

### Camp Adair Sentry

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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.

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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.

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#### PATRIOTIC TRUCK DRIVER

I don't know how you are, but my mother used to sing me all the old Civil war songs and tell me all the stories about her father and seven of his brothers — all in the Union army. I was steeped in patriotism from my birth, and it was the old-fashioned kind which raises a lump in my throat when the flag goes by and which feels like ants carrying sugar up my spine when I hear of some heroic exploit of one of our boys over there somewhere fighting against odds.

I don't know how you are, but that's the way I am. I glory in it. I look upon less fortunate brothers with deep sympathy, realizing that everybody couldn't have my mother and everybody can't cherish the emotionalism in patriotic matters that I do.

Just to show you what I mean, I got one of those God-given thrills, right here on the highway the other day on my way home from Salem via Independence and Monmouth. I was coming south into the reservation area and almost was run down by one of those big gravel trucks coming fast around a bend in the highway.

My first emotion was anger, because I blamed the truck-driver for being just a mite on my side of the yellow line. That aroused me, I suppose.

But the thrill I got was a flash of tiny stacked silk flags — the kind the stores sell for radiator caps—and they almost brushed my face as we slid by each other.

Old Glory on a homely and utilitarian gravel truck! The flags were fastened to the rear view mirror which stuck out to the driver's left. They told the world—and me, too—that this truck driver had other things than gravel in his heart and that he was serving notice on everybody that he is an American and doing his bit in his way.

Silly? Maybe, but I wouldn't take a million for the feeling. It's pride and love and loyalty—with a mite of hate for the Japs—all pushing each other around inside me and it's a grand feeling and a tough one.

Maybe, like that truck driver, and maybe not, I feel like I should be in there somewhere, with my experience in the other war adding up with new training, to really go

at 'em. I have tried. I've done everything I could find out to do. But I'm too old and fat. (No aspersions on the truck driver.)

Maybe it's a lesson for me to go ahead and do my job a little better and work a little harder at it, even though it is hot, and do my bit in helping other and younger men to get ready for the big moment!—DCW.

#### SALEM ENTERTAINS

Doc. Harry E. Morris and his hospitality committee at Salem are going away around the first bend in their program of entertainment for the soldiers. They have been at it for several months with dances and home parties and chicken dinners and such. And they are providing for comparatively large numbers.

Friday night, for a big dance at the pavilion on the state fair grounds, Doc. told The Sentry he was going to ask Col. Ferch for 200 soldiers from Camp Adair, in addition to those who are quartered in Salem.

"We've always had more girls than soldiers at our dances," said Doc Morris in answer to a query about that end of the deal. "We have had splendid response from the girls of the community and our committee appreciates this support, without which we couldn't operate."

From reports, the girls have just as good a time at these dances as do the soldiers, and that's plenty!

#### WE HAVE TO CELEBRATE

There are at least two communities right close to Camp Adair where one may get the outside thrills of the traditional Fourth of July celebration—without the annoyance of the fireworks. These are the Independence U.S.O. celebration and the Calapooia Round-Up at Crawfordsville. Crawfordsville is the farther away, but the program there will be the more varied in the true old western fashion.

There are some belated cards out over around Salem about a celebration at the state fair grounds. The Sentry didn't get the details of this one, but it's there all right and you may take your choice.

Capt. Herron, acting area engineer, says there are no holidays any more, what with a camp to build and soldiers already here waiting to occupy it, but some of us will be off shift Saturday and we'll sprinkle ourselves around—or sit in the shade as we feel like, and think of the guys over there running interference for us.

#### THE OLD CHARLIE

We note in the copy for the Whiteside theater in Corvallis which just came in, that Charlie Chaplin, the one and only, will be there Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week in his inimitable "The Gold Rush." The ad says "with music and words."

"The Gold Rush," one of Chap-

lin's very best—and he made many—is redone from the old silent days. Memorable scenes are his holiday banquet on a pair of his old shoes and the dance of the forks before him, manipulated in a biscuit clog by the soul-rhythm of the master pantomimist.

