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Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, MAY 3, 1943

Vol. No. 49

"Golden Gloves" Start Swinging At Dow Field

Dow Field's Golden Gloves tournament starts Tuesday, May 18. The finals will be held starting May 25. Winners in each of the weight divisions will receive prizes. Here's something important. Men with boxing experience will not be matched with inexperienced men. A winner will be decided in the experienced and the inexperienced class. Anyone interested leave name, organization, weight, and experience with Sgt. McGinnis in base gym (T-6). Arrangements can then be made for training. Come on, all you Dow Field boxing enthusiasts. Let's go!

Guard Commendations

The following named privates of the guard, are commended for the manner in which they performed said duties.

Sunday—Pvt. Sol Burnette, Guard Squadron.

Monday—Pvt. L. Sullivan, Guard Squadron; Pvt. A. Strong, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Joe Koestner, Air Base Squadron.

Tuesday—Pvt. Vincent Earle, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Henry Ball, Guard Squadron; Pvt. R. Lavoch, Air Base Squadron.

Wednesday—Pvt. Clayton Putman, Guard Squadron; Pvt. George Pullen, Air Base Squadron; Pvt. George Roberts, Aviation Squadron.

Thursday—Pvt. Leslie Hayes, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Leon Smith, Air Base Squadron; Pvt. Meria Messina, Guard Squadron.

Friday—Pvt. James Walden, Guard Squadron; Pfc. J. Holick, Air Base Squadron; Pvt. Mathew Furr, Aviation Squadron.

Saturday—Cpl. Donald Lee, Air Base Squadron; Pvt. Clarence Engle, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Riley Jones, Aviation Squadron.

The Observer's Bouquet of the Week

Every week, we're going to hand a bouquet of flowers to the reporter who gets his column in first.

This week's bouquet goes to PVT. SAMUEL PROFETA of the SIGNAL CORPS. Congratulations, Sam, and don't let them take the bouquet away from you next week.

Army's Language Classes Praised

These foreign language courses now being conducted in T-23 (Classification) are an invaluable aid of officers and enlisted men, and may prove extremely important some day. Dr. Lynwood G. Downs said recently that foreign language courses may save lives of Americans fighting on foreign soil.

To illustrate how knowledge of a foreign language can save the lives of our soldiers, Dr. Downs told a story.

"A badly battered Yank tank driver recently limped back to his base in the Tunisian desert exclaiming, 'Gosh! I wish I knew what those Jerries were talking about.' Two German deserters had tried in vain to tell the American that a German heavy tank was laying in wait for him behind a sand dune. The American found out the hard way."

To avoid similar occurrences, the army's high command is now em-

Language Classes

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WASHINGTON, May 2 (AP)—President Roosevelt told American coal miners tonight that every idle miner was "directly and individually" obstructing "our war effort".

"We have not yet won this war," he said in a radio address. "We will win this war only as we produce and deliver our total American effort on the high seas and on the battle fronts. That requires unrelenting, uninterrupted effort here on the home front."

Magician, Baritone, Tenor, And Assorted Comics On Dow Show

Another song-story brightened Thursday night's Dow Field Radio Show. The week before, you remember Sgt. George Edwards and Cpl. Jack Eaves told the story of a tough sergeant and a rookie private. This week, Edwards and Eaves were joined by Cpl. Egidio Bisceglia and Sgt. Paul Geden as they sang out the story of a certain Mr. Hitler. Incorporated in this saga were parodies on such popular ditties as "Stormy Weather," "I Came Here To Talk For Joe," "I'm Heading For The Last Roundup," "I Guess I'll Have To Dream The Rest," "Here's Something To Remember Me By," "You're Driving Me Crazy,"

"As Time Goes By," and "The Object Of My Affections."

Edwards played the certain Mr. Hitler, Eaves appeared as a British pilot, and Bisceglia doubled up as Mussolini and one of Stalin's representatives. Since both Bisceglia and Sgt. Geden appear to be under the impression that the Russian and Italian mannerisms are exactly alike, Bisceglia had no trouble in playing both roles. It's true that Mussolini sounded a trifle Russian and Stalin's representative sounded a bit Italian, but the general idea was put over (with the help of

Radio Show

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Bar Harbor Gives Big Hand To Dow Field Variety Show

Friday night, a full two hour show from Dow Field played to a packed house at the second Bar Harbor Community "get together." Two complete bands furnished the music and novelties throughout the show. The Troubadours were in their solid best, going from swing to sweet doing a beautiful job of music magic.

The Aviation Squadron had rhythm ringing from the rooftops and put their "all" in plenty of foot-stomping melody.

The show itself was divided into two parts. The Troubadours opened the show and came to a halfway mark in their performance. Then the Aviation Squadron boys took over and jammed and jived their way through a complete production in itself.

The Troubadours came back in the second half to complete the show.

Most of the performers are names already familiar to listeners of the Dow Field broadcasts. So that you can get a general picture of the "goings on." Here is a brief skimming of the program.

Variety Show

Please Turn to Page 2

Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

SUNDAY

Easter Sunday is the kind of day that seems to bring Spring into full bloom. We were fortunate in being in Boston and having a chance to see Easter Parades. Women's hats are still a mystery to us. One we saw looked so much like a smoldering volcano, we wouldn't have been surprised to see smoke pouring from the top. Imagine the expression on a friend's face if she could push a button and the smoke goes into a smoke writing act and spells out "hello." While we're in this whimsical frame of mind, we can even think of the possibilities of getting word to somebody away down the street—sending up smoke signals in Indian fashion.

Some of the hats look as though the gals were planting victory gardens . . . right on their nog-gins.

Diary

Please Turn to Page 2

Ruth Draper, International Star, Appears At Dow Tonight

Tonight at 7:00 p. m., Dow Field will see in person a great actress and monologist, internationally famous for her superb characterizations. Ruth Draper is the lady in question and T-6 (Gymnasium) is the place.

Since her first professional appearance in 1911, Miss Draper has toured the world. In 1918, she spent seven months giving performances at American expeditionary force camps in France; toured the U. S. A., 1924-28; appeared for eighteen consecutive weeks in the Comedy Theatre, New York, 1928-29; toured South Africa in 1935; world tour including Ceylon, India, Burma, Java, Australia, and New Zealand in 1938; South America, 1940; Canada and the U. S. A., 1940-41; now on tour in Canada from where she will come to Maine to appear before Dow Field. (Her other engagements in Maine include University of Maine, Houlton, Presque Isle).

Miss Draper's repertoire consists of 36 original monologues including fifty-seven characters.

In 1926, Hamilton College honored Miss Draper with the reward of an honorary Master of Arts degree. In 1941, the University of Maine conferred upon her the degree of Doctor of Fine Arts.

Aviation Sqdn. To Give Show At Com. Center

Private Lester Wilson brings his red hot swing band to the Community Center next Wednesday night.

Crackerjack pianist, Pvt. Spurgeon Illery will handle the keyboards. He will also solo in his own specialties—and when he starts clicking the ivories he really makes them talk.

Pvt. Melvin Davis, a stage veteran of 15 years, will hold down the comedy spot, and there's no holding him down.

The Dow Field Four will join voices and harmonize on favorite songs. Dancing follows the refreshments.

Engineers Dance On Concrete Floor

Last Tuesday night, Company Three of the Engineers held their dance. We were put out of T-6 before we had a chance to get in. Somebody found a can of shellac and put it on the nice new dance floor, so what happened? We moved out to a hangar and danced on a concrete floor.

Cpl. Nelson thought he was going to sit on the sidelines all night, but he was fooled. The girl thought he was the cutest blond that she has seen.

It was so cold that the boys had to dance to keep warm. It was the first time that I ever saw ice cream served in an ice box. Talking about ice cream, Lt. Officer looked like he was going to drop his.

Your reporter had to rescue a pretty girl from the stag line. She was with a wall flower. It was the best assignment I've had since coming into the army. We would like to thank Mrs. Shaw, our hostess, and the Dow Field junior hostesses and the WAACs for coming and keeping us happy.

By the way, Lt. Sands noted that Sgt. Pursley wasn't crippled after he arrived.

New USO Camp Show This Week

Another USO show is coming to Dow Field. This time, it's Tabloid Unit No. 10. Three men and two girls will contribute entertainment made up of songs, dances, music, and comedy.

On Tuesday, May 4th, they appear in Building 479 (Engineer's Area), and on Wednesday, May 5th, they appear at T-6. There will be two shows each day—the Tuesday performance at 6:00 p. m. and 8:00 p. m. and the Wednesday performance at 7:00 p. m. and 9:00 p. m.

Here's another swell USO camp show for Dow Field to enjoy.

Co. F. Engineers Hold Party

A "get together" helped put Company F to find out who's who in their group.

