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Changes
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THE OBSERVER

IN CASE OF
FIRE
CALL 236

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, MAY 10, 1943

Vol. No. 50



DOW FIELD WELCOMES WAACS—Lt. Polanski is shown leading her company into the base. In gallant style the band went down to serenade them. Again we say "welcome."

You Can Record Your Voice And Send It Home

Starting tonight and all week long, Dow Field servicemen (and women) will have the opportunity of recording their voices and sending the records home.

Pepsi-Cola company is sending a voice-recording machine around to different points at Dow Field every day in the week, so here's your chance to send a message (and in your own voice) to your wife, parents, or friends.

Here's the schedule: tonight, the voice-recording machine will be in the Air Base Squadron Day Room, Tuesday in the Guard Squadron Day Room, Wednesday in the WAACs Day Room, Thursday in the Aviation Squadron Day Room, Friday in the Quartermaster Day Room, and Saturday in the Base Recreation Hall (T-15).

It's a chance to give the folks at home a thrill, so don't miss up on this opportunity. Start planning your message now and make it good.

TWO GROUPS OF ENGINEERS HAVE PARTIES

Two groups of Engineers had parties last week and both seem to agree that Base Recreation Hostess Mrs. Madeline Shaw was largely responsible for the success of the festivities.

On Tuesday evening, T-6 (Base Gym) was the setting and the Headquarters boys invited guests from other companies. Mrs. Shaw's Dow Field hostesses proved to be excellent company and the music provided by the Troubadors was tops.

On Friday evening, another group of Engineers broke the ice with an unusual party in the Recreational Building (T-15). Mrs. Shaw was very entertaining and kept the girls and fellows in stitches for some time. The evening was taken up with some dancing, a few games, and refreshments. The refreshments were from the company's own kitchen. Everyone who attended thoroughly enjoyed themselves and the fellows thank the girls who came. Lt. F. O. Watson, the company's Special Service Officer, promises more parties, dances, and perhaps outings in the near future.

Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

SUNDAY

As soon as we heard that Ruth Draper was going to appear at Dow Field, we hustled around to get some background material. Our first try was at the Bangor News. Mr. Oscar Shepard, dramatic critic of the paper, assured us she was way up in the higher brackets of art. We even dug in the files for some sort of a picture—but no go.

It's still a major problem trying to find ways and means of telling fellows what is happening. The Observer can do only one phase of the job. Signs and "word of mouth" have to do the rest. The main trouble seemed to be, "Who is Ruth Draper? What's she done?" Frankly, we knew she was a cracker-jack monologist, but that description is such a mouthful that we tried to find another word. You can't say impersonator because she

Diary

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Bouquet Of The Week

This week's bouquet (to the reporter who gets his column in first), goes to Cpl. Sam Chimoff of Ordnance. Cpl. Chimoff has left Dow Field and is unable to receive his bouquet in person, but we are wiring it to him.

Who will be the reporter to receive next week's bouquet from The Observer? What will he do with the bouquet when he receives it? Read The Observer next week and find out the answers to these vital questions.

Post To Get "Air Force" Free

Free distribution of "Air Force"—the official service journal of the AAF—will be made on the field shortly. The publication, an attractively edited "slick-paper" magazine, is published monthly. It is primarily a medium for the exchange of ideas and information among Army Air Forces personnel. The May issue contains information that should be of interest to everyone from a command pilot to the newest recruit. A few articles taken from the contents of that issue at random are:

Tips From Veterans on Flying the North Atlantic Route; A 37-Year-Old Graduate Tells His Story of O. C. S., Miami; The New Organization Chart of the Army Air Forces; What That Useful Lingo Called Pidgin English Is All About; Analyzing the Physiological Effects of High Speed Flight; and Bomber Pilot Reports on Fighting Japs and Germans. The well-illustrated magazine also contains special departments, quizzes, cartoons and jokes.

About one copy of the publication will be distributed for every four men of the AAF personnel at the field. It is hoped that the copies will be circulated so that each man has a chance to see the magazine.

RADIO SHOW STARS NEW TALENT, A U. S. O. SHOW LETTER TO MOM, RYAN'S RETURN

There were many bright moments on Thursday night's Dow Field Radio Show. First of all, Pvt. Curley Ryan, who some weeks ago made a smash hit appearance on the program, returned to the airwaves to give some more of his impersonations and sound effects. Curley imitates anything from sawing wood to Jimmie Durante. A full description of his talents and background will be found in the Post Personality column on another page. It was good to have

Curley back.

The Nitwit Newsreel featured a newcomer to our radio show—Pfc. David Kornhouser who played a meek little private, a guard house inhabitant, and a screwloose nut. Kornhouser looks like a definite find. Once again, the Dow Radio Show has unearthed a personality who bears watching. Kornhouser has had experience in acting before, having appeared in several

Radio Show

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Ruth Draper Creates Characters That Are All Your Own Mind

We could have sworn that there were more people on the stage of T-6 last Monday night than Miss Draper. In fact at one point the stage seemed over-run with children, all ingeniously suggested by her deft touches.

You really have to see her, to know what this is all about. As Miss Draper explains it "You have to meet me halfway and fill in the

details with your own imagination from my suggestions." As a matter of fact her voice changes and body mannerisms made each character a clear cut portrait.

It's almost impossible to put on paper the effect created but here's a try. Her first sketch was a court scene. Three women were giving their sides of the same story. Rosie was the girl who wanted to marry her young man, go out West and leave her mother and grandmother in an Old Folks' Home. Miss Draper portrayed all three, with the simple medium of a shawl, the only costume. The grandmother speaking broken English, the mother, pitiful in her worry of the future, and Rosie, young, brash and ready to go on her own. "The Old Folks' Home," she insisted, "was a swell place for the mother and grandmother. Art pictures in every room—even 'George Washington Crossing the Delaware' in the dining room."

Her second characterization was the most hilarious. A Philadelphia matron bringing a flood of children to a party and watching over the brood. Her actions in this set were masterpieces. Motions of fixing the ribbon on an imaginary child, brushing off junior's clothes, keeping a baby amused with weird

Ruth Draper

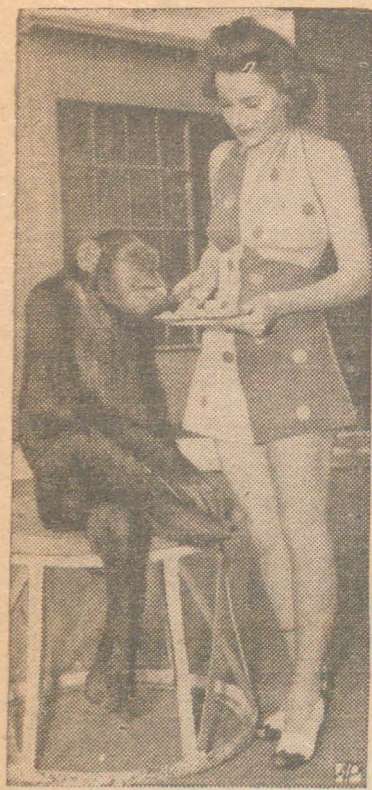
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Aviation Sqdn. Wow Audience At Com. Center

By BRUCE O. SAMUELS

It was a gala affair at the Community Center on last Wednesday night. Pvt. Lester Wilson had the Squadron band and Glee club in excellent shape. Pvt. Melvin Davis gave another demonstration of his marvelous talent as a showman.

The Aviation Squadron has many friends in the city of Bangor but after the program of Wednesday night they have more than doubled the amount of friends they have.



When Constance Weiler began to feed a Hollywood star some food, he made a monkey out of himself. You can see for yourself the complete job she has done.

My Private Opinion

By Pvt. Adolf Hannes

On April 7th and April 8th a very important conference took place at New York university, but it aroused interest only in the educational and intellectual world. Although a bit premature, it should at least have gained the notice of the public in general, for it had to do with one of our most far-reaching post-war aims: the re-education of Europe. The conference was held by the Institute on Educational Reconstruction, and the Central and Eastern European Planning Board. Both of these organizations advocated the immediate establishment of an international education office, the purpose of which would be to formulate plans to aid the other United Nations in the cultural and intellectual rehabilitation of Europe.

However, the outstanding event of the session was the adoption of, and approval of, the "Democratic Charter of Education," designed to guide this post-war system of world education. It is worthwhile to cast a glance at the basic credo of this charter. It pledges the following:

That education shall be used to build world fellowship.

That education shall be built upon truth.

That communities and nations shall guarantee freedom to teach and to study.

That through education we shall seek to promote health.

That through education we shall prepare all individuals to contribute to the work life of the world.

That through education we shall seek to develop active world citizens.

That education on an equal basis must be guaranteed by all governments.

That an international office of education will receive full support and cooperation.

The above credo is general in aspect, and requires no further elucidation. However, its very simplicity makes it possible to receive the national interpretation of any country, and as such, it is practical for all peoples. Basic principles are common to all educational systems, if they are endowed with humanism; but their ability to remain humanistic, and at the same time to develop national characteristics of their own, requires the establishment of an international education office, whose purpose it will be to coordinate international thinking. Coordination means cooperation, not dictation, nor even influence. That is why the

YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW TO USE A FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Suppose a fire suddenly broke out in the barracks—would you know what to do?

You would probably rush for the fire extinguisher and read the directions on how to use it.

Now we know the fire isn't going to wait until you get around to figuring out how to operate the gadgets. So let's do a little direction reading ahead of time.

SODA AND ACID

The commonest form of fire extinguisher is the so-called "soda and acid" action. Across the band of the main cylinder you will see, "For Fire," turn bottom up." That is really all there is to it except to direct the nozzle—at the base of fire.

However, so that you will have some idea of what is going on inside, here is how it works. Inside the top of the extinguisher, when it is right side up is a bottle of sulphuric acid. This is held in place by a metal cage. A lead stopper is put in lightly so that the "up turn" motion plops it out.

The main cylinder of the extinguisher contains a solution of soda and water.

