

Camp Adair Sentry

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THE RECOGNITION

Editor's Note: The following essay has been brought to the attention of the editorial staff of the "Sentry" and it in turn would like to pass it along to the readers, since it embodies a subject which is of concern to us all. It was composed by C. W. Robison, of Portland, noted west coast lawyer, and was presented first over KGW. News of it came to the attention of the National Broadcasting company, and in a few weeks, was aired over a nationwide network, and the NBC ordered 500,000 copies to take care of listeners' requests.

The Recognition

You know, I think I'd know Him, if I'd meet Him trudging down some snow-filled Russian road, or if perchance we'd stopped awhile beneath the burning Lybian sun. Yeah . . . I'd know Him if I was resting in the jungle heat of a valley near a town called Guna. I kinda feel I'd know Him, anywhere or anytime.

And when I'd meet Him, we'd rest awhile. He'd sit down by me . . . and I'd lay down my tommy-gun and gas mask, and my pack and we'd just talk about the things he'd wanta hear. I'd tell Him of my mother . . . how she believed in Him. He'd smile so wistfully and say, "My Mother, too. Mothers, they have ever been the same."

Then I'd tell Him how I grew up . . . how I was raised on the streets where the men and not the houses wear the numbers. I'd tell Him . . . how when my old man got hitched again . . . he and his new "dame" threw me out, that's how I got to running with the "gang."

I'd tell Him how "a father" here, "a sister" there, and sometimes some guys from some poor mission tried to help me. He'd nod His head and say, "These are (My best beloved) the good shepherds."

Then I'd tell Him how, when I got a little older, I got in the "racket." I'd come clean . . . I'd tell Him that I'd done a "stretch." And He'd look at me and say, "There are scars on your soul, My Son." Then He'd look at His white Hands with those great scars upon the palms . . . and it would seem to me as if the wounds were fresh again. Yet, when He would lay His Hand upon my shoulder, why, the touch just made me clean again.

Then I'd tell Him of the things . . . just as they were. I'd tell Him of this guy "Schickelgruber" and that bald-headed, fat one that plays at Caesar. I'd tell Him what they did. I'd tell Him how they murdered millions of men and women . . . yeah, little children, I'd tell Him that they mocked at Him and laughed at God. Then I'd see His eyes just flash . . . then I'd kinda feel sorry that I'd bothered Him. He'd seem to know it, for He'd say, "For it is not ye who speak, but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." . . . "Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the Day of Judgment . . . (than for such men as these)."

Well, maybe then I'd say, "But how about me . . . me and my tommy-gun?" And He'd say to me, earnest-like, "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in the light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye on the house-tops." . . . "And now I say unto you, he that hath no sword let him sell his garments and buy one."

Then about that time . . . we'd have some grub. I'd take out my emergency rations, and we'd split them. He'd look at me and whisper, "Blessed art thou, oh Lord, God, King of the Universe, who sanctifies food to His children." Then we'd eat.

I'd say, "I'm sorry, Fella, I ain't got any more . . . and my canteen's dry."

He'd nod and say, "I am the bread of life. He that cometh to Me, shall never hunger; and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst." Then I'd feel just like once when I was tired, I lay down on my belly by a brook and drank, and felt so cool and fine again.

Then when I'd look to where He was . . . I'd be alone . . . alone again.

Yeah, this much I've got . . . this thing I've got for sure, I know . . . I'd know Him if I'd meet Him on the Russian Steppes or on the Lybian wastes or in a steaming jungle near a town called Guna. I know I'd know Him anywhere . . . anytime . . . or any place.

By C. W. ROBISON, Portland, Oregon.

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

GOVERNORS ISLAND, N. Y.—This paper certainly gave me a great send-off, and I have just now seen the piece written by Wallace (Unknown Quantity) Rawles. It reached me late and is disconcerting, because I had seen later editions of The Sentry and was amazed by the paper's steady improvement since the staff got rid of me. I knew that it had to get better, but not so much better.

Although Rawles the Pfc (as he was when we parted), is an M. P., some of his data about me was true, and all of it was complimentary, so accuracy doesn't matter. He did go a bit far, I thought, in calling me a friend of General Pershing. It's a fact that once I crossed the West Point campus with General Pershing, asking questions to which he paid no attention, but does that make us friends?

