

Camp Adair Sentry

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

An Independent weekly newspaper published for the laboring and military personnel of Camp Adair, Oregon, and its surrounding interests by the Camp Adair Sentry at Corvallis, Oregon.

Editor and Manager Don C. Wilson
P. O. Address, Box 347, Corvallis, Oregon.
Phone 865-M

The Camp Adair Sentry is circulated free at Camp Adair and is available to every workman employed there during construction, by permission of Lt. Col. R. E. M. Des Isles, U.S.A., area construction engineer. News from the camp area undergoes censorship prescribed by area headquarters and is available for reprint.

Subscription by mail \$1.50 a year or \$1 for six months.

Advertising rates upon request. Address all communications to "Camp Adair Sentry, Corvallis, Oregon."

SHOP WHEN YOU CAN

All these merchants in the towns around Camp Adair want our business. They have already gone to great lengths to get ready for the buyers who are here now. They have done many things for our convenience and have increased their stocks—carrying much greater inventories—that we may have ample selection in our buying.

But there are things they can't do. One of the larger stores was approached by this newspaper with a question of remaining open two or three nights a week for the convenience of camp shoppers.

The Sentry learned that it was next to an impossibility to do this, mainly from the point of view of sales force. It is tough to get good sales help now, just as it is tough to get good help in any line. And salespeople cannot be expected to work late in the evening, any more than anyone else.

In the store in question, almost a full complement of clerks would be necessary in order to keep the store open. There is no way it can be done and still keep the store open for regular day-time hours.

For workers who work only their forty hours, there should be no shopping problem. For those who work a lot of overtime, there is compensating extra pay. Let's have the shoppers cooperate as much as possible and store forces will be found to do the same.

In smaller stores, many are open evenings—some evenings at least. Some of these have found little appreciation for their efforts.

The Golden Rule is a pretty good thing to think about, in any kind of association with each other.

A DIFFERENCE OF YEARS

The good old U.S.A. treats its soldiers better now than in the first few months of the last war. That's a statement from experience. Camp Adair will be the kind of a camp we saw only after we had arrived back from France after the war was over.

It's proverbial that we oldsters look back and say "things were tougher in our day." But it's true this time.

Rations in the present-day army are greatly improved. Eggs for breakfast! That's an unheard-of thing in our day in the army. The only eggs we ever had were dried, except those we traded the Frogs out of when we ran over on beans and those terrible Moroccan issue cigarettes. From what our friends in the army now tell us, there are great improvements in all the food.

The winter of 1917-18 at Camp Hempstead on Long Island will always be a terrible memory. Everything was tents but the cook houses. In December, along came one of those seaboard blizzards with below zero temperatures and 14 inches of snow—it came down almost horizontally in the teeth of a hearty nor'easter.

The next morning the only tents left standing were those of our battalion and the reason was that our boys had been up all night holding them up. The rest of the camp was deserted and our outfit had been left there to roll up the canvas and store it in the cook houses.

But too late. We finished only about one regimental area.

We left the next day by train for brand new, steamy barracks up the Hudson and from there — embarkation.

When we returned from France 16 months later, Hempstead was a sea of wooden barracks.

Nobody in the country is prouder of the fact that we do treat our soldiers better now than Yours Truly. And the Sentry is proud in having a small part in preparation of such a place as Camp Adair is rapidly becoming. There will be soldiers here shortly, we hear. Let's do our level best for them. They'll do as much for us.

SINGLES DWINDLING

Coming against the quitting time traffic Monday evening, The Sentry checked 50 cars and counted only four single drivers. This was between Monmouth and the camp on 99-W. It was around 5 o'clock and the stream going north from the camp was almost steady, but we checked only 50.

That the single driver can be almost entirely eliminated is a fact. It is true that a very few must ride alone for various reasons, but generally, ways can be found to double up.

In a letter published last week one man told us why he couldn't haul others in his car. He lived but three and a half miles from camp and there was no one else in his neighborhood. But he didn't tell us why he hadn't arranged to ride with someone else who goes by his place every day.

But, as we say, there are exceptions, and legitimate ones, but they are few and far between.

"ARE YOU A MAN WHO—?"

The following was contributed. It was suggested as an editorial. The Sentry believes it's an exceptionally good one and prints it herewith in full with hearty thanks to the unknown author. We should like this to be encouragement for more such stuff. Thanks.—Ed.

Are you a man who drives in the main gate just a minute before starting time, in a crush of traffic, barely in time to get on the job;

Or, are you a man who comes a little early, takes a side road in, and is ready and waiting when the foreman passes out the daily time cards?

