

Bombers Win Two Games

For Late
Changes
See Your
Daily
Bulletin

THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
CALL BASE
OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, DEC. 6, 1943

Vol. No. 80

Base Changes Commanding Officers

Bombers Take Houlton Twice in Canada and U. S.

The speedy Dow Field Bombers took the Houlton basketball team to the showers twice in their trip to that base over the weekend.

Arriving on Friday, they went into action against Houlton that evening in Woodstock, over the Canadian border. Playing in the armory, the Bombers unleashed a terrific offensive, winning 48-30.

On Saturday, the regularly scheduled game, they took on an all-star Houlton combination in the Houlton High school gym, again launching a successful drive, 50-38.

Starring in the Woodstock game, long-legged Dick Carlson tossed in 14 points, becoming high man for both teams. Lt. Taylor scored 8 points, Delichy checked off 6, Russo, 6, Tricky 6 and Wennerberg 4. Starring for Houlton was Eike, coming through with 11 points.

In the game played at Houlton, Lt. Levine was top man, adding 16 points to the score. Carlson accounted for 13, Delichy 10, Hirsch 4, Wennerberg 3 and Delorme 1.

Again Eike starred for Houlton piling up 12 points. Also starring for Houlton was Captain "Dusty" Rhodes, former All-American and professional player. He scored 10 points.

Next Saturday night Houlton comes to Dow Field for a return game at the new gym. The game starts at 8 p. m.

Christmas Party For Children Set for Dec. 23

Both enlisted men and officers who have children are urged to get in touch with Lt. Herbert Carter of Special Service Office immediately. A grand Christmas party has been arranged for the youngsters, so get the names in.

Movies, entertainment, prizes and good old St. Nick himself will be there to welcome the little folks.

The day is December 23 for the party, the time is NOW for registering your offspring.

Casualties among chaplains in the United States Army from Dec. 7, 1941, to Aug. 19, 1943 totalled 71. Of these 20 were killed, two were wounded or missing in action, 33 were taken prisoners.



COL. FRANCIS VALENTINE

Dow Men Recall What They Did Dec. 7, 1941

"What were you doing December 7, 1941?"

That was the question asked around the field to see how each man reacted to the Pearl Harbor attack. First we hear from the band barracks—from an old Army man.

Sgt. Lee Stedman says: "T/Sgt. Raymond Erwin and I were driving up to Cadillac Mountain at Bar Harbor. At first we thought the announcement was another Orson Welles scare, but after awhile it began to sink in. As we were stationed at Dow Field at the time we rushed back to report. As we entered the gate, Sgt. Erwin was made a blackout warden on the spot. I found myself out in the middle of the runways in charge of a machine gun crew. But no Japs showed up."

Cpl. Kenneth Bishop recalls: "I was in London at the time giving impersonations at the Ritz Theatre. After the British Broadcasting company had announced the bulletin, the manager of the theatre called me and asked me to bring along a clipping of Roosevelt's speech.

"That night at the theatre, pictures of Roosevelt and Winston Churchill were thrown on the screen while I impersonated both

Men Recall

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Col. Valentine Leaves Field For New Post

Col. Francis B. Valentine, commanding officer of the base since September, 1942, has left to take new duties at a destination that at present can not be disclosed.

Col. Valentine was no stranger in Bangor when he was made commanding officer of the base—he had been in command of a tactical unit here from September 1941 until February, 1942, and his wife, whose maiden name was Geneva Croxford, is a native of Brewer.

He graduated from West Point in the class of Nov. 1, 1918. His first Army service was in the cavalry but he soon changed to the Air Corps.

Col. Valentine

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Tabloid Troupe No. 77 To Put on Show in T-6 Tomorrow Night at 8:15

USO Tabloid Troupe No. 77 will play one performance at Bldg. T-6 at 8:15 tomorrow night. Included in the cast are three guys and two gals who will furnish music, comedy, singing and dancing.

Master of Ceremonies will be Bert Gehan, who will also give out with some comedy and dancing. Rex Ford will play the squeeze box and Paul Robinson put on an harmonica act.

Babes in the show are Sis Patt Marr, a singer, and Lee Nicklin, a hooper.

The Dow Field Troubadours will play before the show and supply the music throughout the performance.

Christmas Parties!

Now is the time to make all plans for your Christmas party. Stop in at T-15 and we will do our very best to give you what you want, when you want it, and where you want it.

Make arrangements for your Christmas party now!

Dow Field Diary

S-SGT. PAUL GEDEN

MONDAY

Our talent scouting editorial seems to have borne a little fruit. Pvt. Jack Gottesman mentioned to us that a guy in his barracks was a terrific tenor. A little closer investigation revealed the fact that his name was Pfc. Malcolm Buchanan and he had sung on the Camp Lee radio show. He seemed to have a lot of vocal dynamite and an easy style of giving it out.

Dropped in to see Chandra, the magician, do his stuff at the Community Center. Card tricks and a mind reading act were his specialties. "Off the record," Chandra is a script writer by the name of Winslow, on the staff of WLBZ. We've heard him on the air occasionally and the first question we popped at him was "How do you get the weird East Indian gong

Dow Field Diary

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COL. S. F. LANDERS

Heat Continues While Big Stack Is Taken Down

A seven-ton, 67-foot steel stack at the boiler room of the Station hospital was taken down last Monday night, had 23 feet added to it, and was re-erected without interrupting any of the hospital's steam capacity. This engineering feat was made possible through the close co-operation of several offices on the base and the contractor who did the actual work so that an additional 107-horsepower boiler can be added to the three existing boilers.

The welfare of the patients in the hospital had to be considered when the project was being planned as it would be detrimental to their health to have any of the boilers shut down for any appreciable length of time. The Army Engineers in Boston consulted with the Base Engineer, the Area Engineer, and the Base Heating Engineer. Plans

Heat

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No Punches Pulled in Filming Second Part of "Battle of Russia"

Pulling no punches, the second and final part of the "Battle of Russia" was shown at the Base Theater last week.

Part one had left us at the gates of Moscow. Hitler had failed to conquer this city so he began to look for easier conquests.

LENINGRAD BESIEGED Northward, Leningrad looked like a pushover and soon his big guns lay siege to that city. Flanked on both sides by stretches of water, the Russian metropolis seemed doomed.

One hundred miles over Lake Ladoga to the east was the only chance of salvation. Then came the terrible Russian winter. Constant shelling destroyed pipe lines, power plants and transportation. Freezing weather and lack of water started plagues throughout

Col. Landers New Field CO, Enlisted In '18

Col. S. F. Landers, who holds the flying rating of command pilot and combat observer, is now commanding officer at Dow Field, having replaced Col. Francis B. Valentine—who has been assigned to other duties—last week.

Col. Landers, a native of Missouri, entered the service in 1918 and received his commission in the regular Army in 1920. His Army training was received in California in 1918. During World War I, he was stationed in Louisiana. In

Col. Landers

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Ex-Dow Field Man Reports From Merry England

Sgt. "Tony" Mascia formerly of the Air Base Squadron in charge of the Rifle Range as well as active in athletic circles has written the Observer a letter.

"Somewhere in England" is how he describes his present location.

Among things Tony says—and we quote—"We have a dayroom larger than all the dayrooms on Dow Field put together—two movies an evening and barracks talent show.

Tony still prefers American 3.2 to the English variety and in England that is very much rationed. The "pubs" (tavern to you) are open a few hours and their whole week's supply is exhausted.

Their principal source of American news is the Overseas version of the Yank "The Stars and Stripes." It costs one penny in English coin or two cents in United States moola. Most looked for items are the football scores. He does mention however that a copy of the Observer got into the camp and all former Dow Field men shed a tear or two.

Mascia suggested that all his friends drop him a line. How about it fellows—The address is: Sgt. Anthony Mascia 31105510, A.P.O. 12490, care Postmaster, New York City, N. C.

Medics Tie With Communications In Dow Field Radio Quiz Program

A tie score was the result of the Khaki Kwiz on last Friday night's Dow Field Radio Show when the Medics met with the title-holding Communications Squadron. The two quiz teams will stage a play-off at the broadcast next Friday night at 9:00. The half-hour program, originating in Bldg. T-6, can be heard over Station WLBZ.

Pfc. Malcolm Buchanan, a new feature on the broadcast, sang "Annie Laurie" like a true Scotsman, and then swung it like a true "gate."

Back on the show were Cpl. Lester Wilson and his Rhythmairs.

Their version of "I Like Riff" brought down the house.

The program opened with bits of tunes apropos to various sections of the United States, and worked up to the theme: "Put them all together and they make the 'Army Air Corps.'"

The Troubadours opening number was "The One O'clock Jump." This was followed with the seasonable "White Christmas" with Sgt. Al Jerusavice carrying the vocal.

S-Sgt. Paul Geden then intro-

Medics Tie

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Medics Tie

Continued from the First Page

duced the Kwiz teams. The title-holding Communications team was composed of Sgt. Wayne Roney, Pfc. Jimmy Niles, Pfc. Warren Baldwin and Pfc. Ernest Brewer. Representing the Medics were S-Sgt. Gabriel Katz, Cpl. Gerald H. Sheier, Pvt. Bob Ramsay and Pvt. Jerome Sidel.

Two tongue-twisters warmed up the teams and then the first session got under way. Both teams did equally well in giving song titles containing the names of parts of the body. They were also able to name the animals in the titles of the numbers various members of The Troubadours played. An equal number of general questions were answered by both sides and at the half the score was tie.

In between sessions, Sgt. Jerusalem took a trumpet solo of "You Made Me Love You," that received a great ovation.

Although both teams muffed several questions, the score at the close of the second session of the Kwiz was 20-20. Two extra questions were asked but time allowed no more and the contest ended with the score standing at 21-21.