Most of all, I appreciated the account of my cat idyll, as I should describe it, and may I add to that now? On Sunday afternoon, the day before my departure from Camp Adair, I went to the stables and borrowed little Robin Adair, as I had done every Sunday afternoon, and took him to the Public Relations Office, where he curled up in a wire basket and slept, while I worked.

M/Sgt. William E. Carmichael dropped in to pet the cat and look on me with understanding. He knew how I'd grown to love that grateful little ball of fur. It was after nightfall when I carried the cat back to the stables. I told him to remember me as long as a cat could remember and I promised to send him some catnip from New

Your Governor Greets You

Virginia

Please give my congratulations and best wishes to the Virginia boys at Camp Adair and tell them they are greatly missed at home. Virginia is proud of her sons in the Armed Forces, and knows that they will play their part with great courage and fortitude.—C. W. Darden, Jr.

Minnesota

Thank you for the opportunity to greet the men from Minnesota. We want them to know that we are mighty proud of them. Best wishes to all.—Harold Stassen.

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



Have You Seen This Gink? Zilch Seeking Enlightenment

To the Editor:

I am very sorry as due to one thing and another I have not been writing you any high-power features of late but notice you now have a lot of columnists anyway, but you see I am still in the Army. I am extremely curious for some enlightenment about who is the individual pictured here who I have seen walking about this Army Post, often near and around Service Club No. 1 where this make-up fellow from Hollywood, Steve Clensos, works.



Pvt. Clensos is the fellow who makes the life masks and trick makeup stuff I was telling you I thought would be a good story. Yesterday I went to see Pvt. Clensos and they told me he would be there soon and I sat down and was looking over some military secrets and stuff when this old snort I'm sending you the picture of came in. He said:

"Get the (mustn't say the naughty word, mustn't say the naughty word) out of my office," in a high cracked voice.

I said: "I am waiting for Pvt. Clensos, the make-up artist. He runs this part of this office you don't."

He said: "Oh no? Redikulus, young whippersnapper," and went to work drawing pictures and things.

Pretty soon I got mad and left. I will find this Pvt. Clensos some way for he is a good story. They call him the "Pvt. of many faces," none of them over Pfc.

I picked up this picture of the old coat as he was pretty insulting in his way and I want to report him to somebody. Yrs. faithfully, Pvt. A. Theodore Zilch.

P. S.—I just turned the picture over and it says "Makeup artist Steven Clensos in one of his many disguises." That answers my question and I think somebody has been pulling the wool over my eyes again.

1922 S. E. Pine, Portland, Oregon, February 23, 1943.

Dear sirs: I wish to notify you of my change of address, and name. I've been receiving your paper for some time, and have gotten a lot of enjoyment out of it. Your camp program is also very good, and is among our "must" list. We try to tune in each week and so far have only missed once.

Here is my old name and address: Florence Stewart, #115 S. E. Raymond, Portland, Oregon.

I would like to have the paper sent to Mrs. Clayton D. Brown, 1922 S. E. Pine St., Portland, Ore. Thank you and — Keep up the good work!

Sincerely yours, Mrs. Clayton Brown. If they take you in the army I am going to sell my bonds. (Frank Morgan, NBC, picked by Reader's Digest.

XCHANGE XCERPTS

CALLING DR. KILDARE:

An eminent surgeon recently attended the unveiling of a bust of himself at one of our leading universities. After the ceremonies a young woman came up to him. "I hope you appreciate," she said, "that I have come 50 miles to see your bust unveiled." Whereupon he graciously replied, "I would go a thousand miles to see yours." —From Ft. Niagara Drum, New York.

SPORTS DEPT: A basketball game among some officers was waxing hot and heavy here recently. Toward the end of a very hectic period, the referee — an enlisted man — blew his whistle loudly and brought the play to a stop. "One more trick like that," he bellowed at one of the players, "and I'll throw you out of the game—SIR!" —From Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

ANSWER BOX

Q. When was the khaki uniform first worn by the U. S. Army? A. It was first worn in 1898 by the volunteer troops in the Spanish-American War. It was found that the heavy woolen, dark blue uniform was too hot for the tropics. The khaki was found so serviceable, that the whole dress Regulation for the Army was changed to khaki.

Q. Where did the "grenade" get its name? A. We've heard that grenades were named after the pomegranate because this fruit made a rattling noise when shaken. Your guess is as good as ours as to how much truth there is to it.