In a racey, frothy affair Pfc. Lunny teamed with Alice Hollowell, Sgt. Frederoff and Beatrice Pooler and Pvt. Wissink and Elinor Pidman put through their paces in slick streamlined fashion and ran off with the prize.

Balance contests, shoe dances and broom dances had the dancers in a happy mood. Sgt. Federoff ended with the broom and was given a penalty.

If there was one word to describe the fun, the most often heard expression was "wonderful." So we take it that everybody had a good time.

Mrs. Shaw does it again.



What pretty teeth you have, Betty Grable. Betty shows you that a snappy smile will get you places—depending on what you have in other places.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

Solemn note for Easter: We don't know whether it's a general procedure currently or not but at the mass we attended, the priest led the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" at the end of the ceremony. We also noticed that some of the lyrics were rewritten as prayers for soldiers and sailors. An interesting combination of God and country.

MONDAY

Since this global war stuff started, it's knocked our ideas of geography completely haywire. It used to be so simple to get down on a floor with a map and see the relationship of major cities. The thing that started this trend of thought was a question we saw on airplane distances to Japan. If we were asked which of these cities were nearer to Tokohoma, Japan—Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Minneapolis, Minnesota—we would have thought the last one was thrown in for a joker. But strangely enough, that's the answer.

Another stopper is the fact that Reno, Nevada is farther west than Los Angeles or that Cleveland, Ohio lies less than three miles west of Jacksonville, Florida. It sure makes our previous impressions seem like—to use Claire Luce's coined word—"globaloney."

TUESDAY

Our radio efforts have started pointing to bigger things. It seems the folks down at Bar Harbor heard the broadcasts and got a kick out of them. Bar Harbor has no USO so there's no way to entertain the servicemen. So they suggested bringing on the whole cast to put on a performance. Our job was to line up a program—sort of the cream of all the previous broadcasts boiled down into one. The choice was a difficult one, but the time element allowed us to give plenty of change of pace.

Over and over we tried arranging a tentative setup, but repeatedly something would happen to knock us out. Sgt. Kronis came up from Bar Harbor and checked the acts for lighting. We had been so impressed with the "Dear Mom" letter in the WAAC revue, we decided to try something along the lines of it, with an added dramatic touch.

WEDNESDAY

By this time, we have recovered from our embarrassment with our face a brilliant red. We have been busy denying any connection with our Post Personality writeup. No longer will we try to convince doubting Thomases that we not only didn't write the piece but we didn't know what it was going to be. We'll never trust that other member of the staff (the only one) with our personal life. From our hecklers, we've been getting such comments as, "You go away just so you can get your name in the paper," or "You're the editor, you know what's going in." Oh, well, we can't take it.

THURSDAY

Today has become a sort of Dow Field scavenger hunt. In anticipation of gags to fill in at the show at Bar Harbor, we dug up some stunts. Our list of props included one pair of ladies' bloomers, one girdle, a full pack and helmet, and a foxhole in the Solomons.

We got the bloomers all right, but to try to convince a gal to part with her girdle—nothing doing. They figure that's stretching things a bit.

As a prelude to the broadcast, Cpl. Gerald Schier knocked out a few magic tricks, and warmed up the audience for the air.

How to be sure about her diamond

If you are an average young man you've probably given little thought to diamonds. The fact is there's a big difference in them and if you would like to buy wisely you'll want to know what to look for.

We suggest that you drop in and have a talk with our diamond expert, Mr. Bryant, Jr. There's no obligation. He'll be glad to give you the facts and help you in every possible way.

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RELAXATION — Mrs. Paula Vassar Arling, wife of Lt. Arthur E. Arling, USNR cameraman, at a Beverly Hills pool.

"To keep us on our toes department": During the broadcast, we had scheduled the Hitler song skit after Frank Chamberlain sang his solo. Sgt. Edwards was in the dressing room starting to dress up as Hitler. We were startled out of our complacency—standing on the sideline—hearing Irving Hunter introduce—not Chamberlain—but the comedy skit. We dashed into the dressing room—hailed out Edwards and just in time to hit the air—as the quick-witted band made the change.

No one in the audience was conscious of the incident. "The Show must go on!"

FRIDAY

"Heartbreak Dept."—After our program had been all set up, we got a phone call from two of our principal performers that they were shipping out. But quick! We keep consoling ourselves with "This is the army," and you gotta be resourceful. A full report of the Bar Harbor show will be found somewhere in The Observer, so that takes care of the details. One thought however that we'd like to pass along is that it was our first appearance in the bright lights, with our cartoon-chalk talk. It's a real thrill to hear the audience responding to this novelty. It's purely a hobby thing with us and it's lots of fun. Developed since we've been in the army, too.

SATURDAY

Every once in a while when we ask somebody for advice, then we don't use it, we think of the incident that goes like this. Two old battered wrecks of humanity were sitting together on a bench in the city park when one informed his neighbor, "I'm a man who never took advice from anybody."

"Shake old fellow," said the other, "I'm a man who followed everybody's advice." We're taking our own advice and stopping right now.

Radio Show

Continued from the First Page

Sgt. Geden's linking narrative) and the audience seemed to like it, judging from their violent enthusiasm.

South America came in for its share of attention as Dow Field

presented such items as (1) Cpl. Eaves singing "Conchita Rosita Marquita Lopez"; (2) S/Sgt. Joseph Narvelli singing "Amapola" in Spanish; (3) The Troubadors playing "We're All In It." Narvelli was making his Dow Field Radio Show debut, although he's a radio veteran as his delivery of "Amapola" proved.

Cpl. Egidio Biscaglia has given us some fine music with his violin and his last's performance added one more to his total. The cadenza to the introduction of "Jealousy" is a familiar piece of music, popular with violin soloists. Cpl. Biscaglia did it full justice.

Baritone Pvt. Frank Chamberlain sang "Stout-Hearted Men." Frank is another lad with plenty of professional experience to back him up. As a contrast, nothing could have been more pleasing than tenor Sgt. Al Jarusevich singing "That Old Black Magic."

Something novel to the Dow show was Cpl. Gerald Schier's magic. Announcer Irving Hunter and the studio audience (as well as the listening one) played along with the magical arithmetic.

Other items of interest were Cpl. Eaves' rendition of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" and The Troubadors' impression of "Hey, Good Looking." The Troubadors are directed by Cpl. Eaves, the program was under the direction of Sgt. Geden, and the entertainment was strictly superior stuff.

Variety Show

Continued from the First Page

Sgt. Eliot Kronis of the Quartermaster, stationed at Bar Harbor, was the master of ceremonies. His local touches and quick ad-libbing kept the show moving at a fast clip. There's no doubt about it, Sgt. Kronis knows his public and there's no doubt about their admiration for him. One typical quick-witted slant went something like this. In the balcony a boy had his foot over the bar. Kronis looked at him and said, "Say son, will you please take your feet off the rail. It makes me thirsty."

Cpl. Jack Eaves, Sgt. George Edwards and Cpl. Gene Hunt took

"Daisy Daisy" over the jumps. Sgt. Edwards clowning all over the stage and had a busy night from impersonating a yard bird to pantomiming a boy writing a letter to his mother from the Pacific. Vocals were taken care of by Sgt. Al Jarusevich, Cpl. Eaves, Sgt. Russo and Pvt. Frank Chamberlain. Every singer was applauded so enthusiastically that they kept coming back for encores.

Cpl. Biscaglia played two sensational violin solos, as only he can play them. He also doubled in the comedy roles.

When the Aviation Squadron took over, the floor boards almost got up, and started dancing. Pvt. Lester Wilson, with a guitar around his neck, directed the band, announced the numbers and sang in solo spots. Pvt. Melvin Davis doing comedy songs and stories numbers, had a nifty stage approach. His timing and mannerisms gave his monologue plenty of pep. Pvs. Joseph Barnes, Jobe, Huntley, Booker Halsey and Lester Wilson combined in an "Ink Spots" impersonation. The Red Hot combination of the band were Pvt. Spurgeon Illery, Frank Stovall, James Thompkins, George Evans, and Samuel Wilson.

S-Sgt. Geden took a bow on a series of quick cartoon sketches, read a "Dear Mom" letter as well as picking the acts for the show.

The entire production was under the supervision of Lt. Mahoney of Quartermaster. A dinner was provided for the entire cast before the show.

The Aviation Squadron band played for the dancing afterward.

Language Classes

Continued from the First Page

phasizing the study of foreign languages in army camps.

Classes in Spanish, French and German are now being conducted with others being planned. For time schedule of classes, see Mrs. Alyce Connor at the Base Library (T-33) or call 388.

Purpose of the courses is to enable men to converse with prisoners, ask questions, give orders, establish relations with civilians in the occupied countries, and to issue commands.

