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Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1943

Vol. No. 46

Country Store Dance Tonight

Ever gather around a pot-bellied stove and settle the affairs of a nation? Did you ever feel the atmosphere of a store that sells everything from chicken-feed to lawn-mowers. You have? Well, you'll be right at home at the Bangor version of a country store and dance.

The place is the Bangor Community Center. The date is tonight. The time is 8:00 p. m.

Miss Miriam Landon and her committee have tried to give you the "old home town" spirit. Counters and decorations will reflect the hectic pattern of a country store. You are all welcome. Come on—it's country store tonight!

Game Night On Tuesday Promises Plenty of Fun

A good time should be had by all who attend the Game Night festivities in T-15 (the Rec Hall to you!) Tuesday night at 8:30 p. m.

Just what sort of games are to be played isn't generally known as yet, but Pvt. Jack Gottesman is in charge of that department, and we'll bet he's cooking up something good.

All fellows are to wear fatigue suits and the Dow Field hostesses will wear sports clothes. Prizes are going to be awarded to winners of the games and it's all going to be followed by some informal dancing.

Don't forget to come and have a good time!

Promotions

The following men are to be congratulated on their recent promotions. More stripes to them!

AIR BASE SQUADRON

To be T/Sgt.—S/Sgt. Raymond Weeks.

SIGNAL CORPS

To be S/Sgt.—Sgt. Larry Wennerberg.

To be T/4th Grade—T/5th Grade Hodgkins.

To be Corporal—T/5th Grade Lefko.

FINANCE

To be T/4th Grade—T/5th Grade Lorme.

QUARTERMASTER

To be T/5th Grade—Pfc. Schwartz.

To be Private first class—Pvt. Cunningham, Pvt. Daniels, Pvt. Holmes.

MEDICAL

To be Corporal—Pvt. Herman Renault.



LEADING U. S. ACE IN NORTH AFRICA—Major Levi R. Chase (above) a 25-year-old Cortland, N. Y., lawyer who shelved his legal career for the silver wings of the USAAF, has shot down 10 enemy planes to make him America's leading ace in North Africa. (Radiophoto from U. S. Army Signal Corps.)

Aviation Squadron Dance Is Outstanding Social Event

By CPL. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

On Saturday evening at the Base Gym, which had been decorated so beautiful for the occasion, a formal dance was held.

The decorations were magnificent no less. They completely eliminated the drabness that is otherwise present. A low ceiling effect was created by festooning chain of crepe paper American flags. Around the walls were the National colors of our allies. Flanking either side of the band, on the stage, were the Stars and Stripes and the guidon of the Aviation Squadron.

The ladies were gowned superbly. Mrs. Shaw, the official hostess, was all that her title says. She

was dressed simply but beautifully in a Venetian Ponceau gown, her duties as hostess were accentuated by her radiant and charming personality.

The music for the dance was furnished by the Squadron Band, who really outdid themselves.

During the evening's activities there was a break during which a program was presented by members of the Squadron. The headline feature was a comedy act cooked up by Pvt. Melvin Davis. Davis has had experience at play-acting back in the old vaudeville days. I'm sure he got a greater "kick" out of his performance Saturday night than at any other time of his acting career. The Glee Club of the Squadron rendered some old and some new selections, but the musical arrangements of these numbers was

Aviation Party

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Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

SUNDAY

Last week, in the hurried excitement of the alert, we forgot to note an heroic event. Tall, genial Bill Sharpe took his vows during the alert. We don't know how he managed to do both in a short space of time, but it shows you what can be done if you try. After seeing his charming bride, we figure Bill must have been on the alert all the time, since he first met her.

A new reporter made his bow last week. Pull up a chair, Sgt. Ed Stewart, and join our journalistic family. Cpl. Dave Karp, our former reporter, has received a call for his services elsewhere. Our heartiest thanks, Dave, for the swell job you were doing. "Gee, I hate to leave Dow Field. Everybody has been swell to me," says David.

MONDAY

Noises in the Night Dept.: As

Dow Field Diary

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Soldiers Warned Against Booby-Traps Left By Enemy

"Soldiers who pick up attractive-looking objects on the battlefield never make the same mistake twice."

This grim precept of war is being strongly re-emphasized in the training of our troops, by order of Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, Commanding General of Army Ground Forces, the War Department announces.

The news that booby-traps were being employed extensively by the enemy in North Africa came as no surprise to Army training officers, for intensive training in booby-trap detection and destruction has been part of the basic training program for many months. However, the Army is making sure that every specific lesson learned in the front lines is being hammered home in training.

Booby-traps by the thousands, and in many different forms, are being left behind by the retreating Germans, and are being dropped from enemy planes behind our own lines. They are usually in the form of fountain pens, watches, attractive

colored balls, fat wallets, and similar objects.

No possibility is overlooked by the enemy. Even a whistle was found to contain a booby-trap. When the whistle is blown, the vibrating pea hits the striker, causing the explosion. The small charge is in the body of the whistle, and is exploded by a striker and cap.

Thermos bottles have been found standing upright in the desert, seemingly abandoned by the enemy in retreat. The flasks are harmless until tilted. Then a drop of mercury inside makes contact between the explosive charge and a small firing battery.

Uncovered in North Africa was a single earphone headset made into a booby-trap by the Germans. It exploded when the nickel-plated screw at the back of the earpiece was removed. Possibly it was intended to explode when the current was applied, as in normal use.

The American soldier today is being trained to realize that in dealing with booby-traps, as with all material of the enemy, he can "make only one mistake."

And he doesn't intend to make it.

Pvt. Curley Ryan, International Comedian, Debuts On Dow Show

New talent continued to unfold on the Dow Field Radio show this past Thursday night when Pvt. Curley Ryan, comedy sensation of five continents, made his first appearance on WLBZ's biggest little half-hour. Ryan impersonated everything from an airport to a cat and dog fight and all points in-between (which included Jack Benny's Maxwell and Jack Benny's "Rochester"). He also engaged in some verbal tic-tac-toe with S-Sgt. Paul Geden, who wrote the best gag lines for Curley and reserved for himself the "feeding" lines, as they are known to gag writers.

Some more new talent was discovered when Pvt. Spurgeon Illery played "Tangerine" on the piano. The natural brightness of the num-

Private Curley

Please Turn to Page 2

Want a Job In Projection?

Types of Men Who Need Not Apply

1. The man who just wants to earn an additional dollar.
 2. The man who just wants to see the show.
 3. The 16 m.m. portable projector home movie expert.
 4. The man who just wants to see what it's like.
 5. The man who "might" be able to spare a couple of nights.
- Apply at the special service office as soon as possible.

Communications Party Inspires Grateful Attendant To Verse

Thanks from us privates, we all had fun
For a G. I. racket, it was damn well done.

That describes the fun had by the Communications Tuesday night at T-15. It should also have been called an Easter Bunny Party, for prizes and decorations were any judgment.

Our eagle-eyed roaming reporter checked and probed into the goings-on and here's what he came up with:

Bob Bradbury, Mrs. Shaw's biggest problem, spent half the night on the phone. He should have shot a bearing for his lost G. F.

I. G. Bronsky, alias Astaire, found the jitter jitter stuff impossible due to lack of space, both sideways and upwards.

The Pulchritude came in all types of packages—even suitable for Wee Wee Cohen.

John Lang, he of the profile and curly hair, took three quarters of the night to make up his mind, between the tall one and the other. What a problem!

She had that wistful look in her eye:

Com. Party

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Box Social Proves Feast For Hearty Appetites Of Soldiers

Chocolate cakes, vanilla iced cakes, richly frosted cakes, home baked apple pies and candies were all present and accounted for last night at T-15.

The gals came in loaded down with boxes of sweets, many baked with their own skilful hands. Who said the modern girl couldn't cook?

The cakes, however, were not given away for the asking. A box would be held up and volunteers would be asked to answer a blind question. Each contestant properly answering a question would receive a part of the treasure. Failure to answer the question brought a consequence.

Dick Carlson and Sam Chimoff were elected to direct a community sing—assisted by Rita Mayo and her friend. Cpl. Herzog was the only one to get the \$64 question right.

Sgt. Deery and another Finance man took the Air Force test. With heads down on bats, they circled around and headed for their girl partners. Deery almost made a solo flight out the east end window.

Mrs. Madeline Shaw kept the whole party in an uproar with snappy dances and games.

From the happy faces, we judged that everybody had a swell time especially after tasting the cakes.

Want to continue your education?

The Base Library

Has a full stock of technical and text books

Poetry Is Very Good— Especially Sometimes

By Pvt. LARRY KAYE

There are many poets at Dow Field Who, my sick soul, with inspiring rhymes have healed, They're all very good, But not all easily understood. One thing these poets have in common is that they rhyme, Which is what poets have been doing since the beginning of time, These poems are very inspirational, And sometimes even slightly sensational. If they're good, in the Observer they appear, And if they're not good, Geden says, "Come around next year." This is a good poem, which is why it's being printed, Although several people didn't like it as they subtly hinted, But who cares? Poets would have nightmares If they listened to criticisms And biting witticisms Made at their expense; Hence— This poem is being printed In spite of what's been hinted. If they can print poems to Freddie Newmann and poems by Sam Profeta, If they can print poems in the form of an essay or a story or a letter, If they can print poems by Captain Comiskey of Plans and Training, If they can print poems in all kinds of weather, sunny or raining, If they can print poems on patriotism and nobility and love, And poems about some silly guy's turtle-dove, Then they certainly should print this opus, Unless they take me for a complete dopus.

Gas Chamber

Continued from the First Page

idea of the effect." He cautioned, "Don't rub your eyes. Face into the wind and the smarting sensation will disappear."

One by one we walked across the floor and got a straight dose of the tear gas. Tears streamed from eyes. There was a temptation to wipe them. We remembered the lieutenant's warning and soon we were back to normalcy. The icy Maine wind hit us in the face and that was more painful than the gas ever was.

