

Dedicated to the weekly issue of interesting, accurate and complete GI news to the personnel of Camp Adair, Oregon.

# Camp Adair

## SENTRY

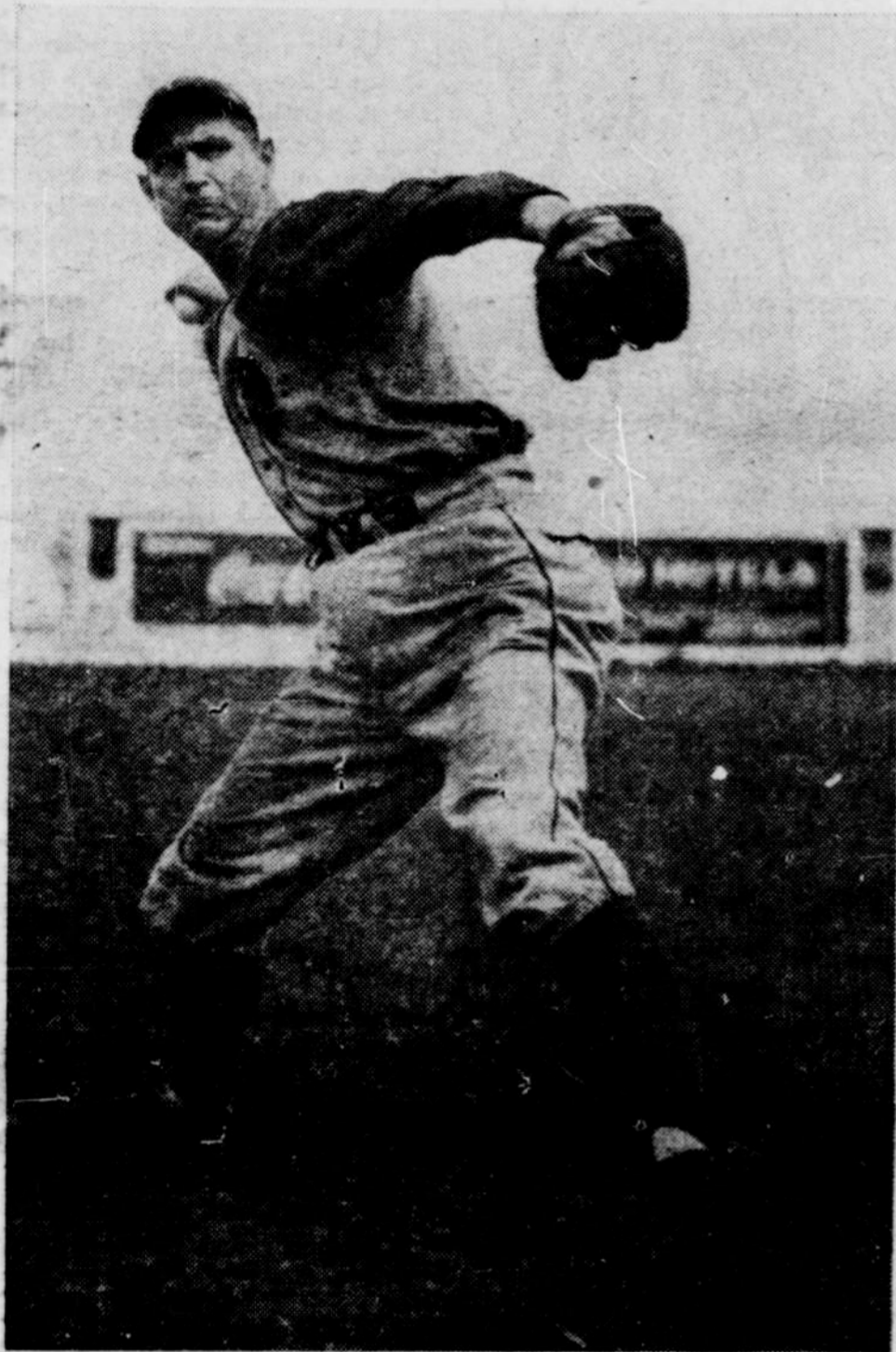
By special arrangement, USO programs for towns surrounding Camp Adair will be published each week. You will find them tabulated on Page 11.

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Camp Adair, Oregon, Thursday, June 10, 1943.

\$1.50 a Year by Mail

### MAY MAKE SACS SAD SACKS



SGT. JACK KNOTT, former St. Louis Browns' pitcher, who will not start in game against Portland Coast Guards tomorrow, but will exercise some of his big-league potency against Sacramento next Monday in game at Salem.

## 'Wolf Ball Nine Plays Portland, Sacramento

### Meet Coast Guard Here Friday; Battle Solons in Salem Monday

Two great ball games, one on the Post tomorrow, will be played by the Timber Wolf Division nine.