The minute you up end the extinguisher, the sulphuric acid is poured into the soda and bingo! Pressure is built up and water streaks out of the nozzle and you give the fire, the works.

The spray carries as far as 30 feet with effective striking power. It continues as long as the soda and

acid fight it out in the inside chamber.

However due to the tremendous pressure (350 lbs) it is necessary to make them with first class metals. The present metal shortage is now causing these types of extinguishers to be rapidly displaced by new types.

OTHER TYPES

For instance, there's the small hand pump type holding a quart of carbon tetrachloride. Easy to operate yet having good driving force.

On the top, is a lock that holds the handle in place, you turn the handle, release the spray and direct the nozzle and start pumping. Putting full steam on it we were able to send the stream about 15 feet.

One of the advantages that this has over the "soda acid" combination is that you don't have to shoot the works once you start using it.

Fire chief Turner demonstrated each of the various types of extinguishers. This was the large pressure gauge type holding one gallon of tetrachloride (also known as PYRENE.)

There were several larger ones, operated just as you would pump up a tire. These carried 2½ gals. to 4 gals. of water.

A word of warning about the carbon tetrachloride. Don't get scared of the name, while the fumes are poisonous—opening up windows and doors will prevent danger, in closed in areas. So be careful with it—but not afraid of it.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

T-Sgt. Avsharian has been keeping the boys posted as to his activities, he said that he was glad to be the first of the short men to leave the base and sends his sympathies to Sgt. DeLorme, the muscle man of Finance.

"Tonight we raid Calais" was one of the feature signs around the post last week. Cpl. Casey had his bags and necessary equipment ready for departure. Then he suddenly found out that it was only a movie title of a coming attraction, better luck next time James. Casey is a native of Calais, Maine.

Some of the boys have been having a strange assortment of dreams lately and the most noticeable are Pfc.'s Roy and Payne. With Pfc. Payne taking the athletic side, by replaying all the softball games and Pfc. Roy the romantic part, by sweet dreams of some member at 202.

The Commissary group and the Warehouse had a special bowling

"Democratic Charter of Education" is concerned with basic principles. They do not conflict with basic humanistic ideas.

A question that almost instantly comes in mind, when we think of the re-education of Europe is, why should we re-educate her? There are two answers to this question. One is that we must do away with the degenerate philosophies that have caused her to plunge the world into another war, and the other is that we must re-affirm her faith in those basic humanistic principles, for which the United Nations are paving a way. Both of these ends may be accomplished by one means: education. This education must take three forms of expression: intellectual, political, and spiritual. It is understood that these forms are interdependent, for they cannot stand alone. Education, like the development of a personality, is a process of integration.

Another question may be asked in connection with the re-education of Europe. Is it worthwhile? It is my belief that any end, based on humanism, is worthwhile. Most of the great western culture, of which we are the inheritors, is a product of Europe; and even today, when Europe has cast out, and ruined, her intellectual and cultural leaders, she is still the source from which most of our thinking is derived; she is still our inspiration. It is only natural that it should be so, for the New World is but the child of the Old World, which is Europe. The very fact that an international education office is in the process of formation, is enough proof that democratic educators believe the re-education of Europe to be one of our great post-war problems, and not only desirable, but a necessity at that. Further developments along this line should be anxiously awaited.

match with the former winning by twelve points. The supposedly good bowlers made a very poor showing, which resulted in two dark horses showing up in the form of Pfc.'s Mulledy and Feula, they also say Mrs. Sweetser took John's place so the warehouse boys would have a winning chance.

Sgt. Gregory has been so busy lately that he has no time to make personal purchases at the PX. That is his story, we have reasons to believe otherwise, wonder what his answers would be if the boys asked him about it?

Physical tests are coming up again and each man must be in A-1 shape, so in the very near future be prepared for daily workouts and make sure that you get the best out of them as some one of these days it will be a case of "survival of the fittest", in other words go back to that old boy scout slogan, "Be Prepared."

No one seems to have any cigarettes the past few days, everyone has turned to cigar smoking, of course all know that a few ratings have been flying around and some of the boys hope it keeps up as they like the cigars. Wonder what the WACCs hand out when promotions are awarded?

Would like to have some of you boys hand in some news for the column as I have been very busy with my own business and do not find much time to snoop around, so lend a hand, fellows.

Guard Commendations

The following men have received citations for outstanding performance of Guard Duty during the past week.

Sunday—Pvt. Laverne Sullivan, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Henry Roberts, Air Base Sqdn.; Pvt. Ralph Breven, Aviation Sqdn.

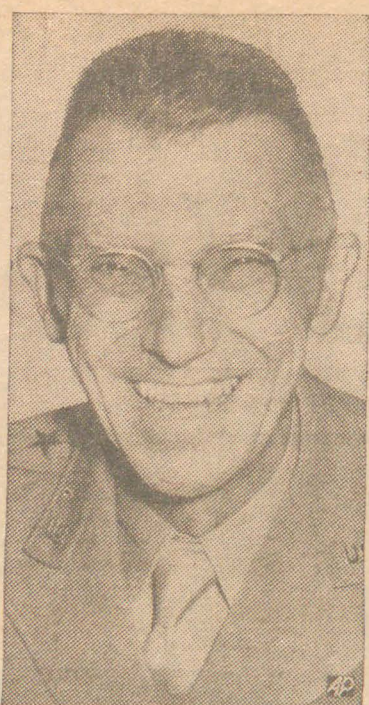
Monday—Pvt. Vincent Earle, Aviation Sqdn.; Pvt. Wallace Lee, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Joseph Lee, Air Base Sqdn.

Tuesday—Cpl. Chester C. Sutton, Aviation Sqdn.; Pvt. E. Fingerhoo, Guard Sqdn.

Wednesday—Pvt. Harvey Patterson, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Clayton Randall, Air Base Sqdn.; Pvt. Wesley Reed, Aviation Sqdn.

Thursday—Pvt. Wayne Honn, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. R. Conklin, Air Base Sqdn.; Pvt. Melvin Carey, Aviation Sqdn.

Friday—Pvt. William Patterson, Aviation Sqdn.; Pvt. George Fieson, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Sidney Deitch, Air Base Sqdn.



SMILING JOE—Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell belies his nickname of "Vinegar Joe" in this cheerful portrait. General Stilwell, in command of United States forces in the China-Burma-India theatre, recently returned from the Far East.

Air Base Squadron

SGT. EDWARD STEWART

Our guest reporter for this week is Corporal Alfred Thoms. As the thought for the day, he envisioned a giant bird cage and stocked it with some of our boys.

Here's his idea of some of the birds you live with, fellows:

Owl (Knows all, sees all, hears all) S.-Sgt. Pelletier.

Robin (The cradle) Pvt. Cashman.

Gull (Ible) Pvt. Lilly.

Flamingo (Longlegged) Pvt. Conklin.

Cowbird (Puts all his eggs in the basket) Pvt. Newhouse.

Redheaded woodpecker (Enough said) S.-Sgt. Lewis.

Chimney Sparrow (He's our Santa Claus) Cpl. Cook.

Pee Wee (Small) Sgt. Mascia.

Wren (Small, brown and mousey) S.-Sgt. Orioli.

Nightingale (He sings—or attempts it) Sgt. Topping.

Mocking Bird (Known by his voice) Pvt. Vanpatten.

Hen (Always clucking) Pvt. Marcuse.

Rooster (Always crowing) Pvt. Koch.

Kingsbird (Acts like one) Sgt. Miller.

Peacock (Smooth) Sgt. Stewart.

Pvt. Dave Kornhouser made his debut on the radio broadcast Thursday night. He says that entertainment is right up his alley.

Next week he's going to try something a little different.

Sgt. "Dynamite Dearth" is wondering why he hasn't been making the column lately. Well, Jim, since your boy, Dave Karp, left we don't know what you're doing. Why not tell us sometime?

So, before "Dynamite" explodes—here he's made the column again—without Karp.

The boys are finding out the six easy lessons of putting out a fire—via the extinguisher methods. No practicing on the side now fellows.

Sgt. Don McInnis is openly predicting a clean sweep of the baseball schedule by the Air Base Squadron team. He was the pilot of last year's champs—in a runaway.

Anyone else who wants to take a crack at writing this column, call the Observer office Monday. The number is 388.

Not too long ago, Pvt. Sidney Deitch was in Newfoundland. He travelled on the only train running there and calls it the "Slowest Toonerville Trolley in existence." He poured out his woes in a poem called "Newfoundland Express," which was published in the "Yank" magazine. So, with a big-timer in our midst, we hope to copy the "Yank" and have the poem in this issue.

General Mess

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL
Who was the shadow that Pvt. Peleg Hostler was seen with on the Brewer bridge the other evening?

Believe it or not, but Pfc. Claborn Allred is a real dancer. Boy! Can he cut up the rug! This interesting discovery was made at the party at East Holden last week.

Mess Sgt., T-Sgt. Raymond Q. Weeks, Pfc. Claborn Allred, Pvt. George Hagan and Pvt. Earl T. Dowell were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wolley of East Holden last Tuesday evening and report a very enjoyable and pleasant evening.

Who is it that comes in at midnight wishing for a guitar and violin concert? Could it be Sgt. Hart or Cpl. Cardin from their favorite girl's place down at Joe's?

Cpl. Kenneth Melville is back from Cooks and Bakers School and is really struttin' his stuff. Yessir! He's really on the ball.

Cpl. Biagio Scibetta is back after having been gone for three days on pass. Naturally, he reports a swell time at "Home."

Yes, our Sgt. Joseph Burkhalter is back from the Station hospital. We are all indeed very glad for his quick and complete recovery.

Welcome! To the following new cooks from Jefferson Barracks School. They are: Cpl. Arnold M. Dixon, Cpl. Theodore C. Crow, Cpl. Thomas M. Carless, Cpl. Robert Dawkins and Cpl. Wilburn Cruse.

