

Camp Adair Sentry

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A DIFFERENT SLANT

The most important transition the soldier must make when he enters the army is one of spirit. For it is always possible to pick out of a group of men the one who has been a soldier long enough to acquire this inward attitude without which, no matter how well his ability qualifies him for his particular duty, a man cannot rightfully be said to be a soldier. The single word that best describes the real soldier's attitude, whether he realizes it or not is UNSELFISHNESS.

This word certainly didn't characterize most inductees in their civilian life. Perhaps competitive America excludes this to some extent. Perhaps this is a good thing, for our great industrial nation is, after all, built on the strivings of the individual to get ahead, to do something better than the next man, in effect to beat the other fellow out.

But the Army? Our whole effort as a fighting force depends of course on each one of us doing a best which is constantly getting better. But it depends even more on our efforts to see that the fellow next to us knows as much as we do, does his duty equally well. This means active help on our part, a genuine willingness to lend time and effort—unselfishness in short.

The old soldier realizes this, instinctively. You can tell. He wants the younger soldier to do things the right way, and he's willing to spend hours of his spare time in giving extra help to the rookie. Imagine a successful business man explaining, in effect giving away, the methods and knowledge that have brought him success to a young ambitious man. It isn't done. The young man might get to know as much as the instructor.

Why this complete change of attitude that characterizes the army—that must characterize our army if we're to win the victory that must be ours? The simple enough reason of course is—that if the fellow next to us doesn't know his job as well as man can know it—our own life may be the price. Officers and non-coms have been selected as such, not because they are better men, but because they are supposed to know more about the business of soldiering. Because they are best equipped to teach and see that the men under them know as much as is humanly possible to absorb. A raise in grade is not essentially an honor or award for success. It means added responsibility and every officer and non-com should realize that.

Thus, selfishness in the army is out. Personal ambitions, envy, bickering, backbiting are all out. Any man who indulges in these petty hangovers from civilian life is not a soldier. Any outfit that is characterized by these traits is an outfit that has not yet learned to soldier. Our own life, our friend's life, our victory depends on it. And when the individual soldier learns this lesson, this necessity indeed, he finds plenty of personal reward, too. In the necessity of unselfishness he finds, for the first time in many cases, the feeling of strength and pride and dignity that comes with helping someone else. He knows satisfaction because what he's fighting for, what the man next to him is fighting for, is a cause worthy of the last ounce of effort. Few of us had something this worth while to strive for before. In these ways a man's army life can surpass anything else in his experience.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

Governors Island, N. Y. — My biggest surprise here is the soldiers' enthusiasm for WAACs. At Adair I was almost unaware of WAACs and the idea amused me. But at the Recruiting Publicity Bureau, where I am now, the girls are much admired, partly because the men are in a better position to know their importance. We put out WAAC recruiting posters and circulars and in making the drawings and writing the copy all of us emphasize the true significance of the WAAC. So we are thoroughly WAAC-conscious.

The value of the WAACs is that they are taking the places of men on jobs behind the line, thereby releasing such men for combat duty. Thus they are helping to win the war and to shorten the war.

Crossing the island to chow, a sergeant with seven years in the service was holding forth on the charms of the WAACs. He was trying to figure out why they are so attractive. In his opinion they are the best-looking females at large, nowadays.

"I guess they use soap," he suggested, "instead of cosmetics, and also they exercise in the open air and keep regular hours. That's why their eyes sparkle and they have such healthy-looking skin."

But I think there's more to it than that. The uniform helps and

then the members of the WAAC are bound up in the biggest cause they will ever know. They know that no matter how monotonous and matter-of-fact their particular jobs may be, they all fit into the grand scheme of this war.

Nothing makes for contentment so much as working at a job that counts. These women are allied with the Army and its high tradition. They are in partnership with the armed forces. Being partners in war, they will remain partners in peace. Today, in the grimmest of wars, they are learning in the WAAC the lesson of mutual dependence and of mutual trust and hope. When the war is over, the partnership will endure.

(If you read the foregoing paragraph on a poster, please believe that I didn't steal from it. I merely wrote the poster copy.)

Another novel experience here is the presence, on the paths I travel, of a number of nurses. A few minutes ago I saluted one wearing a captain's bars and was reminded of the Military Intelligence Officer at Camp Adair. My desk was in the same building as his office and I remember the day when he informed us that we should salute nurses.

"Sir," said I, "is it all right to wink at the same time?"

"Now, Henry!" was the major's

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



... called 'Old Sol,' this sort of thing has been known to go on for days. Other generations of Webfeet have survived such an ordeal. Let us take heart, men, and carry on in spite of it."

X CHANGE CERPTS

NAVY'S LOSS ... Anthony Arthur Christian is the Army's most expensive soldier. When he appeared before his New York City draft board he was listed as single, no dependents, said not a word when he was classified I-A. Private Christian has a wife and eleven children and now the Army must pay him \$190 a month (private's wage plus \$140 for dependents). Drawing more money than a first lieutenant (and twice as much as he was getting on relief), he also gets rations and lodging. Harried Mrs. Christian wants the 38 year old to get a discharge anyway.

