

Colonel's Column

Col. R. E. M. DesIslets

(Written in bed.)

I skipped writing you last week because of the need of having a minor alteration of my innards—eliminating an appendix, to be exact. However, you can't keep a good man down, so I'm "on my feet" again after a short count. If I duck at the right time from now on, it looks like a cinch from here out.



Col. DesIslets

All joking aside, tho', it takes a sickness or similar difficulty to demonstrate the friendships one has accumulated. In my case, I was inundated with flowers from everyone, books and cards, with many happy get-well thoughts. All these gave me much to think about and caused me to be thankful for my host of friends. They even made me feel as though I'd better get back home early so I could respect the doctor's order of "not too many visitors."

Anyhoo, it was good to be able to lie there and think of one's many friends, and the many nice things they had done at various times.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all of you for your very thoughtful cards, flowers, etc., and to tell you that each and every one was deeply appreciated.

We're still vulnerable to careless fires in the area, and we all must be super-careful and super-watchful. Of course, the best way is to prevent fires starting—then you never have to fight them. Only recently there was a fire set among some cantonment buildings in the eastern section of the state, or thereabouts. There was a total loss of about 20 buildings—irreplaceable lumber, hardware and equipment gone up in flames. This is a tough problem with priorities and supply as they are. But think of the lousy type of man who would set a fire at a time when our country needs help as she does today! That is a louse like those eight the F.B.I. picked up in the east this week. That is the type of men who, willing to disembowel this country, should be shot to death instantly upon being captured. No mercy should be shown.

We don't think we have any like them on the job, but we can't ever be sure of anything, so we must be alert at all times for the safety of our job from the demon FIRE.

Keep your eyes open for suspicious persons.

Again, glad to be back — be seeing you. In the mean time, keep punching—somebody's got to drop if you keep punching!

R. E. M. DES ISLETS,
Lt. Col., Corps of Engineers,
Area Engineer.

Patriotic Ceremony Planned at Round-Up

Horsemanship of All Varieties Is on Bill

Celebrations in western Oregon are scarce this year but the Calapoopia Round-up will open its 26th annual program on July 4 at Crawfordsville. A feature of this year's round-up will be the patriotic salute to Old Glory following the grand mounted parade at 1:40 p. m. Several hundred cowboys and cowgirls, together with the Lane county mounted guard and the governor's posse from Salem will be massed for this patriotic display.

Arena events promise plenty of thrills and there will be 10 racing events each day, including Roman



and chariot races. The Brahmin bulls and wild bucking horses will offer daring cowboys plenty of opportunity for winning cash prizes, and in addition, there will be many rodeo attractions. The daily program starts at 10:30 a. m. and the directors promise one of the best shows ever staged in western Oregon.

No Military Secrets Get Away From Fatty

"Serve in Silence," "Keep Your Lip Zipped" and all the other wartime mottoes designed to combat loose talk mean something to Private Fatty Gonda, of Cochran Field, Ga. The other day a visiting captain observed Private Gonda at work on an airplane motor. He walked up and questioned the soldier, asking him if he knew exactly what makes an airplane run.

Private Gonda reckoned he did, so the captain asked him for an explanation.

"You see this little cover sir?" Private Gonda began. "Well, that is the gas tank cover. Now please follow me to the back of the engine, sir. See that hole there? That's the exhaust stack. And confidentially, sir, what goes on between those two holes is a military secret!"

'Rough Army' Cannot Spoil Early Training

A new era in military politeness apparently has been instituted at Camp Berkeley, Tex. One up-and-coming private, so the story goes, was leading morning calisthenics. In a burst of conviviality came his command:

"Arms forward, raise, please fellows!" The only comment, offered by an interested but dubious sergeant: "He forgot to thank them!"

To the Editor:

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He had a round of inspections cut out for himself and his assistants and is prepared to buckle down to hard work as soon as the post hospital is ready for occupancy.

Col. Shuman Is New Medical Officer

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anywhere near there by airplane. You may have read, some half dozen years ago, of a dentist from a small Minnesota town, with three companions, who went there hunting, were lost for five days in the timber, seeing nothing but inches of blue sky 600 feet above, until days later they wandered into a ranger's cabin. Canada sent planes for searching parties which were useless in that country.

Although I am not the same political party as Governor Langer, I have very much enjoyed the interesting "picnic" speeches he made at Wahpeton and Lidgerwood, North Dakota. But northern Alberta... "a prairie state!"

My brother has sent me a map from "The Peace River Gazette," showing where this road will travel and he also has had experience as a construction engineer, and in his opinion it is the logical road to build. Not because of the wonderful opportunity for the people of that country to make a better living, but because the road is just inland from the coast far enough to safeguard it... and just far enough east to make it the shortest speediest route to build. Also there is already some road built through here which can be joined up in connection with the road now being built.

Also, don't worry about the scenic beauty for tourists. There's plenty. Thrilling, too. Yeah, they are apt to be speechless when passing over that road in their cars... and not from scenery either. ... "Prairie state!"

This now, is a hunter's paradise—moose, deer, etc. Incidentally, I have the head of a "killer moose" mounted up there in a mountain cabin waiting for me, and what is more important to a good sportsman, the distance between the two antlers, tip to tip, measures exactly 52 inches. It has only been waiting there for me the past five years. Why don't I get it? Well,

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there's hope now, God speed the "American Burma road." Don't interfere. Help it along quickly. Our boys in Alaska need it badly. My moose head can wait, and forever if need be. But help this present road get going... and don't, please don't, say either that it's going through "central Canada."—Contributed.

We have to have a few tents around or this wouldn't be a camp.

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