Says Dr. Downs: "If the forces of occupation know even a smattering of the language spoken in the country they occupy, their work is facilitated immeasurably."

Air Base Squadron

Sights about the squadron: Sgt. Ed Stewart is extremely busy in the Post Office these days. He always manages to look calm and collected, though. But there's a boy who gets things done. . . . Cpl. Freddie Newmann looks sorta lonesome. His best friend, S-Sgt. Bill Love, has left Dow Field. . . . Pvt. Eugene Adam's acid tongue makes him a cross between Monty Wooley and George Jean Nathan. . . . Cpl. Parkhurst, back from furlough, celebrated his return by tripping over a footlocker in the dark.

T-Sgt. John Russell's extra stripes really make him look awfully distinguished, we think. . . . Pfc. Ken Bishop, motion picture projectionist and comedian of the "dry humor" school isn't feeling well these days. Hope you're well soon Ken so we can be on the receiver end of some of those delightfully ambiguous digressions of yours. . . . A couple of bouquets to Pvs. Garcia and Hannes for the foreign language classes they volunteered to instruct.

The library is a busy place these

GUESS WHO?

This week's personality is a bit out of the ordinary run. See how quickly you can catch on. Guess who?

(1)

He was born in Lorian, Ohio in 1878. He is known as a triple-threat man on surface, air, and undersea. However, he's famous for being a seaman.

GUESS WHO?

(2)

At Annapolis, from which he graduated in 1901, his class rated him "a born leader, a fast thinker, and a great party man." The yearbook said of him, "Temper? Don't fool with nitroglycerin." In 1926, while commander of the submarine base at New London, he engineered the salvaging of the S-51. Later, he raised the sunken S-4.

GUESS WHO?

(3)

At 49 he took up aviation and went through the same routine as young cadets and got his wings at Pensacola. When he was commander of the Atlantic Fleet, it was said that he kept his ships "one speech ahead of the President."

GUESS WHO?

(4)

His most pronounced characteristic is his insistence on discipline. In December, 1941, he was named as Supreme Naval Commander. His initials are E. A. K. And he is an admiral.

Answers on Page 7

evenings but during the Thursday night Dow Field Radio Show, attendance at T-33 drops quite a bit. This speaks well for our radio show. . . . Sgt. George Edwards says that his wife has written him an invitation to visit her on his next furlough. George says he will accept. . . . Little four year old Hugh Connor, son of librarian Alyce Connor, fell in the mud one day when he was out here at Dow Field. His mother looked at him and commented, "You shouldn't do that, Hugh!"

ATTENTION ENLISTED MEN



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What's Playing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MON., TUES.—RANDOLPH SCOTT, GLENN FORD
CLAIRE TREVOR in
THE DESPERADOES (In Technicolor)

WED., THURS.—COSMO JONES in
THE CRIME SMASHER

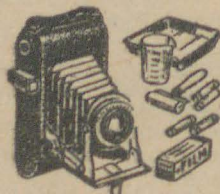
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Post Theatre PROGRAMS

Monday, May 3:

LADY OF BURLESQUE—Barbara Stanwyck, Eddie O'Shea.
Also—Community Sing.

Tuesday, May 4:

SHE HAS WHAT IT TAKES—Jinx Falkenburg, Tom Neal.
THE MAN TRAP—Lloyd Corrigan, Dorothy Lovett.

Wednesday, May 5:

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda.

Thursday and Friday, May 6 and 7:

DESERT VICTORY—(Special North African War film).
SHERLOCK HOLMES IN WASHINGTON—Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Saturday, May 8:

I ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO—Dean Jagger, John Carradine.

Sunday and Monday, May 9 and 10:

MY FRIEND FLICKA—Roddy McDowell, Preston Foster.

Tuesday, May 11:

RHYTHM OF THE ISLANDS—Allan Jones, Jane Frazee.
I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE—Frances Lee, James Ellison.

Wednesday, May 12:

FOREST RANGERS (Technicolor)—Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard.

Thursday and Friday, May 13 and 14:

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston.

Saturday, May 15:

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY—Pierre Aumont, Susan Peters.

Sunday and Monday, May 16 and 17:

THIS LAND IS MINE—Chas. Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders.

Tuesday, May 18:

FALCON STRIKES BACK—Tom Conway, Harriet Hilliard.
REDHEAD FROM MANHATTAN—Lupe Velez.

Wednesday, May 19:

HOLIDAY INN—Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire.

Thursday and Friday, May 20 and 21:

MORE THE MERRIER—Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, Charles Coburn.

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

Knitting gives women something to think about while they're talking.

Life Savers

Weapons



Never point a weapon at anybody unless you intend to kill him.



Always keep the safety lock on when your weapon is loaded and you are not firing. If you don't, you may accidentally catch the trigger and shoot yourself or a comrade.

The Tailor's Reply

Adolphe Menjou ordered a pair of striped trousers from his tailor. Six months passed before the trousers were ready. Menjou said, icily, "God created the world in six days—but you—it takes six months to make one pair of pants."
"Well, Mr. Menjou," said the tailor calmly, "look at the world—and look at these pants!"

(Louis Sobol)

Col. Quiz Answers

1. The Base Library and The Observer office.
2. The Base Recreation Hall.
3. The Base Gymnasium and theatre for stage and radio activities.
4. The classification building.
5. The Office of Military Intelligence.
6. The Post Theatre.

Following the line of least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked.

A well driven golf ball leaves the head of the club at 135 miles an hour. That is only slightly faster than a golfer leaves the office.



Preston Foster as you will see him in "My Friend Flicka" showing at the Post Theatre May 9th and 10th.

NICE WORK—AND DO THEY GET IT!

"The Engineers
Have hairy ears"
—And hairy, harried faces;
Robust and rough
They do their stuff
In all the toughest places.

For they're the babies who take the raps, The boobs who probe for the booby-traps, The scouts ahead of the scouting lines Cutting the wire and hunting mines. And they are the playboys, gay and bright, Who crack pillboxes with dynamite, And they are the fellers who fell the trees, While the bullets hum like a hive of bees.

The Engineers!
They grease the gears
That army transports run on,
And foot by foot
Build roads they put
The trucks and tanks and guns on.

They are the buckos who buck the way Through stubborn granite and sticky clay. With pick and shovel they break their backs After (and under) the bomb-attacks. They drill for water through desert dunes And over the rivers they toss pontoons. They slap down runways in fields of mud (And some of the ooze is the ooze of blood).

The Engineers
Are cavaliers
Who joust with logs and boulders,
A task that's done
With half a ton
Of junk upon their shoulders.

For they are the lugs who lug the most Of loads that land on a hostile coast, And they are the guys, when equipment fails, Who scratch out a ditch with the finger nails. You find them up in the mountain crags And down in the jungle clearing snags Where the moccasins coil and the snipers lurk —Engineers, doing the dirty work! !

An old Chinese proverb runs: "Be not disturbed at being misunderstood. Be disturbed at not understanding."

Did you hear about the guy who kept knocking on a lamp-post one night and muttering, "There must be someone home. There's a light up there."



BLONDE — Marines don't think blondes are dumb, a number of leathernecks have assured Actress Penny Singleton (above). Penny, whose husband, Robert Sparks, is a captain in the USMC, gets lots of fan mail from the corps.



"My sister and I go with the same fellow—I'm older, though, and have priority rights!"

NAMES OF MILITARY PLANES

(Reprinted from The Army and Navy Journal)

In order that the general public may get a better idea of the character of military aircraft and more easily identify the combat planes mentioned in press dispatches from the battlefields of the world, a joint announcement this week stated the Army and Navy have officially recognized the popular names which have become associated with the various models. This practice has long been in effect in England.

With a few exceptions, where manufacturers have not submitted suggested names, the following will be applied to American aircraft (Army and Navy technical designations are also given):

HEAVY BOMBERS		Name
Army	Navy & MC	
B-17		Flying Fortress
B-24	PB4Y	Liberator
MEDIUM BOMBERS		
B-18		Bolo
B-23		Dragon
B-25	PBJ	Mitchell
B-26		Marauder
B-34	PV	Ventura
LIGHT BOMBERS		
A-20	BD	Havok (Attack)
A-24	SBD	Dauntless (Dive)
A-25	SB2C	Helldiver (Dive)
A-29	PBO	Hudson (Patrol)
A-34	SB2A	Buccaneer (Dive)
A-35		Vengeance (Dive)
	SB2U	Vindicator (Dive)
	TBD	Devastator (Torpedo)
	TBF	Avenger (Torpedo)
PATROL BOMBERS (Flying Boats)		
OA-10	PBY	Catalina
	PB2Y	Coronado
	PBM	Mariner
FIGHTERS		
P-38		Lightning
P-39		Airacobra
P-40		Warhawk
P-43		Lancer
P-47		Thunderbolt
P-51		Mustang
	F2A	Buffalo
	F4F	Wildcat
	F4U	Corsair

An old timer informs us: When the typewriter was first put on the market, salesmen had to give demonstrations to skeptical prospects and their favorite word to tap out was typewriter. So the letters in that word were carefully placed in the top row of the keyboard (to make it easier for the sales lads) and a few other letters tossed in to fill out the line. The rest of the keyboard was arrived at more or less haphazardly.

