

Camp Adair Sentry

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NO MORE "SQUARE PEGS IN ROUND HOLES"

There are thousands of interesting jobs in our Army. And those jobs must be performed efficiently to turn our Army into the great combat team which it is today. As our Army wins battle after battle, its victories are due in large part to the fact that each soldier is handpicked for his job whether it be that of Infantryman, pilot or cook. Our Army takes pride in the knowledge that it chooses the "right man for the right job."

Men selected to serve in the Army of the United States can rest assured that every effort will be made to assign them to the task where they are most needed and can best serve. If your aptitudes show that you are fitting material for the Air Forces, Signal Corps, Artillery or other Branch of our Army, the Army will try to place you there, depending on its needs. Our Army's classification system is designed to avoid putting the "square pegs in round holes."

Each soldier's capabilities are studied individually. At Reception Centers, inductees are given a personal interview, a general classification test, and a mechanical aptitude test. During the interview the Army classification officer questions the soldier about his hobbies, his interest in sports, as well as his schooling and his work experience. All this information is then entered on a qualification card. Although classification officers are guided by these initial tests, they do not blindly follow their findings. Through their searching interviews they also weigh occupational and other factors before determining in which arm or service the selectee should be trained. During the early weeks of basic training, soldiers are under keen observation and reclassified as warranted.

It may happen that a man will find himself assigned to a job in the Army that seems far different from the work he has been doing in civilian life. Through tests and interviews a certain aptitude of his will have come to light which is of immediate value to our Army. Many musicians, for example, make good radio operators because of their ability to distinguish rhythmic patterns. A shoe salesman, who used to repair radios in his spare time, became an expert radio technician, a skill vitally needed by our Army. On the other hand, expert civilian mechanics on entering our Army are usually assigned, after basic military training, to the job with which they are thoroughly familiar.

Army classification officers, with the aid of outstanding civilian experts, are continually checking and rechecking their findings. New testing methods are constantly studied to discover those which will give the best results. Of course, no system can be entirely infallible, but results so far have shown that our Army's classification system is one of the finest ever devised. Several large business enterprises are using methods of selecting employees similar to the Army's classification system and have found them amazingly successful.

Our modern Army is a specialist Army. Its foundations rest on the ability of each soldier to do his job. The wrong man in the wrong job can cause untold confusion and delay. The right man in the right job can mean a battle won. Our Army sees to it, so far as is humanly possible, that no talent goes unnoticed. The selectee registering for duty may be sure that the Army is searching for any capability or skill he may possess in order to put that skill to immediate use.

There is an old proverb which says: "Skill and confidence are an unconquered Army." The skill and confidence of our fighting men, chosen wisely for their Army jobs, will speed the day of victory.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By H. B.

In his annual address on the "state of the union" the president of the United States said this: "The men in our armed forces want a lasting peace, and, finally, they want permanent employment for themselves, their families and their neighbors when they are mustered out at the end of the war."

Yes, Mr. President! If there are any results, or rewards, or blessings, that we want more than we want lasting peace and permanent employment, when this war is over, I'm sure I don't know what they can be.

But lasting peace and permanent employment were the particular things that we wanted out of World War No. I—we who also were in that war—and we didn't get them. Again we are at war and again we long for a peace that will stick. Again we are without assurance of permanent employment, being in the service of our country for the duration and being uncertain about our livelihood when at last we are mustered out.

Oh, it's true that many of us hope to return to our former employment and some of us have

what is called a "leave of absence," but we can't count on the word of employers who may not be in a position to keep their word when the time comes. Business changes hands. Management changes. Opportunities for independent action vary with the economic situation. It happened before, not to us, but to a great many men. Their jobs were filled, often well-filled, or the jobs themselves no longer existed. And in many cases the men who came back were changed men. Bigger men, perhaps, but not the same.