The winner of last week's riddle was Pvt. Richard Ovitt and the answer is one egg.

Pvt. Louis Machado and Pvt. Elphege Gosselin are now cooking on the night shift.

Is Pfc. Raymond Stow really worried or is he kidding? Don't worry, Raymond, we're wishing you all the luck on those stripes and really hope that you'll get them. What's puzzling is that his appetite remains the same and he still comes back for the second and third serving. We're all for you Ray!

Here goes that dollar question boys! Get set—"Why do the French people bury their cousins on a hill side when they die?" Don't forget, the first one to come to the reporter with the right answer gets the money—one dollar.

ATTENTION ENLISTED MEN



See

PAUL'S

For

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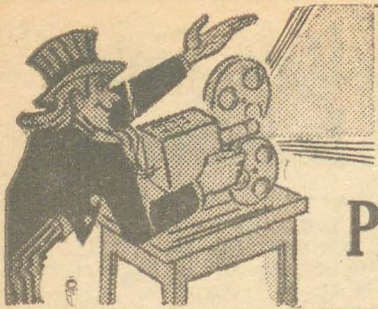
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STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN



Post Theatre PROGRAMS

Monday, May 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

Four Year Old Girl Outwits S. Sgt. Geden

By PVT. LARRY KAYE

S. Sgt. Paul Geden, who has become famous for his chalk talks during the past months, was caught in an embarrassing predicament the other night and a little four year old girl was the cause of it all. When his chalk talks are over, Paul is in the habit of giving away the pictures he has drawn to the little boys and girls who answer his questions correctly.

After his most recent performance, however, there was a mad scramble onto the stage and the pictures were all carried off. A little girl walked up to our staff sergeant and said, "I want a pitcher. I answered your question and I want a pitcher."

"But there aren't any left," Paul tried to reason.

"I don't care. I want a pitcher," the little girl said, defiantly. She pursed her lips and held her hands behind her back. Nothing could move her or change her decision.

She wanted a pitcher. It was a battle of two minds.

"What shall I do?" asked our staff sergeant.

"Draw me one," she glared at him and finally emerged triumphant as S. Sgt. Paul Geden bent beneath the pressure of a stronger will than his own, and began to draw a special picture for the young lady. Immediately, several others asked for special pictures. Not all the little girls were so belligerent about it as our little four year old friend. One young lady of seven said she would like to marry S. Sgt. Geden. One little boy said he would like to kick S. Sgt. Geden on the shins—and did.

Very few people can come out better than second-best in a battle of wits with children. S. Sgt. Geden is no exception.

MEN—

IF COMEDY IS YOUR GAME—

Then we'd like to have your name FOR THE RADIO BROADCAST

Call 388

New War Film Series Starts Here May 20th

A new series of two-reel pictures called "The War" is now being made by the War Department under the supervision of Lt. Col. Frank Capra. These pictures will be released in War Dept. theatres bi-weekly—running time, about twenty minutes. The first of the series comes to Dow Field Post Theatre on Thursday and Friday, May 20th and 21st in addition to the regular feature.

Photographed by the Army, Navy, the Marines, and the Air Corps, and the Office of Strategic Services, the best pictures shot in overseas areas will be included in every release to give a full record of American soldiers in combat everywhere in the world. Through first hand accounts, from men who have actively participated in combat, the progress of our fight will be reported to the men upon whom the fight largely depends.

Film seized from the Japanese and Nazis provide a continuous reminder of the nature of the enemy. The active collaboration of the United Nations will be documented by motion pictures made on the spot. Photographic units domestically will cover the most interesting and exciting aspects of training and equipment of all the services and will in addition make a record of what America looks like at war.

Another feature of the new film will be the introduction of Private Snafu, that well-meaning moron who is a blabbermouth, a goldbrick, and a strictly G. I. gripe. Snafu will be an animated cartoon, guaranteed to be an object lesson—with belly laughs.

Guard Squadron

By Sgt. Tom Shanley

On Sunday afternoon the Guard Squadron softball team won their first exhibition game from the Quartermaster team by the score of 8 to 7. The battery for the Guard Squadron was Benedetto and Hale. Pvt. Hale pitched a great game and had the opposing team well in hand throughout the game. For the Guard Squadron Wilson, Castellano, Branley, Petan, Villucci, Vivieros and Renaud played a bang up game. The telling blow of the game was a three bagger by Sgt. Wilson, which put across the winning runs. From all indications the 837th will be a team to beat during the coming league games.

For the untiring effort, it has shown in keeping the Squadron area free from carelessly tossed cigarette butts, "Billy the Kid" our Sqdn mascot was promoted to T-Sgt. Men of other organizations detailed to policing their areas would do well to contact S.-Sgt. Fairfield at 274. All the "Kid" charges is one pack of cigarettes, any brand.

Pfc. Marvin Garrick writes from Ft. Devens Cooks & Bakers School that he has the situation well in hand. Promises to be able to dish out some swell meals on his return, not mentioning some golden brown "French Toast."

Cpl. Barrett, Pfc. Carberry, Chrismar and Fook have left for

★ IN THE SPOTLIGHT ★

By David O. Alber

They've done everything else in the movies, so here's a free suggestion for a plot; there's



HEDY LAMARR

friend, Mary Astor. Sidney Greenstreet, who is Bogart's commanding officer, decides to take matters into his own hands, and dates Hedy himself. Just when he's about to succumb to her charms, in comes Roy Rogers, an FBI man, who shoots everyone dead and scrams.

For hilarious reading in these troublesome days, we recommend unreservedly H. Allen Smith's "Life in a Putty Knife Factory" (Doubleday Doran). Smith, who sees nothing unusual in parting his name on the side, is one of the best of our contemporary humorists, and this series of sketches is a worthy successor to his justly famous "Low Man On a Totem Pole." Even if you're not a Smith man, this is funny reading—and personally, we're a Smith man.

Ruth Hussey, a lovely brunette, has a number of accomplishments up her sleeve—not the least of them the ability to tell a good story. This is one of her favorites: seems that Pat was dying

in an upstairs bedroom, while downstairs Bridget was bustling around, bemoaning the passing of her spouse. Then from upstairs, came Pat's voice: "Bridget, what's that you got cooking down there?" "Ham and cabbage, praise the saints." "Ham and cabbage, eh?" cried the old man, "save me some—I'll be right down." "Now, don't you bother coming down here, Pat. You go on with your dying—this ham and cabbage is for the waker!"

It looks like the entire Herman family will be living off the fat of the picture,

"Winter Time," the new Sonja Henie opus. Woody Herman and his orchestra were originally signed for the picture, so the popular young maestro

WOODY HERMAN

headed West. After a while, Woody sent for his wife, Charlotte. On the set one afternoon director William LeBaron noticed an extremely good-looking young redhead, and signed her for a bit part; it was Woody's wife. Now the wise bettors are offering two to one that their daughter, 16-month-old Ingrid, will be the next addition to "Winter Time." Woody and his band, by the way, continue to be heard on the government-sponsored "What's Your War Job?" Wednesday nights, 7:05 P.M., EWT, via the Blue.

school at Scott Field, Ill. Pfc. Karr has also departed for school at Lowry Field, Colo.

After being away at school for 3 months Shady Blackwell has returned and has taken up his duties in the Squadron Mess Hall. The boys are anxiously awaiting those fancy dishes he has promised them.

Many of the men have been taking advantage of the opportunities offered by the Base Library. Can it be the quest for higher learning or is there some other attraction behind it all or perhaps a cute WAAC.

Pvt. Sal Cretella has a worried look on his face for the past week. His letters sent to his home in New Haven are being returned with the notation, "Not at." Blames it on the women mail carriers who have been pressed into service because of the manpower shortage. Guess I

will have to write to my old boss Postmaster "Pat" Goode and see if we can't straighten the situation out.

Pvt. Henry Steele, former Bridgeport, Conn. plumber, was noticed waiting for the Old Town bus recently. Claims to have received a hurry call from one of the Old Town drink emporiums requesting him to put an "elbow" on one of their fixtures. They didn't mean the "human elbow" did they, Henry.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12
POLISH-AMERICAN DANCE
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"KITE NURSE" for member of ground crew

"KITE" for airplane

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KILL OR BE KILLED
HEROES
WESTERN BATTLE FRONT

What's Playing at the **OLYMPIA** This Week

MON., TUES.—ROY ROGERS in KING OF THE COWBOYS

WED.-THURS.

SECRETS OF A CO-ED

FRI.-SAT.

RIDERS OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED

SUNDAY ONLY

THIS WAS PARIS

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

THE OBSERVER

to keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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

Three Little Words

Pasted on the lid of a sugar bowl on a table in a downtown restaurant was a label bearing the three words: "On Your Honor." The bowl was filled, and apparently nobody was watching lest any guest should use more than two tablespoonsful in his coffee. The appeal was solely to honor.

Three words and yet those three were loaded with deep meaning and far-reaching significance.

There's a certain pride in being trusted. It's only human to take special care to show that the trust has not been misplaced.

Every day on the field, in your barracks, you see and hear information that may be vital.

There will be no sign posted to tell you that you are being trusted. You know what the score is and what facts are not to be bantered around.

So when you are tempted to tell a juicy bit of information or to take an extra liberty, remember that the sweetness of the moment may turn to bitterness in the end.

Remember the sugar bowl. You are "On Your Honor."

THE DUST-CATCHERS

Now that spring is definitely in the air, let's pay a little attention to ground.

Those "Keep Off the Grass" signs are not there to decorate the landscape. They mean exactly what they say.

More than mere beauty is involved in letting the grass grow. Those of you who were on the base last summer can recall the dust swirling around the field. The grass makes nice dust-catchers so give it a chance.

It also makes the base a source of pride for neatness and cleanliness.

When you're tempted to dash across a seeded area, soldier, think again an "Keep Off the Grass."

ENGINEERS

By Pvt. EUGENE DAWSON

(Ed. We got this too late for last week's paper, so we include it in this week.)

