

**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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**YOUR POP'S WAR**

Your pop will remember that the other European war was going on for three years before Uncle Sam decided to get into it. And that during that time, Uncle Sam was becoming increasingly apprehensive as time went on and Fritz continued to draw more closely to his objective. Then, in 1916, our Mexican border situation became acute and National Guard troops from all over the nation were sent to the border — to get intensive training.

In Nogales, Ariz., there were several regiments of us. One from California, one from Connecticut, another from Idaho, and so on.

When we arrived there we had pyramidal tents, but nothing else for our personal comfort but what we took on our backs. For two weeks we rolled out on the ground at night. Every morning we shook our blankets — and poncho, and every morning many of us shook out centipedes, those great spiders of the south country, and scorpions — and that's the truth.

Then we got army cots and straw ticks. Better than feathers! They were grand, and our Uncle Samuel wasn't such a bad fellow after all.

But still we weren't rid of the bugs. They would climb up the legs of the cot, or up a blanket if one were allowed to touch the ground, and we'd have them as bedfellows just as before.

With the proverbial and traditional fortitude and genius of the American soldier, we gathered those big, oval-shaped sardine cans, set the legs of the cot in them and filled them with kerosene. We made our bed carefully in "the fold" and foiled those persistent bugs.

Differing from the average European soldier, Uncle Sam's buddies have a method of their own in overcoming difficulties, usually developed on the spot, to fit the necessities of immediate situations. That's why we're better than the others when we get into the field.

And that's not an idle nor egotistic boast. It's history.—DCW.

U. S. O. organizations and local groups are working hard to make things restful and inviting for sol-

diers off duty. All this activity necessitates effort and sacrifice on the part of some, who get their compensation only in appreciation. This appreciation should be vocal.

**WE SALUTE!**

"In the Spring, a soldier's fancy..."

Except for the unalterable fact that it is now August, instead of June, the above line, filched from Shakespeare (we think) would be quite appropos for Camp Adair.

Camp Adair almost overnight has become the Gretna Green of the West Coast with four non-commissioned officers taking marriage vows over the week end. It may, or may not, be sheer coincidence that all of the bridegrooms are sergeants. Our congratulations to them with the cheerful thought that they will enjoy taking orders from now on.

**JUST HOW MILITARY ARE WE?**

It is not the purpose or intention of this paper to take the attitude of a drill sergeant. Being soldiers ourselves we are much more prone to lean heavily the other way. Our object in life (and this is, of course, a military secret) is to be as informal and entertaining as possible. We believe that the soldier should get his "do's" and "don'ts" from the proper sources, but just this once we're going to step a bit out of our field.

We believe that here in Camp Adair—and for that matter in all military camps and cantonments—there is a certain feeling of resentment among the minority against military courtesy and discipline.

We'll be quite frank and admit that it is rather boring to be told continuously to keep buttons buttoned, shoes shined, salutes snappy and all that riggermarole. But let's for the moment, look at it from a common sense angle.

The basic principles of military discipline haven't changed very much since the first M.P.'s wielded the big stick in the stone age. Many attempts have been made to change them, but the fact still remains that any group of men without leadership becomes a mob.

Let's try to draw a parallel with civilian life. In those dim days when the shrill blast of a whistle meant nothing more deadly than a postman, all of us had to face a boss of some sort or other. Be honest with yourself now. Didn't you put your best foot forward? Didn't you attempt to be on the alert and efficient appearing when you went in to ask for a raise or explain a mistake you had made.

While thinking of what you were going to do that evening? And when your day's work was done and you started for the movies or the neighbors, didn't you see that you were shaved, shined and shampooed? Sure you did.

Of course you have an answer

to this. You say you did it voluntarily, and if somebody decided to be his brother's keeper when you skipped the routine once in a while, you could promptly and succinctly tell him what to do.

But if you're still being honest with yourself, you know that that was not very smart either. You derived a certain self satisfaction, but it didn't get you anywhere.

Let's repeat, we're not moralizing. We're suggesting (and we're going to try it ourselves for a change) that it's just good common sense to obey army rules and regulations. We're a democratic people who like our freedom. If we really want that freedom, we'd better do what we're told until six months after the duration. When that day comes, you're on your own. Until then let's be soldiers.

**THANKS TO GUARDS**

How many of the men who came into Camp Adair when grass was waist high and everyone lived in tents will even notice the disappearance of a group of real westerners who gave those men many a helping hand during those first few weeks when to most, those surroundings were new, strange, and to some a bit disheartening? I'm referring to the civilian guard personnel employed by the Corps of Engineers since the start of camp construction. There was Bill, Ed, Harrington, Elliott and a score of other civilian guards who on many occasions advanced a bit of sound advice, a friendly greeting and often-times actually "pitched-in" and gave a helping hand to the job of the moment, regardless of the fact that, more likely than not, the chore was none of their concern.

Most of these men are old-timers here in the Willamette valley. Many of them farmed this same ground and grew up right in this area. That, no doubt, is one reason they have taken such an active interest in activities here and in the men who will be taking-over when their job is finished. A good many of them, too, have service records of their own, from World War I, stored away in the family strong box and that's another reason they've taken such an interest in the soldiers, whether they be jeeps, rookies or old-timers. A good many of those men will move on to new jobs, under the same Corps of Engineers, and it's a safe bet they'll continue to make the job just a little easier for new arrivals wherever they may be stationed.

A better plan, in better days, could probably be arranged for a "thank you" to this group of men but for this moment, and for these days, this will be the official word. The personnel of Camp Adair, officers and enlisted men alike, will join in extending their best wishes and regards to the U. S. Guards of the Corps of Army Engineers, United States army.

There's still some inconvenience for us to stand, while streets are built and clean-up goes on. Let's take it with a thought toward the future and what a fine camp is in the making here.

Soldiers! Look out for poison oak. It's here. Stay away from shrubs you don't recognize.

What could be more romantic for a girl than to be married on a war-time army post to the man who is going to win the war?

To the Editor:

First, I wish to say I have been a worker for the Four Builders at Camp Adair since May 18 and I am glad to have done my bit on a defense job, and will do my part as long as I'm there.

It has been a pleasant place to

work. Only a few days were hot but naturally we all were slowed up then, but not a word of complaint have I heard from the various foremen. They knew how much a man could stand.

Yes, I am happy to say everyone I met or worked with was friendly, willing to turn a hand when one needed a little help, no matter if they were on another crew. That's why things went so well out there. All had their shoulders to the wheel.

I'm glad the officers praised our work. It makes one feel good to have a little praise now and then. We are all just human, I guess.

Another thing, the way each one helped to keep down accidents on the highway has been marvelous. True, a few got in a hurry during the rush to town, but where so many cars were used it seems to me things went very well.

I wish to thank the sponsors of the camp paper, The Sentry, for circulating some free to the workers. The paper has been a joy to many.

Many of us have our families in other states that we haven't seen for months. Sure it gets lonely while we do defense work but then we remember our boys over in the firing line giving their time, lives and all. It's great how many soldiers buy bonds, too. Surely victory will be ours if we all pull together.

P. S. I like Oregon so well I advertised for a ranch to rent as soon as my work is done at Camp Adair. I have a farm waiting for me near Scio, Oregon. So goodbye now, Friends.

Your co-worker,  
Clifford Purvis.

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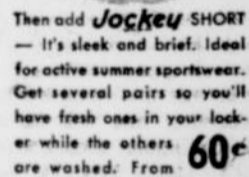
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Elmer, the camp tramp, is not pleased by an icy stare from a stranger. He's not a slacker, but he wants to finish his job here. Please, mister, don't ask him his name.