

**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.

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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 Islets, 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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**GET ADDRESS RIGHT**

To save confusion and time in delivery of mail here, properly addressed mail for this post should be:

**Yardbird So-and-So,**

**Outfit direction (get from Co.Cam.)**

**CAMP ADAIR, OREGON**

The latter, of course, is the line this piece is about. Confusion has been created owing to stories carried in Portland papers emanating from the jealousy of towns hereabouts as to which town owns Camp Adair. The Sentry's interest is not in the squabble—it's disgusting—but in the necessity of having incoming mail addressed correctly in order to save delay in delivery of mail.

If your mail is addressed to "Camp Adair, Oregon," it will come to the camp branch postoffice by the most direct route, which is into Corvallis and then to camp. The camp postoffice is a branch of the Corvallis office but the word "Corvallis" is not necessary, according to Judge Victor P. Moses, postmaster at Corvallis.

Mail addressed to Camp Adair, Ore., is bundled or pouched enroute to Corvallis and these pouches come direct to the camp office without being opened in Corvallis. If the word, Corvallis, is inserted, the mail may be left out of Camp Adair pouches and have to be "worked" in the Corvallis office, with a possibility of delay.

There is no direct mail to Camp Adair from anywhere else than through Corvallis, Judge Moses pointed out. Letters mailed in Corvallis for a camp address require two cents postage, just as local Corvallis mail. Letters mailed in any other town require three cents postage, and if addressed to any other town, would be delayed 12 to 24 hours, Judge Moses said.

Judge Moses compared the local situation to that of Ft. Lewis, Washington, which is a branch of the Tacoma postoffice, although mail is properly addressed to Ft. Lewis, Wash. Another comparison he drew is that of Linnton, a suburb of Portland with a branch postoffice. Mail is properly ad-

ressed to "Linnton," but goes through the Portland office.

The Sentry takes no sides in the petty jealousies such as has caused the confusion in addressing mail to camp. If the towns (few persons in them) believe they can help themselves get more business out of camp personnel by little and big squabbles — then it's just a case of their judgment against ours. Our "Crab Pot" column carried a nice piece from a camp worker about this angle when differences were even more pronounced.

The Sentry believes differences should be rigidly hidden in a close cooperative effort to provide the best possible for Camp Adair soldiers in all the towns. Conferences between towns across a table would accomplish this. Petty jealousy and intense competition for soldier business is all wrong and even silly. There will be more than any of the towns can handle. They'll all be full. The effort should be spent in widening their services—the surest way in the world to fatten their pocketbooks.

**INVERTED SABOTAGE**

Any worker on any government war-time project, who deliberately fails to give out in his labor the best he can, is a saboteur just as surely as if he threw a monkey wrench into a big machine.

There are two reasons why a man should give all he can to the job in this critical time. He's being well-paid and he owes his best to Uncle Sam.

The man who shirks deliberately, lays down on the job, listens to unrest and low talk of his fellows, is fighting the axis battle just the same as if he were shooting at his brother Americans.

Why? Because time is the big element in the American and Allied program of preparation for the day when we can strike back in force and on all fronts. Then and only then will the war be won. Every war job points toward bringing that time closer.

The man who does his job well, to the best of his ability, and even gives a little extra, is the patriot. There's no place here now for selfishness, dissatisfaction and grumbling.

There ought to be a law.

**NO ROWDIES**

Soldiers, The Sentry salutes you! Not because of your shoulder insignia, nor because of your chevrons, nor because of your uniform, but because you are regular guys and keep your noses clean. That's a great compliment to the American way of life and upbringing.

There may be rowdies in the bunch which will come because there is a small percentage of them in any group of men. But to date, and for the future we hope, the

small percentage hasn't shown up.

The Sentry has taken the interest to check in the towns around Camp Adair. Personal observations and answers to inquiries are all the same—that the boys here so far are all gentlemen and conduct themselves as such while they're in town.

This situation is a source of pride to The Sentry. Col. McCoy, camp commander, is proud of it. Others of the administrative staff are proud of it. If each soldier, non-com and officer feels that same pride and asserts the feeling now and then, there will be a minimum of rowdiness as new groups show up. You don't have to be a sissy to be a regular guy.

People in the Camp Adair area are just people like yourselves. They ask only reasonable deportment. They will meet us half way. We're all going to have to get along together for a while, so let's make it as easy on ourselves and those we brush up against too.

As we said in the beginning, it looks good so far. We salute you!

**HERE WE GO**

We thought the great Northwest was won

With Oxen teams and buffalo gun.

