

Camp Adair Sentry

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LET'S BE CONFIDENT, BUT NOT OVERCONFIDENT!

All of us have serious resolutions to make for the coming year; we must resolve to further the war program as fully as we are able.

Nothing could be more dangerous to the success of our arms than the development of a national attitude that the victory is about to be won.

—General George C. Marshall.

There is an old adage which says, "Nothing succeeds like success." Our Army's successful offensives will be followed up by others. We in the Army and you at home are confident of that. But . . . and this is important . . . we must not allow confidence to lead us into over-optimism.

You have probably heard the following "pearls of prophecy" scattered about at your home, or your place of business. "We've got the Nazis and the Japs on the run," or "The war'll be over in six months." Such idle talk should be stopped.

None of us is going to be disappointed if the war should end sooner than we expected. But we may fall victims to our own optimism if we set our hopes on a short war when the facts indicate otherwise. Remember, the Japanese have been fighting for more than seven years now. For the Nazis, this marks the fourth year of war. Each of these countries is prepared to devote a great deal more time to achieve their fanatical aims.

One of the first axioms of warfare is never to underestimate the enemy. Let us not coddle ourselves with the thought that one American is as good as ten Japs or ten Nazis. Germany spent a great many years preparing for this war. Many of the Japanese are battle-scarred veterans. We are up against strong opponents. We must be stronger than our enemies to defeat them. We must have better arms, better planes, better ships.

And let us not forget the magnitude of this Global War. Our armed forces are engaging the enemy in the far corners of the earth; in New Guinea, in Burma, in North Africa, on the Aleutian Islands.

To send a fully equipped Army these vast distances and to keep them supplied—requires time—a great deal of time.

Although our Armed Forces have won several battles, we have not won the final victory. Nothing could be more harmful at present to the war program than the feeling that the war is about to end. We cannot skate along on the thin ice of over-optimism. We will be playing into the hands of the enemy. Over-optimism leads to dangerous relaxation. It may slow down the wheels of production. It may hamper our intensified training program. It may hinder the long-range planning necessary to cope with the continued resistance of our enemies. With great offensives in the offing we must not falter in our determination to insure the success of these operations. We cannot be over-prepared.

It has been the custom for us in America to draw up a set of resolutions for the New Year. This year all of us might well include the following resolutions . . . resolutions that must be kept if America is to achieve its victory.

- Let us resolve:
- To be confident, but not over-optimistic;
 - To produce more in factories, on farms, in mines, in lumber camps;
 - To train harder for our war duties;
 - To buy more war bonds;
 - To observe the letter and the spirit of our rationing program;
 - To support our fighting forces 100 per cent;
 - And to do everything else we can to help win the war.
- On this New Year's Day, which our Commander-in-Chief has set aside as a national day of prayer, let us pray that however long and bitter the struggle may be, God in his wisdom may make us strong and deserving of the victory and the peace.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

What makes morale? I raise the question because it seems to me that energy may be misdirected, if not wasted, in attempts to improve morale. Especially I am thinking of the various diversions and forms of entertainment that are provided for us in our leisure time.

It is a delicate question, I know. Unless I can express myself clearly and be understood, I may hurt people who are trying to make soldiers happy and thus to be of service in this war.

Therefore, I begin by saying that libraries, service clubs, radio programs, movies, shows, dances and other entertainment, in camp and in nearby towns, are all to the good, unless they are expanded to

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



LATRINE RUMORS . . . "and I heard we're going to live in the Honey Plaza hotel in Miami Beach, and get commissions and 60-day furloughs, providing the war doesn't end before Christmas . . ."

Some Day This War Will Be Over

Some day this war will be over. When that day comes, there will be a period of readjustment from wartime to peacetime economy. That's the time when a "cushion" will come in handy. That's the time when you can spend the money you save NOW—and buy far more with it, dollar for dollar! Lend your Savings now when they are needed most to protect the very life of the country that has prospered you. If you will do this wholeheartedly, there is no question that America's future and your future will be secure. Think clearly, and do not hesitate to take out a "Class A Pay Reservation" THAT WILL BE YOUR "CUSHION".

with reference to confidence, courage, fidelity, etc."

Crusading Spirit Makes Morale
Ardent faith in the cause is the first essential for morale in war and our present cause is a shining light before us, night and day. No man can fail to be attracted to it unless he is insensitive to considerations of justice or is without compassion for the tyrant's victim and has no care for the righting of wrongs.