Monopoly: Of the 42 highest mountain peaks in the U. S., 35 are in Colorado.

Jordon: "The Lord knows how Binks made his money!"

Gordon: "No wonder he always worried."

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Printed by the Bangor Publishing Company, publishers of "THE BANGOR DAILY NEWS," a civilian enterprise, in the interests of the personnel of Dow Field.

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Editorial

Hitler, the Rain Maker

Four centuries ago, the Natchez Indians of North America would club together to purchase favorable weather for their crops from their tribal wizard.

Their offerings of gifts he would gracefully accept and then perform queer antics that guaranteed to please the most critical. But most of the time, nothing happened. If rain was needed, the wizard would fast and dance with a pipe in his mouth, filled with water. The pipe was perforated like the nozzle of a watering can, and through the holes the rainmaker would blow water towards that part of the sky where clouds hung the heaviest. But if fair weather was wanted, the stunt was to climb the roof and and blow the clouds away.

If all this razzle-dazzle didn't get action, he had a neat trick of sidestepping. He simply put the finger on some wretched tribesman, accusing him of conduct unbecoming a true Natchez.

Somewhere, along the line, Hitler seems to have picked up a little Natchez blood. The Germans want action, so Hitler goes into a screaming rage and rants and raves. We bet he'd like to be able to climb a roof and blow away the storm clouds.

As the going gets tougher, he will soon be accusing his general of being Non-Aryan.

Hitler the rain maker will need more than perforated pipes to drive away the rain of the bombs. He will need more than deep breaths to blow away the gathering tornado of torture.

Let it rain!

Our Thanks To Bangor

This past week has seen the close of another successful musical season in Bangor.

During the winter, men at Dow Field have had the privilege of attending these concerts: Maria Gambarelli, Adolph Busch and Rudolph Serkin, William Sutherland, and Julius Heuhn. These were only a few of the top-flight performers.

To go even further, Bangor has made every effort to make our boys feel "at home." At the Community Center, Miss Miriam Landon and Dr. Levine have worked hard to arrange fun fests. They were responsible for organizing the first sports night for Dow Field.

The USO, under Mr. Hennessy, has opened its new spacious building for use of servicemen and have put all its facilities at our beck and call.

Too numerous to mention are the hundreds of thoughtful folks who have invited us to their homes and hearts. We came as complete strangers and they have made it a little easier to get ourselves together.

We want you to know, people of Bangor, we are not unmindful of the sacrifices you have made. Thanks again for dusting off the welcome mat!



*News highlights from camps, air fields, and naval bases by MCCServicegrams—issued by the Department of Public Relations, National Catholic Community Service (member agency USO)—Washington, D. C.

THEY KNOW THEIR ONIONS

In addition to turning out expert mechanics, Keesler Field, Miss., is helping solve the food problem by harvesting its first crop of onions, which will be followed by some 20 other crops. Produce won't go to the mess halls, however, but will be sold to officers and enlisted men living off the post at prices that just cover the cost of seeding and harvesting.

DEPENDENCY TROUBLES

In a Southern camp, a worried cadet went to his tactical officer with a "personal problem." The "problem" proved to be 23 dogs, 16 cats, 11 canaries, and 2 owls. The cadet wondered whether in filling out his income tax blank he could claim dependency allowances for his pets.

PRINCE AND PRIVATE

On his second day at McClellan Field, Ala., Prince Gaetan de Bourdon joined the K.P. ranks. The prince, whose title comes from the

French house of Bourdon, is one of 24 children. He rose from private to first lieutenant during action in the Spanish Civil War. Asked how he felt about K.P., the prince remarked, "It's the same in every army, in every war."

SOUTHPAWS LTD.

A left-handed softball team, believed to be the only one of its kind in the world, is being organized at Sheppard Field, Texas by Sgt. "Bunny" Levitt. The team, including fifteen players, coach and mascot, will be composed of soldiers who bat and throw left-handed, and will schedule games with the squadron softball teams.

CAMP WOLTERS STORY

Camp Wolters, Texas:—"How about a good tonic on your hair?" inquired the G. I. barber, after giving his victim a particularly tough tonsorial round.

"I don't care," countered the recruit calmly. "Do anything you want with it. There it is all over the floor."

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

The first official softball game takes place tonight, weather permitting. All the games this season will be played at Bass Park. The boys have been practicing the past week and expect to come up with a very good team. Cpl. Roe assisted by Pfc. Kilcoyne are in charge of the team and their job of picking a first team is going to be a tough nut to crack, so all you boys who are not on duty try to make the game and cheer them on to their first win of the season.

Cpl. Casey can sure make line drives after the practice sessions, as Cpl. Johns will verify, he being the victim via the side of the cranium and he was in no mood to pass out cigars for that bull's eye.

Lt. Eshlman looked like good pitching material until he let a few wild ones go into a crowd of the boys, or could it have been the receiver, Sgt. Skypok, who needs the polish put to him.

Pfc. Cunningham admitted the other morning that he still has to learn how to tie his shoe laces, and I quote him: "My mother had to tie them for me until I was nine years old." No doubt when some of the boys see this they will gladly come forward and show him just how to do it so that they will stay tied for the day.

Pfc. Mulledy has shown his worth on the ball team as he can fill in at all positions. As yet he does not have to take his hat off to any of the boys. He is near the 40 mark boys—how about stepping up and matching the skill of the old-timer.

I see the ship's carpenter is being taken for a ride each day in the supply room. Must be that they are preparing him for the high seas and the rough riding he is going through should make him sea sick proof.

Cpl. "Smoothy" Winn looked very cute last week chasing two rodents

with a broom around the barracks. After a futile attempt, that lady-like stamping of the feet showing his indignation was an opportunity for a swell picture. He should have had his dog "Topper" along for assistance.

Looks as if Sgt. Russo is looking for a radio contract; he seems to be going over big at the PX with his songs through the public address system.

Wonder how Cpl. Mollica made out as acting property officer. He said he knew the job 100 per cent, but from my observations he was asking questions most of the time.

Pfc. Payne has been trying to place hit a ball into right without success. We suggest that he take a walk out there and get acquainted before he tries to send the ball into strange territory. He may have a better chance then.

Sgt. Lewis and Pfc. Adams are still visiting the same quarters down town. Such steady company should show results of some kind of an announcement.

Many of the boys will miss T-Sgt. Avsharian. He is a great little fellow and our best wishes go with him in his new assignment.

Pvt. Brintall has been paying two bus fares lately back and forth from town, sounds strange, but it is for one of the fair sex up on the hill. He says she is full of fun and he is just beginning to enjoy Bangor. Better give some of the other lads the antidote and cheer them a little.

Spur of the moment stuff: Elbert Hubbard's famed classic, "The Message To Garcia," which has since been translated and printed in virtually every civilized language, was written casually one night, and without any forethought, inside of a single hour.

Dow Field Inquires:

The question this week was—what do you think of The Observer? Here are the answers we received.

Pvt. Albert Benedetto (Guard Sqdn.)—"The Observer, with a few exceptions, is a well balanced paper. There is, however, a little too much attention given on the front page to the Thursday night radio show. It is a repetition of the same thing each week. I think more attention should be given to the athletic activities on the Base."

Pvt. John Purdon (Air Base Sqdn.)—"It's the best camp newspaper I've seen so far. Interesting and also informative about what's going on in town and on the post."

Pvt. J. I. Roper (Aviation Sqdn.)—"As far as I'm concerned, it's a good paper. It's interesting and it gives you a good idea of what's happening. It makes a person feel at home. It keeps you in contact with what's going on. It's helpful too."

Cpl. Henry Freeman & Sgt. R. Neale (Engineers)—"The Observer is a good-looking paper—lively and informative. It's fully as good as the Devens paper, very up to date."

Pvt. Eugene Adam (Air Base Sqdn.)—"It's a honey of a paper. I think it's great. I'm crazy about it." Cpl. Frank Russo (Ordnance)—"I can't think of a paper I like more. It's just about tops in army journalism. It's really terrific. If there's anything wrong with it, I can't see it."

Mrs. Alyce Connor (Base Librarian)—"It's simply remarkable." Pvt. Alvin Carter (Aviation Sqdn.)—"The Observer is really on the ball. It gives an excellent coverage of the goings on at Dow Field. I would like to see more pictures of action, though."

