

# Camp Adair Sentry

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## Examine, Then, Our Souls

It is Thursday, April the 22nd, and the joyous peal of Easter bells already can be heard, ringing forth a paean of joy to still the sadness of Good Friday. We have undergone a Calvary of sacrifice in the past year, a Golgotha of suffering and pain. The ways of adversity have seemed to be ours. Much has been lost that ill could be afforded; much in the way of men, materiel of war, munitions, and strategic outposts. Our efforts have been crowned with success but only with such success as is bought dearly, at a price many of our leaders have been unwilling to pay.

Now with Easter comes the promise of a new tide in our affairs. No longer are we on the defensive. No longer are we forced to give ground constantly to a savagely pursuing enemy, selling each foot of ground for the dearest bargain in human lives. Now we are the pursuer. Now we are in a position to determine the fields on which our battles shall be fought. The advantage is no longer with the enemy, either in manpower or in the weapons with which wars are fought. Our Calvary has not been in vain! We face a Resurrection of our strength, our courage, our will to win!

For those of us on the home front, who have not yet been called upon for the supreme test, it remains this Easter to look into our souls for the answer to one important thought: Are we—each and every one of us—are we doing all of which we are capable to further the success of the war effort? Whether our job calls for the administration of a camp, the leadership of a company, the operation of a mess hall, or the driving of a truck, are we contributing all that is in us to see that that job is well done; nay, that that job is done as perfectly as is humanly possible?

It is a thought which each of us should bear in mind this Easter for it is upon such thoughts as this that the American spirit and faith in ultimate triumph are based.

—Pfc. Frank C. Martin.

## MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD-TIMER

By Henry Beckett

New York City—About an hour ago I handed an "Exit Pass" to the M.P. and boarded a ferry boat from Governor's Island to downtown New York. Then I took the subway to 14th St. and from there walked home.

On that final walk in uniform I passed one officer. No doubt he expected a salute but he seemed startled by the vigor of my gesture. Also my solemn face may have impressed him. I was tempted to explain that it was the last time I had the privilege of saluting as an enlisted man in the Army.

No one was at home. I was glad. I needed to be alone. Sadly I removed the Service Flag from the window and was about to change from uniform to civilian clothes but decided to remain in olive drab until I had written one more message of affection to all of you at Camp Adair.

I feel miserable and I want you to know it. Quitting the Army in the middle of a war is a bitter experience for me. Oh yes, I know that personal obligations come first and that I can be more useful outside and probably should not have enlisted in the first place, but just the same it hurts like hell.

At least I was with you for awhile. At least I had, for almost a year, the privilege of "belonging" to you. Yet I'll remember the ride of the 400, the 400 of us who

went from Ft. Dix, N. J., clear across the continent to the camp that we helped to build and to maintain. I'll remember those weeks in tents and walking post as the "unarmed armed guard," and the work details and drill and some paper work and chemical warfare school and then public relations.

For this camp paper and for the regular newspapers I interviewed six general officers and a number of colonels and other officers and enlisted men and wrote about hostesses, bears, and various other phenomena of Adair. That was interesting and I hope that it was useful, yet in retrospect I think more fondly of the work details, the drill, and walking post. I stood every physical test and was ready for more. Thus I am consoled for the War Department's stubborn refusal to let me be a real soldier. Maybe my 54 years are a sufficient bar to combat duty, but the War Department can't "ing" and the associations and activities of a training camp. Although I couldn't get into a combat outfit, I mingled with men who are going to the front and I wrote about them.

Certainly this hasn't been my war in the way that the other one was. To many of you I was "Pop," rather than comrade. And this time I have no memories of a transport, foreign cities, grim

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



## XCHANGE CERPTS

### Some Curves!

Wife: "How do you like my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price."

Sgt. T-out: "You mean you got it for an absurd figure."  
—Kodiak Bear, Alaska.

### Go to It

"May I kiss you?" asked Harvey McDonald.

"May I kiss you?" he repeated again.

Gertie said nothing.

"Hey," hollered Harvey impatiently, "are you deaf?"

Gertie looked at him: "No, are you paralyzed?"  
—The Armodier, Arkansas.

### Doing the Draft Away

Sign on a car: "Just married. Till draft do us part."  
—San Diego Range Finder.

### Pome

Prone, Prone on the range  
Where the limited service men pray  
Where often is heard an encouraging word  
Still a red flag waves all the day.  
—Camp White Grenade, Oregon.

### The Modern Definition

A wolf is a guy who can't be left at the door.  
—Fort Sheridan Target.

marches over famous roads, and the shells of our artillery and the prove it by any behavior of mine at Camp Adair.

