

Eugene Elks in Drive For Adair Equipment

The Eugene Lodge of Elks has put out a circular urging citizens of the county to respond generously to the current Red Cross drive for furniture and equipment for the camp recreation rooms and hospital.

"Camp Adair area," it says, "comprises Marion, Polk, Lincoln, Benton, Linn and Lane counties. Each county's quota is based on population and wealth.

"A day room is approximately 25 by 50 feet, unfinished interior—and is the only place the enlisted soldier has to go for relaxation (other than the camp theatres), where he may read, write letters to the home folks, play games, listen to the radio, etc. Camp Adair has two divisions plus, and each room must accommodate over 200 men. This is a national program, so wherever Lane county men are stationed, some community is doing for them the same as we are doing for the soldiers of Camp Adair.

"The Elks have accepted this job wholeheartedly and are going ahead with the knowledge that Lane county has always oversubscribed its quota in this war effort; in men, in production, in the purchase of bonds and in subscriptions to USO and the Red Cross, and that she will exceed her quota of used furniture and supplies for Camp Adair day rooms and hospital.

"The plan of the committee is to reach every family in the county as quickly as possible through this circular and gift blank. It is being distributed by our public schools, churches, service clubs, and other organizations.

"Let each family hold a council of war; take inventory of their unused furniture and give that which is useable to our soldiers, so that they will not have to use makeshift tables, benches and cracker boxes.

"The circular says that only useable furniture and equipment can be accepted and that all will be repaired and reconditioned by the committee before being sent to camp. E. G. Boehnke is chairman of the lodge committee.

"This list of furniture and equipment is suggested for day rooms:

reading tables, 2; writing tables, 2; davenport, 2; bookcase and magazine racks, 3; easy chairs, 4; ping pong table, 1; end tables, 4; waste baskets, 2; radio, 1; phonograph with records, 1; straight chairs, 12; piano, 1; coat hangers, 50; games—checkers, chess, dominoes, puzzles, etc., indeterminate.

For hospital use: bedside bags; painted cans, all sizes; vases; bed screens; bedside table covers; games; cards, puzzles, up-to-date magazines; tray covers.

USO Programs Given For Four Camp Cities

Albany—113-118 East Third Street
 Monday—Informal activities.
 Tuesday—Informal activities.
 Wednesday—Informal activities.
 Thursday—Informal activities.
 Friday—Informal activities.
 Saturday—Informal activities.
 Sunday—Informal activities.

CORVALLIS—5th & Madison Sts.
 Monday—7:30-10:30 p.m., informal activities.

Tuesday—8-9 p.m., ballroom dancing class for beginners; 9-10 p.m., brush-up class—rumba and conga; 7:30-10:30 p.m., instructors and materials on hand for leathercraft and other hobbies.

Wednesday—2 p.m., sewing for service men; 8-10:30 p.m., "Cabaret" night at the USO, floor show and dancing.

Thursday—7:30-9:30 p.m., art class in pastels; 7:45-10:30 p.m., contract bridge instruction.

Friday—7:30-10:30 p.m., game night and informal activities.

Saturday—2-5 p.m., informal activities; 7:30-8 p.m., songfest; 8-11 p.m., dancing and entertainment.

Sunday—10-12 a.m., coffee and doughnuts; 2-5 p.m., informal activities; 4:30 p.m., fireside discussion; 7:30-8:30 p.m., classical recordings.

Monmouth—Hiway 99W & Main St.
 Monday—6-10:30 p.m., informal activities.
 Tuesday—6-10:30 p.m., informal activities; 8 p.m., contract bridge instruction.
 Wednesday—6-8 p.m., informal activities; 8 p.m., dance.



That Ain't Hay!

Perhaps suggesting a way to lessen the farm labor shortage, Film Actress Jane Frazee poses in this rural setting to model her play-jacket. It's made from two bath towels.

Thursday—6-10:30 p.m., informal activities; 7 p.m., dance instruction.

Friday—6-10:30 p.m., informal activities.

Saturday—1-10:30 p.m., informal activities.

Sunday—1-10:30 p.m., informal activities.

Salem—693 Chemeketa Street
 Monday—7:30 p.m., Legion meeting (ballroom); 7:30 p.m., symphonic recordings.

Tuesday—10 a.m. to 2 p.m., War Mothers meeting; 7:30 p.m., dance instruction for beginners; 8 p.m., Camera Club; 9 p.m., singfest.

Wednesday—7:30 p.m., small games activities; 8:30, informal dancing.

Thursday—7:30 p.m., informal activities.

Friday—7:30 p.m., informal activities.

Saturday—6-6 p.m., registration for home hospitality; 4-5 p.m., dance instruction for beginners; 4-8 p.m., register for sleeping cots; 8-11 p.m., dance (ballroom).

Sunday—9 a.m. to noon, visit church of your choice; 9-10:30 p.m., canteen open; 3-5 p.m., dance (ballroom); 8:30, singfest.

Visit the "Y" daily for swim and shower.