Next week's Question: Who's your favorite Dow Field Radio Show personality?

Cannon Report

One of the new young ladies in headquarters was the victim of a slick trick of the training department.

Sgt. Edward Thomas asked a gal to go see Lt. Aarons to make out a "Cannon" report at 3 minutes of five. With tongue in cheek Lt. Aarons said he would be glad to help her with the report and that he would make sure she got it on time. Ten seconds before five he came into her office, looked out the window and said the report was about ready. The retreat cannon almost knocked her on the floor. "There," said Lt. Aarons with finality, "is your cannon report."

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"MY DREAM OF HITLER"

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

At last foul creature, I've shot you down. Halting your plunders from town to town. Ending your terror of sinful days. That sought to trample man's honest ways.

There on the ground, a monster you lie. So hated by all; I shudder and sigh. Blood-stained face with touch that's cold. Reveals the price for being so bold.

Fool! Who could keep that pace of living. With thoughts of taking and mis-giving? Filling the wants of a selfish heart. By warring schemes of deadly art.

Now as I scan your wretched sight.

I know this world will be alright. And here once more with God above. We'll find sweet peace, our joy and love.

Little Willie, tired of play. Pushed sister down the well one day. "Indeed," said Mother, as she drew water. "It's mighty hard to raise a daughter."

Junkman: "Any rags, papers, old iron?"

Householder: (angrily) "No, my wife's away."

Junkman: "Any bottles?"

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

AT THE COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR



"Women's work is never done! It's my husband calling up to find out when to feed the baby and what I want for dinner!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Private: "Are you going to try to get a commission?"
Second Private: "No, I just want a straight salary."

We dearly love our P. X.
We praise it to all glory,
But every time we go there,
It's closed for inventory.

Abbreviated college courses have created their own problems. A Harvard student left the room to go down to the washroom. When he returned, he had missed his entire sophomore year.

(roaring with rage): "Who you to put these flowers on the desk?"

Pfc.: "The C. O., sir."
Lt.: "Very pretty flowers, aren't they?"

Soldier: Hello.
Girl:
Soldier: Oh, well.

Medic: How would you like to see a model home?
Guard: Glad to. What time does she quit work?

Soldier: "I'd like to marry you or something."
Girl: "You'll marry me or nothing."

No, Joe, a Jeep is not a female Jap!

Mess Sarge: "So you're complaining because you found sand in the soup?"

Rookie: "Yes."
Mess Sarge: "Did you join the to serve your country or to plain?"

Rookie: "To serve my country, chum, not to eat it."



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HAMBURGERS - - -
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COLONEL QUIZ ASKS



1. What is T-33?
2. What is T-15?
3. What is T-6?
4. What is T-23?
5. What is S-2?
6. What is T-5?

Answers on page 6.

in the annals of flight. Conceptions of aircraft, in fact, having helicopter characteristics are far older than the airplane itself.

What may be termed the first successful helicopter was developed by Professor Focke in Germany in 1937, when he astounded the world by flying his model inside a crowded sports palace. Little, however, has since been heard of this craft, perhaps because of the war, perhaps because of inherent weaknesses of design.

The Sikorsky helicopter was conceived along quite different lines and the present Army model, due to combined Air Forces and company cooperation, has been considerably simplified and improved over the original Sikorsky prototype. Further improvements in construction as well as performance characteristics will be incorporated in the production models to come.

In appearance the helicopter is as unusual as are its flying characteristics which enable it to rise and descend vertically without running space to fly forward or in reverse direction, to shy to either side or bounce about in the air, to spin like a top on its vertical axis, or to hover motionless over a definite spot. Since there is no necessity of take off or landing run, no prepared landing field is necessary—only a clearing free of trees and sufficiently large to accommodate the main rotor blades and a small extra radius to allow for pilot error. Equipped with low pressure floats it will be able to operate from land, water, snow, marsh or thin ice. There are no stalling characteristics since in case of motor failure the craft merely windmills to the ground. In tests, a ladder has been let down to the ground while the helicopter remained motionless above, and a crew member climbed down the ladder. Having completed his ground errand, he climbed up again into the still hovering craft. Similar tests have demonstrated sliding down a rope from the cockpit to the ground.

The fuselage is without wings. The front has somewhat the square-faced appearance of a taxicab. Aft it lifts sharply to provide clearance for the rear rotor. If welded tubular construction, the rear section at the tail is left uncovered. Two rotors (or propellers) are installed; one approximately 36 feet operating in the horizontal plane on top of the fuselage, one of 7½ feet in a vertical plane at one side of the tail. The full lift of the helicopter is obtained from the horizontal rotor.

Power is furnished by a seven-cylinder Warner radial engine by gear and shaft transmission to the two rotors. The main landing gear presents a bow-legged appearance, strutbraced at the sides of the fuselage well back of the cabin. Side-by-side seats accommodate a pilot and passenger or crew member. Approximate length is 38 feet and height 12 feet. Gross weight is 2400 pounds.

The late Arnold Bennett classed Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and Dumas as second raters because he considered them sentimental. (But they'll doubtless be read when Arnold Bennett's works are forgotten.)

NOT NEW
The word "helicopter" is not new

Helicopter Tested As War Weapon

It looks like a flying windmill. In a newsreel at the Post Theater this week, it was shown in action. The commentator suggested its use would be in spotting submarines. Here is what the Army says about it.

The Army Air Forces announces the development of a helicopter. After long years having been devoted to experimentation with the type, this model promises for the first time in history to provide a heavier-than-air medium operating along lines radically different from those of the standard airplane and at the same time providing definite and practical flying characteristics of military value. Known as the Army-Sikorsky helicopter, the basic model of the new aircraft was designed by Igor Sikorsky in 1939 and demonstrated by him in 1940.

In 1941 the Air Forces placed an order for one experimental model which, when completed, was flown the 761 miles between the company plant and Wright Field, where it was delivered for test in May, 1942. These tests have been sufficiently successful so that a production order has been placed with the Vought-Sikorsky company and with delivery of the production models the craft will be subjected to further tests under actual field operating conditions.

NOT NEW
The word "helicopter" is not new

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Cpl. Sam Chimoff of Ordnance Is In Favor of Round Tables

Cpl. Sam Chimoff, Ordnance reporter for The Observer, thinks that round tables are better than square tables. This may seem, at first, like an unimportant distinction, but Sam explains it this way.

"Round tables make for a friendly atmosphere. Everyone feels equal and it all becomes one big happy family. Square tables make everyone feel reserved and a little strange. Some square tables are worse than other square tables, but no square table is as good as a round table. My mother's parties are always successful. I attribute that to our round table."

Beginning to see what our reporter was driving at, we asked him if he suggested replacing the army's oblong tables with round ones.

"I realize," said Sam, "that this would be slightly impractical. Besides, there's a friendly feeling in the Army already. But there's no doubt that round tables are the thing."

Cpl. Chimoff, who was born in New York and whose home is presently in Maplewood, New Jersey, admits that his nine year old brother is more intelligent than he is. "Or at least more intelligent than I was at his age," he added hastily.

His hobbies include model airplane building (gas models), ships (woodworking) and good books. (E.

P. Oppenheimer used to be his favorite.) Neatness about clothing and all personal items and a desire to have everything "just right" and in its place are two of his habits.

As a child, Sam used to fight with everyone. "I was antagonistic," he admits. "But a heart to heart talk with my principal showed me the error of my ways. It was a turning point in my life."

After school, he used to work as a grocery clerk for several large chain companies, then he got a job in a defense plant. His ultimate aim is aeronautical engineering. He studied one year at the College of Engineering at Newark, New Jersey.

Sam is a big boy—six feet, two and a quarter inches tall and weighs 190 lbs. He likes swimming especially and goes for most other sports too. They make him exuberant, he says.

Definitely not a fatalist, he believes every man can shape his own life. Hiking in the country and snapping unusual photos are his idea of fun. Likes plays and vaudeville better than the movies and Greer Garson is his favorite lady of the screen. His favorite piece of music is "The Blue Danube Waltz."

Among the many interesting people whom he's met, he recalls an unrecognized Negro poet and writer. For some reason, he says, he's never forgotten that man.

can we go home." Now all we're worried about is, "When can we get home."

S-Sgt. Wallace Nowack and Sgt. William Linnain arrived back from their respective three-day passes. While Sgt. Linnain was in New York, he spoke to "civilian" Matthew Riley over the phone. "Matty" sends all the boys his regards. Linnain wanted to see Matty personally, but since his was only a two hour visit to New York he couldn't make it.

Pvt. Horace Arosian arrived back from his three-day pass, looking just a little the worse for wear.

Last week I inaugurated the principal of ending your column with a few puns. Since it was received with a great ovation, I shall continue it.

