

Talent Shows Hit For Two Audiences

Producer Arranges Weekly Skits Here

The talent shows of Camp Adair are going strong—with two fast-moving shows presented on Monday night and last evening.

The show last night was presented at Recreation Hall of SCU 1911 for an enthusiastic houseful of EM, officers and guests and, as producer Pfc. Leonard Green explained, is designed as the first of a weekly series.

Fortcoming shows, displaying a variety of the talent which is developing throughout this Post, will be held each Thursday at 8 p. m. This is for your little red book. Of the Timber Wolf entertainment, which drew laughs for a solid 90 minutes:

Produced by Pvt. Bruce Sharritt (Eddie Bruce of the movies) and with a cast headed by emcee Cpl. Floyd Healy, Timber Wolf Division, Special Services Section presented the first of a series of traveling intra-division shows last Monday night at the Recreation Hall of the Seagull Infantry Regiment.

Elsie Lee Stars

A feminine attraction, Mrs. Elsie Lee Meyers, wife of T/5 Meyers of Div. CWS, lent spice to a program which included such well known entertainers as Pvt. Lawrence Perez and his bird calls, Pfc. Pete Wong singing Chinese songs to American popular songs, Sgt. Angelo Calabrese with words and by-words, Pvt. Gene Logan and git-tar and Pvt. Roger Rooney. A six-piece orchestra led by Pvt. Joe Sieff rounded out the entertainment.

Featured skits included such hilarious nonsense as "The Vampire," "The Cameraman," and a piece of business we'll have to call "Guardhouse Blues," since no other title can adequately describe it.

Expected to bring down the house again during its repeat performances throughout the division, the show will be scheduled again in another infantry regiment soon. Watch for it.

Private Impersonated Officer, Won Honors

The Redleg Bn. of the Timber Wolf Artillery has a first class private who received the Order of the Purple Heart, in World War No. 1, partly for impersonating an officer.

At that time Pfc. William Fine was in a headquarters battery of the Fourth Division. He was a one-man liaison between his battalion and the advance infantry units. Because of the breakdown of other means of communication he was given a first lieutenant's coat and bars and his colonel's

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Well Me's at Camp Adair

Pvt. Raymond L. Boyd, Hq. Co., Bee Bn., Timber Wolf Artillery, was born on Friday, June 13, 1919. He was shipped from Ft. Sheridan, Ill. to Camp Davis, N. C., on Friday, June 13, 1941. He was later discharged, but after 13 months of liberty he was recalled to the service. On Friday, Nov. 13, 1942, he was transferred to Camp Adair, where he was received by an infantry unit having similar numbers and was assigned to bunk 13. Recently he was called in to sign the pay roll and there was his name on line 13.

horse, to help him get through the lines. All night long he carried messages.

Later, while serving as a battalion sergeant major, he was sent forward as an observer when the man he replaced became a casualty. Fine served in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

Hitch Hiking a Cinch When Wife Does Work Says Private Rudner

Claiming to have perfected a brand new technique for soldiers who want to hitch-hike without "hitching" (thereby keeping well within Army rules), Pvt. Sidney Rudner, library worker at Service Club No. 2, today told how he recently completed a round-trip to San Francisco while on furlough without once lifting his thumb or his voice.

"It was simple," said Rudner. "My wife, Ida, made it simple. Because she did the hitching. I merely went along. As cars approached us, she'd look so wistful it would break your heart—and then she'd 'thumb' gracefully. It almost caused pile-ups, it was so effective. In fact, it got so we'd wait for swell-looking jobs to come along. Why not? After all, you want the little woman to have the best."

Leaving Corvallis December 27, Rudner and his wife ran into a series of what he called "four-gallon" rides. These ended with a mad 110-mile dash over the California line, done in one hour, 50 minutes flat.

"We didn't mind the speed at first," Rudner explained, "until we noticed the driver was letting his pre-New Year's glow go down to his feet and on to the gas. Then, his wife started shoving road-maps in front of his face and telling us what a wonderful driver he was when he was sober. This, with the rain on the windshield, made the visibility just about invisible for him. Still we didn't much mind, until the whole windshield blew completely off the car. We suddenly decided then to walk a little."

Thumbing From a Lobby

"At Shasta City that evening, we were stymied. No cars were going through. For ten hours we stayed in a hotel lobby, running out now and then to try and flag down cars we imagined were coming. They were ALL imaginary—for ten hours! But we weren't alone. Some well-dressed gentlemen staggered out from the bar and decided we needed some money, though we politely said we didn't. One tried to hock his suitcase for us, but the hotel manager wouldn't take it. He then insisted his pal empty his pockets of all change and turn it over to us. 'I've been buying him drinks all evening, anyway—it's his' a li' contribubun I think he oughta make cause you're a li' soldier boy and anyway, he won it on a slot machine."