Are you a man who works slowly as possible, takes it as easy as possible, and shirks responsibility;

Or are you a peppy worker, finishing each task as quickly as good work permits, ready to help your superiors shoulder the load?

Are you a man who thinks of all this as only a job, paying good wages, to be nursed along for a while;

Or, are you a man who realizes that our country is at war; that this is a hurry-up war project; that time is our great

weapon; that you hold that weapon in your hands?

Are you a man who pesters everyone with questions, seeking advantage for yourself, seeking the easy way, seeking someone to solve all your personal problems, cluttering up the works;

Or, are you a man who quietly solves his personal problems himself, and thus clears the track for real production?

Are you a man smug in security, a little swaggering with self-importance, a little arrogant, a little wasteful perhaps;

Or, are you a humble man, proud of the part you play, keen and energetic, yes; but humble enough to think of those other men at Wake, Guam, Pearl Harbor, Bataan, Corregidor, Java, Australia, on the seas, in the bombers?

In short — are you a man?

Editorial—

White Hall, Monmouth, Ore.

June 2, 1942.

Camp Adair Sentry,
Box 347, Corvallis, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

I am asking you to run that ad again for "Batching Quarters." These quarters have attracted — with surprise. Many that are not bachelors want them. One who answered the ad said he was surprised at the cleanliness and what we furnish—that it is not like the average place furnished for men.

Yours truly,
Walter Baker.

"Well for thee if thy work be higher—ill for thee if it be equal—and woe to thee if it fall below thine own estimation." — Dimitri Merejkowski.

"If good men from worthy motives break down the law in one instance, evil men in another instance, from unworthy motives, will also break it down."—M. D. Post.

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

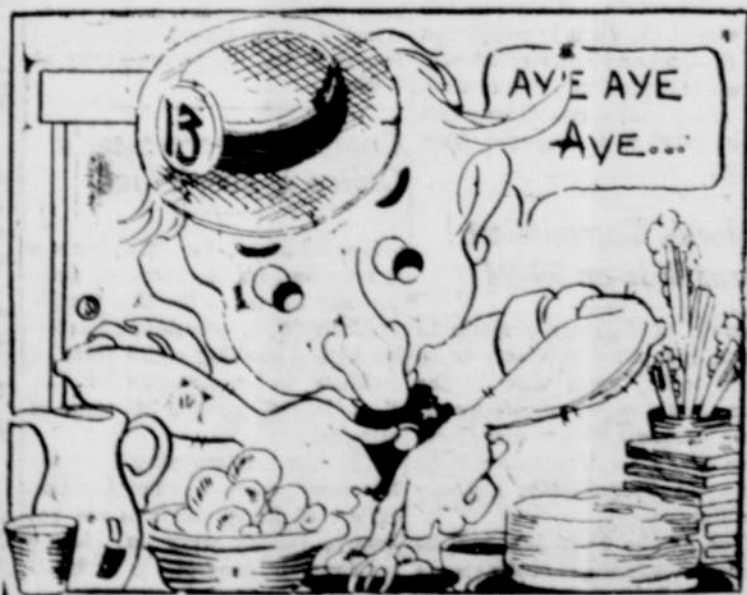
If you will ride with, or haul somebody else to work, it may take concessions on your part and his too, but it's worth it.

That shipyard in Portland that went 90 per cent for war bonds—can we equal that at Camp Adair?

There are places for more men in the welding classes in Corvallis, for the first time since the classes started.

Don't forget to stock up for Sunday. Saturday will be closed—Memorial Day.

NO TIME FOR TALK—



News item.—Elmer, the camp tramp had lunch Wednesday with Wylie Pettis at the Smith-Hoffman and Wright camp mess hall.

**NOLAN'S
IN CORVALLIS**

Headquarters For

Can't Bust 'em

UNION MADE

WORK CLOTHES



If you're a carpenter — A painter — A machinist — A plasterer or any one of the skilled craftsmen—you'll find Can't Bust 'em work clothing the best for you and your job.

NOLAN'S

3rd & Madison
Corvallis

Wagner's

Restaurant--Confectionery
The Main Corner in Corvallis



**Remember that it's worth
all we have to pay for it!**

It's simply unthinkable that Victory shall not come to the United Nations in their struggle against Hitler and his terrorist gang. But Victory will come to us only when each individual recognizes that he has a part in that Victory, that he must work for it, pay for it. Above all, don't help the Axis by grumbling over shortages, by defying rationing regulations. Use your famous American ingenuity to overcome handicaps, your equally famous American courage to keep your eyes constantly on Victory while you ignore its price.



MOUNTAIN STATES POWER CO.

"A Self-Supporting, Tax-Paying, Private Enterprise"

We serve the cities and rural territory surrounding Camp Adair.