

Camp Adair Sentry

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Little Miss America's Message What The American Flag Means To Our Armed Forces

"... It is hard to define what the American Flag means to our armed forces ... but I shall give you an idea of what I think it means to them.

"To the men in the armed forces in all four corners of the world the Stars and Stripes are not only a means of recognizing the flag of their country but a symbol of everything they hold dear ... the possessions and privileges which they enjoy are mirrored in that Flag every time they raise their eyes to it.

"They know the traditions behind Old Glory ... What made the men at Valley Forge carry on? ... What could have kept the men of Corregidor and Bataan fighting even though they knew they were doomed? None could explain the feeling ... but thank God for having given it to the Americans!"

Gentlemen, the foregoing was written—not by an Army officer, or a statesman, or an editorial writer—but by an 11-year-old school girl! She is Miss Marie Caruso, of Mechanicsville, N. Y., the niece of Pvt. Ernest Caruso of Camp Adair. Pvt. Caruso read the little girl's essay, from which we have quoted, and passed it along with the comment "... I think it will inspire a lot of us."

We think so, too.

Africa Seabees Homesick Poem Of Our Weather

The following poem came all the way from North Africa, and it seems that even in that tropical heat one cannot forget the "unusual" Oregon weather.

"I was sent to Post Fireman J. H. Bond of Engine House No. 2 by his brothers, Carl and Dick, who are together with the "Seabees" in Africa.

(The two brothers hail from Monmouth, so they know whereof they speak when they discuss our weather.)

I wish that I were home again
And you and I together,
So we could follow our own pursuits
And curse the Oregon weather.

In summer we would curse the heat
And pray to see it rain;
And hope that we would never see
The sun come out again.

And we would bless the happy day
When it would rain an hour,
Leaving the smell of settled dust
After the little shower.

Then we'd curse the rain in winter-time;
Swear at it in the fall;
And swear the drizzly springtime was
The cruellest time of all.

I reminded Dick of home today,
Of steelhead and chinook,
And how we fished for cut-throat trout
In many a mountain brook.

I called to mind the pheasant's whir,
I spoke of our favorite guns,
And of the fruitless hours we'd spent;
Along the blacktail's runs.

The truth of anything I write
Is open to correction;
(I'll close this now and say good-night
With love and deep affection).

The dove, bird of peace, often fights with its fellows.

SITUATION NORMAL

(Lt. Luckey of 70th Div. SSO contributes the following light opus, sent from N. Africa to Capt. James H. Wigglesworth, Asst. Div. G-2:)

I'm a tough, two-fisted hombre
From the bronco-bustin' West,
And I shoot my M-1 straighter
Than the topnotch GI best.

I'm a killer with the women;
I'm a drinker with the guys,
I can lick my weight in wildcats;
Beat up topkicks twice my size.

I'm a Golden Glover heavy champ;
I'm good and I'll admit it.
I can pitch a tent in nothing flat
And be the first one in it.

But when I joined the army,
Strong and healthy, 6 foot two,
They put me in an office—
I'm a File Clerk—What are you?

Contributed from N. Africa
by Tech. Sgt. Jas. L. Russell.

BLOSSOMS IN THE NIGHT

Last night I had a beautiful dream;
I dreamed a dream of you.
No longer were you miles away
But close beside me true
And we were strolling, holding hands,
Beneath the blossoms white,
While Heaven's glorious mass of stars
Smiled downward through the night.

