

Comedy, Mystery as Frolic Ushers in 1943

Versatile Presentation Among 15 Acts; Great Virgil Show Is Big

For those who saw the New Year at Field House and the quite a few who didn't, the big frolic-jamboree left this one-time proleptic reviewer with some distinct impressions and no hang-over at 0630 New Year's day:

(1) If you didn't go you missed a good show. The GI (strictly) part of the performance—apart from the grand hour of magic and illusion presented to open the show by The Great Virgil—drew a count of 37 "belly-laughs" as they are termed in what was once the show world. If you who didn't go to Field House got that many out of this New Year's eve, where in Newark did you go?

(2) The show world is now pretty well represented at Camp Adair. If we hadn't placed our money on The Great Atlas New Year's eve, we'd like to make it talk, saying "there is enough high-grade talent of professional ability at this post, to put on a show anywhere to please the most uncompromising critics in the country."

A show of such pretentiousness as The Jamboree-Frolic set out to be, takes time and plenty to produce. Had time stopped its moving finger for awhile, until stage crew had more chance to familiarize themselves with the curtain situation on the splendid new Field House stage; had there been time for at least one good dress rehearsal; for a double-check on the p.a. system; and had there, perhaps, been some story fabric woven into the 15 stellar acts that were presented—but let that be.

The show was good anyhow. Because of the following it can stand firmly on its own GI shoes, as probably the best and biggest staged at this post:

The Great Virgil
It was easy to see, after the full hour of mystery and magic and fast patter which was presented by The Great Virgil, why this splendid magician is acclaimed as having one of the best acts in the country. It was a show in itself.

It was smooth, deft, fast-moving. In the galaxy of things which The Great Virgil presented, all against the backdrop of his own Chinese stage setup, was his "Mystery of the Phantom Bird"; the three-handkerchief stunt; the Woman in the Box and the ancient stunt with the six rings.

Virgil proved better at "milk condensing" than the ration board and moved eggs around Willy Nilly to finally land on the head of one soldier, Pvt. Willie Nilly. The maestro's lovely blond assistant, Julie, made an ingenious exploration into the arts, painting with fabrics. The magician wound up with two spectacular exhibitions—the "Man on the Guillotine" and the supremely mystifying box trick. In this stunt, The Great Virgil placed a woman in a locked, lashed box and in an amazing three seconds, by the stop-watch, not only got her out, but got himself in. Not the least stupefied were 12 husky soldiers from "Blank" division, who had volunteered to help out this act.

When the mystery phase of the show finished, most hands repaired to Roy Scrivner's Post Exchange restaurant for a quick coffee and smoke, or listened to intermission singing by Florence Coardy Merriam, who offered "Day Break." And then it was time for:

The GI Revue
The GI revue: Producer-director and co-MC, Pvt. Bruce Sharrit (Eddie Bruce) had it led-off with a "Yard Bird Look-see," followed by a display of what three weeks training does to a soldier. Participating was a squad from the Timber Wolf division. With Pvt. Bentley in charge it included Pts. Shehan, Shurtliff, McMoragie, Ingels, Stevens, Luetje and Dickerson.

Pfc. Andy Dahl of MPs, first star out that night, led out with a couple of stirring banjo pieces, "When Day is Done," followed by Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" march. S/Sgt. Bob Black's SCU 1911 band, which did jury duty in noble style throughout the show, provided the background music.

Then came, whoops! I'll swear if that ain't nobody Lavon Zacharian. But no. It ain't Zack. Listen to Sharrit: "It's the Great Professor Atlas." He's all dressed up in GI underwear. Probably silk though. Gosh, they're putting a straight jacket on him. Gosh, Zack ain't got out o' that. But I forgot, it ain't Zack. It's the Prof. Thirty seconds they said it'd take him to get out. Gosh! Heck, there they rung down the curtain. Flack-back to:

BED MANNERS

For two weeks a certain recruit at Camp Crowder had the most perfect bed in his company. No OCS candidate could touch it. Day after day the commanding officer and first sergeant gazed on it with awe and admiration. Finally they decided to take it apart to learn the rookie's system.

The bed wouldn't budge. It was held together by two dozen safety pins.

Appearance of Cpl. Nick Sansonia, the ever-popular tenor, who this time brings forth two of his own numbers. One is the catchy "Tom Boy Girl. Nick accompanies with his accordion. Always good, sometimes better, tonight Nick is on the beam.

There was "The Photo Shop," a skit with pretty Elsie Lee Meyer as the gal with the gams, accompanied by gramma, an old dame, Pvt. Gene Logan, and Pvt. Sharrit as the photo.

Imitating several birds so well that none gave him one back, and following with "Indian Love Call," with orchestral background, was whistler Cpl. Lawrence Perez, in the next act.

The next phase was one of those Rube Goldberg things. Very funny though a terrific waste of fizz water and very hard on the enactors (Calabrese, Perez, Rooney, Logan).