But morale remains static unless the men who are engaged in the conflict manage to gain confidence in themselves and in their fellows. Training must be wise and thorough. Authority must be fair, firm, beneficent. Obedience must be prompt and willing. Thus loyalty grows and that pride in the outfit which is perhaps the most delightful aspect of military life.

Trust breeds trust. Naturally an outfit is off to a bad start when officers and men think little of one another and show it. Espirit de corps develops quickly in an outfit where mutual regard is fostered, right from the beginning.

Also courage at home makes for courage in camp. Excessive solitude, displayed through highly emotional letters, may make life more difficult for the soldier. He needs constancy of affection and assurance that the people dearest to him share his feelings about the war and respect him for doing as his conscience dictates.

Devotion to country appears to be at the center of Russian morale today. Regardless of what we may

Home Town Girl Is Prize-Winning Poet

To Post Athletic Officer Capt. Frank C. Wimer came a copy of a national prize-winning poem, "War Mother," two verses of which are published herewith. They were written by Louise Preysz of Capt. Wimer's home-town, Elkins, W. Va.

There is no time for mourning . . .
I who stay
In house made lonely since he went away;
Must shoulder tasks I never knew before,
And gladly ask for less and want no more.

There is no time for mourning . . .
I shall keep
My hands so busy that I need not weep;
And if I dream of stars and shining wings
No one need know, for dreams are hidden things.

A Soldier "Pops Off"

ARMY TIMES publishes the following news report from Camp Roberts, Calif.:

"For violating the restriction pertaining to release of vital military information, a veteran soldier at this huge Army Infantry and Field Artillery replacement training center, has been court-martialed and sentenced to six months at hard labor. He also is to forfeit \$28 from his pay per month for the six-month period.

"The buck private, who served with the Army Signal Corps from 1934 to 1937, was found guilty by a special court martial of making public to unauthorized persons the fact that he was to be transferred on a future troop movement order on a specific day to a certain destination.

"Contents of the soldier's conversation, had it fallen into the hands of saboteurs, might have resulted in the death of American troops, sailors and merchant marine personnel and equipment. The convicted soldier spoke from a coin telephone booth located in a camp post exchange.

"The camp guardhouse was designated as place of confinement of the soldier who failed to take full cognizance of the sign which was posted in the telephone booth: 'A Slip of the Lip May Sink a Ship—Service in Silence.'"

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

Camp Adair

The emphasis on military courtesy, most of all on saluting, frequently puzzles recruits. Considering how much men must learn to make fighting soldiers, and how valuable time is, in this war, it seems to them that repeated lectures on points of courtesy don't make sense.

They fail to see how salutes can win a war. The salute strikes them as being no more than a gesture, relatively unimportant. And as they note that the insistence on saluting originates among officers, recruits assume that it must be because officers relish the salute as a sign of deference.

Now if the salute were merely a physical gesture, the recruit's feeling about it would be reasonable enough. Even if the custom were wholesome, for the sake of discipline in camp and garrison during peace time, the salute should not have so much attention in a war camp where men are being trained for combat in a conflict that shakes the world.

But if the skeptical recruit looks about him, noticing which soldiers salute most punctiliously and in a manner suggesting that they consider it a privilege, he may suspect that saluting has a significance beyond the full understanding of a man new to the army. He will see that the more experienced soldiers, including war veterans and others who are competent judges of the value of military courtesy, are the very ones who always salute as if they meant it and who resent slovenly saluting by their comrades, whether officers or enlisted men.

Why is this? Why do real soldiers, men conscious that warfare



"Ouch! Sir"

has become almost inconceivably grim, so that training must be reduced to essentials, still cherish the salute as something to be emphasized and reemphasized? It is, of course, because they know what it means. For them the salute is associated with thoughts of officers and men who have become objects of esteem and affection. The salute is the grave gesture which they accord the Flag itself, as well as the National Anthem.

It is the traditional sign of recognition, the sign peculiar to a fraternity of men engaged in a calling of high purpose, at least in this republic of ours. In its simple directness the salute belongs to the gracious school of knighthood. When a man salutes properly, he stands erect, head up, eyes looking proudly into the eyes of the officer who must return the salute. Their attitudes have dignity. In addition, the salute, rendered as it should be, is a gesture of swift precision, symbolic of military characteristics.

