

# Camp Adair Sentry

Mounting Ground for the Soldier's Voice  
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## "OUR FIGHTING STRENGTH"

Some time ago, one of our men fighting in the Southwest Pacific wrote a letter home which was published in many newspapers throughout the country. He said: "I know the folks at home are backing me to the limit. I know that for every American soldier who falls on the field of battle, a thousand more will spring up to win our fight for freedom." Yes, our men, giving their all in the combat overseas, look to us here at home to provide an Army big enough and strong enough to defeat the savage hordes of the Axis. Our one thought must be to win this war as quickly as possible, and to accomplish that aim we must have an Army big enough to do the job.

Our military leaders are responsible for the task of winning this war. They have made careful plans. They have studied the present situation and appraised the probabilities of the future course of the war. They have studied all available figures on domestic production, on transportation facilities, on the needs of civilian economy. They have taken into consideration the global aspects of this war. American troops are at present stationed in more than 50 overseas localities. With all this data on hand, they have been able to estimate how big an Army is needed to win the war. Our military leaders know that it is simple to check the growth of an Army, but it is an impossible task to build a strong Army on short notice.

Perhaps due to overconfidence, many of us believe that the United Nations forces are numerically vastly superior to the Axis. But we must remember that the Nazis have almost the entire European continent under their control, from which they can draw additional manpower. The Japanese have been building up their military machine for more than ten years and are now conscripting the men of the territory they have conquered. Only in the air do we have known superiority, and that is always being contested. But even if we do maintain our air superiority, we cannot win the war by air power alone.

The big job for our Air Forces is to soften up the enemy in preparation for a ground attack. Then the Ground Forces must plunge ahead to conquer the territory and hold all gains. But neither the Air Forces nor the Ground Forces can successfully operate without the food and equipment provided for them by the Services of Supply. Our Army must fight as a team at maximum strength. No football coach would think of sending his team into action with only a backfield, or with only a line, or without substitutes. In this war every member of our combat team and every substitute must be a "first stringer".

It is to make certain that our team keeps getting first string material, that we in Army camps such as Adair are continually training. It takes at least a year to build an efficient combat division. We must work 10 hours a day, six full days a week, to become superior soldiers. Our leaders know the job ahead. They know that in modern warfare every soldier must be a specialist and his skill cannot be acquired overnight. To successfully handle the complex weapons of our superbly equipped army requires intensive training that leaves no time for thumb-twiddling. Yes, at Army camps only rumors are idle!

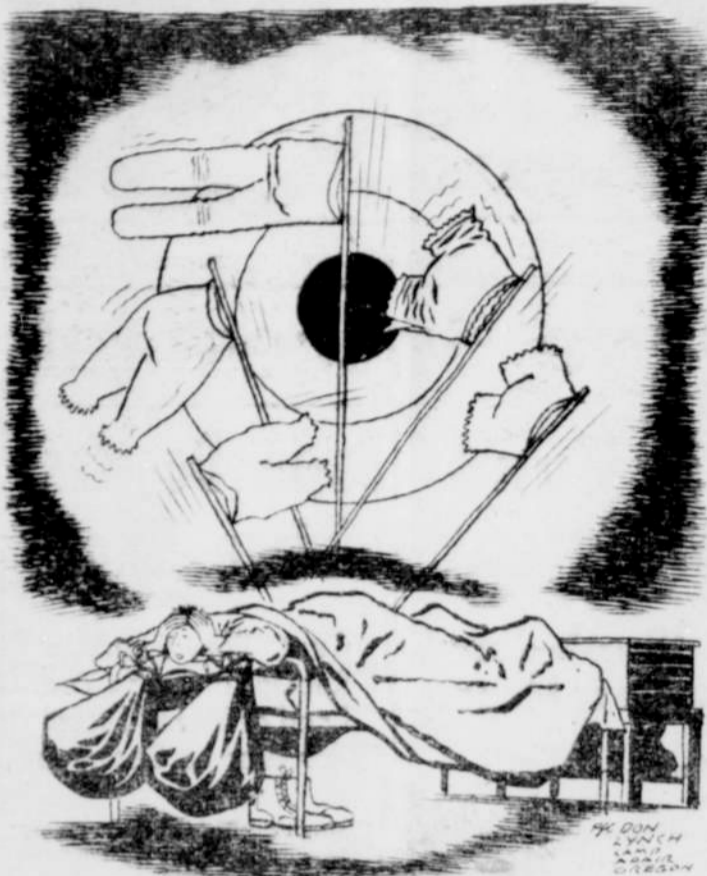
We know that it will take every ounce of our nation's strength to build the tremendous fighting forces needed to win the war. But we believe in the power of American industry and American farmers to produce the food and equipment we and our allies must have. We have faith in the courage of the American people to endure the necessary sacrifices of war. We must bear the brunt of the struggle equally with our brave allies. We must realize that the bigger and better our Army is, the sooner we who are in the Army will be able to win this war and return home.

## WHY NO COLUMNS TODAY?

We're sorry, too. Space exigencies made it necessary to leave out several columns from our unit contributors. To avoid eternal wrath we determined to play no favorites and left them all. The news may have cooled by next week so, contribs, could you drop in before Monday noon and check your proof sheets. The Editor may be out, but if not, don't fire 'til you see the whites of his eyes.