"You will now see how effectively you can put on your mask under gas conditions," Lt. Klein announced. We all lined up in the narrow safety gas lock.

It was explained to us that each of us would be sent into the chamber without our gas mask on. At a given signal, we would have to get our masks on, while the gas was in the air.

We lined up. A certain tenseness was in the air. One man went in. We could hear a muffled "gas"—and he disappeared. Then our turn came. The corporal assisting the lieutenant opened the door. A slight wave of tear gas hit us in the face. Off came our hat, we whipped on our gas mask and adjusted it, while the lieutenant made corrections of our technique.

Each man was watched carefully and the minor corrections made. We then took our place in the group watching the new men go through the same test. That taken care of, we went into the clear, cold air and once more we had a practical test on chemical warfare.

Private Curley

Continued from the First Page

ber plus Illery's piano delivery was a happy combination.

Once again, The Dow Field Four sang a spiritual—this time, "Oh, Gentle Savior, Do Not Pass Me By." In case you don't know by this time, The Dow Field Four consists of Cpl. Clarence Riley, Pfc. Haywood Bardliver, Pvt. Jobe Huntley, and Pvt. John Hunter. These boys are tops and we're still waiting to hear them sing "Dry Bones." How about doing this

Ah, Sweet Spring



These spring sweeties cavorting on the Hollywood grass are starlets Vi Athens, Ann Savage, Marguerite Chapman and Neila Hart.

number soon, boys? It's a spiritual classic.

Sgt. Al Jarusevich sang "When You're A Long, Long Way From Home," and when he finished, everyone looked homesick. A nice change from Al's tenor voice was Pvt. Frank Chamberlain's melodious baritone, as he sang, "Without A Song." In recent weeks, Chamberlain has become a well known figure about Dow Field—you can read all about him in this week's Post Personality column.

Cpl. Jack Eaves admitted that "I Heard That Song Before." Jack was also to have sung the Noel Coward number, "Don't Put Your Daughter On The Stage, Mrs. Worthington," but time didn't permit it—so this wonderful novelty number will be on the coming show. If you want to hear some really uproarious lyrics, don't miss Jack's interpretation of this musical masterpiece.

The show opened with "Freedom Road," a sure-fire waker-upper and the Troubadors (under Cpl. Jack Eaves' direction) also featured arrangements of "Barcarole" and "Angry."

Aviation Party

Continued from the First Page

unique, delightful and simply swell. Pvt. Arthur Johnson gave a comical interpretation of "The Perfect Soldier." Cpl. Clarence Riley and the Glee Club gave their idea musically of the famous "Ink Spits," which I think was better than the "Spots" could have done.

If space permitted I could go on for paragraph after paragraph relating the events of this most "scrumptious" affair. Our Squadron Commander Major William Berman has the thanks of each and every man for making this dance possible. It was through his untiring efforts and our other squadron officers, Capt. Peale, Lt. Perpich, and Lt. Horowitz that this dance was sponsored.

The visiting hostesses from Portland were so pleased to have been able to come that they are anxious to come again very soon. They were a lovely group of girls as the men of the Squadron can testify. One of the young ladies remarked that their group had been to other camps, but here at Dow Field they were more royally entertained than at any other place they had been, and that the men were such gentlemen.

We want to say to the Guard Squadron we are proud to be able to be in contact with such a fine group of men. (This unit, through their commanding officer, Capt. Nelson offered to take our posts while we attended the dance.)

So ended our first Squadron Ball.

Dow Field Diary

Continued from the First Page

the wind howled around the barracks and chilly breezes floated through the Upperbay, Sgt. Edwards was heard to moan: "I don't mind the weather, but I wish they'd keep it outside."

The clusters of flowers that were mentioned last week in the Air Base Sqdn. column must have a fully developed case of wanderlust. Each night, someone finds this purple and yellow patch decorating his bunk. So far, Sgt. Lewis

Licurgo, then to our bunk, over to Edwards, and then to Bill Love. Last seen, it was clinging desperately to S/Sgt. Vaughn's bunk, apparently feeling it had found a home.

Every time projectionist Pfc. Ken Bishop comes into the barracks, the boys shoot two questions at him. "What's at the show tonight?" and "Is it a good movie?" Ken has solved the problem very simply. In the latrine at T-219, there's a card carrying the title of the current movie. Up above (Liberty style) is a guide to merit. Ken then marks the movie, one star or two stars, etc. Very handy.

TUESDAY

A new personality has loomed on the entertainment horizon. One of the boys in the Band had mentioned that a sound effects man was on the Base, who could do amazing things with his vocal chords. We arranged for a get-together to see what he could do. We finally met this "master of impersonations" and got a big kick out of his antics. Duck calls, airplanes, and weird barnyard noises leaped from his flexible larynx. His name is Pvt. Curley Ryan.

WEDNESDAY

An impish editorial in an army newspaper today invited officers and men who have served a year in Europe to apply for 30-day furloughs in the U. S. Tongue-in-cheek, the editorial noted the arrival of April 1st, by describing plans for the furloughs, which would include passage on the Normandie, manned by crews of WAACs. Entertainment would be supplied by USO shows, including Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Gypsy Rose Lee, Jack Benny, and Betty Grable. Mayor LaGuardia, the editorial said, would provide debutantes for dates. Requests for the furloughs will be filled until next April 1st.

Classes again in camouflage and chemical warfare. S/Sgt. Bill Love handles an interesting subject in a very informative way, and makes you feel you have got your teeth into something.

THURSDAY

Curley Ryan (our sound effects expert) spoke a bit in French. It puzzled us how a guy with an Irish moniker like Ryan could look and talk like a Frenchman. When we asked him what nationality he was, he replied: "I'm half Scotch

and half water." So we are right back where we started.

Our timing rehearsal went off without a hitch. Only slight difficulty was keeping Curley from ad libbing. We would start to read a script—Curley would look up and start off on a story. One thing that almost crossed us up on the program was Curley's tendency to give us his script whenever he did a sound effect.

FRIDAY

Miss Miriam Prandon planned a Country Store and Dance for the Community Center. We got in our five cents worth with posters on the corny side. After hearing our broadcasts, you will know this is right up our cornfield.

"Clean your rifle for inspection" stared out at us from the bulletin board. Down in the latrine, the place was a beehive of activity—ramrods plunging into muzzles—fellows holding their bores up to the light and murmuring, "M'm, so clean, I can't bear the reflection." Sgt. Stewart, wisecracked, "Why don't you open your eyes?" Mops and pails, dust cloths were all invited to our G. I. party.

SATURDAY

Thought for the week. Did you read that story about the epitaphs some of the Marines wrote for their buddies buried at Guadalcanal? The Marines make plaques from aluminum kits. They then inscribe epitaphs on these plaques and place them on the crosses over the graves of their former pals. One of these Guadalcanal epitaphs reads: "Corp. C. N. Miglin. Killed in action. One swell guy. God bless him." Another reads: "Pvt. G. V. Kisz. Killed in action. The nicest guy I ever knew. May God have mercy on his soul. S. J. Vitka."

Com. Party

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His face was rather pale; It wasn't love—she just couldn't tell why

They called him—"Bashful Hale." Bachelor's Corner was crowded all night—by our prospective bridegroom, Carl Hegenberger. How could a fellow be so quiet so long in the midst of such, such such—well, they are nice in Bangor.

That must have been an Irish girl and she must have been familiar with the Blarney Stone—she

Our Base Library
is getting in new books all the time.
Have you seen the latest batch?

What's Play- ing at the OLYMPIA This Week
MON., TUES.—THE ICE-TRAVAGANZA OF ALL TIME
SILVER SKATES
WED., THURS.—JAMES CAGNEY
GREAT GUY
FRI., SAT.—DON (RED) BARRY in
SUNDOWN KID
SUNDAY ONLY—THE GLEASONS in
SHE'S IN THE ARMY
ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

told Wally Volkheimer she "loved his accent"—my, my.

Lou Ask spent half the night wondering which one to ask and imagine his surprise when three or four of them asked him—to dance.

Tony Carbone might not have been troubled with the decorations while dancing, but Mr. Five by Five could have used more floor space.

Was Joe Babin surprised when she said "Good Night" at the door of a truck, of all places.

Did Sgts. Kelly and Hensley miss a dance—not so you could notice it—the girls wouldn't let them—two of them.

As each fellow entered the party, he was handed a purple paper Easter egg. There was a number on it. The number corresponded with a gal and she was your partner for the first dance.

Most of the novelty dances gave the girls a chance to do the rushing. Broom dances, Shoe dances and Boomsy Daisy were all on schedule.

The Troubadours played the dance music, with Sgt. Al Jarvis and Cpl. Jack Eaves doing vocals.

(Ed). At least three fellows came personally into our office to make sure Mrs. Shaw got the proper credit. They were all very enthused. So we repeat, Mrs. Shaw, the whole Communications thank you—particularly three fellows.

Guard Commendations

The following men have received citations for outstanding performance of guard duty:

Monday—Pvt. Elmer Fingerhoot, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Emory Williams, Aviation Sqdn.

Tuesday—Pvt. Elroy Tompkins, Aviation Sqdn.; Pvt. Anthony Velucci, Guard Sqdn.

Wednesday—Pvt. H. Patterson, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. A. Jackson, Aviation Sqdn.

Thursday—Pvt. Norman Vigneault, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. John C. Boyce, Aviation Sqdn.

Friday—Pvt. L. W. Fook, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. C. Radu, Air Base Sqdn.; Pfc. Ernest Cyril, Aviation Sqdn.

Saturday—Pvt. Grant X. Hale, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Thomas Nelson, Aviation Sqdn.

