

Camp Adair Sentry

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WIN IT—WIN IT SOON

By Henry Beckett

Governors Island, N. Y. — The winning of the war is our immediate task. Are we all working at it as hard as we can. That is the question before us and of course the answer is "No!"

Certainly the men at the front make it a full-time job. They must. Certainly that is true on all ships pushing their precarious way across great waters. Life depends upon it. Also we know that in government and industry and nursing and various wartime activities a great many people are drawing on their reserve energy today.

It's a question that every man should put to himself. The situation is that grave. Earlier in the war much was said, publicly and privately, to the effect that time was on our side, and that was true, in the sense intended. Unless the Axis powers won before our full strength was marshalled, it would be too late for them to achieve a complete victory and to gain real mastery of the world.

Yes, it was like that, earlier, but now the prospect is so grim that both sides may lose unless we can win in time to stop the loss and destruction before they reach a chaotic total too vast for us to cope with when the war does end.

The solemn fact is that we have two purposes to keep in mind continually, day after day. The first is that we must win the war. Otherwise life won't be worth while. The second is that we must win the war as soon as we can.

If people were properly conscious of the necessity for speed they might find it easier to resist the inclination to dream so much about

the kind of world they would like to have when the fighting ceases. True, there must be plans, even now, but the emphasis still should be on winning the war rapidly, because the good plans can't be fulfilled if the war drags on too long. The good plans all imagine nations of people who are still capable of reason, still receptive to kindly influences, still sane and sound.

Yet while we plan, the Axis powers are waging a new and more dreadful kind of war. They are deliberately maiming the minds and bodies of the men, women and children — especially children — who must make the future. They are exterminating a race. They are putting a blight on humanity itself. Our best information is that 7,000,000 foreigners are slaves within Germany, that hundreds of thousands of children are permanently crippled by rickets, that thousands more are blind, for lack of vitamins, and that hospitals are full of babies who never will be strong.

Aside from the weaklings, the crippled, the malformed and the definitely insane, entire populations must have lost the wholesome, virile characteristics which are needed for good citizenship in lands of freedom. This is true today and disintegration will increase more rapidly as time passes.

Probably Americans will lose less, in goods and decency, through the war, than any other people. If so, our responsibility and obligation will be more than any other nation must bear. Perhaps, and only perhaps, we can salvage civilization and help the human race to a fresh start. But the more slowly we work in war, the harder will be our task in peace.

That Class 'B' Allotment Form

To YOU—officers, nurses and enlisted men of Camp Adair:

A concerted effort is now being made to expedite the issuance of War Savings Bonds under the new Class "B" Allotment Plan. Every payroll deduction will be accurately recorded and every precaution taken to insure that when the amount of the deduction equals the purchasing price of the Bonds applied for, the Bonds will be issued as of the first day of the month in which the final payment is made. AND WE DO MEAN ISSUED.

We request that those of you who have not as yet completed a new Class "B" Allotment form do so immediately if the deductions for the purchase of War Savings Bonds are to be continued. We are anxious to increase our Percentage of Participation here at Camp Adair and urge that YOU co-operate. Please contact your unit War Bond representative or War Bond Officer at Post Headquarters. Phone 2954. —POST WAR BOND OFFICE.

They say that the man who invented life savers made a mint.

He who laughs last laughs best. And he who laughs first gets the point.

Cop — Say, soldier, what are you looking for?

Soldier — A nickel.

Cop — Where did you lose it?

Soldier — Who said anything about losing it?

Private: When can I expect that money you owe me?

Mess Sgt.: Always.

Pvt. Stock says: "When a soldier shows a big wallet a gal always shows a purse on her lips!"

Sacramento — "We have something in the West you don't see in the East."

Newark — "What's that?"

Sacramento — "Sunsets."

It's A Great Life

Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



XCHANGE CERPTS

Just Making Certain!

June McDowell: I hope that you are not on guard tonight!

Connie Cronin: Nope, are you?

—(Overheard on way to Service Club 2)

What's The Difference?

One German soldier, before entering a mess hall, asked a soldier coming out: "What did you have to drink, tea or coffee?"

The other soldier replied: "I don't know—they didn't tell us!" —(Range Rinder, Camp Callan)

Wie Ist Der Mastquerade?

