

## Pay Day Was! Cryptic Words of Col. Woods

### Keep the 'Long Green' in Company Safe, Disbursing Officer Advises

**By Sgt. Henry Beckett**  
It was Pay Day. All over camp soldiers were walking up the steps of plain, one-story buildings and then getting in line, inside. As their names were called they were stepping forward to salute officers sitting behind tables. Those officers, with gun beside them, were counting out crisp new bills and cash and laying the money down where enlisted men could scoop it up.

On Pay Day everybody is money-conscious. It is a good time for interviewing the Post Finance Officer, with the idea of passing on a few facts. And it was all right with that officer, Lt. Col. Lee R. Woods, Jr. He said that he was no busier on Pay Day than on any other day. The money had been distributed and his responsibility for it had ended.

"I suppose it is a good time to express my feelings about money and the way the individual soldier should take care of it after he receives his pay," the colonel said. "Of course no soldier should have much money lying 'round. It should not be carried around or left in the pockets of clothing hanging up in barracks.

"If a man doesn't send his money home, or put it into bonds, or have some other means of disposition, he should place it in the safe. Every organization has a field safe, or should have, where the money of soldiers will be kept for them if they wish, and given back on call. By the way, one kind of field safe is not very large or heavy and could be carried away. Therefore it should be chained to the wall."

#### How Money Gets Here

Col. Woods said that the camp's money is drawn from the Corvallis branch of the United States National Bank of Portland. The Military Police guard it on the way to camp and also when it is distributed to various headquarters. Before distribution, the money is kept in a concrete reinforced steel vault and also there are cashier's and money cages in the finance building. The finance office has two calculators, machines which multiply and divide and "do about everything except talk," as the colonel put it.

When interviewed, Col. Woods' desk was cleared for action. There was nothing on it except a pen. Behind him in a corner was an empty cardboard box for waste paper. The printing on it indicated that it had held a portable adding machine. In the office of a civilian having such heavy money responsibility there would be a real waste basket or can, possibly hand-painted, but camps are camps.

The colonel is fiscal officer, having supervision of all commercial accounts and the payment of enlisted men, and also he is disbursing officer. He directs several officers and some 20 enlisted men in a great amount of paper work. On his force are university graduates, executives, men skilled in business

administration, accountants and auditors.

#### He Likes Office Work

Col. Woods likes office work most of all, yet he got into it as a victim of circumstances and through a kind of frustration, on two occasions. The first was in 1917. He had graduated at the Eugene high school and gained degrees in forestry and science at Oregon State college and was all set to take up logging or engineering, when the war came and he enlisted in the coast artillery. After seven months, as a sergeant gun commander and observer, he was commissioned. He trained at Ft. Stevens, Wash., then went to France. Like his Pay Day interviewer, the colonel was all set for that great drive on Metz which never happened, because the Armistice was proclaimed just before it was to start.

On returning, Col. Woods did go into lumbering, "but the bottom fell out of it in 1921." So he left the Corvallis Lumber Manufacturing Co. and went back to the army, as a second lieutenant in field artillery at Ft. Sill, Okla. Later he was in the artillery at Monterey and in Hawaii and at Ft. Lewis, where he was personnel adjutant and paid the regiment, and was persuaded to shift to finance. He had 13 years with artillery and has

#### Finance Officer



Lt. Col. Lee R. Woods, Jr., who handles camp pay days.

had eight years with finance, which he prefers. He was property auditor at 5th Corps Area Headquarters, Columbus, Ohio, and post finance officer at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Ind., and before coming here was at Porto Rico. He was made lieutenant colonel last December.

#### Flew to New Job

When ordered to come to Adair, Col. and Mrs. Woods flew 1,200 miles to Miami, Fla., at the rate of 200 miles an hour. Now they live at Corvallis, not so far from where the colonel passed his boyhood, at Cottage Grove, near Eugene, although he was born in Kansas, at Dighton. Next year a son, who hopes to be an army physician, will be graduated at Indiana Medical school.

The colonel has two and one-half years to go before he will be marked too old for combat duty, and he is more than willing to go to the front in his second war.

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## G. I. VINE COVERED COTTAGE



Mrs. Tillie Scotland, wife of Sgt. Ken Scotland, was the first to be registered as a guest in the recently completed Camp Adair guest houses. Hostess Bodgeit, left, is checking on her first visitor's impression of the modern accommodations of Guest House No. 1. Sgt. Scotland beams his approval.