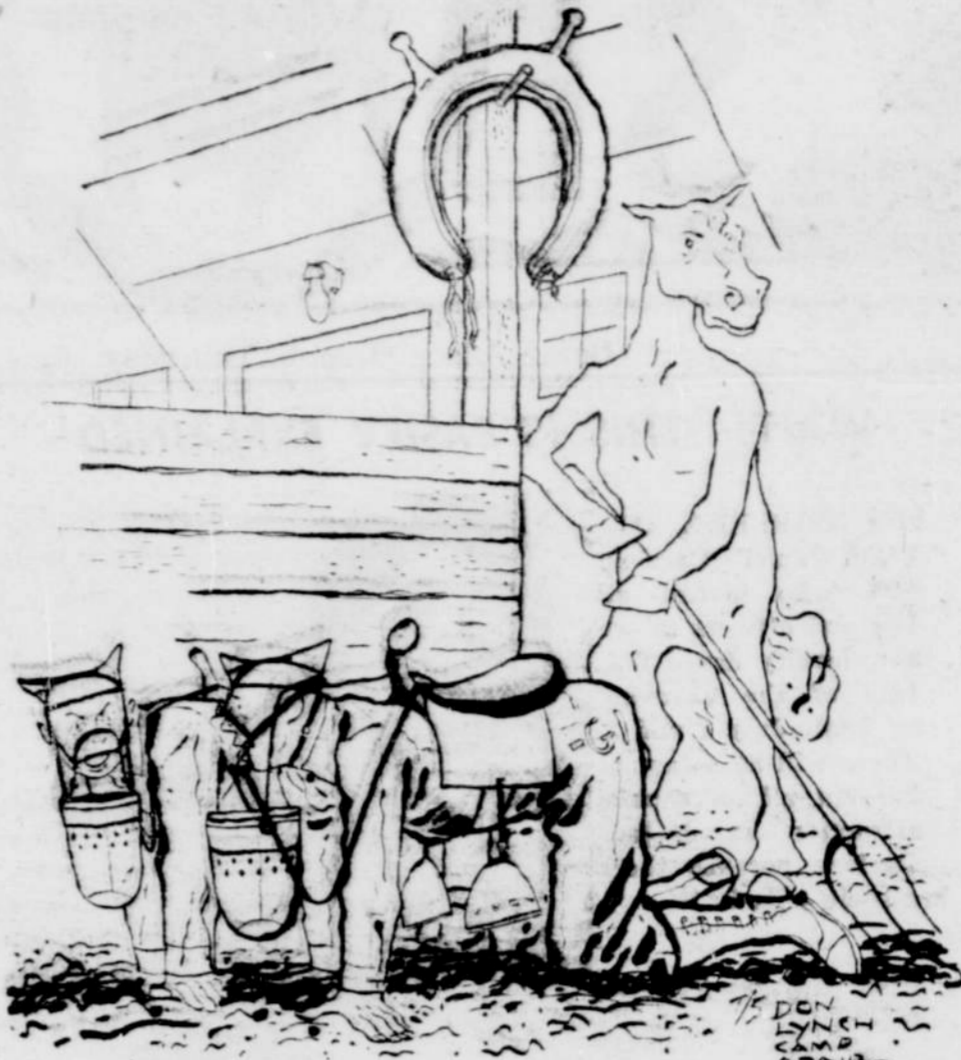
And the tree-flowers drifted down
Like gently falling snow
To lie among your golden hair
Aflame with moonlight glow.
No grassy carpet at our feet,
We walked upon a cloud,
I wished that all the world could see,

Of you I was so proud.
Oh, gracious girl of whom I dream,
My heart will suffer pain
Until the day when I will see
You smile at me again.

—PFC Harold Frauloh,
Sea Gulls, Timber Wolf Div.

FREE sewing service for enlisted men at both service clubs! Bring in your things any time! No charge.

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



"My, but these horses educate fast!"

YANKWIZ

By
BOB HAWK
Quizmaster
"THANKS
TO THE YANKS"
Saturdays, C B S



ANSWER BOX

Q. My wife and I just had another child. She wrote me the other day that she still is getting the same family allowance from the government that she did when we only had one child. Shouldn't she get more now?

A. She should if she has notified the Office of Dependency Benefits, 213 Washington St., Newark, N. J., about the arrival of the second child. Better check up regarding this. Under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942 she'll be entitled to \$72.00 a month instead of the \$62.00 allowance provided for wives with one child.

Q. Wasn't there a medical officer in the U. S. Army who was later appointed Chief of Staff?

A. Yes. Major General Leonard Wood. He entered the Army in 1888 as an assistant surgeon and was Chief of Staff from 1910 to 1914.

