

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, JUNE 21, 1943

Vol. No. 56

Here's The Way You Should Dress When In Town

Goin' to town? Well, perhaps you should first know what you are authorized to wear.

Since those at the Base have been given the alternative of wearing either O. D.'s or suntans, what can be worn downtown has presented quite a problem. The answer, naturally, is: a complete Class A uniform. But what constitutes a complete uniform? Here's the answer:

A field jacket may not be worn with either O. D.'s or suntans. The exception to this is for those on duty—such as M. P.'s, or those living in town who are coming from their homes to the Base or returning.

When wearing O. D.'s it is not necessary to wear a blouse. But if the blouse is not worn, a suntan shirt can not be worn with O. D. trousers.

Hats and caps must naturally correspond with the rest of the uniform.

SIX HOURS A WEEK FOR EXERCISE

The Air Base Squadron has announced a new schedule of hours for exercise.

Each day there is a choice of four classes. One at 8 a. m., again at 10 a. m., another at 1 p. m. and the last one at 3 p. m.

Sergeant Donald McInnis is in charge of the conditioning class.

In one session, McInnis gathered the fellows around and made these suggestions.

"Any of you who are overweight can get rid of those bay windows. The underweight can build themselves up and get into healthy shape."

"Sure, you can dodge this if you want to—but you are going to be the loser," McInnis summed up.

On schedule for these hours are softball, tag football, all forms of athletics, obstacle race running and drill.

"THANKS FOR GIFTS" Department

Mrs. Shaw has asked us to publish her thanks for the contributions by Lt. Scott of the Engineer Headquarter.

The gifts are four (4) trays, two large ones for serving sandwiches and two smaller ones for cookies and cakes.

See, Don't They Look Snappy?



Pictured above are Mrs. Alyce Connor, Base librarian and Mrs. Madeline Shaw, Base hostess, in their new official uniforms. Their smiles seem to say that they like them. (Official U. S. Army photo.)

Reciprocity Night At Community Center

The boys will entertain the girls—the girls will feed the boys is the theme of Reciprocity Party at the Community Center tonight.

The gals will come formal—and should be an eye-ful—while the boys will look up their sleeves for a few tricks.

Norman Lambert's orchestra will furnish music for the dancing.

Details on the entertainment and "eats" are not complete but it should be a lot of fun.

Co. B Party Has Stunts And Games

Last Wednesday Company B made a bee-line to T-6 and turned the place into a frolic of fun.

S-Sgt. Brown scored heavily as a glamour boy with his Charles Boyer technique. Frank Marino took his footbath without waiting for Saturday night and the whole company is grateful to Mrs. Shaw for her choice.

Officers attending the party were Lieutenant and Mrs. Blanton, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. E. Schilling and Lieutenants G. Lytikainen and J. Howard. Guests of the evening were S-Sgt. Terence Hudson and his lovely young wife who became very popular with the boys in dancing. (By the way Sarge did you get a dance with her?)

The party was given as a treat to Sgt. Mickey Bush's platoon for the fine work they did on the rifle range.

Committee in charge was Lt. Frank Watson, Sgt. Mickey Bush and Cpl. Bernard Dudgeon. The Engineers thank you Mrs. Shaw for a swell evening and are looking forward to another.

NEW COLUMN MAKES BOW

Communications makes its initial bow in this issue with a new column which you'll find on an inside page. The Observer welcomes its new reporter, Pfc. Warren Baldwin, and invites all of you to read his introductory column.

Request For Blood Donors At Base Is Made By The Red Cross Bank

A request for blood donors from the personnel of Dow Field has been made by the Red Cross blood bank. All those wishing to volunteer should telephone 220 and give their names to the Sergeant Major as soon as possible.

The blood will be drawn at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, in Bangor, on Wednesday. The Base Motor Pool will furnish transportation to the hospital at 5:10 p. m. Wednesday. At the hospital, where the donations will be made between the time of arrival and 8:00 p. m., supper will be served.