Lt. Bob Duffy, division athletic officer, yesterday announced the first "home game" played by the potent Wolf team will take place on the Sea Gull diamond at 5:30 p. m. tomorrow, against the powerful Coast Guard team of Portland.

## Post Switches to Sun Tan Monday

### Memo Out Today; No ODs In Camp; Field Jackets Taboo

On Monday, Camp Adair will switch over to sun tans.

This was the announcement received just before going to press last night, from the office of Capt. Gilbert A. Waite, Post Adjutant.

Today's memo, signed by the Post Commander, Col. Gordon H. McCoy, will detail the general conditions, viz.:

- (1) Sun Tans will be the dress uniform on the Post at all times.
  - (2) ODs may only be worn off the Post.
  - (3) Field jackets may not be worn off the post unless the wearer is going to or from his home.
- The order is Post-wide.

"Buy Bonds Now! Later Is Too Late!"

## Blow It Out!



FROM TAPS TO REVEILLE ... or more correctly speaking, from reveille to taps, Pfc. Ted Dutton is the bugler who, with the assistance of this newly installed giant megaphone directly in front of Post Headquarters, awakens the EM and makes with the bugle calls until taps at 11 p. m. He demonstrates the new megaphone for Capt. Gilbert A. Waite, Post Adjutant.

... "little boy blue, let's blow that horn!"

—Public Relations Photo.

## Army & Loggers To Combat Fires

### Col. Frazier Warns Of Incendiary Fire Menace to Timber

A program of cooperation to combat incendiary forest fires began last Monday with an opening address by Lt. Col. Joseph E. Frazier, Post Ordnance Officer, before loggers of the Willamette Valley Tree Farm Association, in Dorena, Oregon.

Col. Frazer attacked the military aspects of the problem while Major Earl F. Armstrong, Post Chemical Warfare Officer, discussed various types of incendiary bombs.

The main point of Col. Frazer's speech was that "a basic strategy of modern warfare is to weaken the enemy by knocking out his war industries."

The enemy objective is "to cut off or destroy the supply of raw materials." Few, if any, raw materials are more basic to national defense than the timber stands of the Pacific Northwest.

The responsibilities of combating saboteurs and incendiary bombs lie with the loggers, who know the local terrain better than Army authorities do. The Army, however, will advise and assist to the fullest extent.

A series of meetings were held in the local lumbering towns, but the movement will eventually spread to every logging community in Oregon.

### NO. THIS ISN'T A MIRACLE! SHUCKS—TWAS NOTHING

Pfc. Andrew Soreiano found a field jacket which had been returned to him by mistake by the Post Laundry. According to Miss Betty Schliep, in charge of the office, he promptly turned in the jacket.

Surprised? We aren't; everyone is honest here! Oh yeah?

### Who Stole My Cane? or —

## 'Dix Cadre' in Conclave

By Sgt. Tommy "Blivet" Ryan

During the course of every man's life there must come one unforgettable moment—a moment that will always live in his memory, that will withstand the repeated attacks of time on the march; that will be vivid and burning long after, far into the years.

Such will be June 28, 1942, in the minds of 400 men from Ft. Dix, New Jersey, whose fate it was to be the first official group of men to arrive at Camp Adair. Recruits from the induction center, they liked to be called "cadremen."

### Sits and Gazes

As I sit here and gaze at the maze of buildings that now dot the Oregon countryside my mind races back—no, not to New Jersey, but to Wellsdale, as the select few really saw it.

A dilapidated SP Station house just across the tracks from a big red barn. It was early summer, the breeze was balmy, too. The poison oak was in bloom. Bloom was from the Bronx.

The red men had long since vanished, tired and oppressed by the ever-rising taxes. The local hoosiers had gone to work for Kaiser. Camp Adair, in the shadow of Coffin Butte, was dumped into the laps

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### THEY HAVE EVEN LESS HAIR THAN THE EDITOR

Scene: Mess Hall, Post Headquarters company.

Opposing each other at noon chow are S/Sgt. Bradford Collins and Sgt. John Bach, both capable of getting sunburned on the top of the head (to put it mildly).

Peering across the stacks of food S/Sgt. Collins asked: "By the way Bach, did you have blond hair when you were a baby?"

Sgt. B., suspiciously: "I dunno—why?"

S/Sgt. C.—"Well I did. And it was curly. And lots of it—honest."

Well, old fellows—

### NO SPEAKAPHONE EDDIE DAVIS ILL

Genial Eddie Davis, the Pepsi-Cola representative who operates the Speakaphone machine at Service Club 2, is on sick leave this week. He wishes to inform those that want to make voice recordings that he will be back again as soon as the Doc says it is O.K.

Have you bought your theater coupon book? 12 for \$1.20—Save! And buy war stamps.