Camp Adair DIME MUSEUM

By Cpl. John J. Gubelman

When the PX jute box blares forth the "Strip Polka" T J Sid Shamowitz, Hq. Co., SCU, definitely does not start thumping his feet to its boisterous rhythm. He shakes his head instead, and slowly and sorrowfully besides. When the chorus breaks into the "Take it off, take it off" routine, it's almost too much. Sid is sad all over—the whole 220 pounds of him is sad. Sid in civilian life worked for a number of years at the Gayety burlesque theatre on Broadway at 45th St. And he himself did everything but take it off while he worked there. He has worked at various times as the come-on spieler outside, ticket taker, bouncers, candy butcher, and G-string guard.

"Way out here they gotta send me to become a soldier," he says. "What's the matter? I couldn't learn on Governor's island?" Once, Sid who lived on 46th St., never got outside the four block area of 45th-49th Sts. for four months. "Why should I," he inquires of the world at large, as though the very fact of his being in Oregon was an unjust criticism of his civilian life. "Everything a man can want is right there in those four blocks. Food, girl friends, hotel, job, friends, movies—everything!" The only familiar sight that Sid has found in Oregon is four of his former customers.

"Right in the same barrack, who do I find? Four of the guys who used to come in at 10 in the morning and bring their lunch with them. It beats me; they're moving Broadway to Oregon."

As a come-on spieler Sid used to give the build-up to the strippers inside. And when it comes to words, Sid is a showman. Margie Hart was "the poor man's Garbo—the hottest thing since the Chicago fire, fellows—"; Georgia Sothorn was known as "the cyclone slinger"; Lois De Fee was "the Amazon Queen with the big pair of beautiful eyes, guys"; Sally Keith was "a tassel tossing torso tosser"—and Margie Kelly was "the girl who wears nothing but a great, big, beautiful smile, gents."

Sid knows all the burlesque queens he barked, very well. Disappointingly he describes them as hard working "kids" who take their

jobs seriously. "They're just like some other 'kid' that pounds a typewriter—except it isn't a typewriter they pound," he explains. Sid cites Margie Hart. "There's a dame who hung on to her dough. She bought a farm and her whole damn family, including the old lady and old man and a bunch of brothers and sisters live on it. She supports them." Generally speaking the burlesque people are a pretty sedate lot. Three or four shows a day with constant rehearsing for coming shows keeps them busy. The girls are frequently married to the men in the show. Backstage the emphasis is on respectability. As soon as an "artist" finishes her strip she is covered up by a maid in the wings. According to Sid the girls have a yearning for culture. "They read books," he said emphatically. "Lookit Gypsy Rose Lee—she wrote one."

Sid's contact with the "customers" is slight. Mostly they file in an orderly way, take their seats far front as they can find them, pay the strippers, their respects, lose themselves again in the city swarm. Just so. But once in a while "one of these Johns gets himself a little too loud. It is then my job to advise this John that such noise is strictly for places like Central Park. The John usually takes the advice." Sid dismisses the whole business of yelling "take it off" as pretty silly anyway. The girls are going to take it off anyway," he explains, "and not a bit more than they're allowed to." You can always spot the real fan, because he disdains such wasted effort. Concentrates on looking.

Sid remembers the time a well-to-do father reported his young son to the police as missing after a couple of days AWOL from the family circle. The Bureau of Missing Persons collectively remembered their own youth—they tracked the young man to his lair in the Gayety. Another time a plush patron was particularly interested in a signed picture of Margie Hart. Interested \$5 worth. Sid was obliging about the whole thing. "I got a publicity picture of Margie and had the cashier sign it. She had a very cute handwriting," Sid recalls. If I done nothing else that day I made that guy a very happy guy indeed," says Sid. Every once in a while some old woman who had intended to spend a quiet afternoon at the Astor theater next door would wander in the Gayety by mistake. One such comfortable specimen of middle class propriety became a regular—after she had made her

mistake and liked it. "Why? It beats me," says Sid.

Burlesque of course has been closed in New York City. The Little Flower is of the belief that this helps the war effort somehow. But Sid was not at a loss for a job. Besides working in burlesque he had had experience in running a shooting gallery on B'way and had managed movie theaters. Also the Army moved in about this time anyhow. Sid at present works in the Camp Adair post office. "Wait till someone sends back a package to New York large enough for me to get into," he says. "One headed for B'way somewhere between 45th and 49th Sts. I'll climb in a minute. The only reason there aren't still Indians around here is that Indians can't swim so good."

Being 'Gigged' Means Getting Head Bumped

Travel broadens one, they say. Maybe. It certainly gives a traveler an advantage in telling stories. People who haven't been where he has are in no position to say, "It ain't so."

Now here's Pvt. Charles H. Parker, Timber Wolf infantry. He has been to Trinidad. Says the natives are called "giggs," so being "gigged" there must mean something different. Says that in fighting the natives use heads instead of fists. Beat their heads against opponents' heads, often breaking jaw bones... Anybody else around here been to Trinidad?

Parker, born in New York, has been in all states except four and

has been around Europe, Africa and Asia, working from time to time to get money enough to travel some more. He knows various trades and is jovial and helpful, comrades find.

—By Pvt. William N. Batdorf

BASKETBALLIANA

If you are a basketball player seven feet tall or over you are a glandular goon according to Dr. Forrest C. (Phog) Allen, and because of you Dr. Allen would decree that basketball hoops "be raised from their original and antedated 10 feet and to the modernly required 12 feet."

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Camp Adair Talent
Variety of Entertainment



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REMEMBER THE DATE

Monday Eve, Jan. 18 - Field House