## Ex-Newspaper Man Finds Soldiers Like to Dress Well

**SOME ANGLES ON THIS COLUMN**

Private Herb Caen, one of the most elegant dressers S.F. ever had, today writes about the Army's sartorial angles. It doesn't cost anything to read this column, other than your originally outlay for your newspaper, but it may give you some rather expensive ideas, especially if you're planning (or otherwise) to go into the Army soon. Anyway, read on and you'll find out what a man has to go through to be the "Best Dressed Soldier in the World..." As you probably remember (if you have to be reminded, as Herb would say), Caen was a daily columnist before he went into the Army. As a matter of fact, some friends tell us Caen was THE columnist of San Francisco. And he still contributes several times a week.

The vainest man in the world, I would say after weeks of careful observation, is the buck private in the Army of the United States.

This vanity is born on his very first day in the service, and it grows and grows like a you-name-it until pretty soon you begin to think that all a soldier dreams about is looking like a combination of General MacArthur, Douglas Fairbanks in his prime, and Charles Atlas in a khaki drape model.

On that memorable first day, you know, the goggle-eyed rookie hustled down an assembly line in the supply department, where all manner of clothing, from work socks to woolen dress blouse, is thrown at him as fast or faster than he can catch them.

What size shirt do you wear, says the supply sarge.

You say 15" neck, 34" sleeve. You take a 16-35 and like it. And ditto for the olive drabs, the suntan khakis, the fatigues, the overcoat and the other 1001 gadgets that go into a soldier's Government issue (G.I.) wardrobe.

At the end of this line is a big room, where you stagger to a seat, deposit your moth ball-smelly load on the floor, and start to try things on. They don't fit and nobody's surprised. You'll grow into 'em, they tell you, or you can have 'em altered and, meanwhile, the old hands are whispering into your ear: "Don't try to change anything for another size, pal; you always get a worse deal, see?"

After you get into a complete uniform, you are privileged to step before a full-length mirror, over which hangs a big sign reading brightly: "You are now looking at the best-dressed soldier in the world."

You take a quizzical squint at yourself, and I can tell you that the first impression is a shock. You glance up again at the sign over the mirror and try to make a feeble joke. Nobody laughs, you especially. The only real giggles are supplied by the half-pint draftees, strutting around in pants whose bottoms have been folded up to their knees.

All of which has given rise to a thousand soldier gags, one of the better current ones being this:

A brand-new yard bird goes into supply and tries on a shirt. It fits. Then pants. They fit. So do the shoes and the rest of the outfit, perfectly. The supply sarge

looks him up and down and draws:

"Say, had you must be deformed!"

Of course, when you're on the outside looking in, you're likely to mutter to yourself:

"Well, goodness me, get the little dears. What are they kicking about? They're getting the clothes free for nothing, ain't it?"

That's right, citizens, but don't forget that the recruit has been looking at nothing but posters of handsomely done-up soldiers, or seeing movies of same, or newspaper photos of dashing military figures like the inevitable General MacArthur and any number of other United Nations headlines.

When he gets into a uniform and looks into a mirror for the first time, the newest Yank expects to give out with a long and loving gasp, followed by a drawn-out: "Ahhhhhh!" Instead, in most cases having taken a mail order 'body-building course, I was an exception), he gets immediate dyspepsia of the peepers, his shoulders sag, and he goes right out and turns his girdle over to the rubber salvage people.

All of which is why a buck private, who gets more clothes for nothing than he can possibly wear, starts right in blowing anywhere from \$25 to \$100 on army clothing—purchased either at a camp post exchange or at any one of the hundreds of army and navy stores all over the country.

He starts in first on his G. I. clothes. He has his pants shortened at the waist taken in. He has his shirts pressed with three sharp, fancy creases, so they almost look like an officer's, he fondly believes. He has a broad piece of elastic on the back of his blouse to keep the free-swing back from popping out at the sides every time he swings his arms. And he has the top of his overseas caps stitched up so they fit better, sit perkier on the side of his head. Then he buys some gayly-colored piping to go around the edges and add that final Dache touch.

This is about all a soldier can do to his wardrobe without blowing important dough on extra accessories. And, take it from me, the only guy who steps right there is the one who's both flat broke and already has L.O.U.'s floating all over the post in papery profusion.

