

MANZANAR SENTRY

Vol. I, No. 1

Manzanar Barracks, Manzanar, Calif., Monday, May 18, 1942

Issued Twice Monthly

Sierra Unveils Plane Tragedy

Once again the barriers of nature have claimed toll of eight more of our Air Corps who died bravely in order that this nation may live.

The flight remained a mystery from the time of the ill-fated trip, Dec. 12, until last week when the wreckage was spotted by a mountain climber. A searching party of five U. S. Army officials, directed by Major W. C. Evans and Captain J. M. Liddell and including Capt. C. A. Mounts, Capt. J. A. Wakefield, Sgt. Edgar Nelson, and four civilian searchers, George A. Burns, father of Lt. Homer Burns, a victim of the crash; Albert Berggren, brother-in-law of Lt. Burns; Ira Duldner, Associated Press photographer and reporter; and Geo. W. Savage, well known Inyo publisher, was organized.

Base camp was made at McMurray Meadows, and the exhausting trek over the slippery and treacherous snow slides was started immediately.

Communication was made to the base camp, as the searching party slowly and surely led the way, climbing to an elevation of 11,300 feet, where the plane was sighted 220 yards up Kidd Mt., near Thumb peak.

Parts of the plane were strewn over an area of a square mile. In the snow covered search the body of Radio Technician Van Hamm was recovered. Evidently the bodies are in excellent state of preservation, due to the extreme cold. Mr. Burns worked feverishly in spite of his 61 years, and has refused to quit until his son's body is found. Due to the high altitude, making breathing difficult, experienced U. S. Vanadium miners were summoned and with the help of oxygen torches, the remaining heroes should be recovered shortly. The cause of the crash was blamed on poor visibility, and a sudden crash into the granite mountain side resulted.

(Editor's Note: May your souls rest in peace, and the cause for which you have died will not be rested until victory shall be ours.)

... — V

All Out For SPORTS

Come one! Come all! In the spring a young man's fancy turns to the outdoors. So if you have boxed, played softball, baseball, are a fast flier on the ping-pong table, or maybe a track star—then turn your name in immediately to Lt. Durbin, who is in charge of athletics... so far. On an interview it has been found that we possess quite a number of good athletes: Medical Sgt. Route, a fast speedball king from Wisconsin; Pvt. Smith, a leading middleweight contender and champion in the Golden Gloves tournament in 1939; Pvt. Sam Becker, an old-timer of the leather punchers. In the near future we shall have contests and eliminations, so get in the old groove and show your stuff.

Don't be bashful. And to the musicians of the company we say, if you can beat tin cans, play a guitar, whistle, tap-dance, play a mouth organ, or can execute a difficult head stand on the parallel bars, why turn your name in right away—anything can happen! Who knows? You may be the future coach on the Army's football team or another Fritz Kreisler, and just imagine getting a free audition on the radio with all expenses paid.

Your Publication

As our first edition of the SENTRY goes to press, we wish to extend our thanks to Lt. Durbin in his untiring efforts and his splendid cooperation with the staff in making possible the publication of the SENTRY.

As we go along, we wish to emphasize that our paper was made possible solely by the good will of the entire personnel. Our accomplishments were additional hard work, and for your information, the staff is doing duty just as the rest of us; we do not profess to be experienced journalists or writers, so if any of you have had newspaper experience and can contribute toward the betterment and improvement of the SENTRY, why, by all means inform the staff at once.

The aim and intention of this publication is not to "slam" or "sham" any of you, but to serve as a guiding light in the improvement and polish of each and every one of us.

—The SENTRY Staff.

Lt. Col. Dodd Praises Work of Company

On his arrival at camp last Tuesday, Lt. Col. H. S. Dodd of headquarters company, stationed at Santa Anita race track, had high praise and complete satisfaction for our work. Our barracks and camp buildings are now rounding into completion. The Colonel said, "Working under such unfavorable conditions as these your efforts have rounded out into a mighty fine piece of work."