Cpl. Jack Eaves, who led the Troubadours during the broadcast, continued to wield the baton for the dance—sponsored by the Guard Squadron—following the show. Sgt. Bob Howard, of the Medical Detachment, was originally slated to be part of the quiz team but, due to a last-minute change, sat in as drummer with the Troubadours. S-Sgt. Stanley Schaffer handled the piano department in Bob Scott's absence.

Heat

Continued from the First Page

were made and the Davidson Construction Company of Manchester, N. H., was awarded the contract.

Preliminary work was completed, and Monday the main task got under way. An induced draft fan and an 18-inch duct replaced the four-foot diameter stack when it was disconnected. The 67-foot 4-inch stack was then lowered, 22 feet 8 inches were fastened to the bottom of it, and the completed 90-foot stack was again hoisted into place. At three o'clock in the morning the job was completed without reducing the boiler capacity by so much as a pound at any time during the operation.

The fine teamwork of the various departments, the contractor, and the individuals responsible for this work is deserving of commendation.

"Battle of Russia"

Continued from the First Page

the nerve center, the key to the Caucasians—Stalingrad.

DEFENSE OF STALINGRAD
Sweeping southward over the Crimea and into the rich Ukraine, the Nazi hordes had no trouble. Finally they were at the gates of Stalingrad. Der Fuehrer gave his orders. Stalingrad must be taken at all costs. He had spoken.

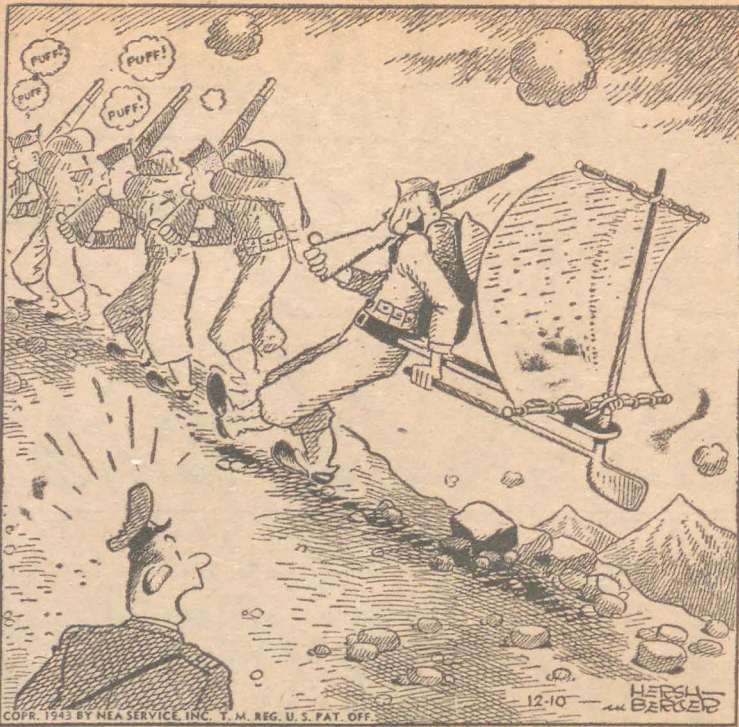
Gradually the full might of the Germans pulled up at the threshold. Every doorstep became a battleground. Inch by inch the Nazis advanced. Then they stopped. Over night a change had taken



12-11
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"That? Oh, that's the site of a proposed medal!"

"The Soldier's Best Bet"
PILOTS GRILL
OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET
STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN



12-10
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"It helps me up the hills on windy days!"

place. Fresh Russian troops were brought from Siberia—the Red Army had new hope, new courage, and they took the initiative. In the greatest upset in history, the Red Army had driven out the enemy.

The invincible Hun had eaten crow. No longer a superman, he turned tail.

Now it was the Russians' turn. Village after village they took back their rightful property. Into each recaptured town, the Red Army found the abandoned friends and neighbors stiffly frozen in the snow. Hundreds of dead bodies—hardly recognizable—lay heaped in the public square. Terror stricken mothers with babies frozen at their breasts, battered bodies of old men and women littered the streets. Hanging bodies mutely testified to the inhuman treatment to those who had defied the "master race."

Grimly the returned heroes stared at these outrageous cruelties, and their mounting rage began to take shape. "Death to the invader," was the cry, each man taking a solemn oath to revenge these atrocities.

A two-pronged drive started the fireworks. In the factories they were backed to the limit. A particularly timely shot showed the workers wishing a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. On the front line, one soldier shouted, "Happy New Year . . . Fire!"

As the prongs closed in on the Nazis in a pincer movement, the two prongs met and the armies rejoiced like children.

Stalingrad was saved, Russia was to move forward. The Allies had started landing in Africa—Hitler had failed to blitz the Red Army and the Battle of Russia was becoming the Battle for Germany.

As an introduction, Lt. Herbert J. Carter, of Special Services, pointed out the remarkable fight Russia had made. How she stood alone, defending her people and homeland from the invader, as he quoted General MacArthur.

The "Battle of Russia" was directed by Col. Anatole Litvak, crack director of such Hollywood hits as "All This and Heaven Too" and "And This Above All."

Men Recall

Continued from the First Page

voices. Then they played the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and 'Land of Hope and Glory.' It was very dramatic.

Over in the gym we cornered Pvt. Jack Gottesman who remembered: "I was in New York city posing in an artist's studio. Pedro Centeno, the famous surrealist artist, was painting his conception of the Wagnerian hero, Siegfried. I modeled as Siegfried, the white god on a horse soaring to glory. The picture is now exhibited in the Argent Galleries. Pedro was Spanish-born and the news stunned both of us."

First Sergeant Henry W. Trott has this to say: "I was in Jersey City at the time working on the railroad—the Central railroad. At first we couldn't believe it—it

sounded too fantastic, but it was too true."

Up in the Medical Department, T-4 Avid Uppgard had just finished eating dinner: "It's a good thing, too, that I had finished. I don't think I could have swallowed any more," Uppgard declared. "I worked for a photostatic and engraving company and the next morning we really got busy. The government work that we were doing suddenly had to be rushed. So it meant a 24-hour straight stretch of work. That was in Gardner, Mass."

Cpl. Cuthbert Averitt, of General Mess, states: "On that day I was at Crossley Field, Cincinnati, working as assistant manager of the concessions. We sold hot dogs, soda pop, and programs for the ball game. I was taking inventory at the time. I guess Uncle Sam began to do the same thing, 'cause here I am in his inventory."

Col. Valentine

Continued from the First Page

He is now a full colonel and holds the flying ratings of command pilot and combat observer. From 1924 to 1928 he returned to West Point as an instructor.

The colonel came to Dow Field from a position as liaison officer for the First Army and the First Air Force with the Canadian Forces. He also has seen service in the Philippines and as commanding officer of squadrons and groups.

Col. Valentine was well-known in the social life of Bangor and was in great demand as an after-dinner speaker and made many addresses before local clubs and organizations. He will be missed in the town as well as by those on the base.

He also took a very active interest in sports activities on the base. When the Bomber basketball team began to take shape, the colonel backed them with enthusiasm. His informal manner of discussing problems with both enlisted men and officers made him an extremely popular commanding officer.

Under his supervision, new gym facilities have been added, the noncommissioned officers club was formed and many other constructive projects have been developed.

Col. Valentine knew how to handle men and bring out the most in them. Dow Field owes a deep debt of gratitude to his progressive ideas.

Col. Landers

Continued from the First Page

1921 he was a member of the

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**AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES**

SEVENTH HEAVEN

S/Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

Talk about notoriety—last week's write-up was more than our share—so we quietly hang our head and start on our merry way . . . with so many men in the Air Base Squadron leaving on furlough—we feel like a step-child—but there'll come a day . . . What's all this we've been hearing about the famous Maine winter—our long John's are still neatly rolled away in a barracks bag . . . S-Sgt. Irv Berkson may not believe in Santa Claus—but we hear that he's going to rent a room—so he can have some place to stack those presents he's been receiving daily . . . Well, kids, Sgt. Joe Meluskey has left us—that leaves Cpl. Hazle with the infamous task of "Duty Sergeant"—how do you like the new job—we asked Lefty—so we dusted off our pants and decided to let well enough alone . . . Speaking about Hazle—we wonder what's become of his "Telephone Sweethearts"—I guess they're singing "All Alone By the Telephone" . . . Wonder if it wouldn't be too late to pat General Mess on the shoulder for that more than slightly terrific Thanksgiving Dinner . . . Scene from the Sidelines . . . Men in Headquarters replacing WACs for active duty . . . Sgt. Hastings showing off his "short finger" . . . Sgt. Al De Vincentis with his head in the clouds . . . Sgt. Meltzer beating a track from the Orderly Room to Headquarters . . . Pvt. Martin doing his bit to keep up the morale of the Squadron . . . Pfc. Reub Bredosky and his wife "you allin'" all over the place . . . Pfc. Joe Nyme parading around in fatigues once again . . . This week's Gruesome Twosome goes without any hesitancy to Sgt. Bush and Cpl. Lapinmaki—every so often they look deeply into one another's eyes—and without murmuring a word—beat it to Old Town—when they come back all a fellow can get out of them is something about a Squaw . . . We should like to doff our cap to the philosophies of Brother Jackson—he's helped us through many a rough situation . . . Little John Kokinda must be a happy man now that S-Sgt. Licurgo is back with him—that little man was carrying quite a burden—and never uttered a single gripe . . . Someone said that Pvt. Dalecky has been conspicuous by his absence in this column—let it not be said that we have forgotten about Lee—for his swell work down the gym and on the Squadron basketball team—We would like to throw him the bouquet of the week . . . Everytime we look at Jack Gottesman in his gym shorts—we're just about to swoooooon—stuff like that does things to a fellow . . . Poem of the week—"A line's fine; but liquor is quicker" . . .

