

POISONOUS SNAKES OF AMERICA



The DRATTLER

THE TALKING SNAKE (USUALLY "SOTTO VOCE"). HEARS ALL AND TELLS ALL. AS WITH THE DIAMOND BACK WHEN IT RATTLES, LOOK OUT!



POLLY-ANACONDA

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, HE JUST SMILES. VERY SHORT LIVED BECAUSE HE BELIEVES IT IS UNPATRIOTIC TO DOUBT THE INVINCIBILITY OF HIS BREED.



The PESSI-MOCCASIN

EASILY IDENTIFIED BECAUSE IT IS ALWAYS IN TEARS. DANGEROUS BECAUSE IT BELIEVES IT IS FUTILE TO STRUGGLE—"THE ENEMY IS TOO POWERFUL."



ATION CONSTRICTOR

THERE IS NEVER ANY SHORTAGES AS FAR AS THIS FELLOW IS CONCERNED BECAUSE HE ALWAYS STORES AWAY PLENTY OF EVERYTHING—"JUST IN CASE."

NORMAN SHADLEY

Vignettes of Army Life—

Week -- End Pass

By Pvt. R. C. Johnson

After Joe Rookie had struggled through his immunization period of "shots" and was permitted to stray outside his company limits, passes were in order, and the idea of a pass which would enable him to go places and do things was as thrilling as he imagined his reunion with Daisybelle would be after the duration.

Came "eligibility day." So Joe, his face scraped pink from a shave too close, his neck and ears shiny from excess soaping, his hair plastered like the Kreml gigolo, his hands as clean and puffed as a baby's, and his eyes wide with anticipation—strutted into the orderly room. Entrance transformed the lion into the lamb, but there was a pass for him. Yes, he should like to go to town.

Ordinary military rudiments such as K.P. and fatigue detail were shunted to the back of Joe's mind as he set out on the street which lead into the highway to town. His chest expanded a full four inches and his gleaming brass buttons made him feel like a soldier. He'd been taught military courtesy but he was certain he would not be called upon to exercise his knowledge—officers had more important things to do than to stroll the streets of town. Besides, they had been to town most likely while he was held in quarantine. Yes, the time which made up his week end was his own; he was at liberty to do as he liked on his own time.

Military manner dominated his stride as he turned on the highway. The sun was shining and the birdies were chirping. After all, the army wasn't too bad—since it permitted a fella to have a pass once in a while.

Cars whizzed past — and Joe would have appreciated a "lift"—but it was anti-G.I. to hitch-hike. So he kept marching along in his merry way. Then one of the cars didn't pass him by. He heard breaks

being applied, and glancing over his shoulder, saw a shiny green Cadillac drawing up.

"Going to town?" a friendly voice inquired. "Hop in. I'll give you a lift."

Joe was speechless—for the glint of silver bars on the driver's shoulders stopped his breath. At awkward and wooden-soldierish attention Joe snapped a salute, and managing to realign his vocal chords, blurted, "Yes, Sir."

"Hop in," the Bars repeated. Joe gulped and hopped.

Silence which seemed louder than the hum of the engine was broken spasmodically by the Bars. But Joe preferred not to talk, indicated by his nervously courteous and unnaturally brief answers. He thought they would never reach town, but consoled himself by thinking how surprised Daisybelle would be when she learned that he had ridden in a captain's car.

After endless minutes, clusters of houses and cross-streets indicated that the outskirts of town had been gained. This welcome sight caused him to relax momentarily, but not until he had left the car, saluted and thanked the officer for the ride that he could resume his carefree attitude.

In 10 steps flat, he came face to face with two lieutenants—up went a salute; then came a captain and his wife—another salute; two more lieutenants, salute; another captain, salute; lieutenants, salute; captains, salute; salute . . . salute . . . SALUTE. He glued his eyes straight ahead, fearful if he should glance into a store window he would miss an officer; a salute, and thereby perpetrate a military faux pas and perhaps an international incident!

He thought of ducking into a movie, but seemingly miles of gold braid were draped beneath the marquee. He felt almost like a criminal . . . he knew that all eyes were upon him. And this pass meant a

week end of freedom!

So, with as much military dignity as a fast trot would allow, Joe dashed over to a latent taxi, hopped aboard and commanded the driver to take him back to camp. Thoughts raced through his bewildered mind as rapidly as the taxi stream-lined down the highway and pulled into the cantonment entrance. Willingly Joe paid the fare, greeted the guards and walked in comfort down the road that he was so happy to leave barely a half hour before. He realized now that camp was the only "safe" place. There were letters to write anyway, and he wanted to finish the book his dad had sent him. Smiling, he reflected, "There's no place like camp!"

Camp Chapels Are Dedicated

(Continued From Page 1)
building contractor; Lt. Col. R. E. M. DesIslets, area engineer; Col. McCoy and Chaplain Harmon. Others taking part in the service were Chaplain Alf W. Jorgenson, Lieutenant Colonel Gail Cleland, 96th division chaplain; Chaplain Victor E. Newman, Major Frank J. Worthington and Captain L. T. Jenks, 104th division chaplains; Pvt. Walsh, soloist; the Monmouth and Independence Inter-City choir, directed by Mrs. Florence Merriam, and Major Maurice H. Hermark, at the organ.

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- Officers' Dress Gloves
- Garrison Cap Covers (Rainproof)
- Suntan Slacks
- Suntan Shirts
- O. D. Cotton Sox
- Regulation Buckle Oxfords
- Garrison Shoes
- Athletic Supporter
- Regulation Field Jackets
- Ties, Suntan and Black
- Regulation Wool Sox
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- Officers' Slacks, Elastique Pink
- Officers' Green Elastique Slacks
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