"Altogether we rode in 24 different cars," Rudner stated. "And with twenty-four of the most 'different' people you can imagine. One was a Navy lieutenant who talked about the Navy. One was a milk-truck driver who talked about milk. One was a labor conciliator who talked about labor. Another was a mayor who talked about what mayors do. And an Army Nurse coming to Camp Adair who talked about—I couldn't believe it!—Camp Adair. Then there was the Spanish family, who didn't know I spoke Spanish, and who talked about me."

"The payoff was the ride given us by a millionaire who, of all people, didn't talk about his millions. He drove us in his new Cadillac right up to the swanky St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. 'I'm stopping here,' he said, 'Are you?' 'Well, to be technical, sir, I told him, 'let's just say I'm getting out here with my wife.' And we did."

Pvt. Berwick, formerly of the Swiss army, now in the Medics at Camp Berkeley, Texas, and the camp's champion snorer, recently was hooked up to a public address system while he slept. The camp took it for a dive bomber.

Remember When



Once upon a time it rained and rained in Oregon. Proof is hereby presented in a photo that recently arrived by ox team. It shows the Mellow Moon dance hall and roller rink resting uncomformably under the West Salem bridge. The bridge has since been repaired. The Mellow Moon, alas, is no more.

Pvt. Jurick Reports On 96th Div. Affairs

Says Anti-Tank Group Is Perfect on Range

The range season is over but the final results aren't in. The top unofficially appears to be the Anti-tank Co., which claims a 100 per cent qualification on its principal weapon. Perfect is hard to beat!

"Troubles come not in single number but in whole legions at a time," somebody said once. Take Pvt. Sol Schachtman, Service Co. His "Sweetie" came all the way from the old Windy City to visit him during the holidays, but he, alas, was on the rifle range by day and cleaning his rifle by night. Then came the quarantine. As if this weren't enough, Pvt. Barnett, Sol's true and trusted friend, was seen in the company of the young lady by a disinterested observer while Sol was faithfully on duty! Congratulations are in order for those new six-strippers of the regiment, M/Sgt. Bert McLeod, Service Co., and 1st Sgt. D. C. Scott, Anti-tank Co.

Winner of the prize for Maggie's drawers appears to be Pfc. Bert Mitchell, Service Co., who thought he must have wandered into a dry goods store! Hot shot of that company was Pvt. Frazier, who walked off with the \$5 jackpot!

Ping pong champ of the regiment still seems to be our genial postmaster, Sgt. Leonard "Jim Farley" Boyer. The reason he's still champ is that he listened to all the challenges—then took off on a furlough after the Christmas rush! If he doesn't play, you can't beat him!

With the basketball league about under way, there's a lot of argument between the 2nd Battalion and the 3rd as to who is going to cop the pennant. There is a rumor that there are some other teams in the league that these groups have not yet considered! However, 1st Sgt. Thomas, leader of the 3rd Bn. team is already dusting off a spot for the trophy!

Top story of the week concerns an anonymous private of Co. B who dashed into the guard house the other night when it was raining as usual, with the exclamation, "I did it, I finally did it!" Quizzed, the following story came out:

Walking his post with the rain beating in his face and covering his glasses, he thought he saw a person approaching. "Halt!" cried our able sentry. The person continued on. "Halt!" cried our noble sentry. The person continued on. Growing a little suspicious, the sentry lifted his glasses, and lo! he'd been challenging a 20 MPH speed limit sign.

Have you recognized that husky, masculine voice on the bi-weekly orientation radio program? One of 'em belongs to our own Sgt. Dan Myers, Co. K, who not only performs on the program, but produced and wrote one of them himself! In addition to his other duties, too!

Name of the week: Pfc. Ned BIGSOLDIER, A-T Co.

Forlornest soldier of the week: Sgt. Biezadad, ex Service Co, present K Co. Once a soft office worker, Sgt. Biezadad has been spending long hours on the range, only to find the day's work barely under way when he returned to the barracks. "At least," he says, "I'm losing some of this fat!"

—Pvt. John Jurick, Serv. Co., 383rd Inf., 96th Division.

A son is born to Cpl. and Mrs. Merritt Sauder. He belongs to Service Btry., Redleg Bn., Timber Wolf artillery.