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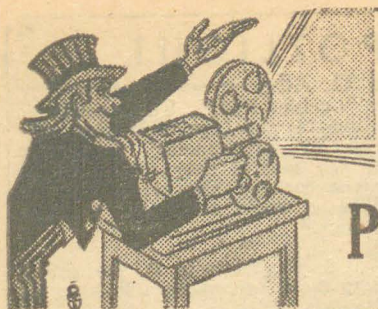
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Post Theatre PROGRAMS

Monday, April 12—THE MOON IS DOWN—Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers

Tuesday, April 13—(Double Feature Program)—MURDER IN TIME SQUARE—Edmund Lowe, Marguerite Chapman—KEEP 'EM SLUGGING—Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Gabriel Dell

Wednesday, April 14—WAKE ISLAND (revival)—Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, William Bendix.

Thursday, and Friday, April 15th and 16th—HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO. (Technicolor)—Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, Lynn Bari.

Saturday, April 17—CABIN IN THE SKY—Ethel Waters, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Louis Armstrong.

Sunday and Monday, April 18th and 19th—SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS—Lana Turner, Robert Young, Walter Brennan.

Tuesday, April 20th—(DOUBLE FEATURE PROGRAM)—BORDER PATROL—William Boyd—MY SON, THE HERO—Patzy Kelly, Roscoe Karnes.

Wednesday, April 21st—THE ROAD TO MOROCCO (revival)—Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Thursday and Friday, April 22nd and 23rd—HANGMEN ALSO DIE—Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, Anna Lee.

Consult the Daily Bulletin for Starting Time of Shows

POST THEATRE—Patronage at the War Department theatre is restricted to: (1) Military personnel on active duty and members of their households, (2) Civilians residing within the limits of the post. Short Subjects Featured Daily

Bishop Discusses Problems of a Projectionist

By PVT. LARRY KAYE

Pfc. Kenneth Bishop is chief projectionist at the Post Theatre. Serving in that capacity, he is confronted with many problems—mechanical, electrical, and psychological. Although the mechanical and electrical problems have a more direct bearing on his work, it is psychological factor which often tends to throw young Kenneth into a state of psychosis-neurosis. However, considering the problems he has had to face, Bishop has come through, in the main, unmarred, unscarred and unjarred.

What he desires, requires, and to a certain extent acquires is an understanding audience reaction to such minor catastrophes as a breakdown in sound or film. Bishop wishes, however, he could acquire that intelligent reaction in greater quantities.

"The other night," Pfc. Bishop told us, "I was informed by the not too gentle booing of the audience that there was no sound coming from the mouths of the actors on the screen. The audience didn't seem to be aware of the fact that I was aware of the fact that the sound was not registering. They also seemed to be totally unaware of the fact that I was working with piers, screw driver, and adhesive tape in an all-out effort to rectify the deplorable situation, that had arisen due to the total inability of the exciter-lamp to cast its magical beam of light upon the innermost soul of the photo-electric cell, which in turn was also unable to supply the requisite quantity and quality of electrical energy needed to stimulate the vocal chords of actress 'Mary Martin'."

Pfc. Bishop, having gotten out this mouthful, lit a cigarette, puffed reflectively, and meditated silently for a few moments.

Then he strolled off into the inner sanctum of the theatre, a look of infinite wisdom on his sensitive countenance.

In San Pedro, Patrolman Joseph Hansen found a body in a doorway; on the body, found an identification badge. The name: Joseph Hansen.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

A number of the boys took tests last week, some are still reeling from the mechanical puzzles, along with a few working out the math problems on their fingers. After that ordeal they are now curious of their marks.

The dog training sergeant that has received some publicity against his will, is now very thankful for it. He is now drawing its benefits, that being free rides to the base each day.

Did you know that this paper goes to most all military posts throughout the world. If you have any news pass it in, maybe some of your buddies will read it and old friendships rekindled.

From all the phone calls received by Pvt. Carlen, he must be quite a glamor boy, someone is always checking up on him, wondering what part of the base he is at. When questioned on the subject, silence and a red face is all that I received.

Cpl. Stafford gets his share of calls also, it must be the other party is anxious to get a ride in the jalopy he is buying. He told me it was a gift from a select few, when things like that happen, he must be a popular boy. Any questions?

Sgt. Raymond is now married and on a brief honeymoon. I didn't have time to get the full story being away a few days, probably by the next issue the full story will be forth coming.

Sgt. Russo has been running around quite a bit lately, especially last Tuesday as he had quite a work out, could it be that he is getting in shape for a marathon.

During the drill sessions some of the boys wonder how T-Sgt. Avsharian manages to take a thirty-inch step and others are wondering when Cpl. Barr will stop taking forty-two inch strides.

Black Jack Feula has been wearing size forty fatigues so that he will look big enough when marching with the rest of the boys.

Sgt. Deyermond did double duty during the blackout last week, besides placing men at their proper posts, he was trying to apprehend the invading mouse that takes charge of the orderly room each night, he is a much better charge



"— and you can just cut out the jitterbugging! I've been running a riveting machine all afternoon!"

NEW ANSWERS TO VITAL OVERSEAS MAIL PROBLEM

Eight-ounce parcels may be sent without request of addressee. Restrictions on Army overseas mail (Postoffice Order No. 19687, dated

of quarters.

Birthday greetings are extended to Pvt. Hickey of the day room, he has the usual lady habit of not wanting to divulge the correct age.

The bowling team has received prize money from officials of the league. The awards are as follows: High single and three strings, five dollars each, twenty dollars for winning the title and fifty-one dollars as weekly prizes. The grand total of eighty-one dollars. All men that are not on the base have been mailed their earned prizes. The trophy is in the orderly room and awaiting engraving of the team members' names.

After glancing over this strip, it looks as if news is on the ration list along with other things, when are some of you boys going to loosen up?

Pvt. Davis (Ferdinand to most of you) says that when he peels potatoes he leaves the eyes in them, so they will see us through the month of April, a thrifty boy I'd say.

Last but not least, the prodigal son has returned again, after one of those trips.

Jan. 7, 1943) have been modified.

Hereafter sealed parcels not exceeding eight ounces in weight on which postage at the first-class rate is prepaid may be accepted for dispatch to Army personnel at APO's overseas without the presentation of an approved request from the addressee.

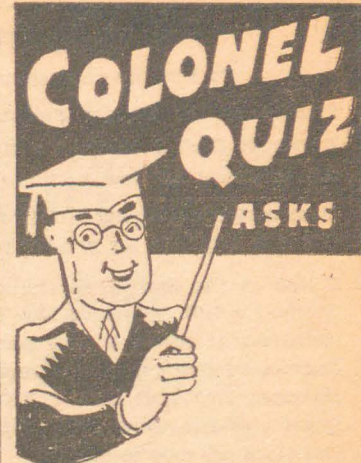
The modification has been agreed to by the War Department in order to facilitate the sending of small essential articles such as eyeglasses, watches, fountain pens, insignia, etc.

Individual copies of so-called "House Organs" or employee publications, may also be sent to such personnel under the same conditions as to weight and postage.

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWALS

Hereafter renewals of present subscriptions for overseas personnel of the Army to newspapers and other publications entered as second-class matter from any source will be considered as a continuation of the present subscriptions and mailings under such renewed subscriptions are now allowed, regardless of whether or not the renewals may be paid for by others than the addressees without any request from the latter. This does not cover complimentary copies sent by publishers.

Educational study material, including text books, sent by the United States Armed Forces Insti-



1. Who made the highest physical fitness record on the Base?
2. What Lieutenant appeared in the famous stage play "My Dear Children," with John Barrymore?
3. What two men are considered especially trained in handling dogs?
4. What team won the Base Bowling Championship?
5. What popular Master Sergeant recently qualified as a War-rant Officer?

Answers on Page 7

tute, Madison, Wis., an agency of the United States Government, and universities and colleges conducting courses in cooperation with that Institute, also such material sent by other schools and colleges conducting home study courses, in connection with enrollments prior to Jan. 15, 1943, may be accepted without presentation of a request at the time of mailing.

This also applies to such matter sent in connection with enrollments or requests made subsequent to that date, except that such requests shall bear the approval of the students' commanding officer.

In the case of matter mailed by the Armed Forces Institute, and cooperating institutions, the wrappers of the parcels should bear a return card similar to the following example: Armed Forces University Extension Courses, Home Study Department, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill. Official Mailing.

In the case of such mailings by other schools and colleges, the parcels should be endorsed "Mailing Authorized by P.O.D. Notice March 12, 1943."

BOOK CLUBS

Where book clubs are under contract to furnish members now stationed overseas with books to be mailed at intervals, arrangements for which were made prior to the establishment of the restrictions, the books may be accepted in a similar manner.

However, this does not apply to instances where book clubs, merely furnish members with lists of books, which the member is not under obligation to purchase, but for which he submits a specific request in each instance; in such case the request must bear the approval of the battalion or similar unit commander.

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

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BANGOR

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Editorial

Let's Make It 100%

Dow Field is going all-out to convince each enlisted man that he should have \$10,000 of National Service Life Insurance. Principal selling points were the low cost and full coverage offered by this policy no matter in what part of the world the soldier may be serving.

Squadron insurance officers are urging that each man contract for the maximum coverage by the end of this month. They point out that regardless of his length of service a soldier now may increase his insurance holding without delay. Appointments with insurance officers are arranged by reporting to the first sergeant.

Such action by the command is in accordance with instructions from Secretary of War Stimson that every soldier be urged to make the maximum coverage his minimum. Soldiers will not be compelled to increase their holding, but officers will explain to them the wisdom of this course, showing the following advantages:

1. National Service Life Insurance is G. I. It is written specifically for the soldier by officials who understand the requirements of fighting men. Thus, it offers full-protection either within or outside the continental United States—a coverage which is not extended by many civilian policies.

Once you contract for it, it can't be taken away from you. Your dependents will be protected and premiums will be met automatically out of your pay no matter how far you might be from the channels for paying premiums on civilian insurance.

