

**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 Sentries 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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**FILLS A GAP**

When Camp Adair was first announced for this location, stories were rife of the devastation of communities where cantonments had been built. Most of the reports here came from California camp centers. There were a few from other sections. It was told about this peaceful valley that we were due for an awakening and that it would be rude.

Wild stories about the depredations of low-life workers who built the camps were bandied about freely. Then the soldiers came, and they completed the wrecks. All the crimes in the book were to be expected, according to the stories, and to cope with the lawlessness was next to impossible.

Intensive studies of camp areas already in operation were made. Delegations took trips to gather facts and men of experience from operating camp areas were invited here to tell us what to expect and help us meet the deluge.

We were warned that we could not realize the situation we were developing.

To date, the cry of "wolf, wolf," has proved to be only a mental hazard. Towns in the Camp Adair area have prospered from the advent of the big new payroll and jails have been the only empty living quarters in the communities. The workers have shown themselves to be just like our own people. There have been some few problems, but they have been solved.

And now the soldiers come. We will get more, of course, but if the ones here now are like the others to come, communities are prepared to welcome them for the gentlemen they are.

There may be a reason for our good fortune here. There may be several reasons. That the experience in the Camp Adair area has been different from others is gratifying, to say the least, and The Sentry salutes the communities for their preparation and foresight. Of what did this consist?

Organization of a group known as the Four County Cantonment

Council was the basis upon which was built the good relations between the strangers here and the homefolk. This group consists of Marion, Polk, Benton and Linn counties and the larger communities within those counties. Members of the council are the county judges of the counties and the mayors of the cities.

The set-up has been appreciated, both by the army and by civilians. Whether or not the work of Mr. Johnson's office is entitled to all the credit for the fine relations existing may be a question, but both sides of the fence concede that it has been, in a large measure, responsible.

All manner of problems have passed through Mr. Johnson's office with resulting accomplishments that are desirable.

"The office was set up for six months. The six months are almost up.

If there is any serious question as to the necessity and desirability of keeping this office doing its stuff, that question arises from ignorance as to the work of the office.

In setting up his organization here as commandant of the camp, Col. Gordon H. McCoy has had invaluable assistance from Mr. Johnson, according to his own statement to The Sentry. Almost every day the camp commander consults with the coordinator on subjects concerned with the relationship of the camp and its personnel, to the civilian communities and their personnel. These frank and open discussions nip many prospective problems in the bud through informed decisions. Col. McCoy continues the confidence in Mr. Johnson's advice and judgment with which Col. R. E. M. Des Islets, area engineer, solved many community problems during the construction of the camp.

In the humble opinion of The Sentry, the office of the coordinator should be continued for the duration and Mr. Johnson should be maintained in that office. Upon a basis of past and present experience, the office can be of more value than ever now with the population of the camp about to mount. The value will be in direct proportion to the added numbers of soldiers.

The office should continue to be financed as it is, from public funds, except that the budget should probably be increased. And now is the time to make this decision.

Here's to Sven Johnson, coordinator, Long may be wave.

**TOUGH—BUT GOOD**  
By E.A.B.

Almost every soldier had experience and contact with the purchase of War Savings bonds in civilian life. The majority of those regularly employed — and who wasn't during those last hectic

months — participated actively in the drive to make every citizen a shareholder in the United States government.

When the transition to olive drab and drill fields took place, the new army had other things to think about. They reasoned, and with justification, that the buying of bonds and the financing of the war was up to those who remained at home.

Now comes announcement that soldiers are being asked to buy bonds out of their army pay — a salary that in most instances seems far below the one garnered in civilian life. "Why?" asks the soldier. "Why should I give the government back the few dollars it gives me? I've given up my daily way of living, my family and my home. Uncle Sam is asking a little too much. Phooey."

Outwardly it would seem that the soldier is justified in his "beef." Certainly he is doing his share and more in this fight.

But, let's look at the record, as Al Smith says. Are the soldiers making an additional sacrifice in buying War Bonds and Stamps? A careful analysis of the situation shows something else again. It is never foolish to save money. It's pretty difficult but it's not foolish. And no one can gainsay that a fistfull of War Savings bonds isn't a savings.

The War Department tells us that the buying of bonds by soldiers must be voluntary—a desire on his part to invest and save money. The War Department is insistent that this policy be carried out by officers in charge of the selling program. This should help a lot in the case of those who automatically resent being told what they must do with their own money.