Q. Are we supposed to salute Army nurses? A. Yes. They're entitled to the same privileges with reference to salutes as are customarily enjoyed by and prescribed for grades corresponding to their relative rank.

Q. I'm still supporting by mother and a kid brother even though I am in the Army. Now I'm wondering whether I'll be able to claim "head of the family exemption" on my income tax return. What about it? A. Yes. Your separation because of military service has no effect on your personal exemption as head of the family.

TO MY BUDDIES IN CAMP We've trod this camp together My buddies friends and I But there is a friend far better Who is living up on high.

A friend who died to save us And show us a way to escape The road that leads to destruction The way that leads us to fate.

I turn from this road of destruction

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And Many Left We drove down 30,000 feet and all my sins flashed before me. It was so interesting I made the pilot go back and do it eight more times. —Reader's Digest.

About three-fourths of all sports equipment now being manufactured goes to members of the armed services, and to those receiving pre-induction military training.

CAMP COMMANDER'S COLUMN

Camp Adair

As the days and weeks of training for war become months without change in its rigorous monotony, a soldier naturally becomes a bit discouraged and is apt to feel at times that he isn't accomplishing much. He should not be discouraged and he should be made to realize that he is by no means a failure. In his blue moments he is inclined to overlook certain facts.

Less than two years ago our Army was faced with the urgent problem of training tens of thousands of men for combat as quickly as possible. The finest young men in the nation were inducted into a world strange to them. They responded magnificently. It was inevitable that not all these men would get into the branch of the service they thought they should. It is not possible to predict with absolute accuracy the perfect place for any individual, no matter how intelligent, healthy or industrious he may be.

But the Army is doing an excellent job. No soldier, if he is fair, can deny that the Army is making an all-out effort to carefully weigh individual qualifications and in so far as possible making assignments to the type of service desired. Educational opportunities, the best-in-equipment, recreational and religious facilities—all attest to a regard of personal welfare remarkable in wartime.

The good soldier will bear all of this in mind. And while knowing that discipline must be fully maintained, can so deport himself as to establish a wholesome camaraderie between officers and men.

The army is patience, toughness and humility rolled into one—and the soldier who combines these with a good natured determination not to grumble or complain, but to make the best of it, will go home from the wars a better man for it.

IF WINTER COMES . . .

Can Spring Be Far Behind?" The world at war is in the midst of another winter. And throughout the history of the world's wars, winter has been a decisive influence in the outcome of the battle. Napoleon in his historic retreat from Moscow hailed "General Winter" as his

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And always follow this friend For he is ready to guide us If only we'll turn to him. So buddies be true to this friendship Our friend, our guide and our light For when we're together in battle We'll be in the midst of the fight.

Always ready to help us And snatch us from death's grim toil And land us safely together On good old American soil.

There we will meet our loved ones A new life then to begin Should we meet no more in this world May we meet up there with him.

—By Pfc. Frederick Jones Co. "F" 382nd Inf.

IF

If you and I were snowflakes twain, And floating gently forth, Upon a cloudlet's foamy sea, Went drifting toward the north— This flake would be a happy soul, For freezing, icy breath of northern wind

Would blow us close, and freeze us, cold as Death. Into a glacier we would sink, And there for eons lie, Twin little lacy flakes of ice Hidden from every eye.

But as a southern breeze should take Us to his warmer clime, And gently fold these flakes of snow— Together for all time: Then we, my love, in ecstasy Would swiftly melt and flow

Together in one diamond drop, A miniature rainbow. —Ida H. Waite.

I PITY THE MAN

I pity the man who never has known The pleasure of owning a pup; Who never has watched his funny ways In the business of growing up.

I pity the man who enters his gate Alone and un-noticed at night, No dog to welcome him joyously home With his frantic yelps of delight.

I pity the man who never receives In hours of bitterest woe, Sympathy shown by a faithful dog In a way only he seems to know.

I pity the man with a hatred of dogs; He is missing from life something fine; For the friendship between a man and his dog Is a feeling almost divine.

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conqueror. The great Hannibal crossing the Alps referred to Winter as a "sentinel guarding the narrow passes of the mountains." And today in the greatest war of all military history, we find ourselves in the winter season.

Iron slugs, weighing 95 pounds each, shot into a mountain side near the Picatinny Arsenal, New Jersey, in testing munitions explosives, are being dug out for scrap.

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