An overseas cap is G.I., but Mr. B. Private knows right off that these chapeaux don't possess that necessary je ne sais quoi. So, for the benefit of his off-duty hours, he marches right out and spends five clams on a garrison hat—you know, the traditional soldier's topper with the leather brim and stiff crown and gleaming brass eagle.

Besides which he plunks down an extra four-bits for an oilcloth covering to slip on in rainy weather.

The style-conscious soldier does not stop there, either. Shucks, anybody knows that MacArthur's cap is floppy, had wavy and puh-lenty classy, brother! So he either removes the steel stiffener from the crown, or bends it all over the place. Then he sets it on his bean at the correct 45-degree angle, gives it a final pat, looks in the mirror—and for the first time murmurs the long-awaited: "Ahh, saaaaay, that looks a little bit of all right, no?"

And far be it from the proprietor to diminish as he chalks up another

deep and rich looking. His pants fit in all the right places, if you know what I mean, and his shirts never crawled out and over his belt. This last phenomenon was a continual source of wonderment to me—till one day I got up nerve enough to say:

"Pagmee, sergeant, but your shirts. I mean, how come they never billow out like mine. How do you do it?"

"Simple, m'boy," he answered modestly. "I wear tail suspenders!"

And he does—the big sissy (who got wounded at Pearl Harbor and is going back as soon as he's fully recovered).

The purpose of all these sartorial words is not necessarily to give the women something to crow about over the breakfast coffee. The American soldier goes about this prideful business with more in mind than the business of transforming himself into a pretty boy. He gladly digs into his own not too jingly-jangly pockets for extra gewgaws because he wants to look every inch the well turned out soldier. It makes him feel better, too, to know that, even in the army, he can have a few clothes he can call his very own. And when a soldier knows he looks good, he's a better soldier. That's why you can tell a good soldier by his shoe shine and his shave and his haircut and the square-shouldered way he carries himself.

And don't forget that he puts out additional dough for polish to keep his brass shining and brushes and saddle soap for his shoes. Yes, after a few weeks in the service the American soldier IS the best-dressed fighting man in the world—even if he had to go into the red to do it!—S. F. Chronicle.

### No Sailors, No Marines But the Army Forever For 3 Little Sisters

Concerning three little working girls from Post Headquarters' personnel office:

Irene Hemphill, Catherine Smith and Eva Grostefon, all work in the "Busy Bee (furloughs, rating, allotments, AWOL, etc.) Section" at Camp Adair. Anything can, and usually does happen there. The trio hears all, sees all and tells nothing. We hope. Working side

Sure, my G.I. shirt looks O.K. now that it's been cleaned and pressed, but listen: I just found out we can wear officers' shirts if we have the epaulettes removed. No sooner said than done. And there's no faster way to get rid of another \$7.50 to \$15.

And, of course, you must have the proper pants to go along, now that your military ensemble is growing. Nice full pants, with a zipper and flaps on the pockets and wide loops for your belt and what the heck, I make almost over \$1 a day, more or less, don't I? Did you say \$12.95? Sold! The belt with the pretty buckle only costs four-bits! Sure, include it in me, I'm no piker!

In a tie—shucks, you know these G.I. ties don't knot right. And a brown leather garrison belt to wear with your blouse. And brass insignia for your lapels. And one of those tricky wire gadgets to keep your shirt collars from flapping in the breeze.

Have you seen those identification bracelets—yeah, the ones with the air corps insignia on 'em? They're terrific. I'm gettin' one next pay day, aren't you? They've got rings, too, with wings on 'em, hooboy! And guess what I'm sending my girl back home? That's right, a compact with the insignia stuck on it, and a pair of gold wings with one star set on top of 'em, on account of her boy friend's in the air corps!

By this time you're saying to yourself get him, he sure knows a lot about it, he's probably bought all those things himself and spent hours in an army store parading up and down in front of a mirror. Podner, you're right. I'm just as vain as the next guy—and the next guy is practically every enlisted man in Uncle Sam's army.

But I still think I'm rather on the conservative side compared with a Texas sergeant I met at Monterey. Man, he was pretty, and he knew it; and when he struggled into his uniform he looked like every recruiting poster you've ever seen.

Every stitch of clothing in his barracks bag and foot locker had been tailored to his nifty measurements—but skin-tight. He even had a custom-built overseas cap.

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