In other words, buying War Bonds is not an "army must" in any sense, but a pretty smart way for the soldier to set aside a few dollars every pay day. This war is coming to a close one of these days, not tomorrow surely, and maybe not for some time. But it will come to an end and when it does a few dollars in U. S. bonds will come in pretty handy.

Leaving out, if you will, any patriotic motive, the purchase of War Savings bonds by soldiers and civilians alike is sound business judgment.

**"HANGOVER"**

Here I lie upon the bed  
Throat so sore and throbbing head  
Bloodshot eyes and body sore—  
The morning after the night before.

Can't eat a thing, got no pep—  
Lost my money, lost my rep;  
Can't get up, I feel so bad.  
Boy! What a wonderful time I had.

Never felt so bad before.  
Even my darn old tongue is sore,  
When I sneeze I still taste gin.  
Gosh! What a party it must have been.

Can't remember where I went.  
Don't know where the time was spent,  
But what a time it must have been—  
Look what a helluva shape I'm in.  
—Pvt. D.W.K.—CASCU

To the Editor:  
Many of us coming into the army from civilian life look forward to a new way of living, so our first impulse is to forget our old jobs and try to orient ourselves to the strange life that is the army. When H. B. wrote his reactions to me, I read it with interest because I have been reading most of H.B.'s stuff, and it was about me.

I know and understand a writer's problems. So it seemed strange to me that my friends thought that H. B. had been laying it on rather thick. Now I know that there is no more kind-hearted man in the army than H. B.

In writing a character sketch,

there is an allowance for artistic imagination or poetic license or what you want to call. To make writing vivid and of interest one must be given leeway in the use of colorful expressions for better character portrayal.

Anybody can say, "A man came into the room." But to present a strong picture of a writer's reaction to a person, it is necessary to say that a "huge" or a "fat" or a "scrawny" man came "staggering" or "plunging" or "stumbling" into the room. Thus H. B. in his picture of me.

There is no need of a defense for H. B. in his portrayal of Zack presented in a recent issue of the Sentry. Only I want to say publicly that the job was well and sincerely done and that I enjoyed it.

A better reason for writing is that I might be permitted to give my reactions to H. B. The first time that this writer saw him was during "chow" one night. Henry was doing kitchen police, and I had approached a water barrel to clean my mess kit, when I saw a rather skinny old gent "stoking the furnace." I wondered how this old-timer had landed in the army (he's 53) and was doing "K.P." at that.

We got to talking and the most startling fact that came out of that chat was that Henry actually enjoyed being on "K.P." Later on as I came to know him better, I learned why he felt that way.

H. B., the old-timer, had the right spirit. He was in this man's army to give everything he had. If there was a job to be done, no matter how hard it was, he wanted it. If he could get-into a combat outfit (at 53!) he would be tickled. Meanwhile, whether it was latrine orderly, kitchen police, taking down tents, drilling, or any other kind of work, H. B. wanted to be on the detail.

That's the way H. B., the old-timer, does everything. He may punch hard but he punches clean.

Let's all work the same way and it won't be such a long war.

Sincerely yours,  
Pvt. Lavon Zakarian,  
DEML Section,  
Camp Adair, Oregon.

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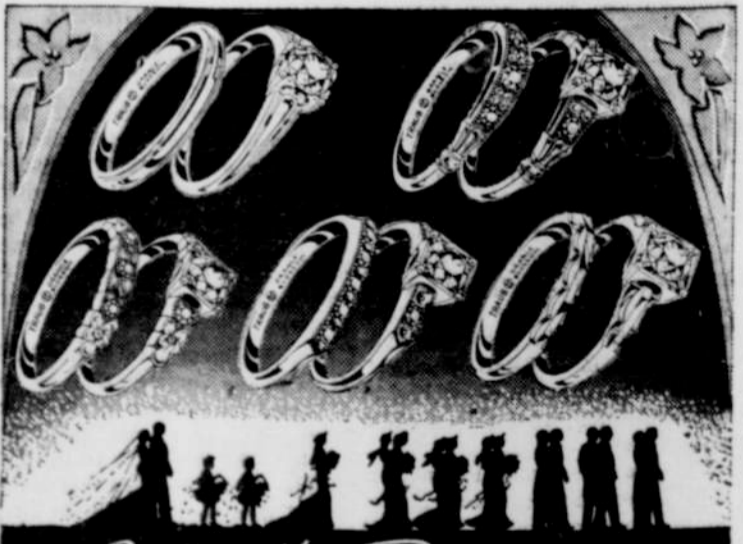
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