Let's pause and look, again take stock

Of all the things we've done, For in man's quest for freedom His fight is never won.

So there is bustle, noise and clamor, There's the sound of saw and hammer.

There's a 'dozer,' hoist, a yard arm On the spot where stood a cow barn.

Camp Adair is in the making! Blasting keeps a mountain shaking.

And really they had just begun When major things were almost done.

Contracting firms who gained a day Earned the praise of Des Islets.

Lord help the poor, benighted boss Who faltered on this sod.

The only place to lay his case Was in the lap of God.

Democracy in action, man— For all the world to see.

We've passed some laps on this long climb —The road to Victory!

—U. S. Guard Harmon.

**HE KNOWS WHAT**

John Wagner, restaurateur of Corvallis, knows what to do when it comes to these bellies we've heard the army fights on. And he doesn't need any blueprint and specifications.

Last week he saw a truck-load of negro soldiers parked outside his restaurant. The soldiers were sitting in the truck and just looking. John wondered why. We went out and found out that the colored boys were backward about circulating about town, not knowing what reception they would have in the town.

Those guys are in the same uniform and are going to do the same sort of fighting as anybody else, thought John. Some people won't appreciate this fact, he thought. There may be some embarrassments, both to these colored soldiers and to shop-keepers about town.

So John sought out an officer and made a secret appointment for the following evening out at the camp.

When John arrived at the barracks in Camp Adair, where these negro troops are quartered, he had his family sedan piled high with—Watermelons!

He took out enough watermelons to feed the whole kaboodle of them. He did it out of the goodness of his heart, and it really bent his purse.

John had his money's worth, he says, in watching the appreciation

of those colored boys as they downed the melons.

"I wish my chef could have been there," said John. "He would have learned something valuable to him and to me along the line of how to cut and serve watermelons."

A picture in another column in this newspaper will give you an idea of the fun Mr. Wagner had, watching his grand idea bloom.

**TEN LITTLE WORKERS**

Ten little workers, feeling fit and fine,

One smoked in the oil house— Then there were nine!

Nine little workers, thought they'd be late—

One cut thru the r. r. yards— Then there were eight!

Eight little workers, looking up to heaven—

One fell down an elevator shaft— Then there were seven

Seven little workers, putting in hard licks—

One mixed booze with gas — Then there were six!

Six little workers, glad to be alive,

One forgot his goggles — Then there were five!

Five little workers, standing near the door—

One thought a wire was "dead" — Then there were four!

Four little workers, one scratched his knee—

Didn't go for First Aid — Then there were three!

Three little workers, nothing much to do—

One tried to oil a moving shaft— Then there were two!

Two little workers took stairways on the run—

One missed his footing — Then there was one!

One little worker, thought of the other nine . . .

**BEGAN TO PRACTICE SAFETY —AND NOW HE'S DOING FINE!**

—Lifted. Safety Section.

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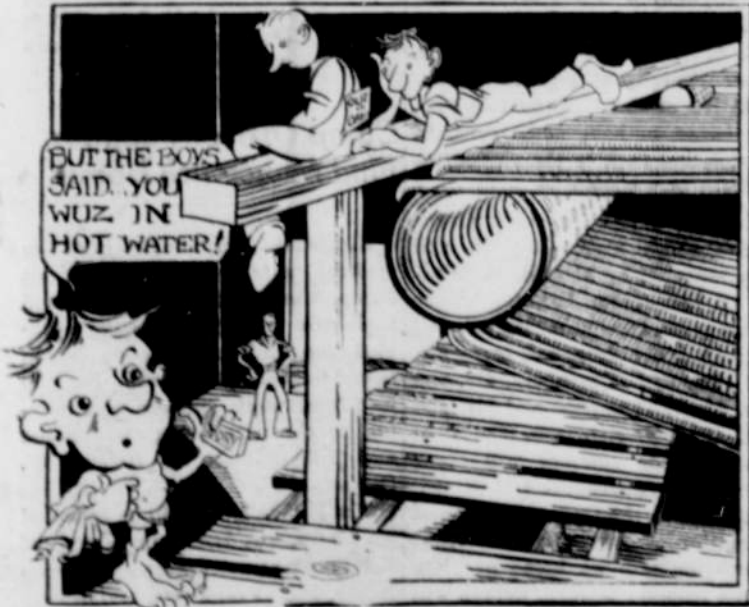
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**He Is Dusty All The Way Through**



Elmer, the camp tramp, complains that he can't get clean with cold water. He wants some action out of the boiler-makers' local and he's asking about joining up so he'll have a vote.



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