

**QUARTERMASTER**

"QUOTES and QUERIES"  
Pfc. F. Smith—Sgt. M. Gaines

Happy Birthday Dear 'old' Sentry  
You've passed your very first year

If you think that was tough  
Try the second, with this pair here!

Since this is the Sentry's first anniversary edition, we wonder if you readers would mind us "Old Adair Men" (10½ months) reminiscing back to the days when we first arrived here; when barracks and the present day Sentry were just dreams. REMEMBER back there when Cpl. Dom Arbia, Major Brandt's driver, didn't drive for Major Brandt! Or for that matter wasn't a Cpl. but a "goldbrick" like the rest of us! Remember? It was there also that he started corresponding with a Miss Renee Ring of Roseland, N. J. (have we got spies!! Who's this guy Winchell?) Which correspondence, by the way, has progressed to the stage where they now exchange opinions on things in general. (Dom borrows his for the occasion.)

Remember back in his "younger days," the hazard Bill Shnelwert made with his extra large PRO-BOSCIS (nose to youse guys) sticking out of his tent?

Remember S/Sgt. Milt Weinstein (who in those days was JUST Milt Weinstein) and the trials and tribulations he went through for Tent City's mascot, Stinky? In those days, it was Milt who lead the DOG'S life! Remember?

Speaking of "Stinky"—Remember the trouble Bill Shnelwert, he of the before mentioned "enlarged nostrils," and Mike Gaines, of these mutterings and the Station Hospital, had getting him back from Salem, where they bought him for 75 cents. It was in the dead of night, and both are Limited Service because of their eyes! Figure it out for yourself.

Remember the disappointment on both sides when we received our first passes and went to Corvallis? We expected a larger town and they in turn expected SOLDIERS! Remember?

Remember Murray "Michael Angelo" Kruger, who disappeared every morning into a tent outside the, then, partly constructed QM Warehouses, not to be seen again till noon. (Chow time—don't you know!!) After chow, back again like a groundhog who's seeing things, Mike would go. Night would find Mike, (which is more than the Non-Com's could do (emerging from his canvas home with a board with ONE NUMBER on it!! Remember?

Remember way back there when Sgt. (only then he was Cpl.) Van was resting peacefully (like Sgts. always do!!) little dreaming of the part he was to play in Adair's "growing pains." Namely, "Bull Gang Pusher," "Foreman of the Bar QM Stables," and last but not least, the role for which he was

most suited, "Hector, The Garbage Collector!" Remember?

Remember the "reading rooms" at the east end of Tent City?

And the greenish concoction that S/Sgt. Moss (then Pfc.) would pass out as coffee? And then WE would PASS OUT!

And Tom Duddy, now a "fugitive" from Adair, (he left on a cadre). He was Author, Director and Cast of "Famous Latrine Rumors No. 1-1000 From Adair." Included amongst others—was the famous "QM 1911 is going en masse to North Africa." Remember?"

Remember the day Will Hamm, Dom Arbia, Howie Britting (since gone to OCS) moved Post Headquarters from Corvallis into camp? Driving this detail, which we'll never forgive, was John "Mad Russian" Deskievitch! If Headquarters came unmarked through that creature's driving, we're afraid all our secret wishes will go for naught, fellows! Remember?

And the tough time we had getting Tom Ryan to use the make-shift showers alongside the tents? He wasn't afraid of the showers themselves, it was the WATER that frightened him!

Remember the first dances in Corvallis with the Oregon State co-eds? And the threats of resigning from school rather than to face those "Horrible Hoofers" again!

Remember that "drought" of two days without rain last summer, that the natives told us was unusual? And we didn't believe them! Remember?

We hope we haven't bored you with our ancient history  
We promise, for the second year of it, you may be free.  
So, once again, one year OLD Sentry, we say to you,  
Good luck! But let's hope we're all home before you're Two!

The golden bear of California, a variety of the grizzly, has long been extinct.

**REMEMBER THE FLOOD? WHAT FLOOD?**



Spring is at Adair, and to stay the Oregonians tell us, until followed by summer (and gentle showers. But it flooded once (we can tell it now), though this was unusual. And civilian gals on the post took refuge for three nights about Jan. 1, in these comfortable quarters at Service Club 1. Did they like it? —, yes They loved it. This Public Relations Photo proves it.

**Post Ordnance  
Post Scripts**

Chief event of the previous week was the transfer of Tech Sgt Leonard A. Tanner, chief clerk, and First Sergeant of the detachment ever since those dear, old, tent city days. Taking his place will be T/3 Ralph A. Gleissner.

The other Saturday, the intrepid Sons of the Flaming Bomb went to the range to complete their course in rifle marksmanship. But, rain and fog necessitated the postponement of firing until some future day. However, we did manage to

get in 15 practice rounds. Best shots were Pfc. Chuck Hammett and Privates "Jake" Jacobsen and "Major" Brown. Outstanding contender for the booby prize was "Field Soldier" Johnny Adamson. Blame it on the gremlins, Johnny. Further episodes of "They Gave Me A Gun," or "Home On The Range," will appear in subsequent editions.

Strange mutterings came from the bunk of "Hop-a-long" Studdert, last Wednesday night. They sounded like "Four Sixes" and "I'll play these" It seems that Studdert went to bed that night a poorer, but a much wiser man.