Sergeant's Mother Was Right

Sergeant (sweetly addressing his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill): "When I was a bit of a tot, I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day listening to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I gave them to him. Then I wanted them back, and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Bertie; someday you'll get your wooden soldiers back.' "And believe me, you lousy brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come!" —Timberwolf Cannoneer.

Them Ain't No Zebras You're a Looking at; Them Is 96th Div. NCO's

The 96th Division decided they had a real bunch of he-men soldiers. So this week they decided to celebrate and what happened? A lot of EM were promoted. Here they are in all their new glory and stripes:

S/Sgt.—Clifford Anderson, Jr. Sgt.—Richard Handschin, Richard Anthony Bauman, John L. Gorman.

T/4—Charles A. Saylor. Cpl.—Oly Robert New, James R. Keller, Frank Palmieri, Lawrence James Sjogren, George B. Deinhart, John F. Menein, Matthew T. Savino, Allen L. Berryman, William A. Tague, Lawrence C. Johnson, Edward L. Carr.

T/5—Thomas W. Nichols, William J. Schmeissing, Bertrand Nathan, William J. Akin, Claude H. Bazil, Harry J. Luczak, William D. Wilkie, Paul H. Moseley, Paul D. Haigh, Jr., William T. Hall, Jr., George Butta, Robert G. Ballenger, Virgil Tenney, Hubert I. Muensterman Robert Joseph Raleigh.

Timber Wolves on Make In Promotional Manner

When promotions come along in the Timber Wolf division they fall like the gentle rain from the Oregon heavens. Which is just that a lot of Camp Adair Wolves are on the make. Promoted to:

Captain—Gus A. Craig; First Lieutenant—H. F. Harfst, Henry U. Bettendor, Benjamin R. Leonard, Roger Humbert Rehman, C. W. Carroll; W. O. (JG) Donald J. Smith; S/Sgt.—Albert E. Eremowicz; Sgt.—Alvis L. Tucker; T/4—Joe B. Faust, Adrian B. Carr, Ramon L. Sparks, Antone B. Wenda; Cpl.—Henry G. Brugger, William F. O'Toole.

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Proof that our column is sometimes read is the furlough granted to Sgt. Weinstein, dispatcher at our motor pool, after a notice in the Sentry last week about his wan appearance. Notice to owners of names in this week's column: "Stand back fellows, we're all out of them. Furloughs, that is."

Into the contest for most years in this man's army, we humbly submit the name of M/Sgt. Sinnott, QM'er attached to the finance office. Those ten little marks on his sleeve, for the benefit of all, mean 30 years in Uncle Sammy's Armed Brigade.

Without any publicity, S/Sgt. Cooley and staff (no pun intended) did a commendable job in and around Eugene during the Willamette's latest "uprising."

Roy Lancaster, one of our "flood-floogies," fell asleep with a lit cigar in a (censored) room. Result: One slightly sunburned police blanket.

"Os" Stenzler, fugitive from an eastern furlough, went down for G.I. glasses. The better to see us? Or them femmes?

Pvt. Vincent Francis Amalfitano (a name) is one of the reasons for the length of the Q.M. roll call.

A new addition to our Clothing Warehouse is Leonard Semon, formerly of Joe's Clothing store and more recently of the M.P.'s.

Sah! Via a "Winchell Whisper" we heard that P.F.C. Levitt, of the Property Office, is contemplating having his fiancée join him in

Corvallis for matrimonial purposes.

M/Sgt. "Jake" Jacobsen, second only to "Fancy" Sam Farkas, former New York state champion, as a ping pong player, is also high up on the "hit" parade of checker players.

Sgt. Manuel Fenner and Cpl. Harry Dworkin, QM's gift to the gas school, as a result of a test without masks, are going around with "tears in their eyes."

Sights Around Adair

An ambulance was seen outside our Salvage Warehouse. Question: Were they salvaging one of their patients?

Lt. Reier (clothing magnate) and Lt. Lawrence (Asst. Property Officer) walking the railroad tracks back to Camp from Albany during the Willamette's recent surge.

That Q.M. "quartet" Pvts. Galento and McGee walking down the street—paging Ringling, Barrum and Bailey circus!

"Dives, dumps and clip-joints thrive because nature provides a sufficient number of foes to make their wares commercially profitable," says the Elisha Field magazine, at Albuquerque, N. M.

If submitted in time, the winning fish story in the recent contest here might have been won by the soldier who swam, with wall pack, across a Louisiana river, and on the way caught a fish in his hip pocket.

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