Subbing on the next spot for the Three Lewis sisters, prevented by illness from appearing, Cpl. Sansonia the versatile, did a piano-voice take-off on Ted Lewis and Jimmy Durante.

There was next a little act having to do with a guard, S/Sgt. Harold R. Mowery; a chaplain, Pvt. Rooney, and prisoners, Dahl, Perez, Logan, Hinckel.

Then Sgt. Angelo Calabrese stepped up to a bit of fast pro and con with Sharrit. Angelo also sang "Thanks for the Memory" and "From Taps 'til Reveille," then faded into his lead-off part to an ancient pantomime, which starred Gembler W. C. Fields (Bruce) and Hattie the Hoop (Sansonia), in some very cleverly interpolated Shanghai gestures. The boys not only proved they were good but apparently they understand each other. Clever.

Curtain. The lights go out, flash on. The curtain is up. There is a man, struggling. No it isn't struggling. It's Zacharian. "Tain't either, it's Prof. Atlas, still striving to get out of the strait-jacket. Curtain.

Did you ever hear When Irish Eyes are Smiling sung in Chinese? It's sumpin'. Peter Wong, cook-extraordinary, came on next, to do several numbers, including "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." Personality and a good voice put 'em over, big.

Intermixed were a couple of quickie skits. In one, Schickelgruber popped out of one of those Crane fixtures. In another, a guy picked up his bed and walked.

Gene Logan, a splendid yodeler, guitarist and singer, showed why he was top-line radio stuff in Pittsburgh before army.

In one of the grand-prefinale features, Pvt. Eddie Jacobson of the 96th Signal Corps displayed the artistry which gave him billing throughout two continents as "The Great Jacobs, European Master of Equilibrium." Rhythmic, muscular, with exceptional control, the Great Jacob walked up and down steps on his hands, did a handstand on wheels, waltzed a chair round atop a table, etc., in a stellar act.

About this time it was midnight. All hands joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." S/Sgt. Black banged his boys into "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." Then the lights went on again all over the gym. It was about time to...

No! It ain't who is that figger struggling in the corner. It's no figger, it's Zacharian! He's up. He's down! It ain't neither Zacharian, it's Prof. Atlas. Nope; it's Zack all right. I know that GI underwear of his'n.

Still trying to get out of the straitjacket. Naw, he ain't either trying.

Well, why hain't he trying? Cause he don't wanta git out till Monday. Why don't he? Cause he has KP Sunday.—Pvt. Bob Ruskauff.

American non-coms in Egypt have a Nile houseboat for a club. Pvt. York, cousin of Sgt. York, has Sgt. Robert Sullivan, grandson of John L. Sullivan the fighter, for a rifle instructor.

Frolic Magic — Take-Off M'Lady's Shoe



The soldier with the dissipated locks has just stepped in where angels (well, anyway the other soldiers) feared to tread—and here removes the slipper of Julie, attractive feminine assistant to The Great Virgil, during a high-light feature of the New Year's Eve frolic at Field House. What is mysterious and magical about removal of a lady's slipper, you ask. Well, go ahead. Ask. — Public Relations photo.

Unusual Weather No Handicap to M.P.'s

Marooned Sergeants Take Work in Albany

Despite torrential rains that caused serious flood conditions, Capt. Julius Hale of the Military Police reported that MP details performed their duties as usual in nearby cities over the New Year's week-end.

M/Sgt. Gillis Narramore and S/Sgt. Joseph Oeming and E. R. Bender were marooned in Albany and took charge of details there, giving aid and information to soldiers and civilians, and assisting Police Chief Perry Stellmacher. The Albany reception center remained open. The Red Cross directed relief work. Coffee and sandwiches were plentiful everywhere for soldiers and others. This was true of the First Presbyterian church at Albany as well as the reception center. At Salem the Red Cross and USO also did valiantly effective work.

Unable to reach camp over the flooded highways, more than 500 officers, soldiers and civilian employes returned to Camp Adair New Year's night on Southern Pacific railway trains.

Zilch's Seem Unique and History Zoology And

Dear Sergeant: Well, here is your reporter, Pvt. Zilch again, with a good human interest story about the trophies that are in the Officers' Club.

It has been written that they have there such things as deer horns, a golden eagle, a white Canadian owl, a simple barn owl, a Chinese pheasant and a stuffed duck. All are dead.

What I found in a talk with Assistant Fire Chief Ray Kiehlbock, with several firemen helping out, is that these trophies came from Hook's General Store in Corvallis, which was built in 1849. This is the year of the Gold Rush in California and some time prior to the San Francisco fire.

This would not be so interesting except some of the trophies are as old as the sea. There is one 75 years old, the fireman said. This

SIR, I DIDN'T SEE YOU!

How many times have you heard this statement as a reason for not saluting?

Have you ever looked closely at the soldier who gives such an answer?

The next time this happens in your presence, look closely at the "individual who said it."

