

Camp Adair Sentry

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HERE THEY COME

The Sentry had occasion to meet a main line train at Albany the other morning.

"Here they come," we thought, as the train screeched to a stop. "Here they come."

More shavetails tumbled off that train than we ever thought existed—and we were one for much longer than we're proud of. They jumped off all the cars where the train crew had opened the gates, and they took the station, and the buses parked by the station, by storm.

They must be from way down east somewhere. When they were rolling off the train they were chiding each other to look out for the Indians, and "where is the pony express," and such-like.

But they're all good boys. No one could look them over—with a long and hot train trek behind them undoubtedly—and fail to feel a pride in them and what they're here for, and at their apparent enthusiasm to get at the job.

In the evening in the office one of them was about town looking for a home—or a place to live. The Sentry didn't have any apartments to rent, but we got to chewing the fat. He was asking questions about camp and buses and Gen. Bradley and all manner of interesting things. In the course of the conversation the Sentry passed the comment that Gen. Bradley had been overheard to say: "My boys are going to work." It was passed along as another of the things to be expected in this new shavetail's tour of duty at Camp Adair.

"We expect that," he answered quickly. "We've been at it already. We have had a toughening-up course to prepare us for it."

And then, after ruminating for just a moment, "It's all right. We've got a job to do and we'll need to put everything we've got into it. If Gen. Bradley is the man who can get it ALL out of me, he's the man I want to soldier under."

And he was completely and

naively serious. No bluster—no false illusions of his recent elevation to a commission—no fear of anything but his own ability to put out what will be necessary. Just a good, plain, hard-working American kid, ready to give whatever and all of his capabilities for his country, if someone will just go after him hard enough to get them ALL out of him.

How you like that? Patriotism? Sure, coupled with a feeling in that youthful breast of the responsibility of citizenship in the greatest country God ever made. To us, it's GRAND.

Here they come!

KEEP COVERED

Although it is improbable that we shall get heat as high on the measuring stick as we had a couple of weeks ago, still it may get hot enough to knock over the unwary.—There's the point—unwary.

If you follow the simple rules laid out by the safety service and by Doc Reynolds, and don't forget and slip, you'll make it through. Old Sol has been on the job a long time and he's in good form this summer, owing to his many days of rest in this locality. He's been hiding so much of the time this spring and summer, that he seems to be especially enthusiastic when he does show for a day or two hand-running.

So respect him. "If you don't wear your helmet he'll knock you down dead," is the way Mr. Kipling told the recruits out in India. Take it to heart and keep covered.

IF I WERE—!

If I were one of these new officers here and I had brought my new wife along to war, and had tried all the regular listings in an effort to find a place to park my new wife while I'm out to camp working, I'd—

In any free moment at camp, I'd buzz around these workers until I found one who had a suitable apartment or house and who was going to move out in a short time and then I'd take steps to stake out that place.

In Albany and in Corvallis, at least at the "peak of the load," there were approximately 1000 strangers billeted in each town. By far most of them are still here. Some of the larger houses—and most expensive—have been vacated and are filled by some of the higher-ups, but most of them should be available during the next couple of months.

You youngsters—you strangers here—don't be backward about inquiry and investigation. Take as much of your problem as you can, in your own hands. And then do some hard work.

UN-NAMED

With the love to live
And the right to give,
With never a thought of fame;
Careless and gay
And a love for play
'Til he treated war as a game.

But he gave his life
In a stinkin' ditch
By the side of the Burma Road.
From an unmarked grave
In an unknown spot
His soul will pack his load.

Onward, and Onward,
Down through the years—
Never a thought of ease—
Our flag will fly
As time goes by
As long as we've boys like these.

With never a sign
To mark their grave,
Nor a cross to mark their fall,
They'll do their best
In a final test—
In their greatest game of all.

—U. S. Guard Harmon

"SNARLS FROM AN OLDTIMER"

By H.B., Casual Section
When a man reaches 53 he is likely to be a one-woman man, and he is lucky to be that.

So when the rest of you soldiers piled off the truck at Corvallis and headed for a dance, I merely sighed for my wife in New York and set out to get you some information.

Ever since that first shower and plunge in the pool at Oregon State college one of the grand and memorable baths of my life, I had been curious about that friendly school, so I walked to the campus and called at radio station KOAC.

KOAC is of special interest to us because it will carry out our own programs when we really get going at Adair, and because KOAC will give us about all that we can take, over the air.

It's state-owned, non-commercial, doesn't sell time. It's official outlet for the Oregon State system of education. Programs are provided by the University of Oregon, Oregon State college, Oregon Medical school and three colleges of education.

The time is unlimited and KOAC reaches more Oregon territory than any other station—85 per cent of the population.

The school which grew into Oregon State college was founded in 1858, and OSC was the first school west of the Mississippi to give a degree in landscape architecture. You probably were charmed by buildings, grounds, and trees, as I was, I am familiar with Harvard, Princeton, Yale, and other famous college grounds in the East.

The museum on the campus is worth while, whenever you run out of girls. I was most interested in Hank Monk's old stagecoach. It ran between Missouri and California at first, and then from Carson City into the Sierras. Prince Alexander of Russia, later the Czar rode in it when he went buffalo hunting, and so did General Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, and the Prince of Wales who became Edward VII. This was the trans-continental coach and on one trip all passengers were killed by highwaymen.

While on the campus I tried to get another shower, but the place was closed. I was directed to the town fire house, yes, the fire house. Good showers too. I really was entitled to one, because before the army finally let me in I was a fire auxiliary in New York. Can't prove it, though, left my diploma at home.

Dropped in at Harper Center, in the basement of the Madison Street Methodist church, and had excellent home-made ice cream, cake and chocolate drink. The place started for the benefit of the soldiers camped in the park to protect the town. No, not from us, from the Japs. The postmaster's wife, Mrs. Vina Moses, had the idea. She and other women scrubbed the base-

ment, long out of use, and week by week the women of different churches pitched in and produced the refreshments and served them. Members of nine churches share the expense of water, lights, etc.

SNARLS FROM AN OLDTIMER

"Fall in!" the sergeant shouted. We did and he began asking about our religion. How many Protestants, Catholics, Jews? At every question, hands were raised.

"Now," he said, "how many hypocrites?"
No hand went up. The sergeant's face grew red.

"I don't mean 'hypocrites,'" he said. "I mean guys that don't have any religion."

Only one hand was raised. Then the sergeant explained that he was asking the questions merely to learn what provision should be made for religious services.

About hypocrites, though, a couple of soldiers who hadn't been in church for years were quick to step forward when it was announced that a truck would carry a few soldiers to the Baptist church at the nearby town of Independence. It seemed that every soldier who went to church would be invited to dinner afterwards.

Well, the truck was late and didn't reach the church until the service had begun. The two soldiers were too shy to go inside, so they went and had a beer instead. But they were waiting at the church door when the congregation came out and the pastor took them home with him.

They had a grand dinner and a fine time generally and then the pastor hoped that they could at-

tend his late afternoon Bible class. What a pity, but they couldn't! They had to get back to camp and stand guard.

But that night, walking past, they had an uneasy feeling when they encountered the preacher again. He is the Rev. Loyal H. Vickers, and in addition to being a pastor he is a civilian guard at camp. He preaches and conducts weddings and funerals by day, and at night watches over the vast and growing military stocks at Adair.

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He Can Almost See Over the Top



Elmer, the camp tramp, has growing pains. He's been working here from the beginning and he has sworn to stay until the end. He can see it filling up.