2. It is less expensive than any type of civilian policy. Insurance officers are demonstrating this constantly by showing their full schedules of rates.

3. It should be applied for before the soldier leaves this post, headed overseas. Facilities for making the contract are speedily available here, but this might be difficult—or even impossible—once you get to an embarkation point.

Soldiers who do not have \$10,000 of National Service insurance are urged to see their squadron insurance officer at once.

Strictly T-223

By CPL. S. J. FERRIS

Easter this year falls on the 25th . . . this is the latest date that it can fall on in any year . . . The last time it fell on the 25th was in 1886 (the year Johny Krug was born) the next time it will fall on the 25th will be in 2038. Not that many of you will be around to check on the latter statement because that will be in about 95 years or so.

A Diamond "for Her"

In choosing a diamond at Bryant's you are assured of the finest possible stone for the money. Each stone is individually and carefully examined by Mr. Bryant, Jr., before it is offered for sale to Bryant's customers. Bryant's reputation for reliability protects your investment.

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JEWELERS 46 MAIN BANGOR

Over a century of fair and honest dealing at the same location.

Not only Ev Perkins went out and tied the knot last week but not to be outdone Dick Sturkie went on to fame and fortune by marrying that beautiful blond everyone has been staring at the last few days. Good luck boys and if you are only half as fortunate as I was you'll find that matrimony is twice as good as that outmoded institution known as bachelorhood.

So-long Don and hello Larry . . . The King is dead, Long live the King. T-223 takes pleasure in welcoming our newcomer Larry Kaye into its sanctum sanctorum. . . But Larry it's only fair to inform you that every newcomer is afforded the great honor and distinguished privilege of being in complete charge of our DISMAL DEN for a period not exceeding two weeks . . . The brooms, mops, brushes and pails can be secured in the anteroom of the DEN.

Henry Trudo tells a good one about the members of a hunting party who had specifically been requested to bring only male hounds to the hunt . . . One individualistic member, however, brought along a female hound and out . . . was allowed to enter it in the hunt. Finally the fox and then later the pack was released and they went off like a flash . . . the soon confused hunters stopped to question a farmer in a nearby field.

"Did you see some hounds run past here?"

"Yep," replied the farmer. "See where they went?" persisted the hunter.

"Nope," came the reply, "but it was the first time I ever saw a fox running sixth."

If you do not love your neighbor as a person, he will come back to you as a problem.

Dow Field Inquires:

The question this week was—who's your favorite movie actress? Here are the answers.

Pvt. Clements Pinkney (Aviation Sqdn.)—"My favorite movie actress is Louise Beavers. What convinced me she was such a fine actress and subsequently my favorite actress was her performance in the picture, 'Imitation Of Life.'"

Pvt. A. Norny Muss—"My favorite actress is Margaret Sullivan—not only a great actress, but one of the greatest all-time personalities in the history of mankind. Every time she speaks, I swoon. Anyone who isn't absolutely captivated by her can't be very bright. At least, that's the opinion of a former civilian."

G. I. Wolf—"Betty Grable, Lana Turner, and Susan Hayward are my favorites. Oh, Boy!"

Pfc. Ken Bishop (Special Service)—"Claudette Colbert is my idea of the ideal woman. She has sophistication and is the kind of woman who would stay by a man's side, through thick and thin. I hate Jean Arthur and would put her through a gas chamber if I could."

S. Sgt. I. Love Corn—"I would go for Jean Arthur in a big way. Teresa Wright is O. K., too."

Cpl. Sam Chimoff (Ordnance)—"Now you take Mary Martin. She's what I call really something. Betty Hutton is interesting, too."

Sgt. Sam Ferris (Special Service)—"My wife, Muriel."

Sgt. Bob Scott (Band)—"Katharine Hepburn is very nice. Really she is."

Pvt. S. J. Myers—"Anne Baxter, Ida Lupino, and Nancy Coleman all have undeniable charm."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION: What's your favorite outdoor sport?

Signal Corps

By PFC. REINHOLD HERZOG

Congratulations to the following men on their promotions:

From sergeant to staff sergeant (also acting 1st Sgt.) Lawrence Wennerberg,

From Cpl.-T. to Sgt.-T. Merle Hodgkins,

From Cpl.-T. to corporal, Meety Lekfo,

From Pfc. to Cpl.-T. Reinhold Herzog,

From Pfc. to Cpl.-T. John O'Donnell.

We said goodbye and good luck to Pfc. Gerald Getselman, who has returned to civilian life. "Getty" as he was known by all his friends here, will be missed, but we know he will be of better use back at his old job, with the Harmon Moench Leather company at Gowanda, N. Y. Getty, who was the oldest draftee on this field, had the unique experience of being "drafted" in two wars, and not being able to see action in either one. He was called to report for induction in the last war just when it ended, and was unable to go overseas in this one on account of his age.

We also wish good luck to Pvt. Pat Cesino, who is now with the M. P.'s.

Sgt. Jimmie Devine, formerly of this field, is spending a furlough here and dropped into pay his respects to his friends.

Belated congratulations to our phone operator, Margaret, on her marriage, Saturday, April 3rd, to Sgt. Vincent Rybaltowski, of the Guard Squadron, who is now an air cadet. We wish you happiness and know you will be very happy.

Pfc. Homer Madewell is expecting his wife, who is coming from Texas to reside here. We hope she'll like it here.

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Fill Your Lighter and Look Us Over

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Tobacconists Extraordinary

★ IN THE SPOTLIGHT ★

By David O. Alber

Well, Alice Faye is back again. The plot is the same, but the title, "Hello, Frisco, Hello" is different, and so are some of the songs. Miss Faye's trademarks remain constant—she still crinkles the nose in teasing fashion, great big tears still well up in her big blue eyes in misunderstood situations, and her chassis is as shapely as ever.

Along the lines of "Forever And A Day," in which practically every name star in Hollywood participated (proceeds going to charity), we would like to see another type of motion picture made. This time, we would like to take a simple scene—a man walking down the street, say, and let top-notch directors photograph their versions. Fritz Lang would probably have doom stalking next to the man; Lubitsch would have at least a suggestion of an assignation in the offing; and Hitchcock, Ford and Capra would play their own particular brand of magic on the scene. That we'd like to see.

Lucille Ball may have hoped her name would become a byword in films, but she probably never expected it would become a password in the Pacific! These days, when a sentry down in those islands calls out "Halt! Give the password," on a dark night the answer frequently comes, back

"Lucille Ball." The reason is simple; the Japs have great difficulty pronouncing the letter "L," and if they attempted it, chances are the svelte blonde's name would come out "Cuseeya Baw."

Ralph Edwards is the young ex-radio announcer who blew an

idea into a million dollar program—the daffy "Truth or Consequences," heard Saturday nights via NBC. Ralph's program has gone to war, as the saying goes. The entire "T. or C." cast, including prop man, stage manager (the only one in radio), idea men, et al have embarked on coast-to-coast Bond tour, broadcasting from various cities. And many thousands of listeners who heretofore haven't been able to see the show will now have their chance—for the price of a War Bond. Ralph's aim is to sell 20 million dollars (whew!) worth of War Bonds on this tour, and from the way he's been filling theatres so far, we're betting he'll not only meet his self-imposed quota—but will exceed it.

RECORD NEWS OF THE WEEK: Kate Smith's first recording in a year has just been released, and it's a definite must for your music library. Miss Smith sings "Time On My Hands," backed by "Shine On Harvest Moon," as only she can.

The Base Library Recommends

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

For some time now we have been thinking of changing the name of the literary column. As you men are the ones who read this, we decided that you should be the ones to pick out a new name. Now put on your thinking caps and see what bright ideas pour forth for a name for the literary column. Send in your suggestions to the Observer office or the Library.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE CLASSES

We have had quite a few boys sign up for these language courses but still not enough. If you do not understand what it is all about, just drop in at the library and I will be glad to explain it to you. I'm sure when you hear how easy it is to learn these foreign languages you will be more than interested to join one of the classes. It will not be necessary to meet more than once a week so that will not inflict any hardship on anyone. Here is a short article I found on this subject that will interest you.

"In North Africa and many other foreign countries, you will find few people who can speak even a few words of English. That means that if you are to get around the country, buy things in stores or get a meal in a restaurant, you will have to have some working knowledge of the principal language of the re-

gion. Aside from making your military job easier, knowing a little of the language will help you establish friendlier relations with the people. People everywhere are naturally pleased to see a stranger showing enough interest in them to try to speak their language."

OFFICER'S GUIDE

Still leads as one of the best sellers of the library. Contains much helpful information for O. C. S. candidates.

A LOSING GAME

By Freeman W. Crofts

When the sinister blackmailer was brutally murdered, all evidence pointed toward Tony Blake, one of the blackmailer's victims. The real killer made a mistake when he failed to count Tony's sister and Inspector French, who believed Tony innocent.

BONANZA

By William McLeod Raine

Scot and Hugh McClintock were a great pair in Nevada during the gold rush and boom town days. Law and order were being established for the first time and these two brothers were leaders in the movement. This is a story of rough living, quick thinking and straight shooting. A very exciting western story.

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Officers say . . .

'NEATNESS COUNTS'

In military as in civilian life collar neatness is an asset. That is why millions are wearing SPIFFY STAYS.

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SPIFFY
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★ ON SALE AT
ARMY AND
PX STORES



MESS TIME, AFRICAN STYLE—A slit trench affords these U. S. bomber crewmen a handy place for mess and protection in the event of an air raid on their advanced Middle East air base

KHAKI KOMICS

"This war will be over in two months," said Mr. Smith confidently to his neighbor, as they rode downtown on the subway together one morning. "How do you figure it?" asked his neighbor.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Smith, "my Johnny enlisted in the Air Corps yesterday and he has never held a job for over two months in his life."