At the same time Col. Dodd cited the work being carried out by "C" Company now stationed at San Pedro. Men of "C" Company are doing anti-sabotage work, and as yet living in a large warehouse building lacking the conveniences enjoyed here.

Since the M.P. Battalion has been formed there have been only 25 furloughs granted, all of which were in the case of extreme emergency. "Furloughs will be granted only if deemed urgently necessary, for the present time," said Col. Dodd.

Col. Dodd realizes that we need more men, and hopes that in the near future the company will be strengthened.

It was pointed out that inasmuch as a standard uniform has been established for the armed forces, it must be maintained in all localities.

... — V

Lieut. to Speak at County P.-T.A. Meet

Inyo County P.-T.A. will have Lt. C. E. Durbin as a speaker in the near future. His subject will be "Military Courtesy and Discipline."

The P.-T.A. wishes to know more about the whys and wherefores of our huge fighting machine. We know that the lieutenant will give the necessary information clearly and precisely, thus giving the public a better picture of our achievements.

In Memoriam

We extend our deepest sympathy to Pvt. John Millen, upon the sudden death of his father. Dust thou art; to dust returneth, and the grave is not our goal.

—The Boys of "B" Company.

General DeWitt Inspects Barracks

Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt, Chief of the Western Defense Command and Milton Eisenhower, director of W.R.A. from Washington, D.C., paid us a surprise visit recently on a flying inspection tour of Manzanar. The staff included Col. Karl R. Bendetsen, Col. Frank Whittaker, Col. Fulton McGill, Provost Marshall; Col. J. F. Watson, Judge Advocate; T. M. McGrail, aide de camp. The pilots of the special plane were Major Baige, chief pilot; and Capt. Benedict, co-pilot.

Minimum Private Pay of \$50 Per Month Proposed

The House voted tentatively last week to raise the pay of Army enlisted men to a minimum of \$50 monthly, upping the figure from the Senate-approved rate of \$42.

It took this action by a vote of 102 to 40, acting as the committee of the whole. The vote is subject to a roll call later.

Army and marine privates and apprentice seamen would be paid \$50 a month and first class privates and second class seamen, \$54.

The pay-raise proposal came on an amendment offered by Representative Rankin of Mississippi who would prevent a "bonus fight" after the war.

Paul V. McNutt, Federal Security Administrator, declared the adequate financial care of dependents of men in the armed services was a federal responsibility.

McNutt told the House Military Committee the care of dependents of soldiers and sailors was a vital factor in maintaining morale in both armed services and the civilian population. The administrator emphasized that financial assistance for the dependents should not be considered as direct relief.

He said that up to Jan. 31, 1942, more than 10 million men had received deferred status in the draft because of dependents and added that such liberal classification is unthinkable in an all-out war effort.

The administrator said 15 countries in all have made provision for caring for the dependents of soldiers, sailors and marines.

McNutt devoted most of his testimony to a proposal to permit payments to dependents in "hardship cases," in addition to proposed government allowances up to a maximum of \$50 to dependents of enlisted men who allot \$20 monthly to them, making \$70 in all.

... — V

NAZI ENGINES USE OLIVE OIL

German engines of war are lubricated with olive oil, indicating that the Nazis are running low on vital raw materials. Hey! You Nazis, "B" Company would like to give you a tip: Why not use that oleo that you have stolen from your neighbors and watch that saw-dust, in your crank cases, it's getting pretty well worn. Undoubtedly you are using the wood shavings as a breakfast food on your menu. But in the very near future we Americans will give you a fine display of fireworks, which you haven't witnessed since 1918.—"Signed" Your Uncle Sam.

... — V

Softball on the Way

The Army softball team, featuring Sgt. Route, a speedballer from the mid-west; Pvt. Gallagher, a classy catcher from Boston, Mass., has rounded out into a topnotch team.

