

Camp Adair Sentry
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"Our Wounded Live"

Wherever our men may be fighting overseas, medical units go to the front with them. Skilled doctors, trained in Army maneuvers, ride in tanks, fly in planes, jump with our paratroops, ski with our ski troops. Mobile hospital units equipped with the most modern medical devices move swiftly to the scene of action. Every step is taken to see to it that our fighting men receive the best of medical attention as quickly as possible.

The dread scourge of the wounded is infection. In the World War, wounded men left on the battlefields while the combat raged, soon were afflicted with gangrene. Loss of life was heavy, amputations numerous. Abdominal wounds almost always were fatal.

Now, the skilled doctors of our Medical Corps no longer fight a losing battle against infection. Each soldier is provided with a package of sulfanilamide tablets and a shaker envelope of "sulfa" powder. If he is wounded, he takes the pills internally. The powder is dusted over his wound. When he is carried to the field hospital, even though it may be twenty-four hours later, that wound is clean. No further cell destruction occurs. At Pearl Harbor, where the "sulfa" drug received its first great wartime test, 96% of the wounded recovered.

The "sulfa" drug is only one of the many accomplishments of modern medicine put to excellent use by our Medical Corps. In many cases, shock suffered by the wounded can cause more harm than the actual injury itself. But due to the healing qualities of blood plasma, shock can be successfully counteracted. Members of the Medical Field Service carry a portable plasma kit on to the battlefield and can give a wounded soldier an immediate life saving transfusion. There is no telling how many lives have already been saved and how many more will be saved because there was enough blood plasma . . . on time.

You who have given your blood to a blood bank almost surely have saved a life. And there is a great need for additional quantities of blood plasma. The American Red Cross is cooperating with our armed forces in a campaign for blood donors. If you are physically able, give your blood to save the life of a wounded soldier. Get in touch with your local Blood Donor Center today. Our men are willing to die for their country. But no life must be lost that might have been saved!

There is no greater uplift to the morale of a man in battle than the knowledge that should he fall wounded, all that medical science knows is waiting to help him. He will be taken swiftly by jeep ambulance or litter to the Battalion Aid or Collecting Station. If further treatment is needed, he will be moved to a clearing station or to an evacuation hospital. Then he may be flown by air ambulance to a hospital far removed from the scene of battle.

Our medical men are using all their expert knowledge to heal our wounded. Day after day, in our medical laboratories, studies are being made to further safeguard the lives of our fighting men. On the battlefronts, doctors operate skillfully while shells fly screaming above. Calm, in the face of any danger, they go about their life-giving work. All through the history of this nation's war years, the men of our Army Medical Corps have proved themselves true soldiers under fire. Many have given their lives, in dangerous experiments, and on the battlefield . . . so we may live.

Yes, today our wounded live, and our Medical Corps is using all its skill and knowledge to see to it that they will return home to enjoy the fruits of victory!

It's A Great Life
 Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



General Order No. 4?"
 "Don't know," came the same answer.

"What did the corporal of the guard tell you?" asked the OD.
 "He said, 'Watch out for the OD, he's a louse!'"

From THE TRAINER,
 New Orleans, La.

Didja hear what happened to Mr. Five-by-Five? Seems he married Miss Two-by-Four and now they're having children, One-by-One.

DEFINITION: Hula dancer: Just a shake in the grass.

OK, BUDDY, SIR!

The postal clerk at Camp Edwards, Mass., will never get chatty again. The last time he said to the man who spelled out his name in asking for mail, "Okay, bud. And what's that uniform, Canadian or British?"

The man replied, "British."
 And the postal clerk said, "Not bad, not bad, what's the junk on the shoulder for?"
 And the man said, "For majors, bud."
 And the clerk said, "Yess-s-s, SIR!!!"

From THE ARMODIER,
 Arkansas.

Then there's the one about the elevator operator who has told

thousands of women where to get off.

THRU CHANNELS

Joe Dogface was pouring his heart out to his girl. "Gee Masie, what would I have to do to make you love me?" "Well, Joe," she replied, "If you were a corporal you could hold my hand, and if you were a sergeant, you could put your arms around me, and if you get to be a staff-sergeant, well you might even kiss me."

Joe started for the door. "I'll be back, Maisie. I'm going to apply for OCS!"

From THE COMMUNIQUE,
 Louisiana.

The deaf man sitting in the front pew spied a new man in the pulpit chair.

