

# History of Adair: Sleeping Sgt. Yelled 'tenSHUN!' and— Many Have Come and Gone During Sentry's 'Historic' Span

By Pfc. George Simmons

Hardly had the mid-winter floods of 1942-43 receded when spring hit Camp Adair in a flourish of gaiety and color. The two Post-Service Clubs had gala reopenings after being redecorated and furnished. Mrs. Margaret Crosssett Blodgett, Director of Service Club 1, and Mrs. Florence Coardy Merriam, Directress of Service Club 2, added to an already full program, the high-lighted "Night Club Night" with tables, dancing, floor shows and GI waiters.

## General Dahlquist



Paid tribute to Oregon at Trailblazer activation.

At this time Camp Adair was at its peak as the 96th and Timber Wolf divisions were completing their training at this Post. Saturday night Busses were loaded to SRO (plus bulges) and lines of soldiers waited their turn for a ride into town. Brigadier General Bryant E. Moore of the 104th Division had received two citations for action at Guadalcanal. Both Divisions were making their names in the world of sports with outstanding boxers, ball players and bowlers. The SCU Non-Com club was initiated and M/Sgt. Wm. Carmichael was the first Club president.

May 25, 1943, saw the dedication of the new 108 foot flagpole and the raising of a new garrison flag that stretched out for a length of 38 feet as it waved over Post Headquarters. The cere-

mony included a dress parade by all units of SCU with the Post Commander, Col. Gordon H. McCoy at the reviewing stand.

## 70th Activated

Not many days later the two Divisions left for maneuvers at Bend. They had no sooner taken off when, on June 15, 1943, a new Division came into being at Camp Adair. At a brief, impressive ceremony, Brigadier General John E. Dahlquist, Commanding General, introduced the infant 70th Trailblazer Division. General Dahlquist came to this new division with a wealth of experience and military background. Previous to coming to Camp Adair he saw service in England, where he served as Deputy Chief of Staff, European Theater of Operations, under General Eisenhower, and was also Assistant Chief of Staff G-1 after a time.

The 70th Trailblazers soon took their part in the doing of Camp Adair and have become known as "Oregon's Own" Division.

## Other Units Hole In

Shortly after the activation of the Trailblazers, Camp Adair also received into its midst a number of other outfits from various places, including the 113th AAA Group Commanded by Col. Chas. M. Wolff. GIs welcomed the coming of another kind of Army and soon accepted them as part of the Post.

About this same time the IV Corps under the command of Major General Alexander M. Patch, veteran of the fighting on Guadalcanal Island, came to Camp Adair. General Patch was soon put in command of the maneuvers at Bend, Oregon, where several divisions from Camp Adair and other Posts met.

July 14, 1943, the Station Hospital received a new commanding officer, Col. Charles W. Comfort, Jr., who replaced Col. W. B. Lewis.

## Post Commander



Signal Corps Photo  
Col. Samuel D. Hays, Post commander since Oct. 1943.

Col. Comfort is still at the station hospital and is well known throughout the Post.

Time moves by and many things happen too numerous to mention. The old 96th and Timber Wolf Divisions both adjourned to distant pastures, and the Trailblazer Division became for a time the only one on the Post. Col. Gordon H. McCoy, first Post Commander, took his last review on Sept. 30, 1943, as he retired from the Army. Major Oliver C. Stauffer, Medical Supply Officer and first officer at the Station Hospital, also retired.

## Col. Hays Succeeds

Upon the retirement of Col. McCoy, a new Post Commander, Col. Samuel D. Hays took up his duties at Camp Adair. Col. Hays, a native of Idaho, commanded Boise Barracks prior to his com-

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## Buys \$1200 in Bonds with Savings



Trailblazer Photo  
S/SGT. JOHN C. PATRICK, left, Hq. Co., 275th Inf., has plenty of reason to pose by the regimental bond "thermometer." He has just bought \$1200 worth of bonds, with money he's saved. With him is Tec4 Franklin G. Verhees, the regimental minute man. The 275th has sold more than \$31,000 worth of bonds to its personnel and expects to top its \$36,000 quota payday.

