

# Camp Adair Sentry

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## Just as You Left It

.... at home, what are they thinking?

Our job does not call for pondering on this too often, or too long. For ours is now one job—and our task to be prepared to handle it when the big time comes. But this Sunday we should think of home. Sunday is Mother's Day. We could expand editorially, but there seems something significant to the occasion in the following editorial. It appeared in national newspapers as an advertisement of the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation who gave the Sentry permission to print it. The editorial tells, inspirationally, what those behind are thinking.

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I know you will come back to me. I've never doubted that, ever!

And when you do come back, you will find, just as you left them, everything your letters tell me you hold dear. I will be wearing the same blue dress I wore the day you went away. And on my arm the silver bracelet you gave me last April on our anniversary.

And, waiting for you, the children will be first to hear the sound of your step on the walk, and the quick way that you and only you open and shut the old white gate.

How they will run to greet you, far out-racing my own swift step, meeting you with shouts and laughter, before I have even reached the door!

Inside, by the warm fire in the living room, you'll find your easy chair, your footstool and your slippers, just as they always were each night before you went to war.

When you come back to me, you will find nothing changed. Those at-home promise that. Here is your town, your children are still free to sleep and laugh and play... still free to look to the sky, clear-eyed and unafraid.

Our house still stands, white and lovely as it always was, and down the street the maples march straight and tall, unwithered by the heat of war! And every Sunday, steeple bells still ring and in our church we still sing hymns to God.

I've told the children, and I tell myself, this is what you're fighting for! These are the big and little things worth waiting for. The things that make our lives worth living, that make this war worth winning.

We are so proud of you.

Proud that you are making sure that hate and greed and tyranny will never rise to threaten us again.

And we are proud to make our own sacrifices, knowing that they will help to bring you back to us sooner.

Back home to the same town, to the same job you liked so much.... to the same America we have always known and loved... where you can work and plan and build... where together we can do the things we've always dreamed of... where we and our children are free to make our lives what we want them to be... where there are no limits on any man's, or any woman's, or any child's opportunity.

You've said, "That's the America I want when I come back... don't change that, ever... don't let anyone tamper with a way of living that works so well."

Never fear, darling—that's the way we all want it.

Everything will be here, just as you left it, just as you want it... when you come back to me!

<b>The Soldiers' Haven</b>	done.
A private stood alone in Company C.	The other boys were all having fun.
He was indeed a lonesome soldier lad.	Up spoke one lad who wasn't slow: "Just come with us—This is a treat We will see a cabaret show, And also we will get a bite to eat."
He just arrived that day and he was free.	"Where is this place?" the private said.
He wanted a good time awful bad.	"It sounds like lots of fun. It is too early to go to bed." — The place is Service Club 2 and 1!
The other boys all passed him on their way.	—Pvt. Lou Harris.
He noticed they were feeling pretty gay,	
And so he asked what they had	

## It's A Great Life

### Notes From a Soldier's Sketch Book



"I'd like a nice, sentimental card—quite flattering—and subtly expressing the unhappy plight of a devoted son, who has met up with considerable ill fortune all too early in the month."

### Pvt. Klissner Wrote This Bit of Poetry

The Sentry's own Pvt. Harry Klissner has broken forth in poesy, but, be this treason or what, he didn't write it for The Sentry. The poem appeared in "The Windmill Club Bulletin," published for employees of the Van de Kamp Bakery in Los Angeles. Pvt. Klissner formerly edited the publication. The poem is entitled:

#### Let's Cooperate

You can't win a war by crying,  
 Nor can you win it by defying  
 Our government requests!

You can't win a war by shirking;  
 It can only be won by working  
 Without unnecessary rests!

You can't win a war by grabbing,  
 For in the end you're really stab-  
 bing  
 Our country in the back!

You can't win a war by fearing;  
 Defeat will only be nearing  
 If in our leaders confidence you  
 lack!

You can only win a war by pa-  
 tience,  
 Hardships, denials and rations  
 Accepted with a glad heart.

So it isn't too much to ask  
 That we all accept our task  
 And do our part!

#### Foolish Plan

Since the squeeze in Africa be-  
 gan, Rommel's army is operating  
 on the "Pray as You go Plan"!