Provisional Brigade in Virginia which did experimental bombing missions off the Virginia Capes.

For the next three years, Col. Landers was engaged in industrial war plant work. The next two years he spent in the Philippines, then four years at Brook Field, Texas, followed by a period at Maxwell Field, Alabama. From there he went to Mitchel Field, N. Y., where he remained for two and one-half years.

At the outbreak of the present war, Col. Landers was commanding officer of Albrook Field, Panama. He remained in Panama until sent to the Army Air Base, Charleston, S. C. as commanding officer. From there he was transferred to Dow Field.

Col. Landers and his wife reside in Bangor.

Dow Field is proud to welcome Colonel Landers to his new post. All officers and men are looking forward to his command.

The OBSERVER wishes to extend to him the very best of luck and success during his stay here.



12-7
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"He offered me his services for today without charge—that Yank is his son!"

ON THE SPOT

Chicago—"Please call my girl and break a date for me," a hospitalized soldier asked a nurse in the Air Force training station here. "But don't tell her I have the measles," he added sheepishly.

THEY ASKED FOR IT

Ft. Sill, Okla.—When clerks asked Pvt. Charles Juelich for his full name he took a deep breath and—Well, his name's Karl Werner Rudolf Samuel Ben Jonas Israele Charles Cleve Juelich.

ANOTHER SAD STORY

Ft. Logan, Col.—Before Irving Gold was drafted he was a civilian instructor at the Army Air Forces clerical school here. His salary was \$216 a month. After his induction as a private he was assigned to his old job. His salary—\$50 a month.

The officer strength of the United States Army grew from 93,000 to 521,000 during 1942 and 1943.

No, Myrt, we're not in the Dow Field AAF band . . . Thinking of the busted Sergeant who put iodine in his money belt because he got a cut in pay—We beat a hurried retreat—and take our "so long."

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BANGOR, ME.

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Comm.—Uniques

PFC. WARREN BALDWIN

Suggestions are open to settle once and for all the name of the Comm.'s newly-acquired mascot. Please bear in mind that she is a lady, gentlemen. Muratore is the self-appointed guardian and up till now has given her a bath, fed her, furnished her a place to sleep and taught her tricks. Of course to him she is blindly devoted and refuses to pay any attention to anyone else. If she stays around she may make Pfc. next month.

Looks as if the Comm. barracks is due to become strictly a technician's hangout very soon. "Delegations" from anti-sub and the weather squadron are going to move in with us. Since we know most of these boys already it won't be bad at all.

The story of last week's Comm. hunting expedition is a sad and harrowing one indeed. Weary and "deerless" they trudged home from the wilds of the great Maine outdoors. One member of the party whose name we will not divulge at this time but who is currently called "Swamp Rabbit," became entangled in a swamp from which he had to be extricated by a searching party. The boys did manage to wing a 12-point caboose but for your information this is not a four-legged animal.

We're hoping to have as much luck against the Medical Det. this week as we had against the Air Base Sqdn. last week in the matching of wits on the Dow Field program. We have been challenged by two more outfits and are meeting the Medics on Friday. Thanks are hereby extended to the guys competing for the Comm.

Glad to hear that Johnny Kari and "Pappy" Vanderslice are no longer in "4-F." We'll bet a certain girl isn't too unhappy about it either.

A certain group led by McLeisi are seriously considering circulating a petition demanding that the post theater show more "horse operas." Whenever a hot western sag is showing on the base there's a general exodus out of the barracks. These two-fisted western fans usually re-enact all the thrilling scenes.

We hear that "Butch" Kelly, civilian nickname is "Stump." This is synonymous with the term, runt.

Wedding bells rang again for another Comm. member not long ago Joe Jupin surprised us all by com-

Mrs. Shaw Sends Letter Of Thanks to Engineers

The following letter has been sent to the engineer by Mrs. Madalene Shaw, the Base Hostess:

My Dear Friends in the Engineers:

Please accept my most grateful thanks and appreciation for the wonderful gifts you have just given me. In all my life I have seldom experienced a more lovely gesture and I do want you all to know that it is something that will cause the memories of my most enjoyable work among you to linger long after these terrible times in which we are living have passed into history. The beautiful manicure set with its many accessories is something that I will cherish as priceless and every time that I put on the charming dress, its Engineer's colors will remind me of pleasant days spent with your organization at Dow Field.

Your kindness is just another example of the cooperation you have given me in my position as Base Hostess and the thing that makes me most happy about it all is that it makes me feel that my efforts to please you have met with some little success.

I have enjoyed working with you and for you and now from the bottom of my heart again, thank you and God speed in your work to the end that it may contribute to a speedy and complete victory.

Madalene Shaw,
Base Hostess

ing back from furlough very much married. We thought the guy was a confirmed bachelor but it just goes to show how wiley these women are! Congratulations, "Jup."

We understand that Cannon, Vanderslice and Roney conducted "singfest" last Saturday night at the USO. From all reports, public demand for these "artists" is increasing.

Often heard and very much in vidence is the world furlough round the Comm. haunts current. There certainly isn't any unappetizing about it needless to say. "Pop" Jacob is the recipient of a proposal by mail from some doting female in northern Maine. We had no idea that "Pop" was a lothario. Mail order matrimony would probably call it.

Congratulations to Googins, the Jar Harbor kid, on making corporal. Has that got anything to do with the "binging" session, Cpl.?

We'll have to take back all the nice things we said about the prospective Comm. mascot. It is reported to be A. W. O. L. already.

The universal question of the week is, "What is the 14-day Palmolive plan." The boys are all dying to know how to become beautiful in 14 short days and according to the announcer who dishes out this dribble, any puss can be made over.

Toodle oo till next time, when we will again make our meager attempt to amuse you or is the word bore more appropriate?

A blackjack, bayonet, trench knife, wood club and a garrote are the effective silent weapons of an Army scout's arsenal.

R. C. WILLISTON
OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN

18 Central St., Bangor, Me.
EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES
FITTED, LENSES GROUND
WHILE YOU WAIT

Editorial:

Our Gallant Ally—Russia

Before the showing of the film, "Battle of Russia," Lt. Herbert Carter of Special Service pointed out the value of Russia as an ally. To keep this fresh in your mind, we are printing this below in full:

Part One of the "Battle of Russia," which you all saw last week, gave you an outline of the background of Russia. I thought the film was excellent and I know you will all agree with me on that score. We are to see Part Two of the "Battle of Russia" in a few minutes. You are here not to be amused, primarily, but to help you to get a better understanding and appreciation of our great Ally.

The world stands in amazement and admiration before the gallant deeds of the Red Army and its embattled people along its 2,000-mile front; it is Russia's supreme contribution to the cause of the United Nations.

We shudder when we think what might have happened had Russia been less courageous or less prepared, General Douglas MacArthur put it very aptly when he said of the Russian people, "The scale and grandeur of the Russian effort marks it as the greatest military achievement in history."

Russia is a huge, rich country covering over nine million square miles, three times as large as continental United States. It has a population of 190 million people. It is potentially the richest land on the face of the earth.

The tremendous natural resource reserve of the U. S. S. R. has scarcely been scratched.

Because of these pertinent facts, we and other nations would in any event have been forced to recognize the U. S. S. R. as one of the great international powers.

There may be many things about the Soviet regime which we in America do not like, but it is clear that in its present form it offers the bulk of the people of the Soviet Union a regime which they distinctly prefer to that of the Czar, or to such a regime as Germany would impose on them if victorious.

In many cases, information upon which to base an intelligent opinion of the internal situation in the Soviet Union is not available.

Similarly we lack exact information regarding critical matters related to the Soviets' International actions prior to the German attack on June 22, 1941. But it is reasonably well established that the U. S. S. R. did not like being left out of the International Conferences related to the Czech crisis in 1938-1939 and accordingly she did not trust the European democracies and swung away from them. She may have seen a German attack coming (Hitler had denounced Russia repeatedly) and thus made the non-aggression pact with Germany to gain time for industrial and military preparation. Basing her action on the same probability, she attacked Finland to improve her own military frontier in the region of Leningrad and later forcibly extended her control over former Russian territory in Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Rumania and Poland. With the exception of Poland and Rumania, all these states had been closely associated with Germany in the past.

Of Russia's remarkable courage and of her great sacrifices to hold her land you are all well aware. She has written her deeds with the blood of over four million of her gallant dead for history to judge.

Whatever the exact causes for the Soviet resistance to German aggression, the action of the U. S. S. R. has been of immeasurable value to the United Nations. I dare not even think of the plight this world would have been presented with had Russia not fought so courageously and desperately for the cause of the United Nations.

We are helping Russia as much as we possibly can by supplying her with vital war materials, food, machinery and medical supplies. We could do no less in view of the Soviet Union's great contribution to victory over the common enemy. By such actions, we are laying the basis for a better understanding of the Soviet Union, whose size, resources and population inevitably entitle her to stand beside us as one of the great states of the modern world.

The future of the world for many generations to come rests in our hands. There is no room in the post-war world for prejudice and greed; they are the inevitable forerunners of war. The world cries aloud for a better understanding and a greater cooperation among the peoples of the world.

This film was produced by Col. Anatole Litvak, of the Motion Picture Section of Special Service. In the photographing of this picture, eight cameramen lost their lives.

Shuffle Board

Something new has been added to T-15. It is the game of SHUFFLE BOARD. Do you enjoy playing that game? Do you want to learn how? Complete instructions are at T-15. Come in and try your luck at SHUFFLE BOARD!

Going into battle for the first time in Italy, one tank buster crew in an Army Ordnance 3-inch gun motor carriage destroyed five German tanks and blew up an ammunition carrier in seven tries. The only shot the crew missed was the first one. The next six were direct hits.

