

Vignettes of Army Life—
Abbreviations
By Pvt. R. C. Johnson

The alphabet has always been a mystery to Joe Rookie. But the straw to break the camel's back was tossed on by the Army. Never until Joey came into service did he bump up against so many initials and abbreviations that left him as puzzled as a mouse trying to run through a psychologist's maze.

The day after induction these cryptograms loomed in front of Joe at every step. Such combinations as GHQ, QM, MP, PX, X marks the spot, and the like ricocheted off his malleable mind like drops of water bouncing off a rock. It made him feel so mentally unmilitary. He could be certain of only two—A.W.O.L. and K.P.

The initials A.W.O.L. might mean anything from "After Women or Liquor" to "A Week On the Loose" to the civilian, but not to Joe. He swears by stars above that A.W.O.L. is the one thing he'll NEVER do, even if it means his returning to camp sixteen hours before his eighteen-hour-pass is void. The mere thought of A.W.O.L. creates a nightmare in Joe's mind—he can visualize bar-studded, eagle-studded and star-studded officers sternly bearing down on his shrinking form as he is court martialed, he can hear the firing squad outside priming their guns, then he can hear dead silence.

Joe's other pet dread is K.P.—symbolic of a den of iniquity in league with drudgery, dish-pan hands, housemaid's knee, and the "By-The-Time-I-Get-Out-Of-Here-It-Will-Be-Too-Late-For-A-Pass-Blues." After all he didn't join the army to learn the art of slinging hash! But why complain, Joe? They pick K.P.'s according to the alphabet, unless you try to get away from polishing your shoes by stuffing them in the barracks bag during inspection, or saving your bed looking as if it hadn't been made since December 7. Besides, the Army's got to eat, and SOMEBODY has to help. Then, too, think what a marvelous help-mate you'll make Daisybelle!

Then there's M.P., the long arm of which he doesn't desire to be touched by; P.X., where he can drink cokes and write to Daisybelle; O.D. which in civilian life meant "obnoxious drip" according to the hep-cats; and D.E.M.L., which he was led to believe means "Darned Easy Military Life."

Came the day when the Sergeant asked Joe to do an errand. "Go over to HQ, get the OD to release four DEML's on guard and tell two of them to report for KP and the other two to QM, and on the way back, ask the C.O. of the M.P.'s if he'll furnish the guard for the PX, the MC ladies' lounge and WH-4." The way he got confused was a sin, and a turn in the stockade loomed. But he'd rather forget about that! His Dad had told him there would be days like this, but he didn't tell him they would be consecutive.

But the first few days were the hardest—at least where abbreviations were concerned. If the Army used initials, he'd use initials. So after a week he, too, became cryptic. He spoke and thought in terms of initials.

His reaction even carried over into his correspondence, and poor Mother was forced to pillage the family attic to locate Father's World War Handbook for hints and definitions which would help unravel the jumbled contents of her Joseph's letters. As if they weren't hard enough to decipher beforehand. Now she was convinced the Army had made Joe write his correspondence while bouncing around in a jeep!

Daisybelle simply loved her Josy's new code. So she made up some of her own which would

convey the sweet nothings her tender heart poured out to her favorite soldier. But these only served to confuse Joe all the more—for she completely forgot to send the key. Father remained unperturbed. After all he knew those abbreviations long before Joe was born.

So, Joe returned to his childhood days again—while toying with the alphabet. Those abbreviations were so simple when he found out what they stood for. But he must have seemed awfully dumb at first, he thinks. So what, Joe, that's a rookie's privilege!

Camp Adair
DIME MUSEUM
By Pvt. John J. Gubelman

Yardbird—how would you like to teach dancing to Madeline Carroll—get paid for it, too? Or teach Nancy Carroll to twist her hips to fast rhumba time—and have her throw in a few bucks for the privilege?

All you have to do is become an expert a dancer as Pvt. Leonard Green, at present attached to the Camp Adair, Special Services Office. Leonard, who is a native New Yorker, used to operate a dancing studio on Fifth avenue, and four others spotted at the more swank of the Miami Beach, Fla., hotels. In addition and simultaneously he managed and danced in acts which, all over the country, hit the gim-mills inhabited by a class of folk known as "Cafe Society."

A few of the swank spots which Green has played include "The Tropics" in Detroit, "The Beachcomber" in Boston, the rhumba casino of "The Field and Hunt Club of Boston" and "Leon & Eddies" in New York.

Only 25 now, Leonard has managed dancing schools of his own for two years, danced in acts for three. He got top prices, too. In Miami Beach, where he had a dance team stationed at the various hotels, the fee for an hour of instruction rang the cash register for a sawbuck. Race touts and Russian countesses mingled democratically at his Miami studio—the only requirement was a desire to dance, that was strong enough to turn their pockets out. But practically all paid without a wince. For it seems that most of Green's year-ners after smooth-floor-form were over 40 years old, and toted their share of the gravy train. Green's charges (often running in the \$100's) were put on the hotel bill along with the champagne and toothpick items—and his bald pat-ed dandies signed without turning a hair. Leonard's biggest customer was a shirt king from New York who planked down \$500 for lessons. Green's oldest customer was a 76 year old hep-cat who according to Green "did a terrific dance."

Incidentally Green had more call to teach the rhumba than any other dance. Mostly popular now in the large metropolitan cities such as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, Greene predicts that coming years will see the rhumba sweep the country—popular in every whistlestop and crossroads. The rhumba in case you didn't know, consists mainly of a movement from the hips down. In another coming dance, the samba, mostly the upper portion of the body rolls. Dancers of the future are going to be able to work out some interesting combinations, we figure.

Green's biggest thrill, so far, was dancing with his partner in the Boston Garden before 30,000 soldiers. What did the army do

then? Why they took over the Miami hotels where Green had his studios and then to be quite sure he wouldn't suffer for lack of a job—they kindly drafted him. But Green likes the army. At Adair he has much to do with the various shows that have been earning high praise and large cash (for the camp athletic fund) in neighboring towns. He would like to start an officers' and nurses' dancing class similar to one he ran at Ft. Dix, N. J.

The pay-off on Pvt. Green though—just to show you what a dance enthusiast he really is—is this. What does Green look for at a dance? A pretty girl with lots of you know what? No. A good dancer is all he wants. If he finds her, and she's as ugly as your first sergeant at Monday morning reveille—he's still happy. "I'll have a good time," he says.

Must Register Cars
With Provost Guard

Soldiers and civilian workers must now register their automobiles

with the Provost Marshall if they wish to operate their cars within the limits of the military reservation. To register a car these three requirements must be complied with: 1. Auto must be insured with at least \$1000 property damage and \$5000 public liability insurance. 2. A bill of sale or acceptable certificate of ownership must be in applicant's possession. 3. Some state operators license must be shown.

Military personnel driver's license must be the same as the car plates. For example, if Georgia car plates are used—the driver's license must also be issued in Georgia. A car with Georgia plates cannot be driven with an Alabama driver's license. In cases like this, the driver should immediately secure an Oregon driver's license.

Oregon driver's license may be obtained in Corvallis city hall every Tuesday, from 0700 to 1700, after passing a written examination and driving test. The cost is \$1.50.

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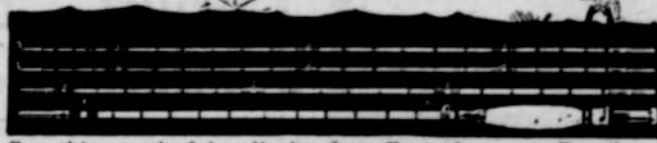
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