#### CONSIDER THE HAMMER

It keeps its head,  
 It doesn't fly off the handle.  
 It keeps pounding away.  
 It finds the point,  
 Then drives it home.  
 It looks at the other side, too.  
 And then clinches the matter.  
 It makes mistakes,  
 But when it does,  
 It starts all over.  
 It is the only  
 Knocker in the world  
 That does any good.  
 If you are inclined  
 To lose your head  
 And fly off the handle,  
 CONSIDER THE HAMMER!  
 —Lt. M. D. Garfield, D. C.

### Well Done—

From the looks of things, and at the rate we've been dropping bombs on Germany, the names of some of their cities will probably have to be changed:

From Berlin, to Burnin'; from Wilhelmshaven, to Will Hell Save Them; from Hamburg, to Bom-burg. The idea is limitless.

How about some suggestions?

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"You've Had It," is the newest slang-phrase sweeping England, and most likely started with our boys.

It has become the most emphatic way of saying "NO," in answer to any kind of a request.

It seems to me, that when the Axis gets tired of our interminable bombings, and asks for a slight pause, our answer should be, "You've had it," — What we will give you, is "Unconditional Surrender."

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Just saw motion picture, "The Moon is Down."... Let's first win this war, there's plenty of time for pity for the Germans, after that.

—By Weldon.

## XCHANGE

### CERPTS

#### Nothing New!

A Jap is like a girdle. They both sneak up on you. It takes a Yank to pull them down.—Armoyer, Ft. Smith, Ark.

#### Some Mess

Private: "That guy over there says his soup isn't fit for a hog!"  
 Mess Sgt.: "Take it away then and send him out to the garbage can where he can find some that is.—Over heard in the Mess Hall.

#### A Dilemma!

For a man to pretend to understand women is bad manners; for him really to understand them is bad morals.

#### Flowered Love!

At a military wedding, the groom, only recently back from the Solomons, had hardly glimpsed his bride before the ceremony. There fore when time came for the kiss it was a long one, lasting on and on until a child's voice rang out in the silence of the church:

"Mummy, is he spreading the pollen on her now?"

#### Digging for Safety!

Fox holes are so important in some phases of modern warfare that soldier tenants of them are posting them with their own names to insure priority of use in the event of an emergency.

—Fort Dix, N.J., Post

#### Broke In!

The U. S. submarine Sturgeon radioed to its flagship after sink- ing its first Jap ship: "Sturgeon no longer virgin."—Readers Digest.

#### So That's It?

A woman needs a chaperon Till she can call some chap her own!

—Fort MacArthur Alert

#### A Cooked Goose-Step!

Pfc. Brown: Is the new Desert Victory picture any good?

Sgt. Tice: It's worth my money!  
 Pfc. Brown: I supposed it was one of them propaganda pictures with a chase at the finish—

Sgt. Tice: You're not kidding!  
 Pfc. Brown: Who's in it?  
 Sgt. Tice: Marshall Rommel and the British Eighth Army!

#### The Duce You Say!

In Hitler's poker game it looks like Benito is "Duce's Wild."

## WHERE'S MY WAR BOND?

To All Civilian Employees at Camp Adair

Since January 1, 1943, War Bonds for you civilian employees have been and will continue to be issued through our Post Finance Office. On a few occasions, several days have elapsed from the time you received your pay checks until you received your Bonds. There is a very definite reason for this, and one into which the human element enters. After your payrolls are made up, bond schedule lists which authorize the Finance Office to draw bonds in your favor, must be compiled. All this takes time, and we are constantly working to cut down this time, until you will receive your Bonds approximately one week after you receive your pay check.

We have received a number of calls in this office from persons who apparently believe they may not get a bond or a return of the money deducted. Please be assured that you will receive your bonds, just as certain as you receive your pay check, but of necessity it must follow the check.

I don't believe that it is necessary to stress the importance of bond purchases by every wage earner. Every boy in service is depending upon you. Don't let them down. You may depend upon us that we won't let you down.

Regarding the issuance of Bonds and refunds from Washington, D. C., prior to January 1, 1943, everything humanly possible is being done, and in the near future you may expect delivery, without any loss of INTEREST.

Let me again remind you that your Government will never let you down. "BUY BONDS, AND MORE BONDS, UNTIL OUR ENEMY IS DEFEATED.—LOUIS J. HANLEY, 2nd Lt. AUS, WAR BOND OFFICER.