Latest reports have der Fuehrer suffering from eye strain, probably from reading the handwriting on the wall?

A Warning to Soldiers

The gal whose character was spotless

Begins to stay at home a lot less. —(from Esquire.)

A Muddy Yoke

Lt. Jack Clark: What's all the mud on the front of your blouse?"

Cpl. Charles Stultz: We've been on a hike."

Lt. Clark: "How did you get so muddy?"

Cpl. Stultz: "Didn't you know—"

Life Savers

First Aid



If an injured man is conscious and not wounded in the stomach, throat or mouth, you may give him something to drink.



an army travels on its stomach!" —705 Anti-Tank Blarney.

Oh Yeah Dept.!

Girls don't go For bars and leaves, But guys with stripes Upon their sleeves.

Sometimes we get A date, it's true But they're the ones; Stood up by you.

—From the Clovis Compass, New Mexico.

Slightly WAACKY

There there's the one about the WAAC moron who cut off her nose to see what made it run. — From the Clarion, Camp Cooke.

ANSWER BOX

Q. When were mobile cannons first used?

A. They were first used by the British in the Battle of Creecy, 1346.

Q. What is the penalty for a fraudulent enlistment?

A. Any person who has procured himself to be enlisted in the military service of the U. S. by means of willful misrepresentation or concealment as to his qualifications for enlistment and has received pay or allowance under such enlistment shall be punished as a court martial may direct. Such an enlistment is not void but voidable only at the option of the government.

Q. I've heard all about the WAACS, WAVES, WAFS, etc., but here's a new one on me—the WIRES. Who the devil are they?

A. The WIRES are civil service appointees being trained by the Army to replace men as instructors and technicians. The initial stand for Women in Radio and Electrical Service.

Q. What is the highest medal awarded by the government?

A. The Congressional Medal of Honor is the highest decoration awarded by the government. It is given to an officer or enlisted man "who in action involving actual conflict with an enemy distinguishes himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life and beyond the call to duty."



Much has been said of M.P.s, both as soldiers and as individuals. A good proportion of what is said may be adjudged by the tone of the speaker and by his previous experience with military policemen. If the speaker happens to be a soldier who has been admonished or arrested by an M.P. for being out of uniform, drunk, disorderly, or for any of a hundred major or minor offenses which soldiers intentionally or unintentionally commit, the tone might be disgruntled, sour, and certainly very critical. If the speaker, perchance, is a soldier who has benefited by the understanding of an M.P. in a delicate situation, where lack of understanding would have written a black mark on the soldier's service record, the tone might be more gracious, considerably less antagonistic, and a lot friendlier.

A great many of the conceptions and misconceptions current about M.P.s are traceable to a complete ignorance of the nature of their duty. The M.P. is taught first of all to be watchful of the soldier's interests; to assist him and advise him in difficulties; and to insure that the soldier does not commit any act which will lessen his efficiency to his organization. To that extent, his policing duties are as much devoted to keeping soldiers in a condition of body and mind where their effectiveness as soldiers is fully realized, as to arresting malefactors and apprehending deserters.

Contrary to another popular misconception, the M.P. is not as free as the breeze in his off duty hours. He is required to attend classes and lectures, to drill, exercise, and work on countless fatigue details. His duty hours might be during the daytime but they are more likely to be during the hours when other soldiers play, or even during the hours when other soldiers sleep.

The duties of an M.P. are arduous and not all pleasant. Every officer and EM in the military service should realize that an M.P., in the performance and execution of his duty, is carrying out instructions and orders received from higher authority and, as such, must be honored and respected.

HOMECOMING

The following poem was written by sixteen year old Dot Tressler of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, sister of Private Richard W. Tressler, Timber Wolf Division Signal Company.

The war was over and we had won, His parents were waiting for their son, He'd been wounded, hurt, oh yes that was true, But he was coming back to the ones he knew.

As he reached the top of the little hill, They all ran to meet him, calling him "Bill," "Oh Bill, you're back,"—his mother cried, And Bill couldn't speak, although he tried.

The tears ran down his smiling face, Unashamed in this happy place, He held his sister close and tight, Shook hands with his dad so good and right.

He told of the battles they'd fought and won, He laughed when he said, "Oh boy, it was fun," He paused as he thought of the "other" boys, Who would never know homecoming joys.