Outside teams wishing an engagement kindly get in touch with Lt. Durbin at Manzanar. The remaining players represent Missouri, Kansas, Tennessee, New Jersey, Illinois, Washington, Oregon, California and Massachusetts.

The inspection of our barracks, and area was given high praise, inasmuch as the work is far from completion, but much to our regret and surprise, it seems that the unpolished few had been very lax in showing the courtesy and the fine points of good soldiering, which evidently were forgotten on our arrival in Manzanar, thus the personnel had but one alternative to take toward the misdemeanors, so; "as we soweth; so shall we reap." The close order drill and the future lectures undoubtedly shall place us in the old stride again, and bring out our fine soldiering talents which we shortly possessed.

... — V

MEMO ON MANZANAR

At the foot of the towering snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, overshadowed by huge Mt. Whitney, stands Manzanar, a new city, a new life, and a new era for Neisi, or Americanized Japanese.

Manzanar, a Spanish word, when translated, means "Apple Land" and was originally settled by the Shepard family and divided into lots by George Chaffey, a lifetime resident of the valley. Apple Land is bounded on the West by the High Sierra, on the East by the barren and desolate and the oldest range of mountains in the U. S., the Inyo range. On the other side of the Sierra is the fertile San Joaquin valley and east of the Inyos is the Saline Valley. In fruit and cattle grazing the "valley" has excelled many years.

The main source of water supply is the "White Coal," where the water from the mountains enriched the fertile valley. In 1925, Los Angeles had taken the water to the city leaving the soil dry and sterile. Slowly the local ranchers had been forced to evacuate. A few die-hards still remain and in their spare time have found mining activities profitable. The remaining population finds work ranching and truck farming.

Unfortunately we have seen little of spring this year, so the fruit will not be so abundant. The always prevailing winds bring on huge dust storms which are at their height until the middle of April.

We are at an altitude of 4000 feet above sea level. One cannot find a healthier climate with the exception of "the small amount of dust that nobody minds." Asked by a good source, on the attitude of the citizens toward the Japanese being here, the comment was "If it is O.K. with the government, it is all right with us."

... — V

ATTACK! ATTACK!

The United Nations struck first in the new phase of battles for Australia and India. Madagascar, key to the Indian Ocean shipping lanes, fell to British forces after a 48-hour struggle with Vichy French defenders. Off Australia, some 8000 miles to the east, Allied naval forces attacked a Japanese invasion fleet, sinking 11 warships and damaging six in the initial phase of the greatest sea battle of the war.

MANZANAR SENTRY

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At Manzanar, California

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V By This Sign We Shall
CONQUER

Pink Elephants on Parade—

Many of the most serious effects of taking to drink occur without the imbibor ever having been drunk. You seers of pink elephants, who awaken with terrific hang-overs do not come to the realization what damage and trouble you may have caused in your foolish stupor. Why do we drink? The question is often asked; the only solution being, to forget and place yourself in a doped world all by yourself. How well do we know, that we have come to Manzanar as pioneers, worked incessantly, braved the infernal dust and high wind? But think! What about the rest of our team, who are cutting, slashing, their bleeding way to victory in order that this nation may live. Remember, and pleadingly do we say, the going will be much more trying and things tougher in our fight for victory.

Aside from the fact that alcohol affects an individual both

physically and mentally, there is another consideration that applies to each and every one of us. That is the responsibility to keep well fit, not for our own sake, but for the sake of the citizens whose welfare and life we are protecting.

We must realize the profundity of the responsibility vested in us, we have a duty to perform and must not jeopardize the lives of others by failing to adapt ourselves to that duty. The resorting to alcohol is the poorest way to face the problems of life. It never whiles away troubles and always causes more. Let's not paralyze the manhood necessary to win this war, and let's stay dry and decent. Remember . . . "TO YOU FROM FALLING HANDS WE THROW THE TORCH, BE YOURS TO BEAR IT HIGH, IF YE BREAK FAITH IN US WHO DIE; WE SHALL NOT SLEEP, THOUGH POPPIES GROW IN FLANDERS FIELD."