One of the earliest legends about Abraham Lincoln is an episode that occurred in 1832, when he was the newly appointed captain of the Bucktail Rangers. His troop, marching in platoons, was confronted by a fence with a gate that was tightly locked. Captain Lincoln had no idea of the proper order, but his wit did not desert him. "The company is dismissed for two minutes," he ordered. "Then it will fall in on the other side of the fence."

The company's clumsiest recruit was experiencing his usual difficulty in executing the command, "Present Arms." The drill sergeant studied him with disgust. "Where is the balance of your rifle?" he inquired.

"Honest, sergeant, I don't know," stammered the recruit. "This is all they giv' me."

First Rookie—"Well, Jack, looks like the war is going to be soon."

Second Rookie—"Holy smoke, I hope it doesn't finish before I get my furlough."

When Pat Mulvaney enlisted in the Coast Guard, he was told to report at Ellis Island. He arrived at the New York dock just as the ferryboat was pulling out but, ignoring the warning cries of the deck hands, seized his suitcase firmly in his mitt and jumped for it. He landed on the deck of the ferryboat all right, but the wind was knocked clean out of his sails. By the time he had picked himself up, the boat was fully a hundred yards out in the Hudson River. Pat looked back at the receding shore line in great amazement, and cried, "I'm damned if I thought I could jump that far!"

A Negro minister delivered an impassioned sermon to his congregation in the course of which he remarked, "Brethren, dese are trying times for all of us. Let's hope, however, dat when dis terrible war is over, we will all return to de status quo ante bellum."

After the sermon was over, a number of deacons approached the minister. "Brother Jones," they intoned, "dat was a mighty powerful sermon yi' preached today, but

at one point you referred to a status quo or sumpin." Just what is dis status quo?"

The minister reflected for a moment and then he explained, "Brethren, dis status quo done mean dat we is all in one hell of a mess!"

A Gestapo agent heard an old man in occupied Norway talking to a friend. "You may say all you please against Hitler's soldiers," he declared, "but personally, I'd rather work for ten Germans than one Norwegian."

The elated agent stopped and asked the old man his occupation. "I am a grave-digger," was the reply.

Aviation Squadron

By CPL. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

The men of the squadron want to thank Mrs. Shaw for the wonderful work she did in helping to make our squadron dance such a success that it was.

The non-com officers have formed a club. Plans are under way for a clubhouse, with all the trimmings. At their first meeting they elected the following officers: M. Sgt. Samuel Randall is to be honorary president; Cpl. Bruce O. Samuels, president; S. Sgt. Henry W. Trott, vice president; Cpl. Arthur Harris, treasurer; Sgt. Joseph Brooks, secretary; Sgt. James Baysmore, financial secretary; Cpl. Clarence Riley, chaplain; Sgt. William Toles, sergeant-at-arms; and Cpl. Harold L. Wood, parliamentarian. You will be hearing more of this group later.

Who's who in the aviation squadron: Cpl. William R. Mitchell, better known as "Bud" Mitchell. Everyone on the base knows "Bud." They know him best as a top notch baseball player. He has been playing professional baseball for 13 years. His first pro ball playing started with Hilldale back in 1929. He also played with the Baltimore Black Socks, the Bacharach Giants of Philadelphia, and the Montreal Baseball club of Canada. In those days he was known as "Double Duty Bud Mitchell" as he could play any position on a ball club, but his specialty is pitching. He is, "in addition to his other profession," also a horse trainer. At one time he worked for the renowned Riddle stables. Bud's ambition was to become a jockey. Philadelphia is his home town. He is a bachelor. I think Cpl. Mitchell was the busiest man on the field during this past winter. He was the superintendent of the firemen, and what a job he did have. What little time he did have he acted as chairman of the PX Br club, in the evenings. Now he is looking forward to the coming baseball season and getting back in shape for the sport he loves.

(They tell me there is a "wolf" howling in the stillness of the night in GI valley.)

The Dow Field Four "guested" at the Bangor Rotary club luncheon on Tuesday. The boys are in demand everywhere.

The men on the detached posts are really enjoying their work with the dogs, and they are doing excellent work too.

Ordnance Flames

By CPL. SAM CHIMOFF

On March 31, 1943, Sgt. Hudson left on a three-day pass to see his future wife in New York. "You sure looked dapper when you left Jim."

Sgt. Eugene Colson was slightly bitten, and very much shocked, by the mess hall dog, while running for breakfast one morning.

We were very sorry to lose our mail clerk, but Cpl. Matthew Riley will really be doing more to further the war effort in civilian life. Speaking for everyone in the outfit, "We all enjoyed your comradeship while you were with us."

Cpl. Franklin Ripley has been taking quite a ribbing about that limousine of his. "What do you care how your buggy looks 'Rip', as long as she runs". "In fact, I know one guy who wouldn't mind having her right now".

Everyone in the barracks has been commenting about the peace and quiet that reigned when Pvt. Peter Tumminilli was away on his furlough. "Don't take it to heart Pete, because the boys really missed your singing in the shower, etc."

We regret to announce that our playwright, Pfc. Larry Kaye, of Ordnance has been transferred. His new address will be barracks T-223. "Don't forget your old comrades Larry, and come up and visit us sometime."

If any of you fellows in our outfit get that "stick in the mud" feeling about our base, then read the last manuscript that Pfc. James Whiting wrote us from his present station. Then and only then will you really appreciate the lucky break you received, when you were assigned to this base.

Pvt. William Heidman now definitely knows that he is going to be an aviation cadet. Now instead of walking around with a worried expression on his face, he walks around with a dazed expression.

Hereafter Pfc. Joseph Hammond will be careful of whom he shouts his greetings to. Joe and Pvt. Nicholas Dadezip left on their furloughs. Their faces were just beaming with suppressed happiness all day long.

Cpl. Frank Russo was all smiles Monday night, when he realized that his 122 in bowling was the high score for the night. When S-Sgt. Robert Shortlidge glanced at Frank's score, with a gleam of envy in his eye he commented, "Lucky son, lucky." To prove to "Bob" that it wasn't all luck Frank went and bowled a 100 for his next game.

Pfc. Fred Diehl's social life was abruptly interrupted when "guard duty" reached out its long hand and tapped him on the shoulder. He made up for it the very next night though.

Sgt. Hudson offered a very brilliant suggestion upon his arrival from a three-day pass. He said, with his dry "Blue Grass" drawl, "We ought to have two three-day passes a week, and just work on Sundays". All in favor say Aye!

Sgt. Eugene Colson was missed by a certain person at bowling. Guess who?

Pfc. John F. George dislikes riding in the back seat of a vehicle. I

Mrs. Joseph Brooks arrived in Bangor to reside with hubby Sgt. Brooks; Welcome Mrs. Brooks.

There are plenty of books at
The Base Library
Maybe we have what you want!

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Pvt. Frank Chamberlain's Rich Baritone Attracts Dow's Attention

"I was very young when I was born," admitted Pvt. Frank Chamberlain, in an exclusive interview with the Observer. Chamberlain, who works in Personnel, has received acclaim for his song delivery on recent Dow Field broadcasts.

When we queried him about his personal life, he confided, "My father was a horse thief in Montana." Slightly shocked by this brazen admission (accompanied without a blush, we hastily changed our line of questioning.

Pvt. Chamberlain was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and spent most of his life there. He's been out West and thinks it's wonderful. At William college, besides majoring in history, he played trombone in the orchestra and sang in the glee club.

For two months, he tried to sell Westinghouse refrigerators but the only time he made any money was when someone else happened to sell one in his territory. After that, he managed an office building in Cleveland and started singing in the chorus of operas put on by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Some small parts came after that.

In 1935, Chamberlain went to New York and after trying to get a job on the managerial staff of Radio City Music Hall, he ended up by singing in the Music Hall Glee club. He was there one year. Leonard Warren (now of the Metropolitan Opera) sang right beside Chamberlain. "Warren's voice was so strong that I had hardly to open my mouth," said the Dow

Field Radio Star. "He sang loud enough for both of us."

Pvt. Chamberlain relates another incident. "At the first performance I played, the fellows in the chorus were supposed to pit out their knees and the Rockettes then sat down on them. I put out the wrong knee, and that particular Rockette fell flat on the floor."

Our Post Personality has played concerts all about New York including the Carnegie Music Hall. He sang in the American Jubilee at the Worlds' Fair. In that play, he enacted scenes from four different wars, so this is actually his fifth war. At the first performance, there was a fire backstage, and the actors had to come out in burned uniforms. Then, after that, the star fell off his horse.

A production of the American Lyric Theatre followed the play being "The Devil And Daniel Webster." This was alternated with "Oh, Suzannah." Then came a musical comedy on Broadway—"Leave It To Me."

He would like to go back to singing professionally someday, Chamberlain admits. He had the best engagements of his career lined up just before entering the army. He appeared on several radio shows including the General Motors Program.

Pvt. Chamberlain also toured Texas for five months—then Michigan, Oklahoma, Alabama and other places, playing state fairs.

You'll be hearing more from him on the Dow Field Radio Show.

wonder why?

On April 7, 1943, Pfc. Larry Kaye, and Pvt. Peter Tumminilli arrived back from their respective furloughs. I don't think it will take them more than one week to recuperate from its affects.

If any of you fellows are interested in acquiring the knowledge of some foreign language, see me. The course will be taught primarily by phonograph records. It is a wonderful opportunity, so don't pass it up.

General Mess

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL

It is now necessary and compulsory for every man to use the rear door of the Mess Hall for entering for chow and to leave by the side door when leaving after chow. There will be no exceptions. This request must be carried and we will appreciate your cooperation as this will aid us in feeding promptly on time.

By Mess Sgt.

S.-Sgt. Raymond O. Weeks.