A Job for Everybody

And I don't want anybody to chime in, at this point, with the remark that if a man is capable enough he can always get a job. Conceded, whether it is so or not. But I have a mind to the men who are not supermen, not brilliant, not so skilled or resourceful. Suppose a man is below the average in efficiency. Isn't it sad enough to be less capable than some other men, without being penalized for it by going jobless?

I say that now is the time for the proper authorities to tackle this

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book

Theodore, The Timber Wolf



"Are There Any More at Home Like You?"

TAPS

Probably the best-known of all bugle calls to the layman is "Taps," the traditional call signalling the end of the military day. We never thought much about how "Taps" might have originated, until the other day we ran across an account of its beginning in an Army journal. The beautifully simple melody is the composition of Major General Daniel Butterfield, who commanded Butterfield's Brigade in Fitz-John Porter's Corps of the Army of the Potomac. The time was 1862. Up 'til then the last call of the day was "Tap-to," or "Tap-toe," deriving from the practice of closing the taps of all opened beer barrels at the sound of the call. "Tap-to," later corrupted to "Tattoo," was sounded by three taps on a drum. Hence, "Taps." "Taps" came to be used to honor the military dead when Butterfield's Brigade was in bivouac at Harrison's Landing on the James River. It was necessary to bury casualties shot by snipers believed still close at hand. General Butterfield for some time had disapproved the use of a "lights out" or "cease drinking" service call at military funerals. Because the suspected proximity of snipers made it inadvisable to fire the customary three volleys over the graves, General Butterfield directed the Bugler, Oliver Norton, of Chicago, to sound instead, a soft, three-phrase call which the General himself had composed—on the back of an old envelope. He whistled his composition to Norton until the bugler could play it. The call immediately was borrowed by neighboring brigades and soon it spread through the entire Federal Army. "Taps" was adopted formally as a regulation bugle call in 1867. So far as it is known, it is used only by the United States Army.

obviously difficult problem, in line with the president's suggestion to the 78th Congress. In any civilized society the right to an opportunity to work should be elemental. Please note the word "opportunity."

In asserting that the president went too far in his emphasis on providing social and economic security, one of the greatest newspapers in this country expressed the wish, editorially, that he had stopped with the proposal that every citizen be provided with the "right to work." But that goes without saying and it isn't enough. Everyone of us knows that he has the right to work. What we want is the opportunity, the place, to work.

If we can have it in war, being fitted into the huge war machine where our superiors think we can be of most use, why can't we have it in peace? Or is that kind of talk socialistic? I don't think so, but if any reactionary citizen steps up to say that it is then I insist

that he is paying a compliment to socialism.

Anyhow, we who are in uniform will feel a new loyalty (and let me one question mine), if we know that our government is doing everything possible to provide us with the opportunity to work when the war ends.

As for permanent peace, I don't know. If the isolationists and the pacifists join forces after the war, as they worked together to keep us out of the war until it was almost too late, then it will be hard to establish any permanent peace. But if the veterans of this war have the wisdom and the unity, possibly we can do the job, which is after all, infinitely more important than the question of our own individual jobs.

New stripped models of gas stoves, containing no more than 100 pounds of iron and steel per stove, will save 16,000 pounds of iron and steel next year.

"THEY'LL BE SORRY"

There isn't a lad, that's uniform clad
From our farm houses, our apartments, and flats
That's not waiting for, to get into this war
To get a crack at the Japanese rats.

Like a thief in the night, these rats took to flight
Crossed the Pacific, to our western shore
Now they'll pay the price, these yellow termites
They'll be sorry, they started "this war."

"WAITING"

Each day the table is set, in the usual way
With three little chairs, just like yesterday
And these three little chairs, form a perfect "V"
There's Mothers, there's yours, the third one's for me
And twice every day, when we say our "grace"
We pray that "you darling" will soon fill that space.
We pray for the day, may it come very soon
We'll all be united, around the table each noon
So with the bonds, and the stamps, that we buy with our pay
Will help shorten the time, "that you'll be away."