Well, folks, we are new to this publication and we would like to say right here that the Town of Bangor is the nicest town for its size that we have been in as yet. In our outfit you will find a very good cross section of your nation, we have Private Burnette, a tall, lanky and very likeable soldier from the state of Tennessee, Private

Cowart from the fine southern state of Georgia, and believe me, folks, he sure shows it, his actions are as slow as his talking, then we have the state of Mississippi represented by T4 Jones, and for a laugh ask Jones to say "How about that." That is only a few but we have them from all over the country and parts of West Virginia, too. For example: The other night this writer happened to be talking to a very charming citizen of Bangor and she got a kick out of the way the people of the south talk, she said, "The people of the south say 'you all' and the people of the north say 'Youse' and the people of Pennsylvania say 'You'in'." But there is one question in the minds of us—Does it ever get warm in the state of Maine? We boys from the south nearly freeze and the people up here say it's nice weather.

Don't forget this is the first week we have been in on the publication so please don't be too hard on us until we get a chance to get settled.

And now for this week.

If anyone thinks that a guy in the Engineers doesn't take this Army life to their heart should have been present at the New At-

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TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

The Pulitzer Prize poll, conducted each year by the Saturday Review of Literature, voted "Look to the Mountain by Le Grand Cannon as the best fiction book of the year. The runner up for honors was "The Just and the Unjust" by James Cozzens. In the biographical division "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In" by Esther Forbes emerged the winner. The topnotcher for history went to the ever popular Lee's Lieutenants by Douglas Freeman.

Your library has these books, so drop in and take a book out. If you do not care for any of these prize winners, I am sure we will be able to find something you do like.

I have reviewed "Look to the Mountain" and "Lee's Lieutenants" in previous issues of the Observer so that today I will tell you a little about the other two books.

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

By James Cozzens

This is a dramatic story that centers around the court room during a murder trial in a small democratic community. The principal characters are Abner Choate and his fiancée "Bonnie, Harry Wurts and his friend Jessie, and last but not least Judge Choate. The characters are excellently drawn and you find that after court is ad-

lantic Sunday afternoon when Burnette and a couple of his friends were eating their Sunday dinner (we paid for it because Friday was pay day) and at the end of the meal the group of men had quite a time trying to talk Burnette out of carrying his own dishes back to the kitchen.

In last week's column we mentioned the fact that some of the company gave a person a good cross section of his country, and this week we would like to mention that the Pennsylvania vocabulary is spoken very fluently by Ed Downin, including the now famous "you'ins."

We would like to take the opportunity at this time to welcome the wives of the men who have found it within their means to come up here and we know that their presence so close to their loved one will help make them better soldiers and we know that they will like it very much.

Due to the fact that summer is coming on and there will be a lot of men asking for furloughs, we have discovered that Corp. Walk has appointed himself as travel agent so any one wanting the train schedule to almost any state can acquire the necessary information from him including the direction to take and in case you are after such information, don't tell him we told you.

If any of the men in Barracks 410 should happen to be awakened by a queer sound in the middle of the night should disregard it because it is only Pfc. Bob Anderson playing (music in the State of Washington) some favorite tune of his, on his Ocarina which he probably imported from one of the Indians that roam all over the beloved home state of his.

If any of the men who are in the Engineers are discouraged as to the thought of never getting to fly, they should remember that they can always fly home in a plane as did Pvt. Bob Seebree who left Monday for his home in Cincinnati, Ohio and from the company goes with him the speedy recovery of his mother who has been ill.

Medical Corps

By SGT. ROBERT KENDRIGAN

Approximately 300 attended the two-hour entertainment of music and movies given by Howard E. Gilbert, Proprietor of the Northern Insulation Company of Orono, Sunday evening May 2, 1943 in the Day Room at Station Hospital for the patients, enlisted men of Detachment Medical Department, and their guests, members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Of particular interest were au-

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journed, the lawyers are human beings, too, struggling with their own personal problems.

PAUL REVERE

By Esther Forbes

Paul Revere was a versatile and buoyant character who made some of the most beautiful silver of his time, commanded an artillery regiment, engraved copper plate and many other accomplishments.

This is a story of his life and times—filled with excitement and intrigue. A biography that reads like a novel.

The library has plenty of postcards with scenes of Bangor that you boys may have to send home. You will find them on the tables. Help yourself.

Open every evening until ten o'clock except Saturdays and Sundays.

thentic films of battle action on the Mediterranean, Russian and South Pacific battlefronts shown by Mr. Gilbert.

A special guest was Lt. Stephen Powell of Orono, U. S. Marine Corps Reserves who spoke concerning the numerous aspects of training at Marine stations. Lt. Powell is an instructor of drill, wrestling and judo.

SUPPER GUESTS

The affair started with the visitors being Detachment guests at Sunday evening mess. A radio was installed so that Mr. Gilbert could listen to his company's broadcast. Sgt. Gerald L. Thompson was in charge of arrangements, being assisted by Sgt. T. Max Messing, Cpl. T. Daniel C. Lima, Cpl. T. Charles E. LaCourse, Pvt. Ephraim A. McClellan and Robert Meath. Lt. Manrow and 1st Sgt. Choate then took the group on a tour of the hospital.

PROGRAM

The following young ladies from Dexter took part in the program at eight o'clock: The Misses Christena Goulette, Marie Ronco, Viola Clukey, Evelyn Mountain, Connie Goulette, Priscilla Mountain, Winifred Clukey, Eugenia Clukey and Mary Ronco.

Mrs. Vieta Michaud, singer on the Northern Insulation Company's Sunday evening radio hour was mistress of ceremonies and Mrs. Ida Mountain was pianist. Mrs. Michaud has appeared as guest soloist at Dow Field Chapel. On this occasion she sang several popular melodies.

GRAY LADIES

Assisting the committee for the evening were the following Gray Ladies who served refreshments after the program: Miss Gladys Stetson, Mrs. Jennie Ripley, Mrs. Madeline Wright, Mrs. Ann Beriman, Mrs. Mary Brennan, Mrs. Isabel Epstein, Mrs. Alice Hersey and Mrs. Alice Whittier.

COMMITTEES

The Day Room was in charge of Pvt. Nicholas R. Montalbano who was assisted by Pfc. Earl F. Wheeler.

Cpl. Frank J. Mayer was taking care of arrangements in behalf of 2nd Lt. Norman Levine, Recreation and Reconditioning Officer. Both were unable to be present.

2nd Lt. William E. Manrow, Detachment Commander, Warrant Officer James R. Campbell, Assistant Adjutant, and 1st Sgt. James W. Choate extended the necessary authority for the affair, and the committee carrying out arrangements for the evening was composed of Sgt. Gerald L. Thompson, Cpl. Frank J. Mayer, Pvt. Nicholas R. Montalbano and Miss

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Dow Field Inquires:

The question this week was who's your favorite Dow Field Radio Show personality. These are the answers we received:

Pfc. David Kornhouser (Air Base Sqdn.) "Myself."

Sgt. George Edwards (Air Base Sqdn.) "It's a toss up between Jack Eaves and Frank Chamberlain. Edward? He's strictly for hunger."

S-Sgt. John Cooke (Fighter Control Sqdn.) "I think Sgt. George Edwards is very funny when he sings those novelty songs."

Pvt. Nick Deddazio (Ordnance) "I have no favorites. I think everyone on the program is wonderful."

Pfc. A. Nonny Muss (Air Base Sqdn.) "I think there's no one quite like S-Sgt. Geden."

Pfc. Asa L. Fletcher (Fighter Control Sqdn.) "Being a newcomer on the field, I only heard the program once. The thing I liked the best was the guy who did the take-off of Jimmie Durante. When I listened to him, I said the guy who's doing that must have a big snoodle. No one else could do it." (Ed. Note: He means Curley Ryan, our sound effect man.)

OFFICIAL

Attention All Officers and Enlisted Men between the ages of 18 and 26 years inclusive. The Army Air Forces needs pilots. If you will volunteer for flying training and can pass the mental and physical examinations, then you are urged to apply. Mental examinations will be given every Tuesday afternoon at 1300 in building T-23. Turn your name in to Capt. Lathan, classification section, base headquarters, before Saturday noon, to take the mental exam. Immediate superiors will not disapprove applications.

Smoking in Barracks. Members of this command will not smoke in barracks while sitting or lying on their bunks, unless both feet are on the floor. Smoking in bed will not be tolerated.

Proper Wearing of Service and Garrison Cap. Attention of all military personnel is invited to AR 600-40, Section VII, Figure 2, which demonstrates the proper wearing of the service and garrison caps. Military personnel will not wear either of the above mentioned caps on the back of their heads.

Shirley V. Morrison.

MR. GILBERT

Mr. Gilbert is well known among the civic and business clubs of Orono, Bangor and Dexter for his hospitality, and his kindly offer to include the patients at Dow Field was made to one of the civilian employees at Station Hospital for a time associated with his company. A veteran of World War I, it is understood he is the possessor of several medals.

Mr. Gilbert has said he will open his camp at Green Lake at various times this summer to the enlisted men of the Medical Detachment and to members of the W.A.A.C.

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TRANSPORTATION CO.**



"Let's scare 'em to death. I got a mouse right here in my pocket."

KHAKI KOMICS

"Spring is in the air, Mr. Crochety."
"Eh?"
"I said, spring in the air."
"Why? Eh, why should I?"

Dow Field Wolf: "Honey, I've bought something for the one I love best. Guess what?"
Gal: "A box of cigars."

A newly inducted private wrote his family some few days after he arrived in camp: "I've gained 60 pounds since I came here—two pounds of flesh and 58 pounds of equipment."

At roll call, the full strength of company was obviously not present. Yet as each name was called voices would pipe up yelling "Here." Down the list went the sergeant—more names being answered from all directions until he got to one, and there was a strange silence. The sergeant waited a moment. Then plaintively asked, "Has this boy no friends?"