The make-up of an American armored division of 1943 cannot be told the Nazis and Japs would like to know, but take a look at the Army ordnance fire-power one such division had in 1941, 2,017 rifles, 3,647 light machine guns, 2,870 heavy machine guns, 41 mortars, 411 anti-tank and tank guns, 36 howitzers, 273 light tanks, 108 medium tanks. Our armored divisions today have even greater fire-power.

Ordnance is one of the biggest businesses in the world today. The aggregate value of materials handled each week by the forty-odd Army ordnance depots scattered throughout the continental United States approximates several hundred millions of dollars.

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Commendations For Guard Duty

The following named members of the guard received commendations for the manner in which they conducted their duty during the week:

26 NOVEMBER

Pvt. S. Lucy, Engineers; Pvt. R. Dugger, Air Base Squadron; S/Sgt. G. Christian, Aviation Squadron and Pvt. E. Rosser.

27 NOVEMBER

Pvt. Henry Smith, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Floyd Gibson, Guard Squadron; Pvt. A. Winkie, Air Base Squadron, and Pvt. G. Kelin, Engineers.

28 NOVEMBER

Pfc. Melvine Carey, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Howard Hunt, Guard Squadron, and Pvt. Albert Myesevick, Air Base Squadron.

29 NOVEMBER

Pvt. James Moore, Aviation Squadron. Pvt. H. Bruger, Engineers, and Pvt. H. Stute, Air Base Squadron.

30 NOVEMBER

Pvt. W. Spangler, Engineers; Pvt. F. Broadway, Aviation Squadron; and Pvt. V. Ivey, Air Base Squadron.

1 DECEMBER

Pfc. E. Pompey, Aviation Squadron; T/5 T. Meader, Engineers, and Pfc. A. Bredosky, Air Base Squadron.

What Does T-15 Offer To EM and WACs?

First, a place for relaxation and comfort.

Valet service.

Gifts wrapped in decorative paper, also wrapped for mailing.

Writing facilities — writing tables, stationery, stamps, and all that you need.

Ping-pong tables and equipment.

Games of all kinds.

Puzzles, that try the patience of the best.

Juke-box with new recordings.

Radio for those who wish to listen to all types of programs. Piano (and it's in tune) for the gifted.

Dancing classes weekly for you who have not mastered that art yet. Watch the Observer and the Daily Bulletin for the date and the time.

The latest magazines, papers, and books are available.

Big easy chairs, and lounges to recline in.

Information service for the ones with problems.

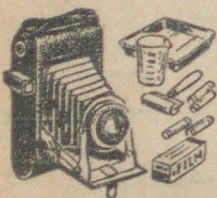
Room and apartment registry.

Parties are also on the offer list. Anyone wishing entertainment of any kind should get in touch with Mrs. Shaw as soon as possible.

T-15 is a dandy meeting place for you and your friends. You can spend an evening here just like you did at home, informal dancing, reading, listening to the radio, reading, or doing just like you want to or used to.

Italy—A German soldier swam across the Volturno River and surrendered to the Allies. "What's your name?" he was asked. "Pvt. Hitler," came the reply.

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A WACY VIEW

A diary of doings on the
WAC ReservationWaahoo On
WAC Hill

Our biggest event of the week was elimination of our separate organization. For weeks we have been finding our place in the different groups, so now we feel very much a part of army life. Yes, we even get paid with the men at the Air Base orderly room.

Although it was some time ago that our glamour girls acted "extra" parts in the chemical warfare film, at troop school this week we saw ourselves on the screen. Our gals look darn good to us too, of course during the actual filming there were a few asides, such as dropping hats while being gassed and nonchalantly picking them up, replacing them.

Sgt. Marion "Canary" Tiemann the WAC whistler has the glint in her eye only outshone by the gorgeous diamond on her finger, a gift from Santa Claus, huh, maybe.

Cpl. Diane Ellsworth beaming over the new addition to her chevron family. What that gal can't do to a few lines on a script. People keep asking us, who was Priscilla—who Lady Veronica MacBustle—just radio aliases for the leading lady of the WAC, Cpl. Ellsworth.

Sgt. Monica Koslowski and Cpl. Marjorie Leach making a new cooking team by getting a ticket to mess sergeant school. Maybe the girls will come back with some new recipes. Every time we try, we get an upside down cake—wrong side up.

We take this opportunity to wish Sgt. Margaret Eck the best of luck at radio school. May three dots and a dash be yours, Margaret.

We wish we could be a little Santa Claus-gremlin and peek into each WAC's holiday gift, we'll bet we could find a lot of material for a column. For instance the sly grin on Pfc. Rosemary Jensen, as she did up her work of art package, they say good things come in small packages. Pfc. Marion Williams running around her "wrap up" project practically making a two mile hike out of it. There she was in the middle of the floor, a-wrapping and a-puffing doing things in a big way.

We take time out to toss a verbal bouquet to Lt. Cornwall's gallant tussle with surgeon's scalpel and coming out smiling.

Clipped Wings: Five WAC's eaglets almost soared up to Houlton to cheer for the Bombers. We almost, because the day of the fluff, Houlton notified Dow Field the weather was not good. WAC's Cpl. Neading, Pfc's Dutton, Lola May, Mitchell and Hamillback were the rooters who were "given the 90-by" by the weather man Tough luck girls.

Sh! Sh! Dept.—We have a secret but we won't tell at least this week, but if you will get awful close we'll whisper that it concerns Pfc. R. J., who has more than an ordinary interest in other branches of the service. We'll tell all next week.

In just two minutes, 50 fighter planes can fire one million Army ordnance cartridges. This means 28,000 pounds of copper—enough to keep a copper miner busy for 90 days.

Sign of Something Brewing



Last, but not the least important of the direction signs in the photo above is the one indicating beer only 39 feet away. Pfc. Joseph Fanchok, left, of New Milport, Pa., and Seaman Raymond Castellare of Centralia, Ill., are about to down half of their daily ration of brew at Noumea, New Caledonia.

KHAKI KOMICS

DOUBLE FEATURE:

Despite War Department Regulations against civilians wearing Army insignia a gal turned up at her office here wearing two officer's silver bars on her sweater. A friend asked her if her boy friend was a captain. "Oh no" he replied "two lieutenants."

Sgt. (Checking the service records) "What is your name?"

G.I. Joe: "Quitiz Smith."

Sgt: "How did you get such a queer name?"

G.I. "I'll tell you, sergeant, when I was born in Kansas City, my father walked into the room, looked at me and said to Mom, 'let's call it Quitiz.'"

First cow: What do you think of the new farmhand?

Second cow: I think he's an awful jerk.

A tramp knocked on the door of an inn named "George and the Dragon." The landlady opened the door and the tramp asked: "Could

a poor man have a bite to eat?"

"No," and she slammed the door.

After a few moment's pause he knocked again, and when the landlady once more came to the door he asked: "Now could I have a few words with George?"

Two dog faces were sitting on the same bench at sick call. "I'm aching from neuralgia."

"Howdy," said the other. "I'm Jackson from Mississippi."

"So your old man got fired as town air raid warden?"

"Yeah—he was lit up in a black-out."

This is a funny world,
Its wonders never cease;
All "civilized" people are at war,
All savages at peace.

I said "no."
She said "please."
I said "no."
She said "just once."
I said "OK, but make it snappy."
So I let her tie my tie.

"THE SICK AND
THE WORRIED"

By T/5 A. E. KORMAN

Well, it's certainly tough to write this column after that swell Thanksgiving feed. The cooks did a marvelous job preparing all those delicacies. Thanksgiving ought to come more often. How about it, S&Ws? Anyway, Christmas is just around the corner and we all will be loosening a notch in our belts then—I hope.

Scenes that shouldn't be mentioned—but they make such fond memories:

S&Ws asking the M. D.s just for a few days home.

That 8 p. m. good night to the fair visitors.

Those Tuesday and Friday G. I. sessions, and it's not music to one's ears.

Those calls to class at 10 a. m. when it seems we are just catching our second cat nap.

"Nurse, is it my turn to do K. P. again? I only did it—"

Lt. Levine, at class discussions, saying "I disagree with you" just to bring out the fighting spirit in us so we'll talk.

That false alarm gas attack in Ward III that just turned out to be one of the S&Ws smoking one of those famous 3 for 5 cigars.

Cpl. Korman trying to get you

to submit items for this column and not meeting with any success.

What rumors can do. Rumors were started to the effect that among the S&Ws were outstanding pool players. With this in mind, it seems as though when a match was arranged between the Medics and S&Ws the Medics failed to show up. (Afraid, Medics?)

Among our S&Ws the guitar and community singing seems to prevail. Ward V has Martinez who strums his guitar and sings all the well-known Spanish and Mexican melodies. Allred, his companion in guitar playing, supplements with the popular American airs. (And a good time was had by all).

Flash—one of our S&Ws has joined hands with a pretty miss and made her Mrs. Murphy. All this was done on a 12-hour pass. Imagine what Murphy of II could do on a furlough.

"Happy Birthday and Best Wishes for Many More" are our sentiments for the S&Ws confined to the hospital on their birthdays of the previous week. Chester J. Sundby on Nov. 30; Charles W. Hirth on Dec. 1; Herman Holleuth on Dec. 5.

Well, see you next week in the S&W column. (One consolation you have is that you can always skip this part of the page).

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Daily Except SundaysDOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITYFreddie Neumann's Story Turns Out
To Be the Life of George Wythe

The long finger of the "Observer" personalities had finally pointed to the Headquarters' columnist: tall, dark and bashful S/Sgt. Freddie Neumann.

Freddie looked a little startled and at first was inclined to renege. "There's nothing interesting in my life," Freddie insisted.