## It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



(Inspired, no doubt, by Pfc. Lynch's cartoon of a soldier's dream, and also his own fine score on the range, Cpl. Sid Chaimowitz, who no doubt should have been doing something more constructive at his job in the Camp Post Office, dashed off the following lyrics. They (it) go to the tune of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze.")

The sight of my gun was as straight as a "G"  
 The guy on my right always kept shoving me  
 The guy who kept score was the guy I owed three  
 And that's why I didn't qualify.

(Next Verse)

Oh, I focused my eye on the big round black spot  
 And I hit the bulls eye every time  
 A sharpshooter I'd be if I only had shot  
 At my own—not the one next to mine—OH...  
 The next time there's shooting and I get a call  
 My name under "expert" you'll see on the wall  
 For I'll shoot with a cannon or nothing at all  
 And that's how I WILL qualify.

## MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

Governors Island, New York — The eastern newspapers are full of opinion as to proper American procedure after the war. Too full, possibly, because the war remains unfinished business. Enormous effort, sacrifice and loss are ahead before military victory can be won.

But this premature conjecture about peace arrangements does make one fact clear. It serves to emphasize the idea that the United Nations must get tough today so that tenderness may prevail tomorrow, and it reminds us that we cannot afford to lose the capacity for being kind.

Otherwise the defeat of the Axis powers will have been in vain. There is no point in fighting to overcome a cult of heartlessness if we are to imitate it in the end.

Physically and superficially our side fights in resistance to the force of tyranny. Spiritually, and more profoundly, we fight to supplant brutality with decency and to recover those gentler virtues which raise life to a level worth while.

To win the second kind of victory will take all of the imagination and sensitivity that Americans can summon out of their past. Elsewhere people have been drugged with horror and have grown so familiar with cruelty that they take it for granted. Mere children, an entire generation of them, have seen such dreadful things that their qualities of compassion and trust have been blunted.

So we need to remember that the ability to feel pity is in itself a blessing. Even while our bombers destroy the enemy's cities—fighting fire with fire because there is no other way—we must regret the necessity for it and reject the notion that it is cause for rejoicing, aside from the effect in speeding victory.

On the other hand, compassion for the victim of tyranny makes for righteous indignation toward the oppressor and we need that most of all in this war. "In their policy of enslavement and extermination the Axis powers make us ashamed as human beings. We cannot abide with their deeds, cannot live in the same world with them. They must be put down and kept down.

The world situation challenges us Americans most of all because we still have the privilege of leading lives that are emotionally healthy, undegraded by long, close association with the depraved agents of torture and wrong. Nationally, we still have a heart which is receptive to the appeal of the homeless and the destitute of other lands.

This is a boon to be cherished. Sane good will is almost non-existent in some countries today. Tender solicitude for the stranger is rarely found. Yet these are assets of the peace that is to come. If civilization is salvaged the job must be done by people who feel and care and are eager to help.



"The right man in the right job can mean a battle won. The wrong man in the wrong job can cause untold confusion and delay."  
 In these words the Adjutant General, General J. A. Ulio, sums up the importance of cooperation and coordination in this man's Army.

The Army classification system has performed a tremendous job of placing the right man in the right job. Of course the system is not fool-proof. It makes occasional mistakes. But, considering the vast number of men it has been classifying and assigning, the results are truly amazing. It is a cheering fact to realize that our manpower is not being wasted and dissipated in tasks and duties for which they are unsuited but are getting a chance to give the army the best of their ability and talent.

BUT—and it's a big "but"—all of this specialization, all of this planning so that square pegs are not fitted into round holes, is of scant purpose unless the man is fundamentally a soldier. Unless the specialist in, for instance, ballistics, knows how to dig and take advantage of a fox-hole, his value to the war effort is nullified in pretty short order.

The Services of Supply has taken cognizance of this and issued a training directive that applies without fear or favor to every officer, non-commissioned officer and enlisted man on this Post.

Reduced to essentials, it directs that above all, a soldier must be a military soldier. It points out the necessity and requirements of basic military training. It stresses that officers and soldiers 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.

These are strict, explicit orders from the high command. It is not within the jurisdiction of anyone on this Post to question them. They will be carried out to the letter.

During the past several months—months in which many unpredictable complications have arisen in connection with the operation of a new camp—warning signals have not, perhaps, been given the proper heed.

That is of the past. Every officer, non-commissioned officer and enlisted man of this post will follow through to make Camp Adair an efficient, co-ordinated unit in the most efficient, co-ordinated Army in the world.

## A MORON SAYS!

The Palmer Chiropractic School sent some "moron" notes to its members in the service and its literary import should prove enlightening.

A moron thought he was going to die so he went into the living room.

A moron took a drink of whiskey before he went to bed so he could sleep tight.

A moron put a clock under his pillow so he could sleep over time.

A moron took a bicycle to bed so he wouldn't have to walk in his sleep.

A moron took a ruler to bed to see how long he slept.

A moron cut off his fingers so he could write shorthand.

An embryonic moron is a little inside dope.

A moron put his head on the curb to keep his mind out of the gutter.

A moron went to the lumber yard to see his draft board.