Off on furlough this week, is T/4 Eddie Hoyt. It's "Back Home Again In Indiana" for Eddie and wife Betty. When last seen, Eddie was headed for the depot with that "Wabash" look in his eyes and "Terre Haute" on his lips.

Challenge is hereby made to the Frenzied Finance to a softball game to decide the championship of Barrack 465. The prize?—a quart of liniment to ease those creaking old bones.

Best Wishes Dept.—  
To our C.O., Captain Emery L. Jackson, on his recent promotion.

To T/3 "Bud" Gleissner, new Chief Clerk and First Sergeant.

To Sergeant and Mrs. Frankie L. Veitschegger on the birth of a nine pound son and heir—their first.

To Private and Mrs. David L. Cheney on the birth of an eight pound girl—their third.

To civilian employees Earl Mustonen and Milo Lawton, awaiting induction into the service.

That's about all for now. Meet you again next week.

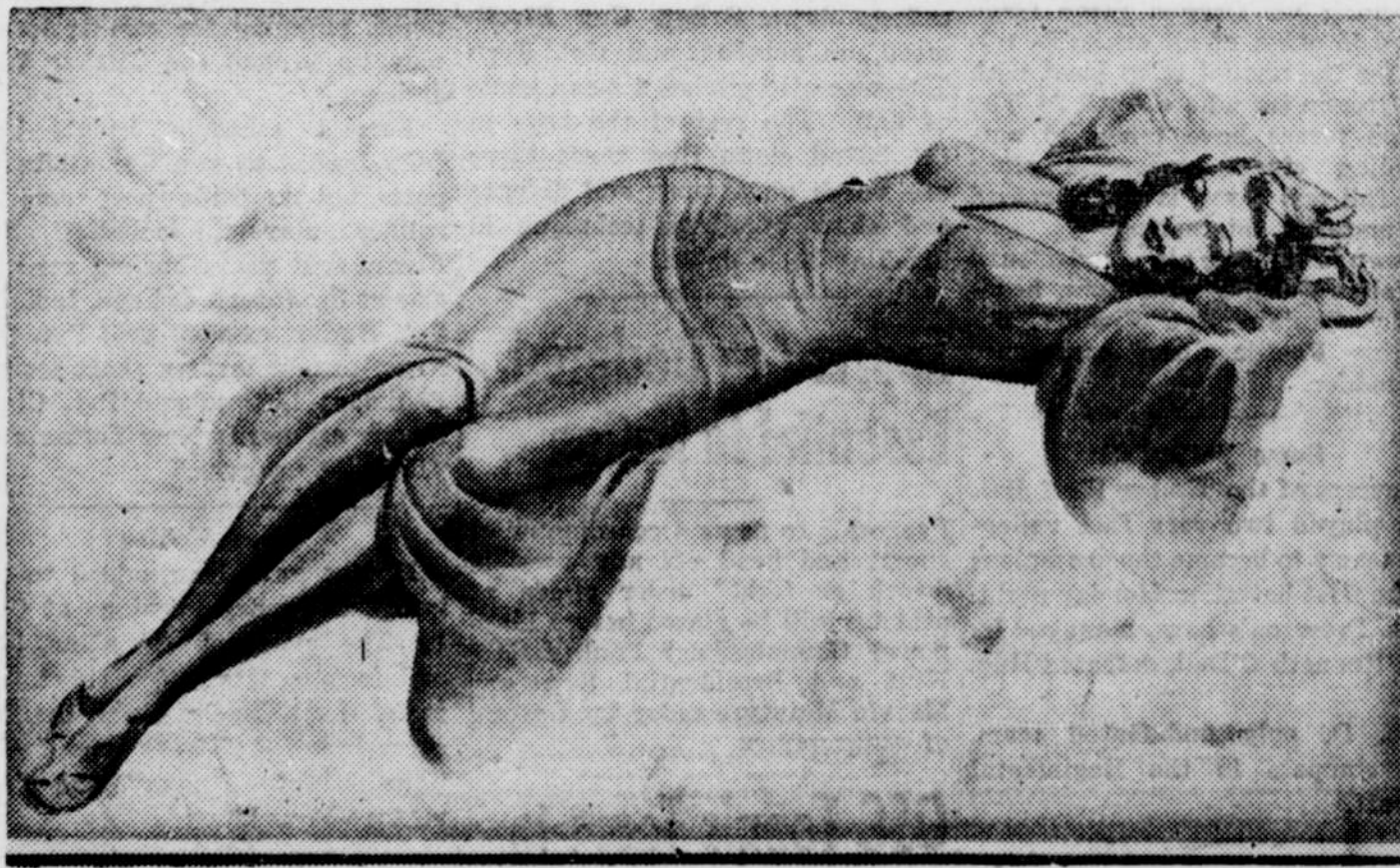
If you're captured, don't let the enemy talk you into speaking over the radio "so the folks at home know you are all right."

The War Department recently prohibited soldiers from "making use of enemy wireless broadcasting facilities," so you'd probably face court martial when you got back.

But the most important reason is that the enemy uses such broadcasts for propaganda.

Abaca, a banana-like tropical plant, is the source of Manila hemp fibres.

**LESSON 102 IN STREAMLINING**



We only used this picture because T 5 Don Lynch, recognized here and there as an artist, said she displayed dynamic tension.

**Male Call**

by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

**Lackey in Khaki Goes WAACY**