Drip: Give me a round-trip ticket.

Droop: Where to?

Drip: Back here, of course.

Sergeant: What's your name and address, big boy?

Inductee: You ought to know. You sent for me.

Here's to the parachutist, the only man who gets up in the world by falling down on the job.

The only difference between a rut and a grave is their dimensions. (Ellen Glasgow).

How the "Underground" operates inside Germany

● A daring anti-Nazi group is risking death to smuggle war secrets across the border. Two who escaped explain why their conspirators never write down addresses or burn incriminating reports in fireplaces; and the part microphotography, memory and iron self-control play in their grim activities under Gestapo noses. A vivid report in this month's Digest—"Dead Men on Leave."

● Warning to Parents of Teen-Age Daughters. A shocking account of the wartime rise in venereal disease and delinquency among girls whose parents are too busy or indifferent to keep them out of trouble. What every individual—and every town—can do to stem this threat to America's moral and physical health. Read "Trouble on the Street Corners."

● Battle Story of "Flying Forts"... 38-page condensation from "Queens Die Proudly," Part II. Also "A Midget at Bat" by James Thurber, and "Secret Mission to North Africa" in this issue... with 24 other articles of lasting interest, condensed for quick, enjoyable reading.

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Week-day afternoons from 1:00 to 5:30, and
Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings
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Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Capt. 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.

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



The word "morale" has been used and misused so much recently that it has become shopworn. Yet no other word in our language means just what "morale" does. Zeal, spirit, courage, enthusiasm, pep—none of them implies all that morale does. Perhaps "spirit" comes the closest.

Morale is what they call an intangible—you can't touch, taste, hear, see, or smell it—yet it is important. If you are a college man, you know about Greek letter fraternities. If not, you must be familiar with clubs and fraternal orders. There is a distinct resemblance between such organizations and a company in the Army.

I refer to the "all for one and one for all" principle. When a company gets working on that basis, it has class—and morale. Then other companies imitate it and eventually you have a regiment, a brigade, a division, and finally an army which thinks it's the salt of the earth and demonstrates that it is.

Whenever such a state of mind exists, an army has morale to such an extent that it believes it can, and probably can, lick any other army on the face of the globe.

But it all has to begin with the individual.

rie, Derry Christopoulos, DeLorme, Johnson, Zurek, Lewis and Wise a chance to warm up their hard hitting team for the opening game.

The Finance Detachment had group pictures taken by S. Sgt. Van de Walker last Thursday. The group liked the results so well that many pictures were ordered to send to friends and relatives.

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonys, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

Just one week 'til Mother's Day. May 9th is the date. Don't forget to write your mother a very special message so that she will receive it for Mother's Day. We have plenty of Mother's Day paper at the library and you will find it on the tables. Your Mother will more than appreciate a letter from you with a special Mother's Day greeting. Come in today and write that letter.

When you find that your barracks are too noisy just wander over to the library and you will find all the quiet and peace you need for concentration for the book you want to read or the studying that you are doing. The library is open all day and evening until 10:00 p. m., except Saturdays and Sundays when it closes at 6:00 p. m.

"As You Were", edited by Alexander Woolcott. An excellent collection of short stories edited especially for the enjoyment of the boys in service. A wide variety of subjects are covered such as humor, melodrama, suspense and romance. All the selections are American and by well known authors.

"Take it from Me" by Neal O'Hara. If you want to know many helpful and surprising facts read this book. "Your stomach when ab-

solutely empty is just a trifle larger than your index finger". "The human brain is capable of holding some 3,155,760 separate ideas." These and many other interesting items are revealed in this book. It also has favorite quizzes and gags and astonishing facts about important people, yourself and your government.

"Outdoor Life Cyclopedia". Now that spring has finally arrived and summer is just around the corner, is the time to think about enjoying your spare time. No matter what outdoor sport you enjoy, you will find a lot of helpful information in this book. Just what kind of a fly or bait to use in catching a certain kind of fish, how to build a temporary camp, what to do if you get lost in the woods and a wealth of other material.



Know Your Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Lt. Edward L. Mills

Lt. Edward L. Mills was born May 17, 1919, at the great windy city of Chicago. He graduated from Arlington Heights Twp High School and then went to Michigan State College where he took up chemistry as his major subject. While there he won five major letters in cross-country and track, being captain of the former his last year.

His schooling was broken up by several jobs which he took advantage of during his stay at Michigan State. They included life guarding and working nights in the General Motors Forge Plant.

He received his commission through R.O.T.C. at Michigan

State and was ordered to active duty on June 20, 1942. This R.O.T.C. training was in the cavalry but he received his commission in the Chemical Warfare Service. He reported to school for further instruction. He came to Dow Field, August 1, 1942, and took over the duties which he now holds as Base Chemical Officer and Chemical Property Officer.

He is married and has a two year old daughter.

His main hobbies are swimming, track, golf, fishing and putting men through the gas chamber.

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

Peoria, Ill., will welcome Carl P. Hessing, Tech. 5th, editor of the Observer Finance column, who left last week on a furlough. The fellows wonder just how the USO will function while Carl's away.

Warrant Officer Eric Flodberg and M-Sgt. Milton Kastenbaum are by this time right in the harness working for commissions as finance officers. They are studying at O. C. S. Finance school.

Harry Johnson, T-4th was welcomed back to the office last Monday after completing the course in Army Finance at non-commissioned officers' Finance school. Harry enjoyed a delay en route, at his home in Wollaston, Mass., before returning to Dow Field.

T-4th Frank Derry is all pepped up after enjoying a brief visit on a three day pass at his home in Greenville, Mass.

The Finance softball team is opening the league season on May 4th. Due to cold weather, they have not been able to get out and feel the sting of the bat. On paper, it looks like the team will be well represented and be in a position to give any opposing league team plenty of opposition. A break in the weather will give sluggers Correa, Carlson, Bertrand, McQuar-



MAJOR SAM WOODFILL

NO. 1 SOLDIER OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR
NOW BACK IN HARNESS TRAINING NEW
INFANTRYMEN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT.

DECLARED BY GENERAL PERSHING TO BE "THE OUTSTANDING SOLDIER OF THE AEF". DECORATED BY SIX NATIONS, INCLUDING THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR—HIGHEST U.S. AWARD.



HE LECTURES TO O.C.S. STUDENTS ON HOW TO DO IT THE MODERN WAY.



RUSHED AN ENEMY MACHINE GUN NEST—KILLED 19 MEN IN 15 MINUTES—USING PISTOL AND PICKAXE. HIS WAR TOTAL IS 23 ENEMY CASUALTIES.

Promotions

The following men have received promotions during the past week. Congratulations and good luck to them!

To be private first class:

Pvt. Vincent M. Sorrentino.
Pvt. Daniel S. Hejna.
Pvt. Arthur J. Brownell.
Pvt. Arthur Padaetz.
Pvt. Joseph W. Provost.
Pvt. Ora D. Sinnett.

100% Bond Subscription For Station Hospital

Due to the efforts of Miss Mary O'Connell, chief clerk in charge of civilians at the Station Hospital, the top record of 100 per cent subscription by civilian employees through the pay roll reservation plan for the purchase of war bonds will be in effect with the May 1st payroll.

Thus, the Station Hospital is entitled to fly the Minute Man Flag. Arrangements are in progress.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St.

Bangor

AMERICA'S

CHAMPION DANCE BAND

HARRY JAMES

AND HIS

CHESTERFIELD MUSIC MAKERS

with HELEN FORREST and JOHNNY MACAFEE

Tune in for the famous

CHESTERFIELD SPECIAL

Harry James records are hard to get, but each night he plays a Chesterfield Special so that you can hear his own sensational arrangements over the air exactly as recorded for your phonograph at camp or home.

Every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY night

ALL COLUMBIA STATIONS

FOR THE

MILDNESS AND BETTER TASTE

THAT SMOKERS WANT IN A CIGARETTE

Change to

CHESTERFIELD

Dow Field Activities

Monday—May 3, Miss Ruth Draper in monologues and skits at T-6.

Tuesday—May 4, Engineers party, second battalion and H. & S.—12 piece orchestra. U. S. O. camp show—2 shows.

Wednesday—May 5, U. S. O. camp show at T-6, 7 p. m.—9 p. m.

Thursday—May 6, regular broad-

cast and dance at T-6.

Have you tried out the new floor—it's a beauty.

Friday—May 7, "get acquainted" party, second battalion, T-15. Get to know your buddies, fellows.

Saturday—May 8, amateur night at T-15. If you speak of talent here is the place to let it burst into flame. You'd be surprised how good you are if you only try.