So far the response to the request has not been as encouraging as it was hoped. It has been pointed out that many soldiers may be in need of transfusions themselves some day, and therefore should be the most willing donors.

Don't forget to call today as they would like to have the names as far in advance as possible. The telephone number is 220.

Two Dow Officers Receive Promotions

Two officers on the Base received promotions during the past week. 1st Lt. Frederick Talbot, of the Sub-Depot, was promoted to captain; and 2nd Lt. Russell D. Foster, of the Air Base Squadron, was promoted to first lieutenant.

New Army Hit Kits Issued

One of the many ways of keeping soldiers singing and happy are the HIT KITS. These little booklets containing popular songs are issued by the Special Service Division of the army.

The current folder has the words to "Sweet Sue", "You Are My Sunshine", "Taking a Chance on Love", "Don't Get Around Much Any More", "Man to Man", "Bless 'em All", (the favorite song of the British Commonwealth) and a French version of the Army Air Corps Song.

Each kit has a piano copy of every one of the songs in the booklets.

So if you like to sing—and need the words—check in at the Observer office for your free copy.

Capt. H. P. Trudell Of Dow Field Dies In Bristol, R. I.

Funeral services for Capt. Henry Paul Trudell, until recently stationed at Dow Field, who died last week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Trudell, Bristol, R. I., was held at St. Mary's Catholic church in Bristol at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. A solemn high Mass of requiem was held and burial was at St. Mary's cemetery where a military service was held.

Capt. Trudell, who was 24 years of age, had been ill with a heart ailment for the past five months and was at home for a short time on sick leave.

He was born in Bristol, R. I., and after graduating from Colt Memorial High school, he entered Brown university, where he received his engineering degree in 1940. He then went to New York university, and after nine months of study in meteorology he was graduated with a second lieutenant's commission.

For 13 months he was stationed with the armed forces in Newfoundland, and was then transferred to Dow Field, Bangor. It was at Dow Field, that Capt. Trudell contracted the heart condition which five months later resulted in his death.

Capt. Trudell was regarded by his superior officers as a very promising young man with a brilliant future in the field of science which he had chosen, and his sudden passing comes as a shock to them as well as to his many friends in Bangor.

He was a member of the Brown Engineering club, Bristol council, Knights of Columbus, and Colt Memorial High school alumni association. He is survived by his parents only.

PARLEY-VOUS?

You do? How about learning more about other languages? Check up on the language courses at the Library T-33.

Pretty Girls, Bloom and Sprague, Liven Up USO Camp Show Wed.

Two volunteers were selected from the audience. Up came Lt. Carl Bloom and Warrant Officer Arthur Sprague. "You are about to become magicians," explained Ray Cox, the M. C.

Lt. Bloom was dressed up in a snappy turban—given a trick baton. Mr. Sprague was instructed in a routine—holding up two fingers—making a circuit of his head and down his front—and this repeated. Lt. Bloom was supposed to be Salaaming.

They went into action. The master of ceremonies—nonchalantly disappeared and turned up in the audience. There were the two officers—going through these weird motions—until the audience was convulsed.

As far as the show itself was concerned, there was one act that was by far the best thing we have seen in any USO show. You really should have seen it to get a big kick out of it. But this is the idea.

Ray Cox at the microphone boomed, "At this point we normally bring you the New York Philharmonic Orchestra—but yesterday we broke the record. However, we still have the higher form of music presented by Doctor Pichard." Doc. Pichard came out in "pants that reached up to his ears, a droopy hat and a toothless grin. Just a look at his pan would have been enough—but out came his xylophone and the fun started.

With floppy stick and a silly expression he played—but good—everything from classics to swing.

He began the Melody in F and asked the accordionist to accompany him. Just as he would get started—she would suddenly change to a Russian tempo and "Doc" would leap into a Russian dance.

They would start off again—and the Strip Polka would emerge from

USO Show

Please Turn to Page 2

BUCKINGER, WEINTRAUB AND KORN MAKE BOW IN SONG AND COMEDY

Take one part Rip Van Winkle, add GI alley and Nitwit Newsreel, a song by Buckinger and gags delivered by Weintraub and you have a concoction of 30 minutes of fun on last Thursday's broadcast.