"Wha's that?" he asked a fellow worshiper behind him.

"New deacon," was the reply.

"New Dealer, eh?" the deaf one scowled.

"No, no," his informer continued. "I said he's the son of a bishop."

"Yep, yep, yep," said the deaf one, nodding in agreement. "They all are, they all are."

From THE COMMUNIQUE,
 Louisiana.

Voice of a luscious blonde in a darkened air-raid shelter. "Hey, take your hands off my knee! No, not you. YOU!"

MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

Governors Island, New York—Every evening free tickets are passed out from desks in the Park Avenue headquarters of the United Service Organizations, and long before the appointed time a line begins to form at the head of a handsome stairs.

As the minutes pass, the line lengthens, extending down the stairs and through two long rooms and then doubling back until it reaches the street door. On big nights there is a line outside, on the sidewalk.

Some men, sping Lavon Zakarian of Camp Adair, bring books with them and read while they wait. Others talk, and the conversation is like no other talk in the armed forces. Mainly, it consists of dramatic criticism. Nigh after nigh these men of the services, stationed

in or near the city, have been seeing plays and the latest movies and they exchange opinions about their relative merits. You hear some pungent and sophisticated remarks, too.

But the dramatic criticism is merely entertaining. The real interest in the ticket line is in what some men don't say, about themselves and their experiences. Mingled with the fellows who have been fighting the battle of New York month after month are others who have been in tight spots. They belong to various armies and navies of the United Nations. They talk the least and probably think the most. After all that they have seen and heard, and all that they have been through, the life of New York City, including the routine of the soldiers and



Right now is a time that demands of soldiers a steadiness that carries on in face of doubt and uncertainty. It is a time for refusing to be swayed from a purpose either by reverses or successes, by impatience, confusion or misunderstanding.

War as it is being waged today is too gigantic, too complex for snap judgment as to just what will happen at any certain time. There is too much haste on the part of many of the news commentators and correspondents in assuming that battles in which the allies have shown superiority are virtually push-overs for our side.

Soldiers — good soldiers—know that it is necessary in win many battles before winning the war. If he allows himself to be buoyed up excessively when he hears good reports over the radio and starts planning on turning in all of his GI equipment except the uniform he is wearing back home, the let-down is just that much greater when the next day's reports the loss of a battle.

The good soldier knows that in war he must accept the good and the bad, not only on the battlefield but in the training camp, with equanimity. He must accept it without impatience and without complacency, but with confidence.

This, individually, is not an easy thing to do. It is only by training, by constant and consistent self discipline that a soldier accepts this way of life automatically.

This does not mean that he should lose all initiative and resourcefulness. It means that while he is learning how to fight, he should also know WHY he is fighting.

There is a lot of the military that is confusing even to those with years and years of service, but there is one axiom that every soldier from private to general must learn and learn well—that all army regulations are primarily intended to be for the best interests of the largest number of men.

sailors in garrison and port, must seem mighty strange.

New York is strange. No doubt it would be impossible for these men from foreign parts to convey the strangeness of it. Although no city can be so well informed about all that is taking place, everywhere, the war still seems unreal and far away.

Long before the United States was fully in it this war was a huge show to New York and that impression remains today. Earlier it consisted of movies and broadcasts and newspaper stories and pictures about refugees on incoming ships. Now the refugees have stopped coming by the shipload and instead the city has the spectacle of thousands of men in uniform.

They throng the railway terminals, the streets, and places of public assembly. Such a pianist as Vladimir Horowitz gives a concert at Carnegie Hall and the house is sold out, except for the stage, which is full of men of the services, admitted free. But the uniforms of all of these men are pressed and their shoes are shined and nothing about them suggests the pain and the grimness of war.

Plenty of Rubber!

Marceline, Mo. (CNS)—A young fellow in city court was charged with passing worthless checks and was fined \$17.95. He handed the judge a check. It bounced, too.

XCHANGE CERPTS

LITTLE BROTHER!

Father: "What were you and that kid talking about on the porch last night?"
 Daughter: "Oh, we were just talking about our kith and kin."
 Little brother: "I'll say they

were, pop. He thays, 'Can I kith you?' and she thays, 'Yeth, you kin!'"

From THE RANGE FINDER,
 California.

HOW TO ALIENATE OD'S

Making the rounds, the OD came upon a rookie on guard duty. He asked the rookie, "What is General Order No. 6?"
 "Don't know," replied the rookie.
 The OD tried again, "What is