Instructors sometimes tell recruits that in saluting an officer they are not saluting the person, but the rank, and that is true. Still the salute is most impressive when the exchange is between officers and men who have come to know one another well and to have a bond of loyalty and esteem. Any recruit who is ignorantly cynical about saluting would gain a fresh insight into the meaning of it if he could witness a meeting, after some passage of time, between a good officer and a good enlisted man who have served together in war and have memories worth a fortune. In such circumstances the salute seems the perfect gesture. It has virility and grace. It represents a relationship too deep for words.

FOR ALL HOME-TOWN GIRLS
Oh, Eugene gals are tops with me,
Corvallis girls are charming;
Soft the maids of Albany,
The Salem girls disarming.

Still though I bask beneath their smiles
Their charms all fail to bind me,
And my heart goes back to the pretty little girl—
The girl I left behind me.
—Timber Wolf Cannoneer.

KISS A TREE (POEM)

Cpl. Bill Schoener, a prolific contributor, sends the following penned words from where he reads the Sentry at the Salina, Kansas, Army Air Base. Sure, they read the Sentry in Kansas. That's why we never mention the Oregon rain:

"I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed.
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk up in her hair,
Girls are loved by guys like me;
For who on earth would kiss a tree."

Culled

From Our Army Cousins

Thrift is a war duty, says BROADCASTER, of Scott Field, Ill., in an editorial based on an imaginary want ad in another soldiers' newspaper. The ad goes like this:

"Wanted: 100 million American men, women and children. Experience unnecessary. Hours: 14-18 a day. Wages: a few cents a day. Two meals a day consisting of synthetic bread, powdered eggs, horsemeat and root-soup. Type of work: to produce planes, tanks, guns, clothes and food for the Axis armies. Apply: New Order, Inc., A. Hitler, Mgr., Berchtesgarden, Germany."

By way of comment, BROADCASTER says:

"The above want ad would be a great joke, if it weren't for the fact that it is so true. Already millions of persons have had just those conditions imposed on them in conquered countries. We must invest in the present to keep on enjoying the privileges of free people and to expect 100 per cent liberty in the future."

ARMY NEWS, Ft. Sill, Okla., tells about Pvt. George S. Kitamura, American soldier of Japanese ancestry, who put a ten-dollar bill in an envelope and left it at a Red Cross hut, because he was impressed by the work done there. He was born in California, lived some years in Japan and then returned to the United States. His job as a soldier is repairing army tents.

CAMP ROBINSON NEWS, Arkansas, tells of a rookie who had a right armful and tried to salute by bringing up his left hand in an indescribable reversed manner over his right eye. Another, finding himself face-to-face with two officers, solved his problem by saluting with both hands at the same time. Then there was the determined recruit who saluted an officer who failed to see him and then ran after him and tapped him lightly on the back and saluted again as the astonished officer turned around.

The same paper tells of two enlisted men, in that camp, who are outranked by their sons. In one case the father is a 1st sgt., the son of a medical lieutenant. In another case the father is a private, with one son a captain, specializing in explosives, as a research chemist, and a second son who is a corporal, on foreign duty in the artillery. Yet the father who is a private has three service decorations as a Canadian corporal in the other war.

CAMP RUCKER REPORTER, Dothan, Ala., reprints an editorial from the JACKSONVILLE (Fla.) JOURNAL, which says in part:

"In all wars of the past the infantryman has had the job of holding the line, mopping up, fighting, delaying actions, opening up holes in the enemy's defense. Whether up to his chin in mud, hidden deep in the jungle,

or meeting cold steel of the enemy with bayonets, army ground forces man the outposts of civilization today, and millions more train faithfully in camps, waiting for their call to the front.

"Infantry troops won immortality by their heroic defense of Bataan. Thousands more, no less brave, stand guard in Iceland's dreary plains. Australian and British infantry, with rifle and machine gun, punched the first holes in Rommel's Egyptian line, while American doughboys by the thousands land on the African west coast, ready to plunge into deadly battle.

"The valor and effectiveness of the army ground forces goes on daily, largely unsung, while others get the headlines. It has always been so."

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Tall Takes the Service Men Spin—A collection of the best yarns from army camps all over the United States.

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