"Oh, no?" he hissed. "You write the Headquarters column and we want our readers to see what's behind your style. We don't want to be blamed for everything in the paper. Now get going."

Yale-graduate Neumann swung his chair around and asked, "did you ever hear of George Wythe?"

We looked around suspiciously and then, reassured, asked, "no, who's he?"

"Aha, I knew it," Freddie exclaimed. "That's a good quiz question."

Never mind about George Wythe," we continued. "Where were you born?"

NATIVE CITY
"Well, if you insist," Neumann capitulated, "I was born in New Haven, Conn."

"Now we're getting somewhere. That's the clock city, isn't it?" we asked brightly.

"Yes," agreed Freddie, "every kind of clock; alarm, wrist watches, Mickey Mouse clocks."

"How do you know so much about the industry?" we asked.

"Well," said Neumann modestly, "my Dad is the vice president of the New Haven Clock Company . . . Oh, did you know he was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence?"

"Who, your father?" we asked startled.

"No, no," Freddie came back. "How did he get in here?" we shouted.

"Oh, he isn't here," Freddie innocently replied. "He was the father of American founders."

"Once and for all, how did he get into this conversation?" we exclaimed.

FREDDIE WRITES THESIS

"I wrote a thesis on him once," Neumann began, "and the more I read of him the more I was impressed with his circle of influence. Do you know, for instance, that he taught law to John Marshall and Thomas Jefferson, finally planting the seeds of the idea of a supreme court."

"That's swell" we agreed, "but we're not interested in George Wythe. We want to know the facts of Freddie Neumann." He could see we were determined, so he settled down and concentrated. "I went to New Haven High. During that time I sang tenor as a member of the chorus—weighty stuff—Handel's Messiah, Hallelujah,

etc. Now the only chance in music I get is playing the organ at both Protestant and Catholic services at the Base chapel. After that I spent four years at Yale, graduating in 1941.

"You see I am of Swedish German parentage and I do go for smorgasbord, don't forget to put that down . . . and he had a half brother who was nuts."

We scribbled away until the last part of the sentence. Up to smorgasbord, it sounded okay. But who had a half brother who was nuts? Freddie started to open his mouth, but we knew the answer, "George Wythe."

NEUMANN TELLS ALL

We know when to stop slugging, so we decided to let Freddie unburden himself. Neumann looked far into the past. "A strange death it was—poisoned by coffee. Wythe was certainly an amazing personality."

Back on the track again, Neumann admitted liking sports. "Swimming the best, then there's football and tennis. I also like books; especially historical novels. Top place goes to 'Oliver Twist' by Kenneth Roberts."

"What about romance, Freddie," we inquired.

My heart interest is in Providence, R. I." Neumann admitted blushing. "The one and only, true blue."

"Okay that takes care of that," we summed up.

"Are we all done?" Freddie asked incredulously. "Why there's lots more to his life than that."

"Freddie Neumann's?" we asked. "No, George Wythe's," he answered. Then he added, "say let's go get a cup of coffee."

"Sure," we agreed—then we stopped . . . George Wythe, half brother, COFFEE FOISONED . . . not on your life! After Freddie reads this he might have ideas—and not about George Wythe.

Welcome Couples!

T-15 welcomes all couples. The soldiers are bringing their friends, wives, and visitors to T-15 regularly.

A more convenient, comfortable, or centrally located, or homey place cannot be found.

All the facilities of T-15 are available to all couples who wish to enjoy them.

Just come in and make yourself at home.

Natives in Guadalcanal have built a chapel in commemoration of the 1600 war dead buried on the island.

We're askin' the public
NOT to ride so YOU can!

Funny, isn't it, when a bus company runs newspaper ads sayin': "Don't travel unless it's absolutely necessary?"

That's what Greyhound's doin'. One of the principal reasons is to make more room for you men in uniform.

Of course, we still got lots of civilian passengers, many of 'em war workers who have to travel.

Anyway, I want to say that we consider you military fellows our most important customers today.

And we're tryin' hard to keep you happy.

Bill-the bus driver



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SUNDAY ONLY

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7:30—11:30

Engineer Area

9:30 A. M.

Confessions Before Each Mass

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



In a local paper, I noticed that "another young abecedarian had bofuscated all competitors by giving correct orthography to 'acquiescence' and 'sacrilegious.'" In short, the boy had won a spelling match.

This reminded us of a "piece" that was spoken in school many years ago, and no doubt our fathers and grandfathers spoke it in their boyhood days. It must have been written more than 75 years ago. The author cannot be identified. In an anthology in the Rochester public library the selection is classed as anonymous. The "piece" follows:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, oraticulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

"Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency.

"Eschew all the conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations.

"Let your extemporaneous decantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast.

"Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and valiloquent vapidly.

"Shun double-entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent.

"In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words."

MASKS USE SAWDUST

Intensive research by the Chemical Warfare Service has produced a superior domestic substitute for imported material used in gas mask canisters, the War Department announced today. Through this research, an activated charcoal has been produced from sawdust, wood, coke and even coal which is superior to that made from coconut shells in the ability to absorb toxic gases.

Puddle Jumper



Stepping gingerly between huge mud puddles only four miles behind fighting lines in Italy, Red Cross worker Elizabeth Cox, Haverford, Pa., totes a tray of fresh doughnuts for Fifth Army lads.

Know Your Officers



Lt. Herbert J. Carter

Lt. Herbert J. Carter, Special Service Officer and Physical Fitness Director of Dow Field, came here well qualified for the position. In college he participated in five sports, was a ten-second man in the 100-yard dash and welter-weight boxing champion; later he taught physical education and was a coach, and he is an expert at judo.

Born in Springfield, Mass., Lt. Carter went to New York City when he was 16 and, during his two-year stay, graduated from Morris High school. From New York he moved to Providence, R. I. In 1931 he entered Boston University and graduated in 1934 with a bachelor of science degree. Following this he took two years post graduate work at Boston University and Brown University.

While in college he played football for three years, was welter-weight boxing champion for two years, and as a member of the track team did the 100-yard dash in ten seconds on two occasions, was captain of the tumbling team, and was on the swimming team.

After graduating from college, Lt. Carter taught physical education in Providence and vicinity. In this capacity he coached football, baseball, basketball and track.

He entered the Army in September, 1942, and was enrolled in OTS at Miami Beach, Fla. During his first eight months as an officer, he taught physical training to cadets of the Southeast Technical Training Command.

He arrived at Dow Field last August 14 as Assistant Special Service Officer and Physical Fitness Officer. He became Special Service Officer approximately a month ago and, retaining his Physical Fitness duties, now is in charge in both capacities.

For the past ten years judo has been one of Lt. Carter's specialties. He studied it in college under Andy Neeley and since then has spent some time teaching it to police and detectives in Rhode Island. At other posts he has inaugurated classes in it, but as he was the sole officer in Special Service here for some time, his duties kept him too busy to start a class at Dow Field. But that, and many other innovations, are among Lt. Carter's plans for the undertakings of the Special Services of the base.

QUAIFIED GUARD

Huntsville Arsenal, Ala. — The officer of the day rattled a locked fence gate. Came a voice in commanding tone, Stop: I have a .45 and a sharpshooters metal.

What's Doing This Week For Service Men In Bangor

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

U. S. O. CLUB, 81 Park street. Open twenty-four hours. Facilities: Reception lounge and information desk, check room, reading and writing room, library, newspapers, magazines, books, social recreation room, snack bar and refreshment lounge, music room, recording studio, classical records, game room, pool, ping-pong, arts and crafts room, hobby workshop, photographic dark room, radio, showers and shaving facilities, sewing kit, self-valet, first-aid kit.

Services: Information service, room and apartment registry, bundle wrapping, mailing service, stamps, checking service—free lockers, USO Service stationery, typewriter, local phone calls, letters-on-a-record service, religious literature, individual personal services.

Y.M.C.A., 127 Hammond street. Open 24 hours. Services: Game room, lobby, writing materials, information, showers, swimming pool. BANGOR HEBREW COMMUNITY CENTER, corner French and Somerset Streets. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:00 p. m. Services: Pool, ping pong, dancing, library, room service, individual service.

USO CENTER, 81 Columbia street. Open 4:00 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. Facilities: Lounge, check room, game room, pool, ping pong, writing materials, dancing.

Y.W.C.A., 174 Union street. Open house every day for service men and women, 2:00 p. m. to 10:00 p. m.

Bangor Public Library, free for reading and lending for service men and women and their families. Central Library, 145 Harlow street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m. daily; 2:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m. on Sunday.

Music Branch, 166 Union street. Open Monday through Friday, 9:00 a. m. to noon; 2:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. On Saturday, 9:00 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.

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

Dow Field Activities

MONDAY, DECEMBER 6

Shuffle Board Night. Here is a game many like to play. At T 15 the Shuffle Board court is ready for your enjoyment. If you do not know how to play, complete rules are conveniently located for your use. So G. I.'s come to T 15 and play a snappy game of Shuffle Board.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7

Engineers Aviation Battalion Dance. The Bangor city hall will vibrate with the tuneful jive of the Dow Field Troubadours as the Engineers go to town at a Battalion Dance. The festivities will begin at 8:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8

Special Letter Writing Night at T 15. Have you written to your loved ones this week. Tonight is the time to get busy and let the folks at home hear from you. Refreshments will be served to all Letter Writers. All facilities for letter writing will be found in T 15, even stamps if desired.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9

Dancing Class for Beginners. All G. I.s who are interested in learning this art are cordially welcome.

to T 15. The class begins at 7:30 p. m.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10

Broadcast and Dance at T 6. The Broadcast begins at 9 p. m. The dance follows immediately after the broadcast. The Dow Field Troubadours will give forth with their best rhythms for your enjoyment. The dance will be sponsored by the Signal Sqd. Other organizations will be invited. Dow Field Hostesses and WAC's will be there to make your evening complete. Cokes will be sold.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11

Relaxation Night. This is the evening to catch up on your reading and radio program listening. Books, new and old, these you enjoy, magazines, papers, are all available at T 15. Complete writing equipment, recordings, games, ping-pong, and brain teaser puzzles will all be found at T 15.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12

Country Dance at T 15. All you G. I.s don your fatigue suits and come to T 15. The dance will begin at 8:15 p. m. Dow Field Hostesses will dress as Farmeretts. So back to the country we go. Barn Dance is the event.