Q. Do the dependents of servicemen killed in the line of duty receive any death benefits aside from insurance or pension?

A. Yes. An amount equal to six months base pay of the serviceman at the time of his death is paid to his widow, child, or dependent relative provided his death is not a result of his own misconduct.

Glass is replacing steel in precision gauges and will save 250 tons of critical tool steel in government arsenals alone. Glass can be made so hard now, it can be used to hammer a nail through a board.—Army Times.

Finance Department Balks at Paying 25c to EM; But Latter Still Buys His War Bonds

Pvt. Homer Pitts, Hq. Co. SCU 1911, not only gives all his time; he's willing to lend all his money.

In May he applied for allotment of War Savings Bonds under the Pay Reservation Plan. Through some misunderstanding or error, the application authorized a deduction of \$18.75 per month instead of \$6.25. At the end of the month when all deductions had been made from the Private's pay, he had a \$25.00 bond and a credit of twenty-five cents on the payroll records.

Did he kick? No! It was O.K.

with him! He wanted the bond, but according to regulations the Finance Officers couldn't pay him twenty-five cents. Therefore, it was necessary to decrease the allotment to \$6.25 per month in June and the Private says he'll use the rest of his money to buy bonds for cash.

That's what we call a real patriotic spirit! Let's see more of it! Come on, civilians! Let's do OUR best so we can shout VICTORY sooner.

XCHANGE EXCERPTS

DIRTY GERTIE

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte,
Hid a mouse-trap near her skirt,
Tied it to her knee-cap purty,
Baited it with Fleur-de-Filite,
Made her boy friends' fingers hurty,
Made her boy friends most alerty.
She was voted in Bizerte,
"Miss Latrine for Nineteen-Thirty."

—Armodier.

Pfc.: "How are you this evening, honey?"
Blonde: "All right, but lonely."
Pfc.: "Good and lonely?"
Blonde: "No, just lonely."
Pfc.: "I'll be right over."
—Range Finder.

Mother (entering parlor unexpectedly): "Why—I never ...!"
Daughter: "Oh, Mother ... you must have!"

—Camp Wallace (Tex.) Trainer
Said one can of paint to another: "Darling, I think I'm pigment." — Camp Wallace (Tex.) Trainer.

Sgt.: "Gosh, you have a lovely figure."

Dolly: "Let's not go all over that again."—Ft. Niagara (N.Y.) Drum.

Pvt.: "Let's walk in the park."
Babe: "No, I'm afraid if we do you'll ..."
Pvt.: "No, honestly I won't ..."
Babe: "Oh, well, what's the use then."—Camp Roberts, Calif.

We promise this will be the last: About the little moron who threw the cow over the fence to hear the Jersey bounce.

Pome

Mary had a little dress,
Dainty, chic and airy,
It didn't show the dirt at all,
But gosh, how it showed Mary!
—Camp Carson Mountaineer.

She: I wouldn't kiss a man unless I was engaged.

Sergeant: But I saw you kiss Bill last night.

She: Why sure, I'm engaged to Tom. —Amy Times.

Then there was the eager soldier who joined the Field Artillery. First week he wrote home: "Seeing action already. Shelling peas daily."

In the supply sergeant's tent at Camp Upton, N. Y., hangs the following sign:

"If any of your clothes fit you, please bring them back, — we will gladly exchange them."

At Camp Crowder a meticulous corporal, who cares about such things, halted a KP and tartly complained:

"I say, old fellow, there's a fly in my soup."

Whereupon the gentleman of the kitchen blithely replied:

"That's no fly. It's one of those vitamin bees you've heard so much about and it's wonderful for the digestion." —The Message.

BUSINESS AS UNUSUAL

Southwest Pacific (CNS). — Watchmaking is the business done by PFC Norbert J. Schumacher at an outpost in this area. It was his civilian profession. He repairs for all comers and procures replacement parts by buying wornout timepieces from his buddies. Recently he repaired a watch captured from a Jap by a Marine.