WHO'S WHO At Manzanar

First Sergeant Elbert "I feel a speech coming on" Richmond, age 46. His favorite sports are hunting and fishing; detests meats and has become an ardent vegetarian in his late years. He has spent 21 years in the service; drives a '38 master deluxe Chev. During the last tussle he served with the 57th Infantry, which was stationed at Camp Logan, Texas. He has seen 41 of the 48 states and his one ambition is to see the remaining seven after the war. Place of birth was Hinton, W. Va., and he made his appearance on Jan. 1, 1896.

Private First Class Sam "Hiya" Becker, age 23. Favorite sport, boxing and dancing. Devours chili and beans by the bushel, has spent 16 months in the Army, and hiking keeps him in shape. Arrived by cattle boat from Poland at the age of three. He left his brother behind him in their native Poland and has not received any word from him since the outbreak of the European War. He celebrated his 20th anniversary in the U. S. by joining the armed forces.

Pvt. William "Hollywood" Beckermeyer, born in Kinsey, Mo., Apr. 7, 1916. A wallflower, but hopes to find a girl who can cook and is willing to settle down. A great lover of the outdoors who has spent most of his time on a farm. Has been in the service 14 months. Bill is a former member of the 140th Infantry. His favorite dish is ham and cabbage. Measuring up to five, nine an' a half, and weighs 147 pounds soaking wet. Bill is the Alvin Ray of the Fighting 747th, and can also warble a mean serenade.

— V

Army Defeats Lone Pine

The Army nine, playing its second game of the season, romped all over Lone Pine's team by an overwhelming score of 28 to 2. Sgt. (Speed Ball) Route was seldom in trouble and had the opponents baffled throughout the seven-inning game, with his dazzling speedball. Round trippers were pounded out by Pvt. Smith, Pvt. Williams, Pvt. Gallagher and Sgt. Route; however, the town team is not to be under rated as their first string hurler was on the bench with a sore arm.

A Yard Bird's Dream

If I, a yard bird, could rub a lamp And change myself to Superman Champ,

The dust at camp, I'd put in a bag, And take to Hitler for his game of tag.

I'd swim the oceans, far and wide, Sink the Heinies and merrily ride. On to Tokyo I would speed, And rock the volcanoes of the Jappy greed;

To my goil I would bring Mussolini and Tojo swing. Many medals I would wear, And Mom would be proud of her yard bird fair.

—Anonymous.

Milkman's Matinee

"CLOP - CLOP - CLOP" That would be a soothing sound to the ears of those who would like to catch a little "shut-eye" for a change.

An old fashioned milk-wagon with a good natured driver to quietly herd to bed those "rug-cutters" who apparently think that the sun never sets in Manzanar, would seem to be the only solution to a vexing problem.

From midnight on we hear—howls, laughter, stories of conquests in the local pubs, practical jokes, hotfoots, (did you see that blonde I met), and so into the night—Can't we do something? I'm sleepy . . . — V

Pvt. Sniffle: "Are there any sharks around San Francisco?"

Pvt. Shuffle: "Did you ever meet a soldier with a pair of dice?"

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OFF THE RECORD

Lt. Henry W. Smith of the United States Army at Manzanar has diverted his attention from his studies to a new study, and is learning the fine points of horse-back riding and dancing under the able tutorship of a capable "school marm," Miss Joy Spainhower, teacher at Lone Pine high school—Lots of luck to both of you.

Look out, girls! The ladies men of the camp have been seen polishing up the old tuxedo and the dance . . . Pvt. George Repp, handsome, tall, dark, (girls' dream man and former Hollywood ham, who has starred in the movies), is going to give the fairer sex a break. Pvt. Julian Rios, a Spanish serenader, and ardent lover is also in the market for a steady companion. Medium stature, curly bushy hair, and a cute mustache. He sings, dances, plays a guitar, can wash, is an expert cook, and specializes in household work. What an opportunity, eh girls?