We are going to greatly enjoy seeing this picture again, especially because we are going to be there with the young son, 12, to whom Chaplin is a great dictator and that only.

Missing Chaplin in childhood is like missing dogs and horses and the old swimmin' hole and such. The Sentry appreciates Charley Whiteside all the more for bringing this great picture back to life.

#### OLD FIRE HORSE

Like an elephant away from the circus lot, and like the proverbial fire horse at the sound of the fire bell, The Sentry got a big kick out of wandering into the tent camp of soldiers on the edge of Camp Adair.

The Coordinator and The Sentry walked into the camp together, and we have a witness to our conclusion.

The place smelled like an army camp!

The dry, trampel grass, the canvas, the wisps of smoke from the field kitchens, perspiration on a hot day, the smell of new earth dug for latrines and garbage disposal—all added up to a smell that was familiar after more than a quarter of a century.

It may be all in our heads, but it was there nevertheless, and a feeling of nostalgia along with it. Some of the boys were getting the inspection that is never mentioned, and that—too—added up to the total of times gone.

The days are hot—the nights are chill. The work of making a camp is tough. But men off duty were whistling and laughing and kidding and erabbing, in the tradition of army camps under canvas.

Maybe they're just as good as we were. They know they're better—and more power to them. They need more power in 1942.

"Long may she wave."

To the Editor:

As I am very much interested in the "American Burma road," on account of having relatives in the Peace river country through which it passes, I would like to say something as to the "suitability" of the passage through which this road passes.

This is the first time that I ever heard of this rugged, mountainous country being called a "prairie state," as Governor Langer of North Dakota recently called it, and, as I spent my school days in Canada graduating from high school there at 17; I naturally studied Canadian geography. "It is to laugh!"

My oldest brother, who is a bachelor of 73 years, hunts and traps throughout this section, and travels miles and miles through dense trees hundreds of feet tall, on nothing but a narrow pack trail on which, if you make one misstep, you land in snow up to your shoulders, if there's room between the trees. And this brother is a big six footer, straight and tall in spite of his age. All traveling is done on skis. He has a cabin every 12 miles, and goes through country never trodden by man before... or at least it hadn't before he came there 10 years ago. It is a wild, beautiful country. The only drawback, he says, is the short days. It gets dark at 4 p. m.

This is at the extreme northwest corner of Alberta, as close to British Columbia and the Alaskan border as you can get. I have wanted to visit him badly, but after you leave Edmonton, you drive 1122 miles by car, then pack in the rest of the way. I cannot even land

(Continued on Page 3)

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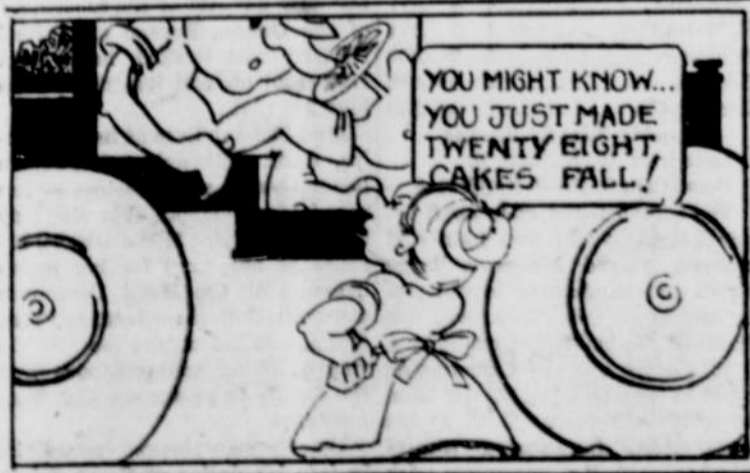
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Elmer, the camp tramp, seems to be punching a "Euke" and his path doesn't seem altogether rosy. Step on it, keed!