The Stuff That Life's Made Of

Ideas are strange things. Especially the ideas that some men seem to get on entering the army. These men think it their duty to prove something or other by showing how often they can get drunk (and talking about it), using a limited group of profane words that become more repetitious and silly all the time, and giving up all attempt at self-control.

We're not sure what these men are trying to prove. (We suspect they're trying to prove that they're men, and we also suspect that they're doing it the hard way and defeating their purpose.)

They obtain pleasure not merely in giving up all effort at self-control, but in talking about what they like to consider their boldness or daring. Their words often exaggerate their actions. Their desire to be "one of the boys" is often touching and always a little bit

whimsical. More often than not, they begin to bore their comrades.

Self-control leads to self-respect, and neither one of these is a thing to be ashamed of. Discipline is an important part of the life of any society and as soon as men are unable to discipline themselves, the society which they are part of becomes that much weaker. The most important society of all is that of mankind. Anyone with respect for his brother men, for himself, for his beliefs, and for the forces that surround him, must be aware of this truth.

It's easy to follow the crowd and the path of least resistance.

When you follow something inside yourself, then you're really proving your manhood. Those who have done it say that the satisfaction it brings is immeasurable. It's a joy that is real—of the stuff that life's made of.



SLACK SUIT—Martha O'Driscoll models a navy cotton gabardine play suit with fitted shorts under the slacks.

Guard Squadron

By Sgt. Tom Shanley

The men of this squadron are now undergoing an intensive training program under Capt. Nelson and Lt. Halbert. A well planned program has been laid out which will cover many subjects and prepare each man for any eventualities that may arise. There were many aching bones and sore feet after the first day. Don't give up fellows, the first couple of weeks are the hardest.

The grudge softball game between the Guardsmen and the Military Police was played Tuesday night at the Union street ball grounds. It was a nip and tuck affair with the Guardsmen finally coming out on top by the score of 14 to 12. The men show prospects of putting a well balanced team on the field that will bear watching during the coming league games.

What is the cause of that big smile on Pvt. Bill Schwarz's face? Can it be that his pet canary returned to barracks T-29 or is it because of a fair lady by the name of Mary C.? Seems to be seeing her quite a lot lately.

Pvt. Robert Stevenson, the Isaac Walton of Gonic, N. H., thought he struck a land mine with his shovel while digging for worms for one of his fishing trips. After regaining his wits, he learned much to his surprise that it was only the retreat gun going off. As yet we have not seen any of the fish that you were supposed to have brought back.

Pvt. Victor Dark was overheard to say that the only two things that he ever received in the army that really fitted him were his tie and belt.

Pvt. Harvey Patterson swears that the bed linen feels like sand paper lately. It is not the sheets Harvey. Just stop eating crackers in bed.

Sgt. Fairfield was noticed working diligently over one of those G. I. cans one day this past week. At first we thought he was washing out a dirty pair of coveralls but on closer examination it was found that he was giving his dog "Sergeant", a G. I. bath. Don't hold the hound under water so long, Sarg.

Tsk Tsk Dept.

In Cedar Grove, N. J., Pvt. Dominic Donadio gave his new-born son a middle name: "Furlough."

(Ed: We know a man who gave his son a middle name: "Three-Day-Pass.")

In San Francisco, a harried bus driver, cracking under the wartime rush of trade, refused to let his passengers off until they said, "Please." Inflated with success, he then tried to make them say, "Pretty please." They called a policeman.

(Ed: We hear that they called a policeman in spite of the driver's pleas.)

In Chicago, E. J. Split, author of a book warning the public against deceitful salesmen, was indicted for using the mails to defraud.

Ed: Guess the guy had a split personality.)

Police have been looking for an Adelaide Connor for years and have never been able to find her.

(Ed: Guess they haven't been able to conner her.)

A Mr. James Long told a Mr. James Baer a story and when he had finished, Baer was dead!

(Ed: Guess a Long story was more than Baer could bear.)

where he appeared on a program similar to our own. Mr. Keith Huffman, W. O. and band leader there, is a former member of the Dow Field band.

Word has come from Lieutenant Morris Levine that he will be stationed at Chanute Field. Moe received his commission April 16th.

Warrant Officer Clapper has finished orchestrating an original song by Cpl. Jimmie Casson of Communications. Pvt. Frank Chamberlain will sing it on this coming broadcast.



AIR ACE—Marine Capt. Joseph J. Foss (above) has shot down 26 planes to tie Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's record.

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—Informal entertainment, singing and dancing.

Tuesday Community Center—Music Hour 8 p. m. to 9 p. m.

Wednesday U.S.O.—Regular dancing party. Troubadours will play.

Community Center—Aviation Squadron Show. Dancing follows refreshments.

Medical Corps

By SGT. ROBERT KENDRIGAN

The ring of the horse-shoes has definitely gone into being. Singles and doubles are being played by energetic players. No sign of a champ yet but the season has just begun. Pvt. Montalbano has arranged for a regulation court to be set up. It's a fine, relaxing type of exercise needed by all. A ringer! A thrill!!! and an interesting game has started.

Day-Room Bits: Sgt. Harris, Man of Maryland, is an active participant in the daily game of pool. Your all drawl is heard along with Sgt. German, Virginian, who is another stick-pusher. It's said, they both are good with a rack. Cpl. Flynn isn't giving his time to Ping-Pong so much now due to his studying. Catch? What is the important subject, Bill?? Pvt. Veloski, likes an upper so well, that after the struggle is ended, he's going to have one built for home use. Cpl. Hargis and Pfc. Corneal are interesting to listen to in their talks about Virginia. Drawl!! They do have. Pvt. Andel, Boy from Texas, one of our quietest members, used to be a cotton farmer. Does our snow remind you of the cotton field, Andel?? Yes, fellows, in your behalf, I extend your thanks for the fine handling of the mail by our Aux. Puccio S.-Sgt. Mowery, does have some stories, of a sort to tell, concerning, we'll let him tell us. Will yuh! Pvt. Dempsey is once more in the fine and fettle stage and our ears are open to catch the strains of his masterful playing of the piano. Cards of greeting were received from a former member, Pvt. Rosensweig, and Civilian Pol-Green.

Pfc. Wheeler, a soldier, Wardman and a man with the care of his patients always in his mind. A year in the Army, a hard-worker, non-complainer, persistent and a likeable fellow. Good-going, Earl, you're a sample of the real medical soldier, keep up the fine work.

Man and Beast: Pfc. Finks, not a four-letter man in school, but an athlete of speed. Yes, Fellows, he must possess speed, for a rabbit is known as a fast traveling animal. One quiet evening of the past week, Pfc. Finks, did in the presence of witnesses outrun a rabbit and bring

it back alive!! Really, Fellows, his story is more interesting in the voice than on this piece of paper, so I'll leave it for him to tell. It's said, "Rabbit's stew is comparable to Chicken." Carry on, Finks.

The ballteam is coming along fine. A few sore-arms, a stiffness in the joints, a little complaining about the weather but in all, Fellows, the team is on it's way. The season will open about the time this paper is out for publication. A regular system of games has been posted and by referring to the bulletin board, one can follow the games to be played. Let's give support to the players, for if you can't play the sport, then be one by cheering the efforts of the participants. The players that form the nucleus of the team will be announced later. Play! Ball!!!!

Barney Ross, Marine and boxer, has written: It used to be that we kidded the fellows in the Medical Corps, but after the fine work they did for my buddies on the battlefield, well my hat goes off to them.

The general feeling of the men, in being allowed to work outdoors, these past afternoons, in the job of beautifying the grounds, is tops. With a long winter's season gone by a little of the lazy feeling had entered their systems. A Medical Soldier, after spending days in closed quarters, working around all types of injuries and diseases, feels the natural urge to get out in God's Sunshine. His tempting air, and His inspiring warmth, which, gives life and vigor to all who contact it. Words of appreciation have been spoken of the fine job done and being carried on by all. It's our home, the home of those not yet well, so by our work, we help bring cheer and gladness to those who are awaiting their time, to do their part. Good work, Fellows, well done, done well.

ANSWER TO GUESS WHO

The answer is Admiral Euruest Joseph King.

(1) If you got the answer by the first paragraph, you're an exceptionally brilliant person and chances are that you closely approach genius.

(2) If you got the answer by the second paragraph, call around at The Observer office. We want to shake your hand and offer you a pat on the back.

(3) If you got the answer by the third paragraph, you're still very possibly a nice guy and we like you.

(4) If you didn't get the answer by the fourth paragraph—well, all we can say—well, we just can't say anything! We're amazed. Plain amazed.

TRAINING FILMS . . .

The following training films will be shown at the Post Theatre this week. Starting time is 1315.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY

ENEMY BOOBY TRAPS.

HOW TO GET KILLED IN ONE EASY LESSON.

CRACK THAT TANK.