"I want two cents' worth of birdseed."
"How many birds have you?"
"Oh, I don't have any now, I just want to grow some."

Did you hear the one about the hillbilly who went to the store to buy a silencer for his gun? His daughter wanted a quiet wedding.

A true lover of music is a man who hears a blonde singing in the bathtub and put his ear to the keyhole.

Two men were talking about fishing, when one told of a sailfish he had hooked near Miami: "I fought that fish for three hours and when we hauled it on board he weighed 1,400 pounds."

The other man, not to be outdone, told of a strike in the same

region, and a long tussle that ended with the discovery that he didn't have a sailfish after all, but the binnacle off an old Spanish galleon. "And believe it or not," he concluded, "when we hauled the thing aboard, the light was still burning."

To this the first fisherman responded: "I'll take 1,200 pounds off my sailfish if you'll put out that light."

Willie: "Grandma, when are you going to start playing football?"

Grandma: "Why, darling, I can't play football. Why?"

Willie: "Well, papa says he's going to buy a new car just as soon as you kick off."

Ordnance Flames

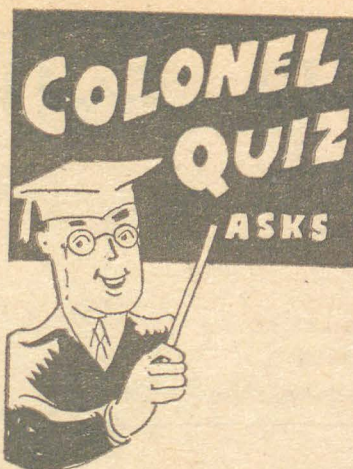
By CPL. SAM CHIMOFF

The time comes in every columnist's life when he must say "farewell" to his public. And that time has come to yours truly. I never realized how attached I'd become to this base and the regular bunch of fellows I bunk with. When a person leaves a place to which he's become very attached, the natural tendency is to look back and reminisce. Here are some of the things I'll always remember about Dow Field:

I remember the endless train ride until we finally reached Bangor, everyone trying to hide his weariness and mixed emotions with a display of gaiety; our impatience and avid curiosity to see the field, going into the barracks, choosing our bunks, meeting the "old" fellows and getting the lowdown from them. I remember learning about terrible things like guard duty and K.P.

I remember when the new batch of fellows came in the following week. We had already had a week of basic training and due to that fact, we felt superior to them in every respect. I remember making up Pvt. Pete Tuminnelli's bunk for him—he couldn't seem to get the hang of it. Something tells me I made a mistake because that beginning never ended until a recent date when Pete added to his repertoire the accomplishment of making a G. I. bunk. I remember how we sweated out those interviews with Lt. Regan and those seemingly endless days of drilling. After learning how to site the rifles and pistols all day long, we could hardly wait to fire them.

I remember our first day on the rifle range, our first day on the



1. What does a rasher of bacon mean?
2. Name the eight states beginning with "M".
3. Next to the U. S., what nation has the most telephones in service?
4. What does the "D" stand for in John D. Rockefeller?
5. If you look closely at a typewriter you can see an ampersand. What do you do with it?

Answers on page 6.

pistol range, and the day Pete won the carton of cigarettes Lt. Regan had offered for the best score. I remember Cpl. Bert Gawley's striped pajamas, S-Sgt. Shortlidge's temper and sarcastically biting remarks (which was all given in fun and which was just the way we took it), I remember Sgt. Cottier's "Betzy" and Sgt. Hudson's girl friend from Brooklyn. I remember the day I sewed on my corporal stripes with my own little hands—going to school—and coming back again. And I remember it was good to get back.

I remember Pfc. Hammond's very instructive lectures in the latrine . . . and for that matter, all the latrine meetings in which various questions of the day were discussed. I remember Pfc. Whiting's stories, which were wild, to say the least. And I remember how Sgt. Linnane neatly stepped into his shoes when Whitey left.

I remember the disappointment felt by all when familiar faces such as Lt. Regan, Cpl. Hand, Captain Dorgan, Sgt. McKinnon, Sgt. Casey, Pvt. Heidman, Pfc. Leone, Pfc. Knipe, Pvt. Mulvihill and a lot of others left. I remember how Angelo Cacopardo looked forward to his coming marriage, those wonderful cigars he handed out. I remember the thrill of making my radio debut on WLBZ and they tell me I've been acting like a ham ever since. I remember with what hesitation I accepted the responsibility of this column and how I looked forward with anxiety to how it would be received.

I remember the hot arguments between Pvs. Laetzo and Arroosian which always occurred after the lights had been put out. I remember how bare and wan our day room looked before it was remodeled by our expert interior decorators, Pvt. Rose, Cpl. Antilla, and Pvt. Heidman. I remember Cpl. Ripley and Cpl. MacKenzie's fast pace of living which was easily a match for any of the other fellows in our group; the vitamin pills S-Sgt. Nowak's girl sent him when he complained about his run down condition from keeping up with her night-shift schedules; Sgt. Gasker, our all around man who did everything from straightening out laundry bills to drilling us.

I remember all those good steak dinners at the P. G. and the habit of stopping off at the P. X. after the movie show on the base; those delicious sundaes and malted milks consumed by the dozens . . . the Ordnance party at T-15 . . . and the hit it made; the Monday night bowling sessions in which we all participated with great enthusiasm.

DO YOU HAVE ANY TALENT FOR RADIO?

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Amazing photography and stranger-than-fiction truth are features of the new war film series called—
THE WAR
Thursday and Friday, May 20th and 21st at—
The Post Theatre!

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Pvt. Curley Ryan Explains His International Background

The first question we asked Curley Ryan was "how come you have an Irish moniker and a French accent?" This is the answer we got.

Just before the last World War, a student was taking a French course at Saint Michael's college in Vermont. One of the practical phases of the course was the correspondence with French fellows and girls. The student was given the name of a girl in Paris. Soon letters flew thick and fast and a romance on paper developed.

Then came the war. Young men enlisted for duty and our student joined the ranks of the Yankee Division. He soon reached Paris and the first thing he did was to look up his pen partner. Again their romance flourished and they were married. Together they settled down in Paris.

The man was the dad of Dow Field's Curley Ryan. And that is why he has an Irish name and speaks French.

But for Curley, himself, his entertaining life began very early. A friend of the family, a French comedienne of the music hall, suggested that he try his hand on the stage.

Soon afterward, he learned acro-

batic tricks and dancing steps and became a contortionist in a circus. His ability to twist himself into a pretzel brought him into a regular troupe of clowns and comedians.

Their tour included the Casino de Paris, Folies Bergere, the Winter Garden, Berlin, and the Hippodrome in London.

In Paris, Curley was an the same bill as the famous French comedian, Maurice Chevalier.

When the war broke out, Ryan was playing in the Vichy Auditorium and his knowledge of French enabled him to become an interpreter.

To escape the Nazi fury he sailed to the United States on a boat out of France. Passing by the City of Lisbon, in Portugal, a submarine attacked their ship. For two hours the passengers sweated out the possible sinking. During this time captain zig-zagged and cross-crossed to avoid torpedo range.

In the United States, his first fame came as the first man to sing "Bie Meer Bist Du Schoen"—which later wowed the country.

At Dow Field he has given his sound effects over the air, and master of ceremonies parties and entertainments.

Five feet and four-and-a-half inches of showmanship—is Curly Ryan.

I remember the inauguration into the job of mail clerk, taking Cpl. Reilly's place when he left. And when I left, Pfc. Devenney in turn stepped into the mailman's job.

I remember Dow Field as one of the most enjoyable periods of my life. And now goodbye until we meet again in this small world of ours.

Aviation Squadron

By CPL. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

We were expecting to have a guest writer this week but something went amiss. Our News and Views writer for next week will positively be Cpl. Frank Walker from Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

The boys on the detached posts have the admiration and respect of every last man in the outfit. And particularly the men of one post. The way they have performed their jobs under the adverse conditions of the past week, merits the highest type of praise.

Our Squadron Camera Club has been organized now for several weeks now I think it would be in order if we started to boast about it now. Under the able leadership of Pvt. Verdelle Payne we have held our informal meetings and the practice of all the phases of photography.

Baseball—what a sport—Aviation Squadron—what a team. The two seem to go together, don't they? The Finance Department did take the opening game six to four. But on Wednesday afternoon we defeated the Band by a score of 20 to 1.

Looks like the War Department finally got around to sending us a saxophone player in the person of Pvt. William Latimere.

On display in the Squadron Orderly Room is a target, a pistol target. Now at 25 yards it is no easy matter to even hit a target with a 45 cal. revolver. First Sgt. Samuel Randall made a beautiful pattern dead in the 'bulls eye' with four out of five, and a four with the fifth shot. Gentlemen that is shoot-

ing. You should have seen the satisfied look on Larne Chestnuts face after he returned from his three-day pass. Just like that cat that had swallowed the family pet canary.

WHO'S WHO IN THE AVIATION SQUADRON:—Pvt. Thomas Alexander Nelson. Tom comes from Mount Vernon, N. Y. He went to school there until he graduated from high school. After leaving high school he went to Washington, D. C., to attend Howard university. I think Tom was so anxious to see what was going on in the world is the reason he didn't stay at H. U. He had ambitions to become a doctor. Before coming into the Army Tom was a bartender. He also had the reputation of being one of the best dressed men in Mount Vernon. T. A. N. loves good times, good food and good music. His hobby is motoring, he is crazy about fast cars. After the business at hand is dispensed with, Tom is planning to tour South America. He is single at the moment. I take it he won't be single long.

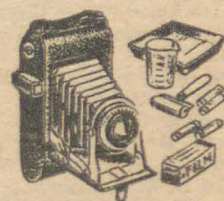
We bid goodby to a regular fellow the other day, Pvt. Hamp Stokes. Hamp is a civilian now.

We of the Squadron extend our deepest sympathy to—Sgt. Joseph Brooks, Sgt. W. B. Johnson, Pvt. Verdelle Payne, and Pvt. Michael Dwight.