Mess Sgt. W. F. Armstrong: A classy and neat dresser—by Esquire . . . baritone of the classics, a former cavalry man, and a very good sport. He is the walking bank of the company. If you need 10 "till Friday," he will be more than glad to accommodate you.

Pvt. Harry Payne: Tall, dark and also mustached. A specialty in the operatic style, a good sense of humor, modest, and blushes all the time, a spendthrift, will trade a ham for a cow, anytime.—Phone 14U2—call soon.

A new fad of sharp, classy, self-styled soup strainers has suddenly become popular throughout "B" Company—What's Cooking?

Corporal R. V. Belluomini, seen strutting down the avenue with his charming wife, Barbara. They hope to make their home in Lone Pine soon.

Lt. R. J. Goddard has invited his wife, son, and daughter for a vacation in Lone Pine.

Mrs. Evelyn Durbin, wife of Lt. C. E. Durbin, will also spend the summer in the High Sierra.

Pvt. Williams will return to "B" Company from Headquarters in the near future.

Sgt. Graham has made a fine friendship with a fair maiden of Lone Pine. Don't they look very becoming?

Our vigilant guards have turned to a greater field of diversion during their off hours and ventured to primary flying instruction, skiing, contract bridge, and horseback riding. P. S. the morale then must be excellent.

The wives of the following soldiers have also arrived in the valley: Mrs. Ann Receptuto, wife of Corporal Receptuto who, by the way, has traveled quite a distance, their former home being in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Helen Bean, wife of Supply Sgt. W. E. Bean, is also taking to the climate of Inyo county.

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Church Service Honors Soldiers

Men of "B" Company were honored at a Mother's Day program conducted at the Catholic church in Lone Pine, May 10.

Sgt. Urban of Manzanar acted as master of ceremonies and introduced each mother present who had sons in the service. Special mention was given Mrs. Ruby Hession, whom Sgt. Urban had escorted to the program.

Welcome was given by Father Smith followed by a solo, "Ave Maria," by Joan Meyer. Others on the program included: "Dear Mom," saxophone solo, Cadet Kelley; "Mother's Job," recitation, Beverly Carrasco; song, "Somewhere A Voice Is Calling," Private Payne; trumpet solo, "Mother Machree," Lester Hewitt; "My Mom," soprano solo, Janet Willis; poem to all mothers with boys in the service, written and given by Pvt. Osborn; accordion selection, "My Sweetheart," Pvt. Brafman; violin solo, "That Wonderful Mother of Mine," Werdna Gregerson.

Glimpses on Guard

By the O. D.

Seen during the wee hours: A snappy sentry executing a full manual of arms, and perfect timing at the end of his post—really a beautiful picture in the moonlight.

The practical joker, who insists upon telling stories, laughs and howls during the night—a night owl who snores during the day.

At the height of one of the severe dust storms were seen two guards challenging each other until identity could be acknowledged.

Pvt. I. Will Walk, carrying the loud beating time-piece, which sounds like a steam engine—it runs on gas and oil. What will happen now to his clock with the rationing of gasoline?

Hey! Hey! Motorists! Don't pass up those service men just because they don't wiggle a thumb (they aren't supposed to thumb) . . . but they do want a ride.

I can't confirm it, but they tell us the boys at Camp Roberts, taking a classification test disclosed the following military secret: "The Mediterranean and Red Sea are connected by the Sewage Canal." "Seats of Congress are vaccinated once every four years."

1st Lt.: "Pvt. Yard Bird, what do you know about Italy?"

Yard Bird: "All I know Sir, is that it is shaped like a boot, and run by a heel."

1st Lt.: "You have passed."

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