USO Activities

Monday, Dec. 6

8:30 Kountry dancing to Records. Also the modern steps. USO Hostesses. Ping Pong, Parlor Games.

Tuesday, Dec. 7

9:00 Big Bingo Party. Cash Prizes, Novelties and fun. USO Hostesses. Letters-on-a-Record made. Attendant on hand.

Wednesday, Dec. 8

8:30 Mid-Week Dance. Have fun to the sweet music of the Dow Field Troubadours. USO Hostesses.

Thursday, Dec. 9

8:30 Movie—Full length feature picture. Dancing to Records. USO Hostesses.

Friday, Dec. 10

8:00 Letters-on-a-Record made. Attendants on hand.

9:00 Photographs to send home. Made Free. Clay Modeling, Sketching.

Saturday, Dec. 11

8:30 Dance. Music by those Dow Field Troubadours. USO Hostesses. Dancing till Midnight.

Sunday, Dec. 12

9:00 a.m. Have you joined the Sunday Morning Breakfast Club? or taken advantage of our special letter writing facilities?

3:15 p.m. Dancing to Records. Refreshments.

8:00 p.m. Informal dance—USO Hostesses.

"SUGAR" REPORT

Jersey City, N. J.—In one month the Quartermaster Depot here bought 9,000,000 pounds of candy.

You Said It

(Editor's Note: Ideas for items in this column are more than welcomed. Hence the name: You Said It.)

(Editor's Note: Ideas for items in this column are more than welcomed. Hence the name: You Said It.)

GOOD NEIGHBOR ITEM

No matter what performance of "His Butler's Sister" you attended at the Base Theater last week, you heard the following crack when Evelyn Ankers said to Franchot Tone:

"I'm going to Maine tomorrow." The audience chorused, "You'll be sorry!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

From Basic Field Manual, FM 21-50:

"Noncommissioned officers are addressed by their titles such as 'Sergeant' or 'Corporal,' and privates as 'Smith' or 'Jones.' The Army makes things simple—Red Tape is just a myth—My name is Pvt. Finkenpimple. But they call me Jones or Smith. By Jones (or Smith).

CLOSTROPHOBIA

There's a place in Bangor where the housing condition is going to be terrific after the war. A house trailer is permanently parked on Fourteenth street and, judging by the wash hung out, a goodly number now live in it.

Imagine what it will be like when the three men (or women), who are represented by so many stars on a service flag in the window, return from the wars!

SLANGUAGE

Future historians are going to be slightly off the beam if they use current dictionaries or glossaries of Army slang in translating the present writings of those in the service.

Such a book (and it's supposed to be a good one) just came into the Base Library, and it sure is a sad sack (an expression it doesn't list). Here are some of its definitions:

BABE: The youngest man in his class. (When we have a date with babe, it ain't with any young man.)

G. I.: Any product carried by the quartermaster. (When we G. I. a floor, the quartermaster doesn't even carry the soap, let alone the water, brooms, mops and brushes and the G.I.s we have to move out of the way.)

GOOF OFF: To make a mistake in drill. (Most guys goof off before drill even starts.)

GOLDBRICK: A lazy individual. (Could be, but some guys exert an awful lot of effort to the job of becoming goldbricks.)

FANNY: A plane's ampenage. (Oh my aching back! That's strictly snafu feathermerchant's jive—try to translate that from a "modern" dictionary of Army slang!)

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Since this happened a long time ago, will probably never happen again, and all present guards and the guy who did it know better, we'll tell it:

A G. I. went on duty one night to relieve a man guarding prisoner in the hospital here.

Came dawn and the guy he'd been watching woke up and said, "What are you looking at me for, I'm not a prisoner."

The sentinel examined the bed tags and, sure enough, he'd guarded the wrong guy."

PLAGERISM

To steal a phrase from last week's Comm-unique Column:

We don't print smutty stuff in this column, 'cause grime does not pay.

F. M. S.

CIVILIAN SLANTS

MAINTENANCE

Mr. Cronin, chief clerk, received an interesting letter from A/C Clayton Golightly, former Maintenance employee, who is now at Miami Beach, Fla., being processed for an Aviation Cadet. Clayton is thrilled about the training but has to keep his nose to the grandstand studying for exams, tests, etc. . . . those who remember Clayton will appreciate the strain he must be undergoing by having to concentrate because when he was here it was a miracle to keep him in one place for even a half hour.

Herbert Day, foreman of Armament Branch, left on Tuesday for military duty. We wish all the good luck there is for "Herbie" who is going to be greatly missed by everyone—especially so at Sub-Depot parties.

Congratulations to "One-a-Day-Way," otherwise known as Jean, on her recent birthday. Parachute girls say that now she is up with the rest of them. That sure was a beautiful ruby and pearl ring Jean received.

It's evident that the "Screaming Demons" have what it takes seeing as how they won the first bowling match. They're hoping tho' that it wasn't just "Beginners' Luck."

Byron Gettel and Gwylm Richards, both of Sheet Metal Branch, left this week for their homes in Pennsylvania to get ready to join the Armed Forces.

Who is the mysterious gentleman from New Hampshire who sends Loula LeMay orchids, roses and sweetpeas? We're all envious!

What's the sense in traveling to Portland for a Thanksgiving dinner at home and then getting sick so you can't eat it? Ask Chris Beverage of Parachute about that!

We regret to hear that John Miller and James Longfellow, both of Inspection Branch, are confined to their homes due to illness.

Sub-Depot Guard

DEER HUNTING ALIBIS:

Opl. Blackman—Deer going too fast.
Ptl. Frew—Forgot to load gun.
Ptl. Burke—Used to night hunting.
Ptl. Dinsmore—See C. H. Rice Company.
Ptl. Cary—Forgot to take gun along.
Ptl. Oaks—Mosquitos too thick.
Ptl. Thompson—Buck Fever.
Ptl. Massie—Deer had "flag" up.
Ptl. Currier—"By golly, you know, etc."
Ptl. Wright—Forgot to look through sight.
Ptl. Campbell—Would only shoot a "barren" doe.
Special! the \$64.00 question goes to Cpl. Blackman! His brother shot a deer 600 yards away and when they dressed it no signs of a bullet hole in it anywhere. P. S. Must have used Flash Gordon's Ray Gun.

Headquarters

A recent visitor at this Sub-Depot was Luther S. Singley, 1st A. C., from the Ground Electric Shop, Portland, Maine. We are glad to have Major Mac-back with us again after having a few days' leave.

Mr. Bror Hultgren enjoyed a day of hunting Tuesday it being the



Meet Me at LARRY'S
FOR DELICIOUS
HAMBURGERS - - -
HOT DOGS - - -
ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT
POST OFFICE SQ.

last day of the season. Where is that buck?

Evelyn Bragg is back with us again after spending three weeks down at the Air Freight Terminal on temporary duty.

The Sub-Depot Employees' Association held a delightful supper and dance Tuesday night at the Shrine Hall on Columbia street. A large crowd attended the affair with everyone having an enjoyable evening. Much thanks is extended to Raymond Torrey of Supply for the excellent way in which he handled the affair. Also thanks goes to the Sub-Depot employees for the help which made the supper a huge success.

Post Engineers

Say, boys, wasn't that some snow storm! Two days straight bucking snow was quite a job. Well done—we would say! But, at a certain home on Hammond street, there is no well-beaten path this winter like that—ask Cookie—he knows! Hear tell that it broke up a good poker game when the boys were called back to fight the snow at about midnight. Can Jim, "The Road Commissioner," really fill a truck faster than a Sno-go. Shovel in each hand, Jim?

You all heard about Trenholm's pocket-book? No, well, his prize pig ate the pocketbook and its contents except for an identification card. What's the matter, Porky, couldn't you stand the picture either?

What is this about Huskins stacking smoke up in this hospital boiler room? Saving it, Paul?

It's "Quick, Watson, the hammer" now in the Carpenter Shop. Is that a gypsy car that you are building, Joe? The Bills (Grey and Russell) are on a vacation, of course.

Say, Sargent, did you get a deer? We hear that Rosemary got a letter from the "Seabees"—Now we wonder? Cookie got another stripe. Good for you, Cpl. Adams! Is "David Harum" Hall on furlough? and Lt. Berger? What happened to Bernie? We saw Mrs. Amundsen walking the other day?

The poachers were out hunting the last day of the season we see. Royce is the guy for a push if you are out of gas kids!

Is Crockett in the restaurant business—Bradbury would like to know!

We are all going to miss Joyce—aren't we? Mrs. Mayhew was one of the originals and a good scout all ways. Good luck to you, Joyce. Did all you girls have a good time at her party?

It looks like there will be a good number of going away parties around here, now that the fathers are being drafted. The Fire Department will look like a well picked turkey after the draft board combs it over a few times.

"Pop" Braley and his "Smoke-eaters" gave a barn dance for the enlisted personnel last week at T-6. Went over big, didn't it, Pop?

Information

On December 8th, all civilian employees who had completed six months or more of satisfactory service with the War Department on November 1st will be awarded the Emblem for Civilian Service. This award is being made in recognition of the contribution of the civilian employees in the prosecution of the war. Awards will be made at appropriate program to be held in the Base Gmy (behind the chapel) at 9 a. m., 8 December. Plan to be there.