We hope for the speedy recovery of our Squadron Members in the Station Hospital. We need you boys, so hurry and get well.

Did You Know—There were fifteen different Draft Classifications.—But we all got into 1-A.

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Dining Room
Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.
174 Main St. Bangor

The Chapel Spire

1st. Lt. Mark A. Smith
Base Chaplain

Services

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

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

Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

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



You have probably heard the above expression used for something that is very pleasing. And if you have ever been away from home for any length of time, you realize what a great pleasure a letter from your family can be.

But there's also another side to the story. Do you realize how much pleasure your parents at home get from the letters which you write to them while you are away? Or how disappointed they are if they watch for the postman hopefully, and then fail to get an expected letter from you?

It will probably be quite an effort to write, because you will be very busy working hard. But this matter is so important that it should not be neglected. Don't forget the very real pleasure that your letters will give your family who will worry about you. It may be a small matter to you, but it will be a big matter to them.

There's plenty of stationery, fellows, at T-15, so there's no excuse to neglect the letter to your folks.

Tuesday night at Bass Park against a strong Avn. Sq. team. Taking an early lead of 1 to 0 in the first inning the Finance team fought to a 6 to 4 victory for a final score. Making a first appearance as a unit, it looks as though the team will be more than just a threat on paper. With no one star but many good stickers and a fine fielding team, it should go far in the league.

"Cris" Christopoulos recently celebrated a birthday. He and all the fellows sure enjoyed the little party that was thrown to commemorate the occasion.

During these closing days of chemical gas school, Deery and Salzenstein are doing a lot of bucking for the highest grades. Each morning when they wake up, the fellows in the barracks hear a discussion of the early morning weather and the pros and cons as to whether or not the day would be favorable to a gas attack.

M-Sergeant Joseph Miller has been selected to act as chief clerk of the Finance Office. He takes over the duties of Warrant Officer Flobberg, who is away at Finance O. C. S.

T-Sgt. Wallace and S-Sgt. Koppel, now attending N. C. O. Finance school, have written the boys in the office. They say they enjoy the courses of study and military training and are kept busy from early morning until the termination of study hall at 9:00 p. m.

Frank Bertrand and "Shorty" DeLorme, T-4ths, are representing the Finance Office in a special physical training leadership program. When they get the fellows fully conditioned by daily exercises, we all should go "over top" in our physical fitness tests.

Thanks are extended to Capt. Nelson, who has kindly made his rifle range available to the Finance men to do a little brushing up on the fine art of hitting the bulls-eye.

FOR SOLDIERS
FOOT PALS
AND
FLORSHEIM
SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST. BANGOR

Signal Corps

By Pvt. Samuel J. Profeta

Reviewing the low down and highlights in the news of the week:

Curious sport addicts attend Signal Corp's practice workout to observe talent and efforts of players seeking permanent position on team. Comment in earnestness about ball club having the makings of a grand team. Winning spirit and natural skill for the game evident in each member showing off his wares.

April 28th—Exhibition contest is played with Base Officers. Signal Corps unleashes heavy barrage of hits combined with sparkling fielding performances to trounce opponents in thrilling, exciting game. The score 10 to 6. Players featuring in starring roles were Sgt. Harrington, First Sgt. Wennerberg, Cpl. O'Donnell, Pvt. Giguere and Pitcher Pvt. Profeta.

April 29th—A returned engagement is resumed with Base Officers. Once again Signal Corps proves its unmatched strength to subdue their colorful, ambitious rivals in a 14 to 5 slugfest. Those capturing honors for this fray consisted of, Cpl. Hordysky, Pvt. Lux, S-Sgt. Harrington, Pfc. Lieber, Cpl. Bryant and pitcher Pvt. Toddy Rogers.

Pfc. Simon Cohen pulls amusing surprise on everyone by returning from furlough earlier than expected. (P. S. He got homesick for the good old Army and his buddies.)

Cpl. Reinhold Herzog pacing the Message Center and disclosing signs of being restless and nervous while awaiting that much talked about visit from his fiancée coming here soon to join him.

April 30th—Food for thought. Cpl. John Bryant this blue dismal morning comes racing through the barracks drenching wet from the downpour of rain outdoors and begins shouting at the top of his voice to a barracks occupied with numerous drowsy men idly indisposed in slumber. "I got to have every available man for special detail." His commanding request falls on deaf ears. No one even bats an eyelash to heed the order. Making a long story short, he winds up as always with his indispensable crew comprising Johnson, Rogers, Profeta, and Lux. Incidentally, to whom it may concern, these boys have been doing some expert research work lately in seeking out unknown hidden cables and splices without the handy aid of compass and map. (P. S.—We are the Signal Corps.)

Financial note: There is a pause in the day's occupation to permit Uncle Sam's pride eagle to drop into the pocket of every member in good standing a little bundle of pin-money for the month. Wow! Pay day.

May 1st—Pfc. Clarence Quillette, our first unfortunate winner selected to do K. P. duty for a month, dons on untarnished fatigues and reports to Mess Hall. We all admire the cheerful way he receives

issippi, and Montana. Did you get 'em all?

3. Germany, with approximately 3,450,000 phones. Do you suppose each one is answered HEIL-LO.

4. His middle name is Davison. We don't know what good it will do you, but it always puzzled us.

5. An ampersand is the little gadget used as an "and" sign like this &.

Know Your Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Lt. Gordon H. Arends

When the Editor called me and asked for an autobiographical sketch for the Observer I was reluctant. However he was insistent, so here are facts and figures.

Like David Copperfield, I was born.

That took place in a little town called Aplington, Iowa, on January 15, 1914. I graduated from high school there in 1931. Four years later I had graduated from college with an A.B. degree in foreign languages.

Then for two years and pretty bad ones at that (the depression hit Iowa about then) I taught in high school. The only good part of that was that I caught up on my reading, and hoping that as a high school student I hadn't been like the ones I was trying to teach. So I spent a summer learning business office procedure and landed a job as secretary to the editor of the Des Moines Register and Tribune. It was that year the editor won the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing and I still look back to that position as my most interesting one.

Civil Service examination caught my eye and after a year on the newspaper I moved to Washington and was immediately swallowed up in the mobs of people and large buildings. Up to January, 1942, I worked in the Finance Office of the War Department as some sort of an auditing accountant, spending my summer vacations at Atlantic City.

Then I enlisted in the Army. That was January 5, 1942. Spent my nine weeks in recruit training at the back-breaking Engineer Replacement Training Center at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. From March until September I worked for General Godfrey, the Engineer for the Army Air Forces in Washington, D. C., being stationed at the Country Club of the Air Corps across the Potomac—Bolling Field.

Then came my big Army break. I had my choice of going to Cairo, Egypt (every enlisted man's dream) and as a Master Sergeant, at that, or going to O. C. S. I chose Cairo and got O. C. S. instead.

After six weeks in that Tondelayo country I was shipped by troop



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Lt. Thomas C. Griffin

1st. Lt. Thomas C. Griffin was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, on July 25, 1898. In 1914, he moved to Denver, Colorado, and attended Regis College there. His home at the present time is in Denver.

During World War I, Lt. Griffin served as a Division Ordnance Sergeant at Camp Custer, Michigan. He was commissioned a 1st. Lieutenant on August 1, 1942, graduating from Officers' Training School at Miami, Florida.

He reported to Dow Field in September, 1942, and has been with the Ordnance Section of the Air Base Squadron since.

In private life, Lt. Griffin has been a partner in the John Frederick Printing company of Denver for the past twenty-five years.

train to Harvard (they call it Hahvahd down there) for some special studying on Statistics. On December 5, 1942, we unpacked our boxes and put on the uniforms. First enlisted man who saluted me on the streets of Boston I was so excited that I knocked my big hat right off the back of my head to the ground behind. We scrambled for it, but I won.

Then assignment to Mitchell Field and finally Dow Field.

The first three months my assignment was with the Aviation Squadron (Sep) and on March 18th was switched to Base Statistical Officer. On Good Friday I got my promotion to First Lieutenant.

I like to swim, play tennis and basketball. Used to go pheasant shooting out in Iowa, in and out of season, but there aren't any pheasants up here. Playing the piano has taken up quite a bit of my time, and music is one of the things I am most fond of.

Col. Quiz Answers

1. A rasher of bacon means three slices of it. It would be rasher to think of getting more in these times—ask any civilians.

2. Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Missis-

"THE BIG PARADE"

Is to the

Paramount Hotel

Post Office Square

Bangor

GOOD FOOD—COCKTAIL BAR

Confiscated enemy film is one of the highlights of the new war film series. First of the series comes here Thursday and Friday, May 20th and 21st.

It's called—

THE WAR

See it at The Post Theatre!

Dow Field Activities

Tuesday—WAAC dance at T-6, 9:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. Six of the Troubadors will provide music and certain organizations will be invited by the WAACs.

Thursday—The regular broadcast and dance. Dow Field On the

Air at 9:00 p. m. from T-6. Dancing follows until 11:30 p. m.

Friday—The 2nd Co. of the Engineers will have a dance at T-6. Ten members of the Troubadors will provide the music.

Sunday—The Air Base Squadron will hold a dance in T-6, 8:00 p. m.

State Foots Bill For Army Poppas

Wives of enlisted men under the first three grades in the military service are now eligible for free obstetric medical and hospital services, while residing in Maine, it has been announced by the State Bureau of Health Division of Maternal and Child Health. It is not necessary for the expectant mother to have a legal residence in the state, but proof must be shown that such services are not otherwise readily available.

In addition to this, special medical care will be provided for newborn infants because of prematurity or illness; and limited dental corrective service will be provided, by the Division of Dental Health, for expectant mothers whose applications are received prior to the sixth month of pregnancy.

