

Camp Adair Sentry

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"THE MILITARY POLICE"

If there is one branch of our Army which is not fully understood and appreciated by the general public, it is probably the Corps of Military Police. There is a reason for this common misunderstanding. The MP on comedy radio program and in cartoons has too often been caricatured as something far different from what he really is. He has often been portrayed as a towering brute of a man whose only joy in life is throwing fellow soldiers into the guardhouse! Tall tales spun by World War veterans about the MPs in the last war have no doubt contributed to this misconception of our modern Military Police.

The World War "vets" do have a basis for some of their stories. In those days, it was not uncommon for a company commander to call his men together, look them up and down and put the finger on Joe Doakes and George Spelvin to act as MPs. Probably the only qualities Doakes and Spelvin had to offer were that they were both over six feet tall and weighed more than 200 pounds. But that method of choosing MPs is as much a thing of the past as the old flying "Jenny".

The Corps of Military Police today is composed of the finest men in our Army, specially selected for their jobs. MPs must be **above average** mentally and physically. They must be quick and alert, ready to cope with many an unusual situation. Their course of training is so intensive that only hand picked men can complete it successfully. Yes, the Military Police today may proudly proclaim themselves the "Elite Corps" of our Army.

Most people are only familiar with the disciplinary duties of the MPs. But those duties are only a minor part of their job. Here on the home front MPs help guard our war plants and Army reservations. They are organized into anti-parachute battalions. They are stationed at tunnels, viaducts, and bridges to prevent accidents, or damage by saboteurs. They assist in traffic control. They protect the grounds and buildings of the White House. They are often detailed on secret missions. They are ready at all times to aid in flood and fire control. When necessary, they conduct criminal investigations among the military; they cooperate with local and state police and with the FBI.

Overseas, the MPs preserve order in occupied territories. They keep the lanes of communication open. In this war of swift movement, bottlenecks are disastrous. The trucks and tanks and jeeps carrying fighting men and vital supplies must keep rolling on their way. In the midst of bursting shell fire, in the dark of night, the MPs stick to their posts and see to it that our land convoys get through. A delay of even an hour because of a road jam may often spell the difference between victory and defeat.

These are only part of the functions of our modern Corps of Military Police. We don't have the time to go fully into all their jobs, and some of their duties are military secrets. But to paraphrase Gilbert and Sullivan, you can see that an "MP's job is not an easy one." On disciplinary duty, the MP's primary interest is the welfare of their fellow soldiers. They know that by curbing the lapses of a few, they preserve the privileges of the many. They live up to their motto: "of the troops and for the troops".

Months of thorough training are necessary to turn out efficient MPs. At Military Police training centers, they go through the wide gamut of their jobs from finger printing to mass psychology. Their physical training program is as difficult as that of our Army Rangers. Small wonder then that the modern MP is proud of his job. Over here on the home front, over there on the fighting front, our elite Corps of Military Police is helping to lead the way to victory.

HONEY WHAT?

Pfc. Did you hear what two mor-
 ons did on their honeymoon?
 Pvt. No, what?
 Pfc. Nothing!

If little Red Riding Hood lived to-
 day
 The Modern Girls would scorn 'er
 She only had to meet one wolf,
 Not one on every corner.

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



"Another stripe! Oh my little barber pole—now we can go to the 'Stars and Stripes' party at the Zebra Room!"

We Say Our Farewell To MUTTERINGS

Last week we ran the farewell column of a grand newspaperman, a sincere soldier, an idealist. But we can't let "Mutterings" die that way. We have taken permission, and we're sure that Henry Beckett would not object, to bid our own farewell to the author of a column which has graced the page two of the Sentry for the greater part of our simple span.

We most remember Henry and the cat. Any cat. There was one particular feline, however, who perched on his desk during long hours of the night, while the "old oaken Beckett" was drumming out one of his stories about a general or a private, or a bear, or an idea for the Sentry or the New York Post or some other publication away from our own bailiwick.

Henry Beckett was, and is, a man of sharp convictions, of honesty. At times I believe, Henry was a little biased, but neverthe-

less sincere in his every thought, either spoken or written. He was punctilious in his appointments, quiet in manner. In a strangely dogmatic fashion, he was extremely broadminded. He loved to sing and did. He could even hammer out ditties to accompany himself on the piano. He never drank, rarely swore; yet he didn't mind a good round of rough and ready army talk, if used for sufficiently good purpose.