"TO ALL OUR SERVICE MEN"

"God bless our service men each day"
Is our prayer to the "mighty power"
On land and sea, or in the air
"Please protect them every hour"
You may be Jew or Gentile
You may be black or white
"Our Lord above, never drew a line"
He's with you men "so fight."

"THAT LITTLE MOTHER"

She came around the corner
And boy she looked so sweet
We know her son, who is one of them
That's joined up with the fleet
And when she stopped to talk to us
There was a teardrop in her eye
And we knew she was wishing, and praying
That "her boy" was standing close by
She told us she heard from "her baby"
In the navy, he's learning to fly
And I thought it would take more than a million
To buy "that tear" in that "Mother's eye."

M. J. BROWN.

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

Camp Adair

The man who carries the ball, at a football game, is the one who makes the touchdown. Therefore the spectators search through the confusion which follows the passing of the ball, until they find the man who has it, and then they keep their eyes on him. They know that however skilful the other ten men on his side may be, in their appointed tasks, none of them can score, and the victory is in the score.

Now the citizen's interest in the soldier, at the front or in a training camp, is something like that. The common idea of a soldier is of a fellow with a gun. It may be a little gun or a big gun, but in any case the soldier shoots at the enemy to kill, or to win ground, or to force a surrender. The ball moves across the line and there is a score. The bullet moves into the ranks of the enemy and the enemy is overcome.

It is all so simple, and to a certain degree that is the right way to look at war, as well as at a game. For consider the state of affairs at this camp. It is, everyone knows, a training camp, a place where men, mostly young men, are being trained how to fight and how to protect themselves while fighting. All of the other work and activities of the camp are of value here only as they contribute to that end. Rightly, the mind of the nation is on the man with the gun who will go where the enemy is and will then attack.

Yet that is only part of it. Gun fire makes up only a small fraction of the waging of war today. In this respect, also, war is like a football game. In the game there are ten men all doing their utmost, in different ways, to expedite and facilitate the advance of the man with the ball.

In war there are a myriad men, within the armed forces, working to expedite and facilitate the advance of the man who fire the guns and man the guns. It's true in Washington, and here in camp, and at the front. Whether he carries a ball or a gun, the man who is expected to score needs a strategist to determine the general course that he is to take. In war this strategy involves the making and study of maps, secret plans, the assignment of forces to confuse the enemy, and much more.

In war, as in the game, all who take part must be disciplined and taught to cooperate and that takes instructors. Somebody must pass the ball and somebody must pass the ammunition and in game and in war more men are engaged in promoting the physical well-being of the team than in doing anything else. For that includes all who see to it that players and soldiers are properly clad, properly fed, properly sheltered, and are given right exercise to further their health and careful treatment to restore them to health if they are ill or have been wounded.

Whether they are shooting, computing firing data, keeping records, driving cars, making decisions, promoting morale, taking care of buildings or doing any of a hundred other Army jobs, the men in the Army all wear the uniform of a soldier and have an important part in this war. Right now there are in this camp, some mighty fine soldiers, inconspicuously doing remarkable work of the most varied kind. Sooner or later this will be recognized, although at present a great many men in the camp are so busy that they have no notion of how much good work their comrades are doing in other lines.

Culled

From Our Army

Cousins

To Benny, Hope and Allen it may be an old gag, but to Pvt. Wm. McGuire, of California's Mather Field, it's a headache. His wife is in the Navy. She's a nurse. But she's also a lieutenant. Should he salute her? Address her in his letters as "Dear Lieutenant" or simply as "My Dear"? According to THE ARMORIER, Camp Chaffee, Ark., he still doesn't know the answer—and Dorothy Dix won't tell.

Under the headline, "Soldiers Admire 19-Year-Old Lieutenant Herbert Schmidt," CAMP BERRY NEWS, Texas, makes the

point that this is a young man's war, points to Lt. Schmidt as a shining example. "As platoon leader of Co. C, 357th Inf., Lt. Schmidt has already gained the complete confidence of his men," according to Capt. Robert Proebstel, company commander. "The young officer, viewing the current struggle, believes the Japs are better fighters than the Germans because they have no conscience whatsoever to handicap their efforts. Lieutenant Schmidt's secret ambition: to serve under General MacArthur."