Further information about this service can be obtained from the Division of Maternal and Child Health, State Bureau of Health, Augusta. The statement sent out by them said in part:

"All expectant mothers in the state, irrespective of legal residence, who state that the father of the expected child is an enlisted man in military service . . . under the first three grades shall be eligible for obstetric medical and hospital service . . ."

Opportunity

By CPL. ALFRED THOMS
Air Base Squadron

There is always room at the top. This is because there are so few men who are willing to pay the price that is necessary to qualify them for great responsibilities. A man usually doesn't rise to heights of fame in a short while. He generally climbs over a rough road of hard work, in which he labors willingly.

Many people would be successful if all one had to do was push a button. But no, very few of us will ever have greatness presented to us. We all must dig in, in order to attain fame. We will realize this only when he apply ourselves to honest, hard work.

Nothing is as plentiful in America as opportunities. They are around us everywhere, every day, but the trouble is, there are not enough ambitious people to take advantage of those opportunities.

This country is full of people who feel that the doors of opportunity in the world today are closed, while his neighbor is striving to achieve greater honor and fame. He who trusts to get along without working, must expect to get along without everything else that the world has in store for him.

"I won't" is a tramp,
"I can't" is a quitter,
"I don't know" is too lazy,
"I wish I could" is a wisher,
"I might" is waking up,
"I can" is on his way,
"I did" is now the boss.

CAN YOU SING LIKE "BING?"

Then 388 is your number
WE'RE WAITING FOR A CALL

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonys, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

GUESS WHO?

This week we again test your knowledge of current events and the men who make them.

Take each paragraph and see if you can beat us to the punch. After each one take a guess. If your brain doesn't click, go to the next one. Ready?

GUESS WHO

1.

He was born in 1885 at Charleston, South Carolina. He has been responsible for training more men for technical work than any other man.

GUESS WHO

2.

Essentially mechanically minded, he has been placed in charge of all technical training in the Air Corps.

He has been quoted as saying: "I started training technicians when an expert was one who could pronounce the words aileron and fuselage."

When housing facilities became inadequate he nonchalantly took over swanky hotels for his men with this comment: "The best hotel rooms are none too good for our boys."

GUESS WHO

3.

Physically, he is white haired, square jawed and a human dynamo. When General Arnold asked him how long it would take before he could open up an officer training school he said: "Today is Wednesday. Can you give me until Monday?"

When red tape starts getting in the gears he's been known to shout about the thirty policies that are supposed to be basic regulations. "Thirty policies?" he asks. "If the good Lord can run the whole universe on Ten Commandments we don't need thirty."

GUESS WHO

4.

He wears three stars on his shoulder. He is in charge of the Technical Training Corps of the Air Corps. His name suggests a spinner. The initials are W.R.W. Guess who.

Promotions

The following men of the Fighter Control Squadron received promotions this past week. Congratulations and more stripes to them!

TO BE CORPORAL

Pvt. Edward Bazan
Pvt. Frank DeMartino
Pvt. Leonard Garland
Pvt. William Sellers
Pvt. Frank Katusa
Pvt. Eugene Higgins

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Pvt. Charles R. Bunnell
Pvt. Arthur E. Butler
Pvt. Chancey W. Cooley
Pvt. Deon Derbedrosin
Pvt. Dempsey O. Dickson
Pvt. Robert F. Finnerty
Pvt. Charles A. Hamilton
Pvt. Gibson G. Powell
Pvt. Newton Reed
Pvt. Robert W. Roos
Pvt. Peter Spyropoulos



5-1
"My girl sure is romantic—calls me her knight in shining armor!"

Office to Chorus



Because war jobs are luring girls from films, one Hollywood studio is having its office workers double as chorines. Rosemary Blane, a file clerk clad as a chorus girl, above, seems to fill the latter role in good shape.

Sousa and Strauss Oust Parlez-Vous

That "the old songs are the best" seems to have been born out this week from two sources. From the War Department comes information that the Army Band seems to have its own hit parade. The five selections it is most often requested to play are:

"Stars and Stripes Forever," by John Philip Sousa; "Overture to William Tell," by Rossini; "Beautiful Blue Danube," by Strauss; "Poet and Peasant," by von Suppe, and "The Invincible Eagle," another Sousa number.

Taboo at the AFTTC at Atlantic City are songs familiar to any member of the Army Air Forces who has march as much as a block. They are: "Roll Out The Barrel," "When the War Is Over," "Around Her Neck," "Oh, My Feet Hurt Hurt," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "The Moron Song," "How Dry I Am" and "Hinky-dinky, Parlez-Vous"—composers all unknown.

Of course some of the songs in the latter group could be classified as old—but not the way they are sung by members of the AAF while marching.

Answers to Guess Who

The answer is Major General Walter Reed Weaver.

1. If you made a homer on paragraph one you should be helping the general organize more schools.

2. If you only made second base, keep swinging, brother, you've got your eye on the ball.

3. Get caught sliding into third? Well, you're going in the right direction anyway.

4. OOPS! You must be playing in somebody else's ball game. You are nominated as our bat boy.

Lost, strayed or stolen: When the de Vico comet was discovered in 1844, the astronomers computed that it would continue to show up every 8½ years. But instead, after its first visible appearance, it swung its 5,000,000-mile tail off the estimated orbit, dashed off into space and has never been seen since.

Observation of a country editor: "Sometimes a man thinks he has a clean conscience when he only has a poor memory."

Soothing: A celebrated Southern medico states that a nurse with a good reading voice is most helpful in the treatment of illness.

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—U.S.O. Center—Dancing

Tuesday—Bangor Community Center—Symphonic Hour, 8:00 p. m.

U.S.O. Center—Movies

Wednesday—Bangor Community Center—Movies, canteen
U.S.O. center—Dancing and

games

Thursday—U.S.O. Center—Victory Club Program

Friday—U.S.O. Center—Open House
Saturday—U.S.O. Center—Dancing and refreshments

Sunday—Bangor Community Center—Boom-Bingo
U.S.O. Center—Birthday Party

HITLER IN DISCORD

For those who did not listen to the comedy skit in song on Hitler and his troubles, here's an idea of how it goes.

Interwoven in the narrative are popular songs with some lyrics changed to tell the story.

Once upon a time, Adolph Schichelgruber was a poor little paper hanger.

One day, he was swinging his paste brush and singing.

"You're Driving Me Crazy. What Will I do?"

Well, since he was nuts, he decided to go out and conquer the world.

So he called in Mussolini and said, "Benito my boy, you and I are going to town. Let's get together. Mussolini looked shy and murmured— (Sings) I've got a feeling you're fooling, I've got a feeling you're having fun, I'll get the go-by when you're done—fooling with me.

Then Hitler looked at Poland—rolled his eyes and crooned—

You're the object of my affection, we'll change your complexion from white to rosy red.

Then Hitler decided to have a non-aggression pact with Russia. Stalin sent his ambassador, who said—

I came here to talk for Joe. He doesn't know how far you'll go— But he doesn't think you're very slow.

Hitler grunted—then he shouted— Who's afraid of the big bad wolf—the big bad wolf—the big bad wolf—

So he marched into Russia and started a blitz. But the blitz went on the fritz and Adolph cried—

Can't go on—every thing I do is wrong—Stormy Weather, my generals and I can't get together— keeps snowing all the time.

The Nazi advance slowed down—the gallant Russians slugged the Panzar divisions and Hitler yelled—

Oh, once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn, the Russians are tough and my Panzars are torn—

The R. A. F. joining with Uncle Sam's boys roared over Berlin and

with bombs crashing (sound of crashing) Hitler screamed.

It all comes back to me now.

Allied bombers raided Nazi strongholds with the engines humming—

Night and day, you are the one, we'll blast you to bits, you son of a gun.

Each bursting bomb had a theme song of its own.

Here is something to remember us by—when you are far away from here.

Hitler began to plead with the Allies to take it easier. But as one chorus, they sang:

No, no, a thousand times no, you cannot buy our caress. No, no, a thousand times no—we'd rather die than say yes.

Hitler jumped into bed and sobbed.

I guess I'll have to dream the rest.

A voice out of the darkness kept whispering in his ear:

Now it's the same old story. Hitler wanted all the glory. It was a case of do and die, but he is finding out his errors—as time goes by!

With bitter tears streaming down his face, Hitler dragged himself to the door—and he was heard mumbling to himself.

I'm heading for the last roundup, beedleoh, beedleoh.—

Concert Tickets For Soldiers Now Available

Season tickets for a series of Community Concerts are now available. These tickets are good anywhere in the country where the Association holds concerts. One subscriber attended 17 concerts on one ticket.

For further details write Mrs. Harry E. Torrens, 86 Central street.

Thursday and Friday, May 20th and 21st
First in a new series of war films called—
THE WAR
See it at The Post Theatre!

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER
AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL
PICKERING SQ. BANGOR

Signals Beat Fighters, 9-2

By JOE ANTOSZAK

The Signal Service softball team, paced by the stellar defensive play and the heavy hitting of first-sacker Wennerberg, defeated the Fighter Control Squadron by a 9-2 count at Bass Park, Friday evening. With his club already in the lead, Wennerberg drove out a tremendous home run with one man on in the sixth inning. A fast double play by the Signal infield erased a first-frame scoring threat by the Fighters, and a diving catch of a drive by left fielder Lux thwarted another rally effort in the fourth canto. Short fielder Leiber gave his territory blanket-like coverage for the winners and pulled pitcher Profeta out of serious trouble on several occasions.

Outfielders Wagner and Mace played heads-up ball for the losers, but infield misplays, coupled with walks and timely hits by the Signal men, earned them the victory.

WAAC's Fielding Aids Officers Win

Aided by WAAC Lt. Helen E. Polanski, the other-wise all male Officers' softball team beat the Fighter Control Squadron by a score of 3 to 2 in the opening game of the Dow Field season on Wednesday. Lt. Polanski, at short field, not only played a fine game herself, but seemed to have a steadying influence on both her team and that of the opponents, as the fielding was practically flawless on both sides.