This paper will be willing to bet a "coke" that the soldier concerned has hair that hangs over his ears, complains eternally about everything, and occasionally spits in the lavatory. —Selectee, in Timberwolf Cannoneer.

Military Police Barracks Banter

Faithful Military Police always get recognition and our ever-esteemed cap today is doffed respectfully to two new sergeants, John Samudroff and John J. Halsay; to three new corporals, Melville J. Ewart, Robert R. McKiddy and George Kohler; and to three new privates first class, Joseph Souza, Vincent Brennan and Edgar Jurica.

The pretty Christmas trees at the MP dinner and in the Provost Marshal's office, and the decorations throughout the MP buildings, were obtained and decorated and erected under the direction of M/Sgt. Gillis Narramore. Except for typographical omission this news would have been printed last week. Sgt. Narramore personally went into the forest primeval to cut the trees. They were admired by all, and accelerated the spirit of Christmas no end.

Lieut. Hugh Tomfeldt reports that all members of the Post Guard Company now are equipped warmly with American Red Cross sweaters.

Staff Sergeant Jack S. Vinsen and superior officers are trying to make a permanent arrangement for 48-hour dry cleaning service in Portland. Here's luck!

Back from furlough: Alex Mavica, New York; Tom Chism, Kearney, Neb., and Gus Nicholas, Oakland, Calif.

S/Sgt. John J. O'Keefe reports happily that while he was on furlough at his home near Milwaukee, Wis., he and Mrs. O'Keefe became the parents of a 7-pound son. All, including the Sergeant, are doing well. Cigars, sarge?

Sgt. Oaden Bentley is as sure as a tree of a useful hot curl. He says the Salem Junior Hostesses gave a fine dance at the armory in that city Dec. 30, were gloriously clad in evening gowns, and that not enough soldier showed up from Camp Adair to half-fill the bill. "What is this army coming to?" asks indignant Sgt. Bentley, himself a veteran of 21 months in France in 1917-18.

Outstanding event (aside from the Christmas dinner) in our unshakable and elastic life during the holidays was a ride of six Camp Adair blocks on the luxurious soft cushions in the automobile of Lieut. George H. Godfrey, M.I. public relations and special services officer. We had commenced to suspect that automobiles were something to be cracked with Castrolia, feather beds, sunshine, love nests, wooden Indians and high finance. Our New Year will be complete if we can have one more such ride. Lieut. Godfrey's car had four wheels and was propelled by a motor, fed by gasoline.

One of the truly interesting and friendly men in the MP is Willie Hernsey, 35, of Red Mountain Park, Okla. He is a Comanche Indian who could rightfully use the title "chief." At one time he was champion weight lifter of the Missouri valley. He can still hoist a lot.

Another torrential holocaust such as engulfed this area New Year's day and our captain would

Scoop!



This picture of Sgt. Paul S. McCormick, Hq. Co., was good enough to appear on page one of his hometown paper (Laken, Kansas) so why shouldn't we print it? The h.t.p. said McCormick was on furlough. We announce that he is back from furlough.

might not be of much military interest in an army paper, but the firemen also told me the animal was shot with a Gerand rifle.

I will keep after the news and report further happenings to you in my usual accurate style. Yours respectfully, Pvt. Oscar Zilch.

There's a private here, who says he's often compared with Lt. James Stewart, the film star, now in the Army Air Forces. It's the private's wife who does it. She seems to prefer Stewart.



"WELL, DONATE? WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING AT?"

Musical Comedy Next USO-Camp Show Bill

'Flying Colors' Will Play Here on Jan. 20

It will next be musical comedy that the USO-Camp Shows bring to Camp Adair.

As a complete innovation from the trio of stage shows here, last of which was last night's racy riot, "Arsenic and Old Lace," presented to a highly-receptive soldier audience in Theatre No. 5, "Flying Colors" will be shown on Jan. 20.

Boys, there's gals in it—dancing gals, singing gals—in fact a galaxy of big-time performers.

There are the Winters sisters, a much better dancing trio than their name implies, Rowena Collins and John Masters will show and sing through a waltz-and-dance routine. Barbara LaMarr is a tall, dark and beautiful blues and rhythm singer. Tim as a trigger is Linda Moody, first-foot dancer of intricate routines.

Put down the date, Wednesday evening, Jan. 20. Tickets unnecessary, it's free. Your civilian guests are welcome, if they accompany you and you are in uniform. Which you will be.

start coming to work in an ark. Ah, there, brother Noah!

Voices goes A.W.O.O. There was a young girl in the choir

Who's voice went on hair hair Till one So-der night

It went out of sight— And they found it next day in the snail!

—Pvt. Harold Gustafson.

Famous fighting words: Spring really is beautiful in the Willamette valley!

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That Jeep vehicle got its name when a soldier saw the first bouncing buggy rolled off a freight car and noticed the letters, "G.P.", standing for "General Purpose."

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