Emptied the suggestion boxes on Wednesday and got quite a haul. The suggestion committee have started to work on these and we should have some news for you pretty soon. In one of the boxes, we found quite a lot of mail that apparently had been there for some time by the looks of the dust on it. I guess somebody has been mis-

"Where Old Friends Meet"

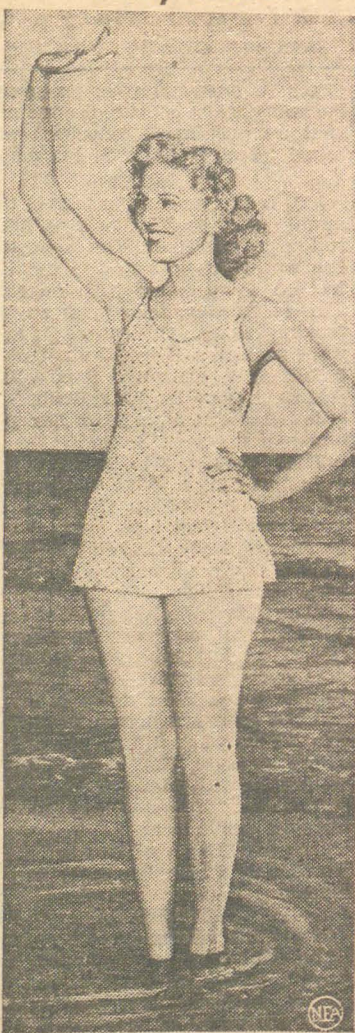
THE
Bangor House

Dining Room
Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St. Bangor

Army Wave



With a friendly smile and a "Hi-ya, soldier!" wave, blonde Kathleen Dougherty strikes a pin-up pose before taking a dip in the warm Gulf of Mexico at St. Petersburg, Fla.

taking the suggestion box for the mail box.

Glad to see the bowling league going so strong. Hope it keeps up.

Near as I can make out, everybody had a swell time at the Employees Association dinner Tuesday night. Col. Goodwin was one of the speakers and hear he got a good hand.

Haven't heard any more about the parking situation, so guess it must be pretty much under control.

The draft board's hot breath is on the necks of a lot of our good men. Sorry to see so many go, but c'est la guerre, boys. Give 'em Hell!

Your Community Chest pledges are payable at the Civilian Personnel Office. See that some of the boys who were going to pay once or twice a month on the pledges have forgotten it. How about it?

Heard one of the fellas congratulating Bud Leavitt on his excellent attendance record at the Coast Guard meetings (they're inside you know) but this guy was wondering if bud's conscience didn't bother him when he saw Bror Hultgren, Frank Harding and some of the others pulling two or three four-hour shifts on the cold banks of the Penobscot every week while he stayed home by the fireside reading Bill Cunningham.

Medical Dept.

Bill Thompson, popular manager of the Hospital PX, is on "DS" at Milbridge, Maine for a few days.

Mrs. Catherine Kearns paid a visit to Station Hospital recently and was given a cordial welcome. She expects to report back to work in the near future.

Robert Feehan of Ward II spent part of his annual leave in Sherman, Maine.

Mrs. Helen O'Brien enjoyed a few days vacation last week at home in Bangor.

Frank Holmes has been visiting friends and relatives in Machias and Calais.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving 1943 was really observed at Station Hospital with an elaborate dinner at which approximately one-third of the civilian employees were present. The menu was printed in an attractive folder and besides the dinner contained the names of the Medical Department, the Army Nurse Corps, Detachment Medical Department and the civilian employees.

The following items made up the dinner: Grapefruit cup, turkey broth with noodles,ritz crackers, celery sticks, gherkins, queen and black olives, roast turkey, sage dressing, giblet gravy, cranberry sauce, candied sweet potatoes, parried potatoes, buttered peas, hubbard squash, Brussels sprouts, combination salad with French dressing, parker house rolls, butter, assorted breads, pumpkin pie.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Challenges seem to be the order of the week, people tell me their story, so then I contact their supposed victims and the versions I get prove nothing to me. Here are a few claims and their answers. Lt. Mahoney claims to have beaten M-Sgt. Skypok at the game of pool, now I know that the Sgt. shoots a good stick. From the way he spoke to me, he could use a broom and spot his tormentor 25 points in a hundred point game and of course a good audience. The next challenge in line comes from an old member of the outfit Sgt. Red Spada, whom the Lt. claims he tied in a bowling match, (from what I hear neither of them say much about the third party who defeated them both). Of course the red headed sergeant fumed and ranted after I informed him that his reputation as a bowler meant little or nothing to certain members in the Q. M. Here is his reply: Ten strings, a spot of ten pins per string and the invite is to Lt. Mahoney and as an added attraction throw in S-Sgt. Winn with the same terms. Another challenge that has been hinted and played around with for the past three weeks is, a direct challenge to the Q. M. officers bowling team vs. the Q. M. enlisted men's team. Well there are a few of the challenges, the others are just minor (I may hear from that remark) and they shall do for later, they need more steam behind them.

We have been trying to organize a basketball team and we had all we could do to get a starting group of men for the team. Come game night, enough for two teams showed up to play and the extras did not attend one practice session. We or I could go on and say plenty about the situation, but for the benefit of the team the splurge of words shall be omitted this time. In the future all men desiring to play shall attend practice when called upon to do so.

Our old friend Black Jack Fuella is now a Bombardier Lt. He passed for pilot, but requested that he be put in the group he had highest marks, so you have the latest story about the former corporal. I know that you all wish him the best of luck and are proud to have had him as a member of our company.

The recent three day pass that Cpl. Kempton had, was delayed en route by a snow storm. He happened to take along a K ration and during that long wait on the train, partook of the contents and claimed it one of the best meals he ever had.

Did you know that we had a WAC assigned to our company, her name etc. Here is a little dope on her, the name Cpl. Lillian I. Bennett (nick name, Daisy, June), works for Lt. Col. Goodwin, and of all places in the Finance office (ironic?) more later, maybe.

Would like to get the full story as to the party who accompanied Sgt. Hicks on his recent pass.

Our new dayroom assistant Pvt. Mclosky, seems to like the South Brewer neighborhood on his off duty hours.

Our first casualty of the basketball season is none other than that long blue eyed boy Cauthorne. We hope that he mends quickly and gets back in the game.

Cpl. Cappello is still up in the hospital, a visit from some of you boys would be appreciated by him.

I see that Cpl. William Nash Payne is doing right well out in that Michigan post. He is P.T. instructor also camouflage and of course he added that dates are plentiful in the nearby city.

We have been asked to compete in the Dow Field radio quiz program in the very near future. Will four men step up and volunteer for this contest? You are sure to have a lot of fun and then again you may learn something new.

chocolate cake, ice cream, mixed nuts, assorted candies, fruits in season, coffee, cidar, cigars and cigarettes.

FREE!

Fluid for Your Lighter
DROP IN, SOLDIER

Fill Your Lighter and Look Us Over

OPEN EVERY NIGHT

YOUNGS

26 STATE ST.

Tobacconists Extraordinary

Signal Corps

S-SGT. M. J. HODGKINS

Due to the absence of our regular correspondent, Pfc. Sam Proleta, who is being given the opportunity to display his culinary art, the column is being temporarily taken over by myself.

The Signal Corps is right back in stride again after a lapse of a couple of months without one of their much talked about parties. Monday night the Signal Corps really went on a splurge by having a gala affair at the Penobscot Hotel. The committee, S-Sgt. Harrington, Sgt. Solowiei and Cpl. Lieber did a fine job of getting things ready for the chicken dinner, entertainment, and dancing. We all want to take this opportunity to thank the committee for its splendid work in making the party a grand success.

Here's wishing Mrs. Sealy a speedy recovery from her broken leg—sorry you couldn't attend our party.

The Signal Corps basketball team is keeping up its tradition of its fine sports teams by winning their opening game from the Air Base Squadron by 22-16 with Pfc. Rosini high scorer for Signal. The boys played a fine brand of ball, so now lets have a little more co-operation from the organization by coming to these games and giving them a little support.

The question that most of the boys in the company have been asking lately is: "What do S-Sgt. Harrington, Cpl. Ciminera and Pfc. Rosini find in Orono and Old Town to bother going up for?" Could it be to bowl or some other attraction? We think the latter.

Cpl. Lieber found out that our First Sgt. Wennerberg was flying to Houlton to play basketball and immediately offered the services of his famous flight helmet to take along. Knowing the sentiment that Lieber has for that hat, we think it pretty white of him to do such a thing.

Our First Sergeant applied for separate rations a few days ago. Realizing that only married men are authorized to ration separately he, nevertheless, felt he was qualified because of spending so much time at one address at the south end of Bangor. His application was given immediate attention but was not approved.

An item in a small Vermont paper, noticed the other day by W. O. Sprague, is enclosed as follows:

Washington, Nov. 5 — (AP) A draft-registrant in Poinsett County, Ark., who brought his local board a letter proving he was married and the father of seven children is probably still wondering what-goes-on-here?

The letter, according to the War Manpower Commission's selective service bulletin, sent him off promptly to the induction station. It read:

"Dear United States Army: 'My husband asked me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but raise Hell and drink lemon essence since I married him 8 years ago, and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He's good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome, I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this, but just take him and send him as far as you can.'"

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.

W.C. BRYANT & SON, Inc.
JEWELERS 46 MAIN BANGOR

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

Men of Mercy at Italian Front



Under the eerie glow of makeshift lighting, heroic U S Army doctors perform a difficult operation in a field hospital, behind the front lines in Italy.