... From TIME magazine.

Modern Methods

In the Service Club they met, Romeo and Juliet;
He had no dough to pay the debt,
So Romeo'd while Juliet.

BORN TIRED

A sergeant had 70 men in his platoon, and because none of them was as energetic as the sergeant thought they should be, he thought of a plan which he believed would cure them of their lazy habits.

"Men," he said one morning, "I have a nice, easy job for the laziest man in the outfit. Will the laziest man please step forward?"

Instantly 69 men stepped forward.

"Why don't you step to the front, too?" the sergeant asked of the remaining private.

"Too much trouble," was the reply.

... THE TOWER, Illinois.

DAMYANKEE DEPT.

At an unnamed military post a board of officers quizzing OCS aspirants has devised a means of checking the loyalty of soldiers from the South. One candidate from Dixie met the test superbly. When asked what he would do if his native state, Georgia, seceded from the Union his eye took on the gleam of a man fighting a holy war. Said he, "We got to finish this war first, Suh."

... From 93rd BLUE HELMET, Arizona.

IMMUNE

This note was left on a Chicago slot machine in a local beer parlor:

"In case of an air raid, stand next to this machine. No one has ever hit it yet."

SOME CHANGE

In civilian life a guy who picks up cigarette butts is a bum. In the Army he's just bucking for sergeant.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

A sergeant walked into the Service Club library the other day requesting information about books available on the strategy of handling people ... Minutes later, a lieutenant called, asking for: "Methods of Torture."

... THE TOWER, Illinois.

The first Distinguished Flying Cross awarded to an officer of the Indian Air Force was won by acting Wing Commander K. K. Majumdar for courage an example in the Burma campaign.

response, but I got a laugh.

Today I didn't wink. The dame was formidable.

Gen. Lear Wants Soldier Like This; Don't We All?

The kind of soldier that Gen. Ben Lear, Commanding General of the Second Army, wants to see throughout his command, according to remarks reprinted in the Army and Navy Register:

Perfects himself in the use of every weapon he has access to;

Tests his endurance by courting hardship and difficult missions;

Keeps military information to himself;

Is never too tired on duty; Takes care of equipment on which lives may depend;

Regards men of the other services as comrades of the same American team;

Does at least his full share on his team and is ready to lend a hand; Turns a deaf ear to anti-American propaganda, slurs and insinuations;

Cultivates initiative, cunning and aggressiveness of fighting spirit; Seeks to understand, and explain to others, the heritage he's fighting for;

Is proud of his ability to take hardships;

Carries himself like a soldier on duty or off;

Is courteous to civilians and respectful to his superiors;

Is thoughtful of his buddies and steers them away from trouble;

Does not expose himself to venereal disease or the dangers of drunkenness;

Is loyal—despite hell and high water—to his comrades, leaders and country;

"Look the world in the eye," Gen. Lear concludes. "You're the best of our breed—and you are going to win."

DER BALLAD VON ADOLF DER DISSAPPOINTED

Lew Lehr must have come to war along with Lucky Strike "Green." Anyway, if Lehr panics you, this poem printed in the Ft. Riley Guidon is sure to lay you right in the aisles.

Adolf sent his Aryan legions Across der Russian plain,
Zu conquer der lowly Russians und Mit glugger komm home again.

Dose heroes von Germany reached der Volga,
Und laid siege zu Sachtalingradt.
Fur der lowly, non-Aryan Russians Things ver really getting badt.

Den somehow or odder, der pace schlowed down,
Der infincible Aryans sehopped They dug in zu wait fur der winter zu end.

Ven Schpring came der Hell vound pop.

Aber der traitorous Russians doublecrossed
Der brafe boys von der Vaterland.
Dey sehattered right in mitout vaiting fur sehpring.

Und attacked der Feuhrer's band.
Der glorious Germans hadt zu retreat
In der Russian cold and schnow,
Und vy hiss brafe boys didn't take Sachtalingradt,
Poor Adolf vill nefer know.

Britain cash purchases of essential war items in the United States have exceeded \$7,000,000,000, almost equal to the cumulative value of all Lend-Lease aid extended by the United States from March 11, 1941, to November 30, 1942.

SONG OF THE INFANTRY

The Commandos are OK and the Rangers pretty swell;
They'll keep sluggin' night and day, and fight like triple hell.
The Marines are plenty game and paratroops are tough;
When it comes to bein' rugged, those babies have the stuff.
The kids who fly our planes and the boys who sail our ships
Can dish it out or take it with a grim smile on their lips.
The hurrah of fame and glory rightly falls around those guys
For they daily risk death boldly on the sea and in the skies.