THE ATTACK AND DEFENSE OF ROAD BLOCKS.

KEEP IT CLEAN.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

DESERT VICTORY (Special North African War Film)

A Convenient Place to Meet Your Friends
Recreation Hall T-6
Music and Games to Entertain Them

FREE!

Fluid for Your Lighter
DROP IN, SOLDIER
Fill Your Lighter and Look Us Over
OPEN EVERY NIGHT

YOUNGS

26 STATE ST.

Tobacconists Extraordinary

Cocktail Lounge
Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service

Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St.

Dial 4501

Adam on a Raft

(In which Pvt. Eugene Adam slyly kicks The Observer right in the printing press.)

It has been tactfully suggested that I refrain from measuring any creative output by what some consider my own perverse standards. My delicate sensibilities have been assailed. I say in advance that though henceforth I proceed to offer nothing but peons and praise I cannot truly guarantee that the vitriol will not trickle through.

Way down East they entertain no doubt that this territory has been the Cultural Athens of the New World. For decades or even more it has spread its gospel, a literary sap comparable to, and perhaps exceeding, the Greek Poets, and the English. They are capable of accepting any deteriorating criticism with an aloofness and total disregard of those who regard and acknowledge themselves the leaders of a chosen few. I feel that anything can be said, without remorse or fear of consequences, because our honored and respected publication falls into the above category.

Many periodicals and journals are adept at simulating or possibly sincerely endeavoring to promulgate and carry on this great literary and journalistic tradition. An army paper being of course an expression of the enlisted men cannot help being a direct picture of the style and type of reading these various persons have been accustomed to, and now affect. I would not dare trifle with the desires and

wishes of the masses; witness the French revolution. Yet I can't overcome this weird intuitive urge, which prompts me to say that there must be a few who can possess themselves of an imagination not limited to one syllable words and one horsepower ideas.

To have a patron, a sponsor, a personal idol, to whom one looks for ideas and inspiration seems to be encouraged. But to fall into a rut with a crass imitation of a voluble but trite expounder of tripe is not Especially of some in the highly sacharine style of a gossip columnist. "The bride wore a white satin gown, with thirty six buttons down the back" adapted to "The fourth Explosive Fraternity was host to any number of boys and girls from the Base. They ate cucumber sandwiches, gurgled at old jokes from back numbers and played squat tag the rest of the evening. A good time was had by all."

Creation of any sort, literary or otherwise, though an unsavory episode to some, still retains for the creator all the joy of a smiling sun upon a joyful horizon, but early in the morning. In present circumstances it is indicated that the New England Indian Summer is only an anticipation, since we are only beginning to arrive at the first day of spring with our own contribution to the Way Down East, homespun legend, namely The Observer.

It must be understood that any resemblance to reality is strictly prohibited. Now for a beer.

Signal Corps

By Pvt. Samuel J. Profeta

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

We take this occasion to announce and publicize the following list of promotions credited to the below men. Congratulations!

Sgt.-T. Joseph F. Harrington appointed Staff Sergeant.

Cpl. Bronislaus S. Solowiei appointed Sgt.-T.

T-5th Gr. Robert C. Benham appointed Corporal.

T-5th Gr. John J. O'Donnell appointed Corporal.

Pfc. Thomas P. Mackin appointed T-5th Gr.

Pvt. Louis C. Ciminera appointed P. F. C.

Pvt. Simon L. Cohen appointed P. F. C.

Pvt. Raymond A. Johnson appointed P. F. C.

Pvt. Nelson Lieber appointed P. F. C.

Attention! At this time we wish to extend greetings of welcome to all of you WAACs who are stationed here and partaking in the vital work of this organization. We trust that you new members in becoming part of this company will find satisfaction and pleasure in adjusting yourselves to our environment and fulfilling your respective duties.

Play Ball! With this familiar happy cry filling the late spring air, last week was devoted to softball practice under the keen management of Cpl. Reinhold Herzog and the captaincy of Pfc. Nelson Lieber for the selection of players showing potential qualifications for the sport. Rigged practice workouts on the baseball grid have unfolded some real worthy talent that promises for our Signal Corps a great team of champions. There were sparkling fielding performances by First Sgt. Wennerberg, Pvt. Rosini, Sgt. Harrington and home-runs by Pvt. Profeta com-

bined with a hustling winning spirit of all remaining players who participated. The first scheduled league game is slated for May 4th when the Guard Squadron ten feature as our rival opponents. Now let's get together fellows. We need your support to cheer our team on to victory.

Packed with laughs and excitement, last Wednesday night was a special occasion for fun galore. It was a 'get-together' party affair sponsored by all the members of the company. Luscious refreshments were lavishly served as we heard funny stories and plus added with strains of delightful melodious singing. The committee in charge deserves our sincere thanks of appreciation for this grand celebration.

Still shaking from excitement over his recent added stripe, Cpl. Thomas Mackin was seen and heard reciting with gestures a cheerful little earful of inspiring verse to an audience strictly feminine.

Cpl. John Bryant, one of the most likeable personalities around here took time out the other day to delight a group of curious on-lookers with some of his complicated theories of electricity and radio. It is our consensus of opinion that any ideas this fellow cooks up are sound and of practical use.

Pvt. Armond Rosini returned from furlough only to bade farewell to his loving buddy, Pfc. Louis Ciminera, taking his turn on leave. A reverse picture of suppressed blue feelings now held by Pvt. Rosini could be told to the tune of these popular song lyrics: "I cried for you now it's your turn to cry over me."

We find sweet enjoyment in listening to that stirring romantic voice of Pvt. Ernest Giguere. Here is a fellow whose skill and talent does not stop with singing, but extends remarkably further in various unique hobbies. How we laugh to hear him exclaim continuously, "How dare you," imitating the mad

American Rifleman in Tunisia



Among the palms and sand dunes of Tunisia, an American soldier draws a bead on his target with his Garand rifle.

Russian of Eddie Cantor's show.

Warrant Officer Arthur G. Sprague wishes to remind everyone again to take out the full amount of Life insurance which is \$10,000. Now is the time to do so. A word to the wise is sufficient.

It is gratifying to see a great majority of our members here attending regular church services. Remember, only from God can we gather that much needed faith, strength and courage to carry on-ward through paths of fear in this era of darkness.

Aviation Squadron

By CPL. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

A story was told to us the other day and there is so much to be gained from it, we pass it on. It is a Fable that has come down through the ages from the ancient Greeks, it goes like this: Tantalus had been a favorite of the gods and being so close to them he was in a position to hear and learn of things that the people down below had no chance of ever knowing. So Tantalus took it upon himself to carry the things he heard to the people. In due time the gods heard about it and decided among themselves to do something about it to teach Tantalus a lesson. The gods put Tantalus in a great basin of water that came right up to his neck, and above his head was suspended a large bunch of luscious grapes. Now every time Tantalus bent down to get a drink of water, the water would go down, every time Tantalus would reach for the grapes they would be pulled up. Tantalus never carried tales any more after that.

To our other new members we welcome you to the Squadron and we are sure you will find things to your liking here.

Jerome Snyder does it again. At



Pretty Shelley Mitchell is shown leading a dog's life. If this is called a dog's life—we've been barking up the wrong tree all our life.

THE FLAG

By PFC. EUGENE DAWSON

It waves on high like a bird in flight,

To defend it—we must fight.

We'll build around it with our love, And praise it to the heaven above, We've kept it flying all these years,

You bet it cost a lot of tears.

We never lose a fight we're in,

And by the help of God, this war we'll win.

We have a new phrase in the Squadron. Instead of saying "No" the answer is "You've Had It." A fellow comes in asks for a fourteen-day furlough. The answer is, "Brother you've had it."

BANGOR'S M.&P. THEATRES HITS FOR THIS WEEK

BIJOU Theatre TEL. 5307
BANGOR

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

WARNER BROS.

AIR FORCE

DON'T MISS IT

TEL. 5308
OPERA HOUSE
BANGOR

ALL THIS WEEK

HELLO, FRISCO HELLO

Alice Faye, John Payne
Jack Oakie, Lynn Bari

PARK THEATRE
BANGOR TEL. 3660

TODAY-TUES.

CASABLANCA

PLUS

HI, BUDDY

WED.-THURS.

THE AVENGERS

PLUS

IT COMES UP LOVE



"MOM'S" DAY IS MAY 9

It's Time to Mail Your Gifts to Her

FREESE'S can help you select your Mother's Day gifts no matter how large or how small they are. Freese's will also gift-wrap your selections and mail them for you. There's no charge except for materials used.



DOW FIELD OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

We carry a complete line of high quality uniforms and equipment

Blouses, Overcoats, Short Coats, Trench Coats, Slacks, Caps, Shirts and Accessories

Metal and Embroidered Insignia Carried in Stock

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