Talk about making money from your seat, well here goes: Pfc. Thomas Sandle, sold S.-Sgt. Raymond O. Weeks his radio for \$4.00 and in two minutes it was sold to Sgt. Hart for \$5.00; two minutes after it was sold to Pvt. Hostler for \$6.00 and then not having been in Pvt. Hostler's possession for more than 30 minutes, Sgt. Neale was the final purchaser and paid \$7.00 for it. Line up boys—who's next.

Two more cooks are back from C and B School and they are Pfc. Thomas Sandle and Pfc. Robert Messier.

We are proud to welcome the help of the following new cooks: Pvt. Durant, Pvt. Sola, Pvt. Cooley, Pvt. Derbedrosian, Pvt. Finnerty, and Pvt. Dickenson.

Yes, Sgt. Peter De Fusio is now helping Sgt. Yanuski on his kitchen supervising job.

If you are wondering why the pie and baking goods are so delicious

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Dining Room**
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FOR DELICIOUS
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HOT DOGS
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ON DRAUGHT
POST OFFICE SQ.

The Chapel Spire

CAPT. JOHN P. FELLOWS

Base Chaplain

Services

8:30—Week-day Morning Prayer (Daily)
8:00 A. M. and 10:00 A. M., Sunday Worship

Consultation Hours for Protestant Men:
Week-day afternoons from 1:00 to 5:30, and
Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings
from 7:00 to 9:00 in the Chaplain's Office.

DR. HARRY C. H. LEVINE

Jewish Welfare Board

Representative Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

1st LT. ALFRED J. CARMODY

Catholic Chaplain

Masses

6:30, 9:00 and 11:30 A. M., Sunday
7:30 A. M., Daily

Catholic Confessions at 3:30 to 5:30 P. M.
and 7:30 to 9:00 P. M. Saturday, and be-
fore each Mass.

"Sons Of Fury" B-17 Hedgehops Back To Base After St. Nazaire Raid

Severely damaged by anti-aircraft fire, the "Sons of Fury," a United States Army Eighth Air Force Flying Fortress, successfully dropped its bombs on the target and then escaped German fighters by resorting to low-level hedgehopping tactics of the fighter planes on the return to its base in England, it was disclosed in a report received by the War Department.

Just before starting the bombing run over the German submarine pens at St. Nazaire, France, the "Sons of Fury," piloted by Captain John M. Regan, of 2935 Washington street, San Francisco, Calif., was hit by flak which disabled the number three engine and damaged the bomb release mechanism. In spite of this the ship held to its course and dropped its bombs. However, it began to drop behind the formation and lose altitude after starting the return trip.

Seeing the Fort's plight, three Focke-Wulf 190's bore in to attack

it. First Lieutenant Marlen E. Reber, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, pulled his ship out of the bomber formation to help fight the Focke-Wulfs. Then Major William L. Lanford of Riverside, Calif., who was leading the squadron saw the enemy fighters. Making a 360-degree turn he led the entire squadron back to form a protective umbrella over the two isolated ships.

However, it was only by skillful maneuvering that Captain Regan and the co-pilot, Lieutenant Theodore A. Jankowski, of 141 Ressler Avenue, Bound Brook, New Jersey, were able to land the "Sons of Fury" at an airdrome in England. The plane's vibration became so strong that it shook the cowlings loose from the engine, tearing a hole in the side of the fuselage and damaging the stabilizer. Then the propeller shaft broke leaving the prop windmilling. The instruments and radio also had become useless. For this exploit Captain Regan was awarded the Air Medal.

GUESS WHO?

Here is the second pen personality. Just read the paragraphs below. After each one, try to identify the famous person. If you can't "Guess Who", then go on and try the next.

For your score on "Guess Who", see the back page.

GUESS WHO?

(1)

He was born on June 25, 1886, in GLADWYN, Pennsylvania. Although he began his writing career as an author of juvenile fiction, he later specialized in more technical information. GUESS WHO?

(2)

This strapping white-haired gentleman has been described as this "When he's got his biggest grin on, he's likely to be the most dangerous".

While he is no stickler for military courtesy, he has the admiration and respect of every man.

A phenomenal memory photographs every detail that his aides report to him. Weeks later he will still have this information at his fingertips. "Guess Who"? Getting Warmer?

(3)

A demon for speed and results—his favorite expression is "I want it yesterday".

For years he has been fighting for the Air Force. Most of all he wanted the Air Force to be a separate service branch not under the Army control.

(4)

The initials are H. H. A. His perpetual grin has given him the nickname of "Hap". His official title is Chief of Staff of the Army Air Forces.

President Roosevelt recently added another star on his shoulder, making him a full general.

Guess Who?

See the back page for the answer.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St. Bangor

Bomb Steer

With no navigator to guide him on this particular night flight, a student bombardier from Midland Field, Texas, recently and conscientiously scared the daylights—and literally the night lights—out of the residents of a small town near the Gulf Coast Air Force Training Center.

Ground targets are customarily in the form of a huge cross, and this bombardier, peering down through the dark, saw a cross all right, and let go.

The center of the cross in this case was the exact intersection of two main streets and the practice bomb (five pounds of powder, 95 pounds of sand) crashed very accurately into the macadam near a corner filling station. No damage was done, but the town blacked out immediately—and has been blacked out ever since.

Smile, Soldier, Smile

A query from a soldier recently set Elmer to thinking about some of the unusual problems of the men in the armed forces.

"What," this soldier asked, "are the magic words for getting a date from a gal in a strange land?"

This is not the sort of stuff that changes the course of wars, but it's mighty important to our young men overseas.

Elmer's principles in this matter are simple and effective: "If she doesn't talk your language—smile. Foreign people look at your eyes to try to understand your thinking. So sell with the eyes." Elmer admits that there are times when a simple gesture is far more effective than a number of magic words.

Camp Hood, Texas—A buck private, said to be the dumbest soldier at this post, had been the victim of practical jokes time after time, and was beginning to doubt all of his buddies and their motives. One night, while he was on his first guard duty stint, one of the officers came up to him in the darkness.

"Who goes there?" he challenged. "Maj. Moses," replied the officer. The rookie scented another hoax. "Glad to meet you, Moses, old top," he cracked. "Advance forward and give the Ten Commandments."

Know Your Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Lt. Samuel T. Kaskin

Lieut. Samuel T. Kaskin was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on Oct. 25, 1920. He graduated from Woodstown high school in New Jersey and received his college and professional training at the University of Pennsylvania. While at Pennsylvania he served a year as hospital interne. He is a member of the Sigma Iota Zeta fraternity, the National Association of Bureau Veterinarians, and the American Veterinary Medical Association. In 1942 he worked for a short time as B. A. I. inspector in the stockyards in Chicago. He was inducted into the Army at Fort Dix as a private in September, 1942, and received his commission as First Lieut. in the Veterinary Corps five weeks later. His next station was at the Army Base, Boston, Mass., where he was in a pool from which he was assigned to Dow Field, Bangor, Maine, as Veterinary Officer, Nov. 13, 1942. He was later sent to the Medical Field Service School at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. He just recently returned for duty as a Veterinary Officer of this base. His duties consist of the care and management of the Army SENTRY dogs



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Lt. William H. Waldron

Lt. William H. Waldron, M. P. Officer and Adjutant of the Guard Squadron, is from Auburn, Maine. He enlisted May 28, 1910 in the Coast Artillery Corps of the Maine National Guard for three years.

After an honorable discharge on December 5, 1910, he enlisted August 16, 1915 in the 2nd Infantry of the Maine National Guard for three years. He was transferred to the Supply Co., or that outfit in 1917.

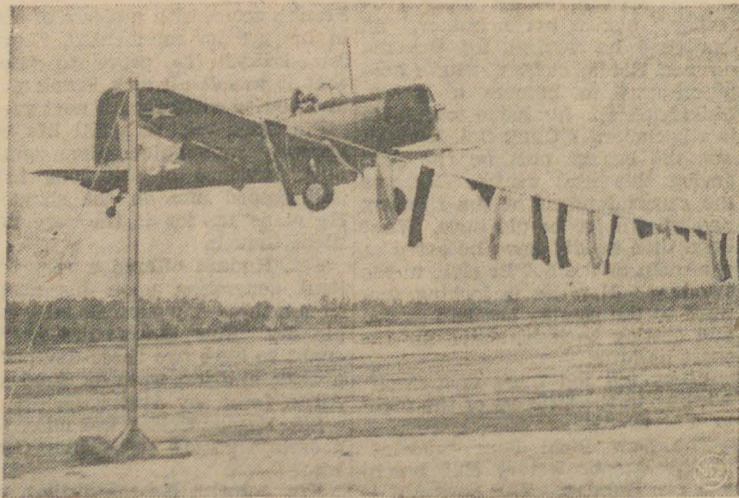
In June, 1927, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant and assigned to the Headquarters Company as adjutant.

In November, 1929, he was commissioned a First Lieutenant. Until 1941, Lt. Waldron was on active service with the Maine National Guard. On December 6, 1941, he was relieved from duty. He was later called back and assigned to Dow Field and to the Guard Squadron.

Besides his other duties mentioned above, Lt. Waldron is also Mess Officer of the Guard Squadron.

and meat and dairy inspection for this base and surrounding units.

No Washout



Air Corps cadet in basic trainer skims a "washline" at Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala., in making a practice landing in a limited space. For training purposes, rope has a weak spot that breaks if plane's wheels catch.

A man without books is like a room
without windows
Visit The Base Library!

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



MILITARY TACTICS

Etiquette used to be so simple. You didn't eat with your knife, and you'd casually introduce Bill to Joe, and that was that. Came the war, and it was all different. Introducing members of the armed forces couldn't be more complicated—and that's only the beginning. Maybe right now you know from nothing, but read on and you'll be eligible for the highest rating a service guy can get.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS— If you're visiting Private Arch at camp, and run into a Lieutenant friend of yours, stop for a word, but don't introduce the "Remember, officers are a race apart. In your own home, naturally, or somewhere inconspicuous off the post, you may introduce privates to Generals like mad.