From THE RANGEFINDER of La Jolla, Calif., comes this item, written straight, without comment: "Pvt. Malcolm Dixon approached his first sergeant and went through the lines requesting a one-day pass. The absent-minded sergeant, who had been transferred from Texas shortly before, wrote Ft. Worth as the destination and dated the pass from May 10, 1942, to May 11, 1943." It was all a snare and a delusion, however. The error was corrected.

He never would talk about it. He was a quiet guy and he kept the "thing" in his barracks bag. Maybe it was the name of the publication, GAB, of the Greenville Army Air Base, that made him talk. Anyway, GAB reports that S/Sgt. Joseph Caputo, 473rd Squadron, won the Distinguished Flying Cross for action in a B-17 over Wake and Midway. His formation shot down nine Zeros and "the biggest damn aircraft carrier I ever saw." Caputo still keeps the medal in his barracks bag.

From the Madame Snafoo Dept. of THE BEALINER, Camp Beale, Calif. ("Her name is a household word—in some households") come these questions and answers. "Dear Madame Snafoo—You are so wonderful and seem to know everything. Please tell me how to keep from saying 'Sir' to my first sergeant." Answer: Just think out loud. You won't say anything to anybody for quite a while—if you get what I mean.

"Dear Madame Snafoo — What was my Margie, back in Coffeyville, Kan., doing at 11:15 last night? I was thinking of her at that time and had the funniest feeling. — Cpl. Longrest." Answer: Well, now, Corporal, I ran the cards and I wouldn't want you to feel badly, really I wouldn't. You know the army is one big family and we all have to make sacrifices. Coffeyville is near that aviation school, ain't it? Margie is well and happy. That's all I can tell you—for one dollar.

Quoting from THE SKY WATCH, Fort Eustis, Va., and letting you draw your own moral if you must have one: "It was 30 seconds before the Fort Eustis Open House radio program was to begin. The hush before the signal 'We're on the Air' was suddenly broken when a soldier dashed in loaded with full pack, rifle and steel helmet. The soldier, Pvt. Sol Bellomo, pianist with the orchestra, took his seat at the piano, swung into the opening theme, Farewell Blues. He had only been released a moment before from a battalion march which had been scheduled."

A LETTER FROM CASABLANCA Casablanca, French Morocco, Africa, Nov. 19. Dear folks (he writes to them, in Corvallis): I will try to get off a half-way decent letter to you.

On Sunday (Nov. 8) we went over the side of our transport and landed in small boats. My jeep and I went in a small boat with a half track and we headed for the beach at Felede, which is about 12 miles from Casablanca.

Other troops had landed ahead of us so there was little fighting on the beach when we landed. But when I came out of the boat I got stuck in real soft sand and all the time there were enemy planes shooting at us with machine guns.

Well, I finally got some Arabs to push my jeep out of the sand and then drove to our company's assembly area. Boy, was I scared! We hid in the trees 'til late that night, then moved forward.

The next day we parked our cannons in a pile of bamboo and stayed there for a little while. When the enemy found out where we were they started shelling us. They must have fired 40 or 50 shells near us, but we laid on the ground and not one was hurt very much.

... That night we went up to the front lines. There was a machine gun nest up there that was holding up our boys, so we took a couple of our cannons and blew hell out of it. Well... the Germans ran and the French gave up the fight.

... We moved into Casablanca... I guess we looked good to the French, because they went wild when we drove into the town... they threw us fruit and cakes and wine, gallons of it.

We moved out to an old race

track and are living there in the buildings... I have gone to town once or twice on pass... I wish you could see the sights.

Say, I am sort of broke and if you could spare ten it would come in handy as that is 750 francs and that is a lot of money in this country... I am in good health and am contented as can be expected for being in a foreign country...

Thus one soldier whom we shall leave unnamed, writes home to give us a more intimate insight about "what we have read in the papers."

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