## The Wonderful Chair of Camp Adair

Camp Adair doesn't unfortunately, have an "epic poem." Usually epic poems help a place go down in history. There is one, however, written in the days back when, which tells the story of Adair's first piece of furniture.

Originally printed in the Sentry of January 21, 1943, the poem was dedicated to the then editor of this here paper by a then staff member. Valedictory date was November 28, 1942.

### THE WONDERFUL CHAIR OF CAMP ADAIR

By Pvt. Bob Ruskauff

Harken my soldiers! in case you care  
To hear of a wonderful, wonderful chair.  
For it is the story of Camp Adair.

Those who recall it are still alive,  
Which proves they somehow managed to thrive  
On the cruel hardship (perhaps its a pity)  
They claim to have borne at old "tent city."

Oh, many a sergeant was private then  
Among those gallant "encadre" men  
Who lived in tents by a boggy fen;  
And many a sergeant is private now—  
(But that is a tale we must skip somehow,  
Until we have finished our rollick-some lilt  
Of the chair that Pvt. Pulaska built).

It still rests regally at the Post,  
With a sergeant you'd little suspect as host  
To a thieving thought. But the story's there—  
All part of the tale of the wonderful chair.

II  
It was harder to sit then than 'twas to stand;  
For none of that hardy, un-calloused band,  
Had aught to sit on—except (we beg  
Your pardon!) There was a keg  
That Captain Rutledge had somewhere found  
And used while the rest stood standing around.

"But it can't go on!" swore Lieutenant Grunder,  
Who straightway became tent city's wonder  
By ordering built, for the day-room bare,  
Any d—d thing that resembled a chair.  
The lumber was gathered from here and there  
And the chair that emerged was without compare—  
Unpainted and wooden, but solid and sturdy  
And all of the liars said: "Gosh! Ain't it purdy?"

It stood as an emblem—and soldiers came  
To marvel and wonder. For such is fame.

III  
But then the camp begot itself of modern bric-a-brac;  
The little chair of destiny was relegated back—  
Except by EM (bless 'em!); MPs, QM and all  
Decided they would have the chair, to decorate their hall.

And so the details ventured out, to fetch away the chair.  
But when they got to where it was—tee hee, it wasn't there.

IV  
In the deepest, darkest portion of a night of fell intent,  
A smart and wily Corporal, upon a mission went.  
He got the chair, and carried it, with high and sweet elation  
To a sweating little office that was called Public Relation.  
There they harbored it and cherished it and cooked them up a scheme  
To cover up their knavery, by painting the chair in green.

Once more the soldiers gathered from miles, around to see  
A painted chair at Camp Adair. What fools these mortals be!

V  
Days passed; weeks went their fleeting way—PR grew on apace;  
And soon the Chair of Camp Adair was once more out of place.  
One night this wily corporal, now sergeant, blunt of brow,  
Said: "This can't last forever; the poem's too long now—"

"I know that ere this wondrous chair begets some awful doom,  
I'd better get it out of there, into my little room."  
So with a strong friend, Sergeant Black, upon an evening ditto,  
They stole into the PR room—sotte voce, patty pinto:

And to this day, though sat on nay, the chair is doing fine;  
The joy and pride forever, of T-7-409.

## Sentry Staff Plans '30' Edition of Paper



Signal Corps Photo  
ONE WALL of the Camp Adair Sentry office is plastered with front pages and picture frame girls who have graced our pages. Against this background, ye staff foregathers for a little posed work-out on today's final edition. Left is our "gal Friday," Betty Jo Clinton, formerly night editor of the Oregon State Barometer, who departs her secretarial post of 14 months to pursue her education at the University of Chicago. Standing is staff artist Tec5 Don Lynch, whose