Say, Joe, for just an average guy, you're shoot-in off your face
Who are you? Seems I know you, but I don't believe I place—

Yes, Buddy, yes, you know me, though you generally forget,

Or don't see me pushin' forward under all that dirt and sweat.
I've stood and held and suffered, for that's my only game,
To take whatever comes my way and then dish out the same;
To move forward, always punchin, and no matter what the cost;
To hang on to what I've taken—if I don't the battle's lost
Even though the circus aces an the reckless Navy gob
Have slashed at Fritz and Tojo and generally played hob.
Yes, Buddy, they forget me but don't think I give a damn
When we've smashed the Japs and Germans they'll remember who I am.
"For when the whole thing's over, and only then they'll see
That I'm the guy who made it stick—the God-damn Infantry.

—O. C. Gordon Strauss, Fort Benning, Ga.



Portland Miss Waxes Camp With Sgt. Perry

Miss Bettie Hartbeez, of Portland, was squared around camp recently by Sgt. Orland C. Perry of the Sea Gull regiment, seems to have been sufficiently impressed with the Camp Adair installations, and has permitted her burning desire to write poetry to take over, with "A Salute to Camp Adair" the result:

To the tail end of creation
Nestled in the heart of nowhere
Here I found it—Camp Adair!

An MP met me at the gate,
Said I, "I came to see my date."
A pass was issued with a grin,
Next thing, Oh boy! I was in!

Casually rubbernecked around,
What a color to paint a town!
Some dyspeptic artist's dream
Miles and miles of OG green!

They don't say "Hi, there!" merely
"Halt!"
For driving fast, it's not my fault
That thirty-five is top around
My town, but not in camp, I found.

The name for truck, I think, is
"Jeep"
And "chow" just means it's time to eat;
I felt quite nervous, being guest
Of a hundred soldiers in a "mess."

I sat, and shyly glanced about
To find them through, and filling out!
No menu, sugar, dinner wine,
The "stew"—no question, it was fine.

Mail call wasn't quite so funny,
To get a letter from his honey
He'd give an arm. But his face is sad,
C'mon, Gals! Writer's cramp's not bad!

Asked a sentry where he wanted to go
He couldn't leave; I didn't know,
Eyes front, he paced, still gripped his gun,
Thought I, "The jerk! He's not much fun."

The whole place has me much confused
Except the Club, where I'm amused
By scores of uniforms everywhere;
A girl's own Paradise—Camp Adair!

Your Governor Greet's You

As men from every state in the nation are now in service in Camp Adair, the Sentry is printing from time to time excerpts from greetings of various governors. Watch for your state leader's message. The originals of all messages and letters are on display in the Corvallis office of the Defense Recreation committee. Just ask for Mr. Newton H. Carmen, Oregon.

I am happy to join with governors of other states in extending greetings to their Army men at Camp Adair through the Camp Adair Sentry. I want also to extend a welcome on behalf of Camp Adair's home state, Oregon people feel they have a reputation to uphold for the hospitable and patriotic West. And in view of the size of Camp Adair, the fine work that is being accomplished there, and the friendly admiration we have for Camp Adair men, this should be easy. It is our pleasure far beyond the simple duty. May your stay in Oregon be of high worth to yourselves and the nation, and thoroughly enjoyable to you personally.—Earl Snell, Governor.

Massachusetts
Please convey greetings of Commonwealth and my own personal best wishes to Bay State boys at Camp Adair. We miss them—and

I hear a lute like silver song,
Float on the morning air so free,
Clear, pure and sweet it flows along
In ecstasy, it seems to me.

Silent I steal—and drawing near,
A beautiful picture gaze upon,
A mother young—with first born,
dear,
Clasps warm and close her infant son.

And while the child, like crumpled flower,
Lies, sleeping, smiling on her breast,
These words her son bears, in that hour:
"Now life is sweet—now life is blest."

I see a maiden fair and young,
In life's rose-tinted month of May,
Care free and joyous from her tongue,
Like bird-notes, falls her roundelay.

And as her rivals, on their wings
Turn ear and eye, seek limb and rest
This sure and certain theme she sings,
"Now life is sweet—now life is best!"

—Ida H. Waite.

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WHEN NATURE FORGETS... REMEMBER

EX-LAX

The "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative

✓ not too strong!
✓ not too mild!
✓ it's just right!

As a precaution, see only as directed.

OCCASION FOR Loveliness

LUXABLE

"Lady in Waiting"

MATERNITY FROCKS

Admiring eyes will approve the modern style tempo of this flattering "LADY IN WAITING" maternity dress. Right up to the "very day" you can wear this self-adjusting youthful mode. And, of course, the flattering print and dainty white removable dickie washes beautifully in gentle LUX.

Sizes 12 to 20 \$5.95
Others at 7.95

NOLAN'S
THIRD and MADISON
CORVALLIS

TELEPHONE

Make your nickel count!

Coin box telephones operate a little differently in different parts of the country.

Maybe those in camp here aren't quite like the ones you've been used to at home.

It's a good rule, therefore, to read the directions on the front of the coin box before you deposit any money.

They're easy to follow—and we don't want you to lose your nickels.

CAL HORN, CAMP TELEPHONE MANAGER
THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY