his off-duty hours by making water color sketches of the life there. Even then, the desire was strong to start an art group . . . but the facilities were naturally too limited.

During the months thereafter, Don worked quietly on projects for Post Special Services . . . but all the while this project was in the back of his mind. He made important contacts in the nearby towns and in Portland, talking up his proposition at every opportune time. His campaign was taken seriously, as he intended it should be, for he was sincere. Organizations were told of the plan. And in due time, action was taken.

In Portland, Robert Tyler Davis,

director of the Art Museum and a well known artist in his own right, met Don and promised action. Action it was. A plea for voluntary contributions for the "Workshop" brought unanimous results. Museum members were asked to subscribe fifty cents. Checks for ten and twenty dollars poured in, instead. This week the total has reached nearly the \$300 mark!

Equipment Purchased

The contributions have been transformed into art equipment . . . easels, drawing boards, paints, brushes and dpaper. More materials will be coming in. Don's dream had been answered. The "shop" had materialized.

Nightly, excepting Saturday, the workshops, which are located upstairs in either Service Club, are bee hives of artistic activity. There's the corporal who, like Thurber, draws one-dimensional figures; the private who was a cartoonist on a New York newspaper before he came into service; the sergeant who wants to brush up on his lettering technique.

The workers take time out to criticize their buddies' work . . . to give tips . . . or to receive them. A fine spirit of cooperation . . . with everyone working under the one banner of art, is evident.

When possible, Don is on hand to help and give pointers. In the shop, he, too, works on his own projects . . . next week's cartoon for the "Camp Adair Sentry" . . . the new poster for the cafeteria . . . or perhaps a still-life that he wanted to get onto paper.

From time to time, models will be on hand for the sketchers. Future plans also include work in ceramics . . . picture frame making . . . and associated subjects based on art.

Competitive contests and exhibitions are also on the roster of "Things to come." The Portland Art Museum has already promised to exhibit the work done here. There will be exhibitions throughout the post.

Talent Unlimited

Already a store of heretofore

AND A DRAPE SEAT!

A soldier in Corvallis Saturday afternoon stopped in a corner restaurant for a bite to eat. He scated himself and the waitress came forth, like waitresses always do.

"What do you have?" he inquired.

She replied, "I have fried liver, boiled kidneys, calves brains and pig's feet."

"You'd better see your doctor; in the meantime bring me a bowl of soup," was the soldier's retort. Don't you believe it!

undiscovered talent has been uncovered. For the "shop" is closed to no one. Truly professional artists always feel they can still improve; average artists always desire to do better . . . and the beginners are eager to get started.

Murals for various regimental and company dayrooms throughout the cantonment will eventually be painted by the artists working here. Do nalready has several to his credit. This in part, is tangible justification for the workshop's existence.

The "Soldier-Aartist Workshop" has just begun. It will grow, slowly but surely, into a thriving project which will well fit into the recreational program designed for the enlisted men stationed here. There is nothing to stop it!

Dance Again Saturday At New USO Ballroom

The second of a weekly series of dances at their new ballroom will be held Saturday evening at the Corvallis USO, 5th and Monroe, with a five-piece orchestra dishing out the music.

Per new custom every Wednesday will be cabaret night, with orchestra and, occasionally, special entertainment.

The Arctic wolf weighs as much as 175 pounds.

Pvt. O'Hara Writes To The Glory of KP

(Continued From Page 1) give you Pvt. Thomas J. O'Hara's sparkling literary reaction to a strictly GI duty:

"KITCHEN COMMANDOS"

By Thomas J. O'Hara

Up to a few short years ago the term Commando was unknown to the great American public. Yet, strangely enough, Commandos have existed since primitive times. The lowly Neanderthal man was, I firmly believe, the very first. The only difference being that he obtained a woman, a custom observed to this very day, to do his fighting.

Gravy Boat Scuttler

When I use the term Commando I refer, of course, to those unsung heroes of well-battered battlefields, those scuttlers of over-worked gravy boats; the K.P.'s.

The eternal struggle of these men against miscellaneous crumbs and grease spots has been fought for untold eons. Millions of men, in training for other types of warfare, have left a truly glorious heritage for their equally ill-starred descendants to expand upon.

It may seem strange to the uninitiated that prospective warriors should drill over a sink. However, like most of the other Army practices, there is a reason for it.

It hardens you up. If you can stand fifteen hours of K.P. you can stand anything.

The average Kitchen Commando rises at five o'clock in the morning. About a half hour later dawn begins to tinge the eastern sky and the warrior reports to the Mess Sergeant for active duty.

Legitimate Gold Bricking

Let us, for a moment, digress. When the phrase "active duty" is employed, the universal understanding is that activity goes on only when constant official surveillance is maintained. The word "goldbricking" now comes into use. The word, contrary to popular misconception, does not mean neglect of duty or loafing. It simply means, in the words of Homer, "Don't do a damned thing until you're told

to." That's legitimate goldbricking.

Illegitimate goldbricking is the deliberate throwing of one's personal responsibility or share of the work upon the shoulders of others through lack of care or laziness.

This usually results in social castration.

In some unusual cases, however, it results in a meteoric appointment to OCS. Thus achieved is the grade of second lieutenant.

Let us now proceed:

It is far simpler for the KP if the unit to which he is attached eats out of mess kits. This insures a minimum of dish-washing; an indoor sport to which a totally comprehensible aversion is held by every soldier from Fort Dix to Camp Adair.

The Commando's main fighting consists of forcibly removing the outer covering, or skin, from large ferocious potatoes. There are, in existence, more hair-raising thrills for the really adventurous. One of these dangerous missions is conducted as follows:

Attack and Withdrawal

After slinging his gas-mask by the numbers, the intrepid battler grips a sharp steel blade in one hand and a freshly-cleaned pan in the other. Slyly and cautiously at right oblique he surrounds his enemy and launches a flank attack.

Within forty-five minutes an experienced raider should have the entire sack of onions completely peeled.

Before staging a strategic withdrawal for the night at about eight-thirty or nine the most venturesome task of all will arise. That is scrubbing the insides of red-hot baking ovens. The best way to do that is to heave a bucket of water and a bar of GI soap inside.

Evaporation and a week's confinement will do the rest.

Going home, like ending this dissertation, is a simple matter. You just wind up the interior guard, put out the cook, and say

Hasta Luego.



"O'Hara Throws Back Violent Frontal Assault."

381st of the 96th Announces Its Ups

Numerous promotions from various units of the 96th Infantry Division were announced this week.

In the 381st Infantry Regiment of the 96th Division, Anthony L. Hartnett, Joseph Balistereri, James C. ole, and Bert E. LaRue were boosted this week to first sergeants. Promoted to staff sergeant were James Moore, John B. Bruno, Richard A. Rasmussen, Lewis C. Sutton, Jr., Robert D. onner, Wilbur A. Johnson, Leroy E. Purcell, Evelyn A. Brown, Emil W. Wilke, Olin L. Jarvis and Minor Butler.

Sergeant stripes were issued to Aaron O. Labrie, Richard T. Wagner, John I. Lorenz, Saverio Calderara, Lee I. Steck, George W. Reed, Gerals F. Moran, Lloyd A. Wambaugh, Leonard F. Meadows, Leo M. Allen, Thomas G. Newport and Howard D. McAnally. Harrel N. Crain, Richard D. Poland, Stanley

R. Braden and Alcide F. Girard are now T/4's.

Promoted to T/5 were Cletis O. Johnson, Carl B. Rider, Nat. Locasio, Eugene P. Wheelock, William S. Poteet, Lucy I. Harmon, Frederick H. Fuemmeler, Robert J. Neuman, Louis S. Rappold, Richard J. Roth and Francis R. Holloway. Henry K. Shackleton, Henry C. Strickland, Gregorio Zuniga, Roy E. Knight, Frank J. Dowell, Elby O. Steward, James W. Smith, Jr., Aaron F. Polak, James H. Sanders, Vester L. Beard, Kenneth F. Case, Vernon R. Dillard, J. Bolton, Gerald C. Harris and Alban C. Caillouet Jr., are now corporals.

"THANK YOU" NOTES

The tail end of the story about 250 war workers who spent three days at Camp Atterbury at the War Department's invitation is that they've pledged to raise \$10,000 for recreational equipment for soldiers overseas.