Anyhow I got to the front the other time. I comfort myself with that thought. And don't any of you pity me now. The men to pity are the lads who lack the vision and the zest for adventure, the ones who are glad because physical deficiencies and other failings have operated to hold them in civilian occupations.

So this is my farewell. The Camp Adair Sentry is a soldiers' paper and I am a civilian. But at heart I'll remain one of you and by being as useful to the country as I can, in this war, I still may feel that I am in the Service. And if you want me for anything, I'm back on The New York Post.

### And Here's Proof

Mary had a little lamb  
Whose heart she so preferred;  
But she couldn't wait and quickly wed  
A wolf who'd been deferred.

—Camp Livingston Communique.

### A Place in the Sun

Robert Ley, Nazi labor leader, recently said: "We must follow our Fuehrer wherever he may lead us. Yes, if he leads us to drive the devil out of hell, we will follow him there."  
—The Armodier.

A soldier at Camp Adair wrote "free" twice on his envelope. He explained that he wanted it to go via air mail.

### He's No Hog!

Red Redhouse: "There's sand in the stew!"

Myron Johnson: "Yeah? Stop griping. Aren't you serving your country?"

Rex Redhouse: "There's sand in eating it."

### Doubting Thomas

"Are you sure this private was drunk," asked the Commanding Officer.

"Well, replied the MP, "I saw him put a penny in the fire alarm box, then look up at the clock on the First National Bank and shout: "My God, I've lost 14 pounds."  
—Camp Pickett News.

### Jingle

The army's fun; the army's not.  
Some like it swell,  
Some like it not.

### TRUTH

There is nothing so pure as truth,  
Nothing to match its clearness;  
There is nothing to gain, from searching in vain;  
Nothing like its sincerity,  
Invent or discover, destroy or erase,  
Be strong, feel weak, be humble, stand proud,  
Walk by yourself; or be part of the crowd;  
Then look into your heart, peer into your face;  
Be old, or filled with the vigor of youth,  
But agree with the wonderment of pure simple truth.

T/5 Morris Weldon,  
Hq. Co. SCU 1911.

## ANSWER BOX

Correction: 1st Sgt. Ray Atkins, Hdq. Co., SCU 1911, called attention to error in Answer Box of last week. A member of the National Guard may wear service stripe only after three years of federal service (Army Regulations, 600-40, paragraph 46E).

Q. A fellow told me the other night that some Army post in the U. S. was recently named after a private. Is that correct?

A. Yes. A special order of the War Department named Camp Mackall, Hoffman, N. C., in honor of Pvt. John T. Mackall, 2d Bn., 503d Inf. Pvt. Mackall died November 12, 1942, of wounds received in action.

Q. I'm over 38 and will soon get an honorable discharge to work in a defense plant. I'm an alien and would like to get my citizenship papers. Is it true that I can get them in a short time considering the fact that I have been in the Army over three months?

A. Honorably discharged men, as well as all members of the armed forces, are eligible for U. S. citizenship papers, provided they entered the country legally. When you reach home apply at the nearest office of the Naturalization Service.

Q. When were serial numbers first assigned to enlisted men in the U. S. Army? Can you tell me who received Army Serial Number One?

A. The War Department assigned serial numbers to each enlisted man in the U. S. Army February 8, 1918. Serial Number One was given to M/Sgt. Arthur B. Crean, an old soldier in the Medics. After World War I similar identification numbers were also assigned to commissioned officers of the reserves and the regulars. Each officer's number was preceded by the letter "O". The number "O-1" was given to Gen. John J. Pershing.

## DON'T SCRAPE YOUR FEET

To the Editor:—  
In the line of lighter editorial matter, but nevertheless, we think, of importance, is this little lesson No. 1, regarding Emily Post, GI.

One of the most signal examples of bad manners this EM has witnessed at Camp Adair was evidenced the other evening during the operatic concert given at the Field House. Soldiers who evidently had stumbled unknowingly into the wrong room and were perhaps expecting something along the line of jump and jive, were seen to depart by the two's, three's and one half dozens at various unstrategic moments throughout the program.

Now, if an affair is not of your choosing though you have (or have not) paid your good money to witness it, Emily Post says it is quite all right to get up and go home. But never choose as your moment of departure the time when the artist is in the middle of a selection. Wait at least until the break comes, then exit quietly, and don't scrape your feet.

Of course, there might have been more excuse, were not these artists contributing of their own time and effort. It would have been more understandable had not a few hundred others present for the concert not been so evidently enjoying it to the utmost.

But I don't think so. Considered any way, it was an example of bad manners. —Just an EM who likes good music and enjoyed the "opera night."

Wise Guy: "I have a dog that can pronounce his own name."  
The Goat: "Oh yeah! What is his name?"  
Wise Guy: "Bow Wow."