First Sgt. Ralph Schoenert, on the mound for the Fighters, allowed the Officers only 4 hits, while adversary Lt. David Barnett, gave six hits to the Fighters. Pitcher Barnett, though, kept the Fighters hits fairly-well scattered after they had made a two-run rally in the second, and managed to stay out of serious trouble.

One of the highspots of the game was a brilliant play in center field by Mace, of the Fighters, awing the spectators. Wagener, the right fielder collected two of the Fighters' half-dozen safeties.

The Fighters used Higgins and Calkins behind the bat, and Carland and Hamilton on first base. Brazen played second, Reed third, and Cozier rounded out a snappy infield at shortstop. Nazelrod and Picozzi, two potential sluggers for the Fighters, patrolled short and left field respectively.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

doesn't imitate any particular person—only character types—and what characters!

MONDAY

"Thoughts While Reading the Comics Dept."—If we could only use Superman, Flash Gordon, and Mandrake, we'd clean up the war business in no time. We'd put Superman in charge of transportation. One flip and all our stuff would be right on deck in no time.

R. C. WILLISTON

OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN

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



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

M. L. French & Son Co.

"THE HOUSE OF UNIFORMS"

110 EXCHANGE ST., BANGOR, ME.



POLA COMES BACK—Pola Negri (left), glamorous star of silent films, chats with June Havoc in Hollywood, where she is making her first American movie in 11 years. She will have a comedy role in her comeback picture.

Flash Gordon could do a swell job in zooming over the Axis in his rocket ships. Oh, wishful thinking!

Now that our assistant editor is floundering about in the dust and grease of K. P., we are putting our Bible method of typing into operation. You know—"Seek, and you shall find."

A little booklet that crossed our desk was named "Sunshine" and it was just that! Every page sparkled with homey philosophy and humor. Typical example headed Choice Bits: "A man's judgment is no better than his information." We'd say that hit it right on the nose. And yet it's stuff we all would arrive at if we thought about it. We had a chance to chat with Miss Draper backstage and as we saw her fondle The Observer, we knew she was our friend for life.

TUESDAY

Once more we stick out our chins to write radio script. For weeks we have been looking for fellows with radio experience who have unusual voices. You know the kind we mean—squeaky, meek, quavering, etc. We think we have finally got an answer—right in our own barracks, too. You will hear him on Thursday's broadcast in a Nitwit Newsreel role. "Ready to do anything," he says. Wait till he sees how we clown around.

WEDNESDAY

"Financial Item Dept."—According to a recent item issued by the War Department, here's how much it costs to train a soldier for twelve months. Somewhere between \$1500 and \$2000, they figure. About as much as you would pay for a college education.

Since Sunday is Mother's Day, we have been toying with an open letter to all mothers. With background music to set the scene, it could well be appropriate. First flashes on background music were "Little Old Lady Passing By" and "Dear Mom." Finally settled on the familiar spelling song, "M Is For The Many Things She Taught Me", etc. We can't resist a bad pun—even here. But we must have gone under the spell.

THURSDAY

To round up an army cast for a show, it would be a distinct advantage to be an octopus. Two of

our boys had the day off so we felt like Paul Revere—dashing madly into the barracks and waking them up. Someday, they are going to throw us out.

"Behind The Scenes Bit": On the broadcast, the last song scheduled was the announced number, "Coming In On A Wing And A Prayer." But what the audience didn't know was that the chorus sung by Cpl. Jack Eaves was not on schedule. The program ran less than a minute short and to fill the break and prevent repeating the musical score, Jack quickly stepped in and plugged the spot. Fast thinking fellow is Evans. After the broadcast, the perspiration streaming down his face is ample evidence of the amount of effort he puts into it.

FRIDAY

In the pamphlet called "The Three Million" (about the Allies), we came across an interesting incident. It seems that in Yugoslavia, Mikhailovitch and his Guerillas are not too busy to have fun with the Nazis. Once they captured a group of Nazis in an abandoned factory and sent them back to the German lines with a large red "V" painted on the seats of their trousers. Our guess is that these Yugoslavs won't take a back seat to anybody. Saw the British film, "Desert Victory" and that desert stuff looks plenty tough! We always wonder where the cameramen are. They must have plenty of "what it takes," to go up in the front line without any defense. On a par with them are the Scotch bagpipers, bravely playing their music to inspire the troops.

As we came out from the movie, we were greeted with the news of the fall of Tunis and Bizerte. A happy end to the picture, "Desert Victory."

SATURDAY

Up To Date Version: A wolf is a guy who can't be left at the door. Well, that let's us out (?) so here we go for another week.

Radio Show

Continued from the First Page

college plays. Joining with him in the Nitwit Newsreel were Cpl. Jack Eaves, Sgt. Lee Stedman, and S.-Sgt. Paul Geden.

To celebrate Mother's Day, S. Sgt. Geden wrote a letter from a soldier to his mother and read it. It was an effective piece of work both from a writing and acting standpoint. Geden's acting has come a long way since the old days (a few months ago) when he hit the airwaves for the first time. The steady improvement was climaxed Thursday night by a really sensitive reading.

The music department was well taken care of by Cpl. Jack Eaves and The Troubadors. Sgt. Al Jarusevich sang "It's Started All Over Again" with his usual tenor perfection. M. Sgt. Robert Barrow-cliff didn't do Cole Porter's "Begin The Beguine" any harm either. The immortal ballad became just a little more immortal.

Then there was S. Sgt. Joseph Narvelli who after his debut the week before returned to sing "As Time Goes By." Narvelli, also a tenor, was also terrific. Terrific also was Cpl. Jack Eaves, swing-singer who swang-sang "Hip Hip Hooray." Jack was the object of many hip hip hoorays from the audience.

The Troubadors also played, "What's The Good Word, Mr. Bluebird?" and "Coming In On A Wing And A Prayer."

Ruth Draper

Continued from the First Page

expressions all added up to a riot.

She would be slyly gossiping about the fathers of the children—then suddenly leap into the air—"Herbert, take your fingers out of your mouth. Christopher, stop making faces at Junior." Her main theme seemed to be, "look as though you enjoy yourselves, children, even if it kills you."

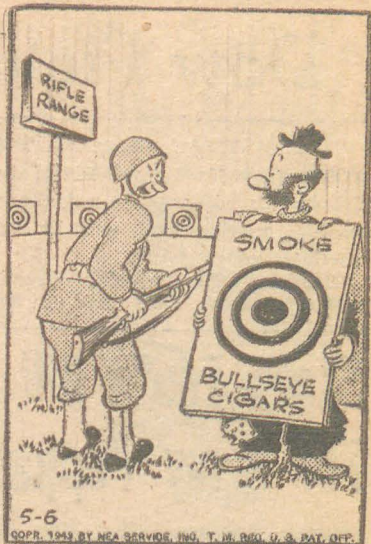
A particularly fine job was her interpretation of a Maine seacoast captain's wife. Shawl over her head, as though she were on the porch of a little seacoast shanty with a dialect as Maine as Aroostook potatoes. She was out on the porch taking a rest from rubbing her husband's back with horse liniment. "Likes the smell of horses," she said, "because he was always in a stable when he was a youngster. House up the hill is haunted," she pointed out. "Neighbors got strangled." And then she proceeded to tell the story of a Maine mystery that had passed down the generations. As tangy as a swift Maine breeze.

"My son works for some wealthy city folks," she said. "Very rich—but very nice. Had a wedding once. Very classy affair. Yes sir, carted away 18 barrels of swill."

On the giddy side was a Park Avenue debutante. She swooped and drooped all over the place with a sort of Katharine Hepburnish accent (and a little bit of Tallulah Bankhead thrown in.) "Don't you like to talk about the serious things of life," she gushed at her imaginary escort. The she would bounce up and wave vigorously at a passing friend.

At the request of a lady in the audience, Miss Draper did a short skit of a Scotch lassie at Ellis Island. She was waiting to be called for by her boy friend, McAllister, and everything turned out happily.

Her last characterization was the



5-6
COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"You'd better try another spot with that sign, chum!"

COME OUT FIGHTING

Last week, we ran a notice of a Golden Gloves tournament. So far—no takers. What's the matter fellow? Afraid of getting a bop on the nose?

You won't be matched out of your class even if you never put on a glove before. There are a lot of guys who don't know a jab from a hook.

It's good exercise and good to know. Don't forget Tuesday, May 18th. Check in at T-6 before-hand and give your name to Sgt. Don MacInnis.

All Engineers who are interested see Lt. Bowles in Bldg. T-413.

only one in costume. A French peasant woman aiding her husband to escape to England at dawn. The entire monologue was spoken in French, and we managed to piece together the incident. As the husband gets off safely, the French woman sees Allied planes overhead and screams with joy—gesticulating feverishly. She cries, "Vive La France, 1943."

A grand performance, Miss Draper—we were exhausted by the end with the depth and breadth of your art.

The pen is mightier than the sword: Gen. John J. Pershing made more money from writing his World War memoirs than he drew as salary all his years as general.

BANGOR'S M.&P. THEATRES

HITS FOR THIS WEEK

BIJOU Theatre

BANGOR TEL. 5307

Today and Tuesday
White Savage

Maria Montez
Jon Hall and Sabu

Wed., Thurs., Fri.
Air Raid Wardens
LAUREL and HARDY

OPERA HOUSE

BANGOR TEL. 5308

All Week
EDGE OF DARKNESS

Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan
Walter Huston, Nancy Coleman

PARK THEATRE

BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today and Tuesday
THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY
DEANNA DURBIN
—Also—
ACROSS THE PACIFIC
Humphrey Bogart

Wed.-Thurs.
THE FALCON STRIKES BACK

Ton Conway, Harriet Hilliard
—Also—

HE HIRED THE BOSS
Stuart Erwin, Evelyn Venable

Soldiers! You Are
Cordially Invited to Visit

FREESE'S

"The Shopping Center of Maine"

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

Freese's Has 67 Departments--6 Floors