

# Camp Adair Sentry

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## Still a Fortress

The thunder and flames are rolling over Hitler's Valhalla . . . Ruins and ashes litter many Nazi cities . . . German armies in the East are reeling under fresh Russian blows . . . Fortress troops around the continent are alerted against possible Allied landings . . .

But this war is not over, Soldier!

An empire that was built with a sword is beginning to feel a new sword forged over three long, desperate years by a world whom Adolph Hitler challenged. Inside the Nazi fortress there are some signs of confusion and some glimmering signs of flagging ardor and growing uncertainty.

But there are also signs of much strength left inside that fortress which must be breached and levelled before there can be an end of the war in Europe.

It is hiding our head in the sand to assume that German civilian morale is on the verge of cracking. If it were his troops would not be fighting as well as they are: It is no use indulging in the thought that his air forces have melted into nothing.

His military power is still stupendous. On paper it is no equal for the potential which all the United Nations together can gather against it. But it is not troops or planes or guns at the training camp that count but troops and planes and guns at the front. And today much of what the Allies have is far from the front.

We read with considerable optimism that Nazi plane factories are far below ours in output, but the manner in which he extricated his armies from complete rout in Southern Russia was masterly. What seemed like a disaster has been converted into only a major reverse. He lost an army at Stalingrad, but by that sacrifice he has apparently brought back larger armies which would otherwise also have been lost.

There was nothing incompetent about his recovery in Africa. He met the Allied landings by skillfully pulling Rommel out of Tripoli and concentrating in the strongest position along the entire Northern coast of Africa.

Yes, the flames may be licking around the foundations of Hitler's Valhalla, but the time is not yet for it to come crashing down in the twilight of Nazi gods. The lines are forming for the showdown, but the forces are more evenly matched than we would desire.

No, soldier, this war is not over. Let those who have nothing better to do, plan the peace that is to come. We've got a job of fighting to do. Let's do it.

## A Word to the Wise!

Heads up and eyes right, all personnel of the Ninth Service Command! There is still a lot of drill and training in military discipline in store for you.

A recent training directive — Memorandum No. 9 — published by Headquarters Service of Supply, and reaching this post through military channels, goes into the matter quite thoroughly. In fact, it leaves no loopholes for the holdiers who would prefer to take it easy.

So for the benefit of officers and enlisted men of SCU 1911—MP's, QM's, Medics and attached troops—we quote a few pertinent extracts:

"Officers and men must be trained as disciplinarians so that when placed in positions of authority, regardless of mud or difficulties of maintenance, commanders will display proper leadership.

"... Individuals, groups, or units must be disciplined in the school of the soldier . . . Members of Service Units must be trained technically and tactically and commanders must be disciplined leaders . . . it is necessary that all soldiers become military soldiers . . ."

Be on your toes, soldiers, the Post Command means business.

**UPSY DAISY AT 363RD**  
Headquarters of the 363rd Field Artillery recently released the announcement of the promotion of T/5 Herbert G. Lent to Corporal

and Pfc. George L. Ulises to T/5. Down in the 381st Infantry, Pfc. Glenn A. Ellis is busy sewing on his new, new, shiny corporal's stripes.

## It's A Great Life

### Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book

NO CARTOON  
NO CARTOONIST

One moment of utter silence is requested as we think of Pfc. Don Lynch, whose cartoon of Army Life is generally found right here.

Pfc. Lynch, alas, is learning about Army Life first hand this week. Instead of drawing pictures he is drawing a bead on targets at the rifle range. He will be back next week a wiser—and sturdier—soldier.

## MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

Governors Island, New York. — Already one hears predictions that the personnel of the armed forces in this war will surely have great power in national affairs when peace comes.

I hope so. The men who fight and supply the fighters in war will have earned a right to a powerful, if not dominant share in making the difficult decisions of peace. And I believe that they will have, on the whole, a sound and solemn conception of the task.

"Task Force" is an expression which has come into use in the war and most of us will agree that the armed forces developed for conflict should remain united as a "Task Force" in peace. For the making of a lasting peace will be the world's challenging task in years ahead, as the winning of the war is the all-absorbing task at present, and we understand, if others do not, the paramount position of potential force as an agency of peace.

But in suggesting that we remain united I do not mean that we should remain in the military establishment. I mean only that we should not break with it completely, as too many of us did after the other war. We should cherish our kinship with the men who do continue to live in uniform.

In addition to cherishing the comradeship of soldiers, we should try to perpetuate the idea of a soldier that always develops in

wartime and is discarded afterwards. In peace, as in war, a soldier is entitled to respect and something more, because of all that he stands for and because of his function in the national life.