Privates may be introduced to "noncoms" (non-commissioned officers), and the lad with the fewer stripes is always presented to the higher-ranking chap. For example: Bobo Coggershell, Archie Ashton (Bobo being a sergeant.) Non-coms are introduced with their titles, as Sergeant or Corporal.

When introducing Army, Navy or Marine officers, give them their rank, and always present the small fry to the brass hats. Example: General MacArthur, Lieutenant Tighe. After you've been formally introduced, you continue to address an Army officer with his rank, but in the Navy, you "Mister" each and every gold stripe up to an including Lt. Senior Guard. Above that, you always give their rank.

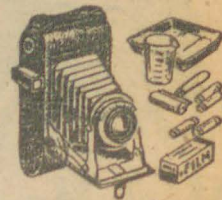
If you're introducing an Army man to a Navy man, the rank system still holds and if they're of equal rank, the Army takes precedence because it's the older organization. (In England, the reverse is true.) Example: General Washington, Admiral Farragut.

If there's a marked difference in age between two majors or any two men of equal rank in the same service, the younger is presented to the older. Example: Captain Odguy, Captain Kidd.

A male civilian, unless he's the President, a church dignitary or royalty, is presented to a service man. But, even the four-star boys are presented to ladies. Example: Admiral Coggershell, Mr. Ashton, but Mrs. Ashton, Admiral Coggershell.

The Engineer School, Fort Belvoir, Va., urges soldiers, sailors, and civilians who have ideas which they believe will help win the war to write them out and mail them in direct to the school. This suggestion system is more than a year old. To date 11 per cent of the suggestions received have been approved and put to use. Says the school: "IDEAS WIN WARS. Once upon a time, gunpowder won only an idea."

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Cameras and Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Amateur and Professional Films.

DAKIN'S

Sporting Goods Co.

25 CENTRAL ST.

Air Base Squadron

SGT. EDWARD STEWART

Looking down the line, I see; Wait! Is it, or isn't it ??? "Yeah," says Pvt. Joe "The Tatoo "Bruno, its me" . . . Flat on his back, Joe explains that he is just resting up for his three-day pass, before heading to the big city, down New York way . . . You got it coming to you, Joe . . . After all you did your stretch . . . In the clipper . . .

Pvt. "Buzz" Marcuse all smiles as he strolls through the P. X., with the little woman hanging on . . . She came a long ways to see the one and only . . . Can't blame you a bit, "Buzz" . . . Mighty fine . . . Yes indeedee !!! . . .

Sgt. Bob Frank running around in circles . . . Seems as though that furlough and a three-day pass right after was too much for the Minnesota "wolf" . . . Also chum. It's a better town than you think it is. . . I know ???

The "Wolves" talking about the women . . . Well, as I can see, the regulars are doing swell, if I may say . . . First you have the Clark duo . . . The J. H. N. Johnson's, the Barrowcliff's, the McInnis's, the Petty's, the T. T. Johnson's (trio), the Parlee's, and many other combinations . . . Sooo you see, our gang isn't such a bad bunch after all. . . After all, we'll all have to be down sooner or later fellas . . . "Oh please lord, just give me ten more years" . . .

Pfc. Eddie Collins shuffling over to "Frat House" after "chow" every noon-day . . . Eddie says, "Well, I gotta get in my time somehow" . . . "ZZZ"

"Sad Sacker" Parkhurst rolling out of the Mess Hall with the hold of the ship full to the gills with food . . . "My gawd Parkie, what goes on ??? It must going somewhere ???

Foist Sgt. Higer and S-Sgt. "Hank" Wendle heading towards the town about the hour of seven these past few nights . . . "Hank" says, "I likes to write letters at the U.S.O. . . . That's alright, "Hank" . . . But what do the folks think when you write on 90 proof labels, eh ???

Cpl. Richard Sturkie rambling towards the Post-office (my place of bizness) to get those pieces of ice for his lil woman . . . You're doing mighty fine, Sturkie . . . AS USUAL

"Biddy" Vaughn browsing all over Hq. . . Doing this and that . . . Vaughn says that's all he has to do to keep him busy . . . Pvt. Joseph (minus the cookie-duster) dashing into the P. X. for his morning chow . . . PFC. Gene Condon pacing the floors around 5 each night waiting for the "Pony Express" to bring in the evening mail. . . Cpl. Vincent Duffs quite, take it easy mood . . . The Gruesome Twosome Sgts. Halligan and MacLarty trying to pick an argument in the Mess Hall . . . The boys dashing out of the barracks to make that bus . . . "Buddy" Licurgo with the old "Hello" . . . I get kinda sleepy about now, sooo.

That's all for now, brother . . .

My Private Opinion

By Pvt. Adolf Hannes

There are furloughs and furloughs, but to be more explicit, there are those that are planned well in advance, and those that are left to the imagination and the spur of the moment. Unfortunately, I belong to that school of thought which presupposes the chaos of being left to its own solution. I am unfortunately, because, in spite of minute details and weeks of careful thought, nothing turns out according to plan. I know; it happened to me about three weeks ago.

What upsets the schedule first of all, is the fact that, although you are ready hours in advance of the train time, are completely packed (or so you think, until you realize between Augusta and Portland that you forgot your toothbrush, etc.), and have managed to talk your Sergeant or Commanding Officer into letting you off early, your furlough, or that printed sheet with



"I think we'd better transfer her from these high blood-pressure cases!"

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the all-important signature on it, has as yet failed to appear at the Orderly Room. It is like waiting for the death-knell, for by now you are certain that the whole thing will have to be called off! Nevertheless, it does finally come, and you can dash to the depot just in time for that slow-motion express to Boston.

TRAVELING

Once on the train, you forget completely about everything except that each minute seems like an hour, and that, after all, you are already drawing payment from that printed sheet with the all-important signature on it. You might try reading, but in most cases, you are either bored to death until you reach Boston, or fall asleep, to be rudely awakened at each stop by the sudden jerk of the engine, as it starts.

Well, you do eventually land at the capital of New England, and then you make connections for your home town. At any rate, you try to make connections. You either have just enough time to rush from one station to another, or you have to manage to make sightseeing as interesting as possible, if that is at all possible in Boston. When you, finally, are on your last lap of the voyage, every minute seems like ten hours, and when you arrive at your destination, you're so completely worn out, that you don't care whether your furlough begins or ends!

AT HOME

So, you're home. So, what? It feels as if you'd never been away before, except that you have to renew your acquaintance with everyone whom you thought you knew. After that wears out, no one seems to take any special interest in you any longer, and your own family keeps talking about their plans, after you've left again. That makes for homesickness in no small way. What surprised me most was the fact that I had to keep running after people to say "Hello". Instead of being eager to see me, after such a long absence, and planning their time according to my free hours, they expected me to be ready for their call at any time. The general opinion seems to be that furloughs are picked on trees or some such misinformation.

Invariably, there is an urge on your part, to try out those civilian clothes, once again (at home, of course), and to see if you've changed as much as they say you have. Everyone will tell you that you have grown two inches, and that you have gained somewhat. Outside of that they're not the least bit interested in what you have gone through, or what you have learnt, if anything! You also tear from one night club to another, if you are that type, or you travel from one end of the town to the other end, to see that certain girl. At the end of the day you wonder why you did all those things, and plan to do better the next day. But you never do.

And so your furlough draws to a close, and you still haven't done half of the things you wanted to, but you kid yourself into believing that you've had a wonderful time. The truth is, that you have defin-

itely changed, that home has decidedly changed, and that a furlough is just one of the ways of finding out that we have a job to do.

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

Due back from furloughs and ready to dig in are: Cpl. Stanley Thomas and Cpl. James Winters. So far as it is known, there is no change in martial status of either. Shades of former 1st Sgt. Ruesche, a meeting at 1230 in the barracks, scheduled two days in a row.

About to get eleven and fifteen days of relaxation respectfully, are Sgt. Joe Belasco and Cpl. Tony Turski. Sgt. Belasco heads for New Haven, Conn.; Cpl. Turski for Madison, Ill. We have no fear of Sgt. Belasco taking it easy, but as for Cpl. Turski, we have our doubts.

An A-1 sportsman is Sgt. Howard Cornwell, who hails from Mineola, N. Y. Sgt. Cornwell, who was born on Long Island, attended school in Mineola. After completion of his education he entered the employ of the Floral Park Bank of Floral Park, Long Island. He remained in banking for the past ten years, having left the Central National Bank of Mineola, N. Y., upon entering the service. Practically all sports interest him, especially basketball, baseball and horse racing. Sgt. Cornwell doesn't mean any kind of horse racing. He refers to trotters. And to those who are up on their racing, this means the small two wheel affairs that the speed kings pull around the track. Not satisfied to be only a spectator, Sgt. Cornwell has on occasion driven in races himself. If we need any good tips, men, we know where we can get them.

A case of lost laurels, Sgt. Tony Correa succeeding Sgt. Dick Carlson as CQ of the local U.S.O.

Two former members of the Finance Detachment who are about to be commissioned officers are former Sgt. Ben Winer, of Bridgeport, Conn., and former 1st Sgt. Robert Ruesche of Chicago, Ill. Both men have many friends in the Finance Detachment here, who wish them the best of luck.

Though the WAACs have gone, one member of the Finance Detachment has not been forgotten. Pfc. Duke Lilley anxiously scans the mail for a letter from one of the Auxiliaries.

Quite a carpenter is Pvt. Robert Hoffman. The bridge table in the day room being badly in need of repairs was about to be discarded. Pvt. Hoffman took over from there and put the much needed bridge table back into condition. From the point of serviceableness it is practically as good as new.