The Head of Adolf Hitler

The German authorities in Holland have forbidden the noble sport of flying kites. Dutch children used to be particularly fond of this game, perhaps because there are no hills to climb and they were provided with an unassailable pretext to climb up a tree when their kite got tangled in its branches. Even adults, although less devoted to tree-climbing, were by no means immune from the charms of kite-flying, their pretext being that they just wanted to "show" the youngsters. There is something in the immense dramatic skies of the Low Countries which invites communion. The landscapes by some of the most gifted Dutch painters are as much skylines as they are landscapes. And it may be due to their intuition for sky and space that the Dutch built up those air-lines which reached far beyond the equator.

We suspect that the children of Holland have been making their kites from memoranda, in which the head of Adolf Hitler is persistently mentioned. This explains why the Germans take the matter so seriously. Parents who do not prevent their children from flying kites are threatened with six months' imprisonment and a fine of three hundred florins. A kite may speak its own language, understood only by those who have been initiated into its secrets. Those innocent-looking bits of colored paper, which go up to the skies, may be harbingers of revenge for the German parachutists who once came down from the skies. We do not know what their message is and if we knew we would not betray it. But, surely, it has something to do with the cursed head of Adolf Hitler.

More ingenuity may be needed for flying those kites than was ever required for flying planes in a few days' time from Amsterdam to Batavia. It is the little things which count in a German-occupied country, where large things would at once draw the enemy's attention. It is the little things which one day may become formidable and devastating in their effect. Even such childish toys as kites.

We are no adepts in the art of melodramatizing what is going on in occupied countries. But we imagine that kites of various shades and various sizes and various designs, floating under the stern autumn skies of Holland, are getting on the nerves of the officers and men of small rural German garrisons. Not because they

understand their language, but because they do not. There is something eerie in the silent but deadly hostility which surrounds them from all sides. There is an everlasting menace in the air. It makes them "see" things. Things which may or may not be there. Messages conveyed to the enemy whom they see reflected in the cold and hostile eyes of each man and woman and child. "The enemy" has become a maddening obsession in the delirious brains of German warriors in occupied countries. They may not be afraid of British and American bombers, but they are terrified by Dutch kites.

Because today they are distinguishing in everything a wrathful world's clamor for the head of Adolf Hitler—and rightly so. It is clamored by kites which children fly above the quiet fields of Holland. The Germans know that even this game spells terrible disaster and terrible revenge to each and all of them.

SOLDIER NAPS IN OVEN

OKMULGEE, Okla.—Major V. J. Belda, showing guests through a partly finished Army bakery, opened the big oven door and there, on a revolving bread tray, a soldier comfortably reclined.

"Just looking around, sir," the startled private said.

Hastily the Major closed the door and led his guests away.

Now, after thinking it over, he is looking for the soldier to promote him to private first class for his ingenuity.

MINNEAPOLIS—Someone sent Louise Murphy, 14, a half-pound package of TNT bearing an Army label warning the explosive was "dangerous."

Bomber's Shell



That shell Gerry Williams of Inglewood, Calif., is holding comes out of the nose of North American's new cannon-equipped B-25 Mitchell bomber. Just to the left of her head is the cannon's muzzle.

Dow Field Diary

Continued from the First Page

effect to open up your program?" He seemed just a little disappointed that we were more concerned with sound effects than with his magic.

TUESDAY

Pay Day! Someone once said that morale was that extra five bucks tucked in your shoe. You could look the world straight in the eye and feel on equal terms with anybody. This is the day, fellows, to do that tucking away. Of course if you want to look the world straight in BOTH eyes, you might tuck a little folding lettuce in War Bonds.

Jotted down from Fort Dix post newspaper:

They have a private there who was once in a Nazi uniform. It seems that while in Germany his birth record had been snafued and blundering Nazi officials tossed him in the army although he was of the Jewish faith.

"The Nazis," he pointed out, "didn't have any classification system. They just yank you into field-gray drab and start you on 15 and 20 mile hikes. From dawn to night-fall the men are driven until they can think of nothing but army! army! army!" His papers finally caught up with him and he was released. His first step was to join up with Uncle Sam.

Saw the "Battle of Russia" today. You'll find a complete story in this issue.

WEDNESDAY

Now that the big three, President Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, and Joseph Stalin, are due to get together, we were interested to find that all three at one time were scribes. There must be something about putting ideas on paper that develops your horizon. President Roosevelt was editor of the Harvard "Crimson" with emphasis on reforms. Churchill went in for weightier material—banging out "The World Crisis," "Malborough," and more recently "Blood, Sweat and Tears." Stalin got in his verbal innings as reporter on the "Pravda."

Shucks, maybe someone will see our scribbling and nominate us for president or sumpin'!

After somewhat of a struggle, we finally got a set of questions together. One of our problems on previous quizzes has been to have everybody get in their two cents worth. Too often one member, accustomed to speaking on a platform, would be the first to answer. To get them warmed up, we are experimenting with the idea of a tongue twister session. First we'd try one set of "hard to say" combinations, then another, then we'd try them on the Library staff. Anyone coming in unexpectedly might have been greeted with "SHOOT SHEEP SUDDENLY — SHEEP SOUP," and get the idea we had gone berserk.

THURSDAY

Got a letter today from our old ping pong rival, energetic Sgt. "Tony" Mascia, and it sounded so interesting we made a feature of it.

Over in Africa, Berlin beams a special program to American soldiers known as "Presented to American Forces in North Africa."

A half-hour show, it features a woman announcer, a news bulletin,

Miss Santa Claus



This Christmas we have female Santas gathering coins for the needy, as does Toni Annotone of Chicago shown here on a Volunteers of America chimney Manpower shortage, y'know.

two broken-down German comedians and a renegade American newspaperman known as "Your Buddy, Bill."

The gal has a tonal quality described as a "bedroom voice," speaks good English and puts on plenty of oomph. She is supposed to make the fellows homesick. Their familiar name for her is not printable.

Another Axis combination coming out of Italy is known as "Pete and Sally." The gal calls herself "Sally of the Axis." After a brief session mixed with propaganda, the programs always end with, "A big kiss from Sally." Is her middle name Judas by any chance?

FRIDAY

Last week we discussed a special Dow Field edition of a paper known as the "Guidon." Well, they are here . . . in full force. Sprinkled throughout the pages are shots of Dow Field activities and items about the personnel.

Anybody who wants some extra copies, come and get 'em.

The Bangor NEWS carried a story on the origin of the name Dow Field. There's an American Legion post in town that is known as the Norman Dow Post, but the name of this field did not originate there. The Lieutenant Dow for whom it was named died in an airplane crash a short time before this field came into being.

Chuckie from overseas:

British soldiers are reviving and streamlining an old gag: The time is night; the scene, a camp outpost.

"Halt, who goes there?" cries the sentry.

"Just a horse," replies a meek

SPORTS NEWS

By S/Sgt EDDIE THOMAS

BOWLING

E. M. LEAGUE

	Won	Lost
Headquarters, E. M.	23	12
Ordnance	23	12
Signal	25	15
Hospital	23	17
Quartermasters	13	27
Aviation Squadron	10	30
High team triple, Hdq., E. M.		1,405
High team single, Signal		491
High triple, Spada		322
Second high triple, Thomas		314
High single, Spada		122
Second high single, Leibler		120

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Spada	24	100.6	V'k'd'wich	12	36.1
Thomas	27	96.4	Fields	9	36.4
Cala	3	95.0	Ripley	25	36.3
Palasek	30	92.7	Bushey	6	36.3
Profeta	24	92.8	Berkson	9	36.1
Roe	16	92.1	Harris	12	35.0
Johns	20	90.2	Hanes	12	35.9
Collins	27	90.0	Mack	15	35.0
H'r'gton	30	90.0	Sundberg	23	35.0
Cottier	27	90.0	Thompson	15	35.0
We'n'rb'g	27	89.9	Christian	18	34.1
Skypek	13	89.2	Hodgkins	27	33.1
Winn	13	89.2	Tricky	3	33.0
Lubich	18	89.1	Antilla	16	33.0
Snyder	27	87.6	Marcus	18	32.8
Lanzl	24	87.1	Halsey	12	30.2
Devenny	27	87.1	Bruen	6	30.1
Lima	12	87.0	H. Johnson	12	30.0

little voice from the dark.

"Step forward, horse, and be mechanized," is the punch line.

Looks like we're going to have to dig deeper to stump the Kwiz Kids. We thought we had some sure-fire stoppers, but both Medics and Communications steam-rollered right over them.

Just saw a quick proof of the menu for the Colonel's dinner. Sgt. Jackson does a very clear-cut job with the limitations he has on equipment.

Since our Thanksgiving effort seemed to have interest, we tried our hand on this menu. It's a lot of fun roughing up sketches and seeing the final result.

MAYBE HE CAN DO IT WITH MIRRORS

WAKEFIELD, Mass. — Firemen, fighting a small blaze in a liquor store here, played the hose around and washed all the labels off the bottles in the store. Now the owner has to identify the contents without breaking the government seals.

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

BIJOU Theatre

Today-Tues.

LASSIE COME HOME

Wed., Thurs., Fri.

PARIS AFTER DARK

OPERA HOUSE

Today, Tues., Wed.

GUADALCANAL DIARY

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

Henry Aldrich Haunts a House

PARK THEATRE

Today-Tues.

BEST FOOT FORWARD

Lucille Ball, Harry James

—Also—

TWO SENORITAS FROM CHICAGO

Joan Davis, Jinx Falkenberg

Wed.-Thurs.

OUR WIFE

Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Hussey

—Also—

STORMY WEATHER

Lena Horne, Bill Robinson



DIAMONDS

Engagement Rings
Wedding Sets

Always a Good Selection

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25 Hammond St.

Next to Bus Station