During a war, civilians think of the soldier as one who serves his country, giving "the last full measure of devotion," if need be. The war ends, the army shrinks, and the soldiers are no longer visualized as the vanguard of a people in a great crusade. Although West Point keeps its prestige as the school for officers, the men in the ranks are not thought of as a "Task Force" for peace.

Perhaps we enlisted men of the war, we who expect to resume civilian pursuits, can do something about that and should be thinking about it now. What can be done to make the army of peace more attractive to young men who take life seriously and wish to be useful and productive?

We know that military training is good, because it has done us good, and many of us would like to see military training made compulsory for all young men in time of peace. But that is not enough. The army should have more outlets, more opportunities, for enlisted men who would be glad to devote their lives to the service, if only they could feel socially useful there and could enjoy what we like to think of as the American standard of living.

## XCHANGE CERPTS

### COULD BE

Pvt.: "How about a date for Saturday night?"  
Girl: "Sorry, I don't go out with anything lower than a lieutenant."  
Pvt.: "I didn't know there was anything lower."

From Fort Niagara DRUM, New York

### POME

The girls are wild about Bill Bampton  
The strong and handsome  
Breast-stroke champion.

### UH-HUH!

Pvt.: "Do you have any notions in this department?"  
Cute Salesgirl: "Yes, but we try to suppress them during working hours."

From Fort Niagara DRUM, New York

### NOT YET, FELLAS

Two soldiers were appearing before a court martial to answer the charge of striking an officer.  
"Why did you strike the OD?" asked the judge of the first soldier.  
"I sneezed and involuntarily struck him with my elbow," was the reply.

"How did it happen that you struck the OD, too?" was asked

the second culprit.

"You see, sir, when I saw the other private slug the OD, I thought the war was over."

### 'NOTHER POME

Mary had a little dress  
Dainty, chic and airy,  
It didn't show the dirt at all.  
But gosh how it showed Mary!  
—From Camp Carson  
MOUTAINEER, Colo.

### THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

The Best Japs of All  
Lie in Guadalcanal.

### RECLASSIFICATION

Two Fort Wayne WOVES were baffled by a dead animal they saw along the road when they were driving to work.

"It has two stripes," said one of the girls.  
"Oh," replied the other, "then it is either a skunk or a corporal."  
—From Fort Niagara DRUM  
New York

### 'NOTHER 'NOTHER POME

When I am tight, I like to fight  
I never read  
I cannot write . . .  
Instead I like to sit and think  
And pour myself another drink.

### HISTORIC FLAG

The first American flag to reach North African soil in the landings of November 8 has been sent to Washington by General Patton. It will be kept as an important historical souvenir.



A great deal has been written and said of late with relation of sports or athletic activities in connection with the war effort.

As soldiers it is not our province to determine whether civilian sports — professional baseball, college football, boxing and so forth — should or should not be given the green light. We can do a lot of wishful thinking and that's all.

But we can take an active interest as well as pride in the athletic activity outlined for this post. In the sports section are detailed stories of baseball fields being built, the results of inter-divisional basketball contests, who has defeated who in handball and the winners in the latest boxing bouts at the Field House.

All of this is good, clean sportsmanship and a healthy outlet for soldiers undergoing training. Every officer and enlisted man who can actively participate in some branch of sports — when it will not interfere with the more important duty of learning to fight — will most certainly benefit from it both physically and mentally.

The war department is getting around to the athletic equipment problem as fast as possible, fully realizing the double-pronged advantage in an all-out army sports program in that games are both morale and body builders.

And while this is being pushed through, the men of this post should know and be thankful for the efforts of neighboring civilians to gather athletic equipment. A drive for such equipment is drawing to a close this week with results most gratifying. In keeping with the response this state's civilians have accorded every war time plea — be it a call for an increase in war bond purchases, direct war relief, loaded ditty bags, or precious blood for the plasma banks — the cooperation given in this latest drive, even though it is for pleasure and recreation, falls into the familiar and satisfying pattern of a generous people.

If ever there was the slightest doubt as to the feelings of the citizens of Oregon with regard to the thousands of us in uniform now living with them, this latest generous gesture should dispel it forever.

Let's keep that in mind when we visit their homes, their places of business and their cities. They have furnished us with equipment for sports — let's reciprocate by being good sportsmen and gentlemen.

## EXCERPT FROM A LETTER AND A REPLY

March 13, 1943

Dearest Dear:

. . . and I take it all back, what I said last week. It's beginning to rain again . . .

Your craziest dream.

ME

Honey Love:

. . . I'm sorry that you are again all wet. But dear, excuse me, can't you dry up on that subject. You have forgotten what Brooklyn is like, the Dodgers aren't in town yet, besides it is still seven above zero.

I didn't mind it at all.

ME

## To 1st Lt.

Congratulations were recently offered to Clyde H. Hemphill, Timber Wolf Division Signal Company officer, on his promotion to first lieutenant.