The Finance Detachment accepted the challenge of the Medics in a table tennis match. On the finance team representing the Detachment were: Sgt. Carlson, Sgt. Bertrand, Sgt. Correa, Sgt. Zurick, Sgt. Wise and Finance Lilley. Sgt. Carlson and Sgt. Wise both won matches by narrow margins. The Medics put on the heat and won

What's Doing This Week For Service People

A Weekly Calendar of Events for the personnel of Dow Field prepared by the Bangor-Brewer Servicemen's council.

U. S. O. Club, 81 Park street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. Services: Dancing, pool, ping-pong, game room, reading room, music room, hobby den, photo dark room, valet service, "letter on a record" service, writing room, exercise room.

YMCA, 127 Hammond St. Open 24 hours. Services: Game room, lobby, writing materials, information, showers, swimming pool.

BANGOR HEBREW COMMUNITY CENTER, corner French and Somerset Sts. Services: Pool, ping-pong, dancing, library, room service, individual service. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:00 p. m.

Bangor Public Library, free for reading and lending for service men and women and their families. Central library, 145 Harlow street. Hours: 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. daily; 2 p. m. to 6 p. m. on Sunday. Music Branch, 166 Union street. Hours, Monday through Friday 9 a. m. to noon; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.; Saturday from 9 a. m. to noon.

You are always welcome, no red tape to borrow books, just a simple matter of registering and the book is yours, until the time limit.

YWCA open house every day for Service men and women. 2 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon). Services are held in Bangor at 159 Union street each Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

MONDAY—Community Center—Country Store and Dance.

TUESDAY—U.S.O. Center—Movies, 8:00 p. m.

FRIDAY—U.S.O. Center—Cards and games.

SATURDAY—U.S.O. Center—Aviation Sqdn. Party, 10:00 o'clock.

SUNDAY—U.S.O. CENTER—Musical. Community Center—Stag Night.

Dow Field Activities

TUESDAY—Game Night at 8:30 p. m. in T-15. Fellows wear fatigues and Dow Field hostesses will wear sport clothes. Pvt. Gottesman will be in charge of the games and prizes will be awarded winners. Informal dancing follows.

THURSDAY—Regular broadcast of Dow Field On the Air at 9:00 p. m. from T-6. This will be followed by a dance sponsored by the Air Base Squadron. Dow Field hostesses have been invited.

SUNDAY—Fighter Command Party in T-15.

Some Facts On The Rec Hall

In case you don't already know it, the Recreation Hall at T-15 is here for your convenience and enjoyment. A radio, a piano, a ping-pong table, games and cards are all available. There's also stationery and writing tables, as well as easy chairs and magazines.

If you're interested in getting together a party or a dance, just tell Mrs. Shaw, our Recreation Hostess, about it, and she'll help you make all the arrangements. There are over 200 hostesses on Mrs. Shaw's list and swell dancing partners they are, too. Get acquainted with the Rec Hall!

handily. Though trying to stave off defeat, the inexperienced Finance team went down by a score of 4 to 2. This being the first match for the inexperienced Finance team, the results were not so good. However, expecting a return match, the showing should be much better.

Quiz Answers

1. Corporal James Tedeschi of the Medics.
2. 1st Lieutenant Isadore H. Hurowitz.
3. Pfc. Red Spada and Horn of the Quartermaster.
4. Quartermaster Bowling Team.
5. Warrant Officer David Cordell, columnist on the Bowling league.

TIME SCHEDULE FOR REC. HALL

SUNDAY
2:00 p.m. to 12:00 midnight
MONDAY
10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.
TUESDAY
2:00 p.m. to 12:00 midnight
WEDNESDAY
9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.
THURSDAY
2:30 p.m. to 12:00 midnight
FRIDAY
12:00 noon to 9:00 p.m.
SATURDAY
(Closed)

The Base Library

is for—YOU!

—Are you using it?

You'll be a jump ahead--

WITH OUR SPEEDY

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Pressing Service

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MERCHANDISE EXCHANGE

E. E. BROWN, Mgr.

DON'T FORGET

48

HOUR SERVICE

CLEANING
REPAIRING
PRESSING

CHATEAU
BANGOR

DANCING

EVERY FRI. and SAT.

ROLLER SKATING

MON. and THURS.

Mascia, Gottesman, Turner, Baptiste In Slugging Fray

"In this corner, we have terrible Tony Mascia, the terrific slugger, versus Pvt. Turner of the Aviation Sqdn." Then the fight was on. Both boys swapped punches. Toe to toe, they battled. Pint-sized Mascia threw punches by leaps and bounds. Turner skillfully sliced into Tony's mid-section.

Suddenly, a wild jab—Tony sags—reels—his knees buckle and he crumples to the floor. Captain MacHady looks puzzled. Shall he out? Is Tony out? He raises his hand—looks questioningly at Turner.

Just as he is about to award Turner the decision, Tony bounces to his feet, grins and starts shadow-boxing. The crowd looks astonished. Tony grins again. "It was all in fun," he insists. As neat a fraud as has ever been pulled off. The decision was given as a draw.

This ended the first bout of the Sports Night last Tuesday at the Officers' club. Captain Becker ably seconded Tony Mascia while Lt. Perpich saw to it that Turner got proper attention.

Fair-minded judges were Major Devoe, Lt. Yancey, and Lt. Skidmore.

The second bout was a give and take affair between Pvt. Jack Gottesman and John Baptiste. Muscled Gottesman handled himself with ease while Baptiste kept edging into the body and face of Gottesman. Impartial judges decided in Baptiste's favor on the grounds that Gottesman had an injured nose, and Baptiste didn't take advantage of it.

An hilarious finish comedy bout occurred when Mascia returned to slug it out with Gottesman. Tony had the same tightness on as he had before in a comedy bout. A bulls-eye on the seat—and the word foul written all over his body.

Both men clowning all over the ring. At times, Tony threatened to be seated in Major Devoe's lap. Each time Tony released a hay-maker, Gottesman would fake a knockdown... a Dow Field version of David and Goliath.

S-Sgt. Geden announced the bouts.

Stepping Stones for Invasion?



French Corsica, now axis-occupied, and Italian Sardinia are two potential stepping stones for invasion of southern Europe. Close to the coasts of France and Italy, they would be ideal bases for attack if seized by the allies. The parallel islands are already beginning to make news with the record raid on Cagliari, Sardinia.

Variable Slogan

One of the slogans posted on the walls throughout the Administrative Building at Randolph Field, Texas, reads:

The Difficult We Do Immediately—

The Impossible Takes a Little Longer.

Men in the Public Relations office have their own paraphraseology for the message. Alongside it, someone has placed a card, reading:

Why Be Difficult?

It's just as Easy to be Impossible.

It takes a baby approximately two years to learn to talk and between sixty and seventy-five years to learn to keep his mouth shut.

The Message Under The Postage Stamp

Here is a deathless classic of rumor-spreading, a story of insidious propaganda. That nobody knows where it comes from, but it gets in its dirty work just the same.

According to a bulletin, refuting Axis lies, the situation is described like this.

A Mother receives a letter from her son, who is a prisoner of the Japs.

"Dear Mother," it reads, "I am

The Base Library
is open evenings, too.
Come in anytime!

Soldiers! You Are
Cordially Invited to Visit

FREESE'S

"The Shopping Center of Maine"

Browse around the store as much as you wish. Use the short cut from Main Street through to Pickering Square... Come in as often as you like and make yourself at home here!

Freese's Has 67 Departments—6 Floors

SCORE SHEET FOR "GUESS WHO?"

The answer—General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold

(1) If you knew the answer by paragraph one—you are in one of the classes below—

(a) You read the Observer like you do a mystery book, starting with the last page, or
(b) You made a good guess, pal, or
(c) You get a free audition for the Dow Field Quiz Kids.

(2) If paragraph two was your meat—

(a) You're on the right diet, or
(b) You're a keen student of Aviation, or
(c) You are psychic.

(3) If you knew the guy by paragraph 3—

(a) You are perfectly normal, so you can go back to reading the rest of the paper in comfort.
(4) Paragraph 4 was a push-over—so if you didn't get it by then—

(a) If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, brother, you are in a tough spot, or
(b) Here's our handkerchief—gosh, we don't expect you to know everything.

Next week—another GUESS WHO?

well. I am being kindly treated. By the way, I'm planning to start a stamp collection after the war is over. Will you steam the stamp off this letter and save it for me? And under the stamp is a message saying: "My tongue has been cut off."

This story is invariably "true." It always comes from somebody who knows somebody who is a personal friend of the woman who received the letter.

There is so much quiet horror in the incident that it seems to be "on the level." It's the kind of thing that is easy to remember and you could take a lot of delight in passing around.

That's the trouble with clever propaganda. If the story stood up, and shouted "I am not true," there would be no difficulty recognizing it. The smart approach is not to say anything.

Information that you know is true, but of a military nature, keep to yourself. "Information" that you don't know the source—don't spread around.

Everything that holds you down for a while makes you feel better when you are up again. (O. Henry).

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M.&P. THEATRES
HITS FOR THIS WEEK

BIJOU Theatre
BANGOR TEL. 5307

Today, Through Friday

HITLER'S
CHILDREN

PERA HOUSE
BANGOR TEL. 5308

Today, Tues., Wed.

CABIN IN THE SKY

Starring Ethel Waters and
Eddie "Rochester" Anderson

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

A STRANGER IN TOWN
With Frank Morgan, Richard
Carlson and Jean Rogers

PARK THEATRE
BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today, Tues.

KEEPER OF THE
FLAME

Spencer Tracy, Katharine
Hepburn
—Plus—

DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW
ASSISTANT
With Lionel Barrymore

Wed., Thurs.

CHINA GIRL

With Gene Tierney
—Plus—
ARMY SURGEON
With James Ellison and
Jane Wyatt

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Park Theatre Building

Telephone 9241, Bangor, Maine



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Trench Coats, Slacks, Caps, Shirts
and Accessories

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