He admired generals because of the stuff they must have to make them get that way. But he was also fond of privates. He liked and fought for everything that was G. I.

Henry Beckett, back on the New York Post, is probably a very lonely civilian now. But he is a civilian we salute. We salute him and every one of his 54 years.

It is a damned shame that we had to garble the type in his farewell column.—B. R.

JUST ROSES

Pink wild roses, single roses, maiden fair!
 Half-blown roses, Beauty roses, in your hair;
 Pale tea roses, saffron roses, for you, sweet—
 Hot-house roses, golden roses, at your feet;
 Old-rose roses, Mem'ry's roses, did you care?
 Double roses, bridal roses, roses rare;
 Full-blown roses, mossy roses, roses red;
 Pale white roses, church-yard roses,—roses dead.
 —Ida H. Waite.

Letter of Appreciation

Following is a letter received from Mayor Earl Riley of Portland, relative to participation of troops of this division in the War Bond drive:

"Dear General Cook:
 "Our people want to express to you their most sincere thanks for the cooperation you gave in the war bond drive.
 "Your troops and equipment made a fine showing and a very great total in bonds was sold as a result. Unfortunately the weather was bad and kept a great many people at home who otherwise would have been on hand. However, the whole affair was a tremendous success, and we want you to know of our appreciation to yourself and to General Dunkel, Lieutenant Colonel Knight and all the others who helped in the big task, including the men themselves who were anxious to explain their tasks and equipment to our citizens.
 "Sincerely yours,
 (signed) EARL RILEY,
 Mayor."

Chaplain Jonathan Edwards of Ft. Eustis, Va., is a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, the fire-and-bimstone preacher of early New England.

I'm done with all dames.

They cheat and they lie,
 They prey on us males
 To the day that we die
 They tease us and torment us
 And drive us to sin—
 Say did you see that blonde
 Who just walked in?

XCHANGE X CERPTS

Truer Words . . .
 Merely having an open mind means nothing. The object of opening the minds, as of opening the mouth, is to shut it again on something solid.
 —Kodiak Bear, Alaska.
 x x x x

Ozark Courtship
 A hillbilly had been courting a mountain gal when one night her father said to him:
 "You have been seeing our Nellie for nigh on to a year. What are your intention—honorable or dishonorable?"
 Looking at the father with a startled gleam in his eyes, he exclaimed: "You mean I got a choice?"
 —Camp Carson Mountaineer, Colo.
 x x x x

Sounds Easy!
 Suspicious WAAC: Look here, soldier, what's your objective?
 Enamored Pfc.: In the words of Roosevelt and Churchill—unconditional surrender!
 —The Armodier, Fort Smith, Ark.
 x x x x

Gourmet
 A cannibal king noticing the beauty of a young girl about to be put into the kettle was heard to say: "Stop, I'll have my breakfast in bed."
 —Barksdale Bark.
 x x x x

A Command!
 A general was coming out of a New York theatre one night when he was accosted by a drunk. The drunk grabbed his arm, blustering, "Shay doorman, call me a taxshi."
 The general, though slightly embarrassed, met the situation by haughtily replying, "Sorry, I'm not the doorman, I happen to be a general!"
 Equelched the drunk, "A general, huh, then call me a jeep."
 —Fort Niagara Drum, N.Y.

WAR AND SPRING

The gleaming stars that look down
 On war's pathetic scene
 With army tents around
 And mud ruts in between.

War seems so far away
 On such a peaceful night,
 As budding trees do sway
 To warm night breezes light.

To these things we'll come back
 They're what we're fighting for
 To evening skies so black
 Through which no foe will soar.

Where cattle roamed at will
 In pastures wide and free,
 Are rookies learning drill,
 Or barracks near a tree.

Frogs croaking in the night,
 Along with marching feet
 That in mock battle fight,
 Sound strange and inconcrete.

Tonight when spring is here
 And tells of growing things,
 God grant no other year
 Of death by man-made wings.

It's calm in vale, on hill
 Thank God, within this shore
 But there's a battle still,
 We know its distant roar.

They're fighting for that year
 When death we shall not face,
 So give a tribute here,
 To each his noble place.

A fitting night and task,
 Which stirs us to the core,
 We lift our heads and ask,
 That war shall come no more.
 —Erwin A. McKinlay, 1911
 Medical Sect. SCU #911