"A WAAC who can really sing," was the introduction to the smash hit number of Aux. Louise "Bucky" Buckinger.

She has a fine radio voice and her song, "I just kissed her picture goodnight" left no doubt about her real ability.

Corporal Al Weintraub, an engineer with a flair for being a master of ceremonies, had the audience right in his palm as he produced a triple thrill.

His first appearance was in the very beginning, bringing the program on with a bang.

"Not the swing and sweat of Sammy Kett" (the band imitated Sammy Kaye); "Not the musical strains of Harry James (again a band impression) and certainly not

the trembling tremor of Guy Lombardo (Guy Lombardo)" was his opening line.

Sprinkled through the script announcing the numbers, Al spread his own chuckles with gay abandon.

In a feature spot—Weintraub and Cpl. Livy Landry playing a guitar gave out parodies of popular songs.

"There were four dozen noses" would suddenly swing into a parody on "Three little sisters" and "Johnny Doughboy found a rose."

His third feature spot was a Dow Field version of Fred Allen's Alley called GI. alley.

Sgt. Stedman turned up with a lover of whistling (with a whistle in every word). Sgt. Bob Scott as Mrs. Snootypuss had trouble with her voice while Bisgelia—as Stanis-louse (with accent on the louse) had troubles of his own. As a lover of fine music—he was so close to

Radio Show

Please Turn to Page 2

Promotions

Congratulations to the following men for one more step up the chevron ladder.

MEDICS

To be First Sergeant: T-Sgt. Phillip D. Shapiro.

AIR BASE SQUADRON

To be Sergeant: Corporal George Gregory.

To be Corporal: Pvt. Harold Smith, Pvt. Joseph Asti, Pvt. William D. Sharp.

USO Show

Continued from the First Page

the Squeeze Box—and Pichard would go into a strip tease takeoff, and the guy was graceful.

This part of the thing went off like fireworks—and we mean with a bang—not a solemn face in the crowd.

When he played the Bells of St. Mary and God Bless America there was first class music coming out of those wooden sticks.

T-Sgt. Raymond Weeks was brought on the stage to move the piano stool for a charming young lady and received the honorary title of Chief Stool Pigeon.

As for pretty girls—they were the snappiest trio that have hit our stage in a long while.

Miss Frances White—with a streamlined figure—went from razzle dazzle to a solemn singing style—sort of USO Barbara Hutton to a deadpan Virginia O'Brien effect. She also handled the dancing with a hotfooted tap.

Ann Dennis "cute as a minute," supplied the music. When she ripped through "Tea for Two," it made you feel happy coffee may be rationed, but not tea.

Ray Cox deserves a special nod for keeping the show moving—magic tricks—getting audience participation—and fast gags were turned out with professional smoothness.

One of his more spectacular tricks was an illusion of pushing a steel rod through the body of a woman. Auxiliary Garnett was the gal—and took it good naturedly.

A swell job—well put together. Thanks USO for a grand show on Wednesday at T-6.

Radio Show

Continued from the First Page

The Barber of Seville that he got a GI haircut.

Rip Van Winkle was taken over the jumps with Aux. Elsie Korn as Mrs. Rip and Biscaglia in the title role. Both were "right on the ball."

Sgt. Bob Scott was an echo—with Corporal Jack Eaves impersonating a little gremlin.

In the music department the whole band turned in a terrific performance.

Especially noteworthy was their version of "Move It Over." Five members of the band took individual choruses and each added a touch of humor.

The story of the Bearded Lady had Jack Eaves putting his own brand of vocal dynamite—and makes the song live.

He also took a spot vocal in Happy Go Lucky, the opener.

The Canteen Bounce and The Back Bay Shuffle completed the music mixture.

The Rip Van Winkle script was written in collaboration with Sgt. George Gregory.

Lt Henry Bresky supervised the show—with S-Sgt. Geden doing the directing.

Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

SUNDAY

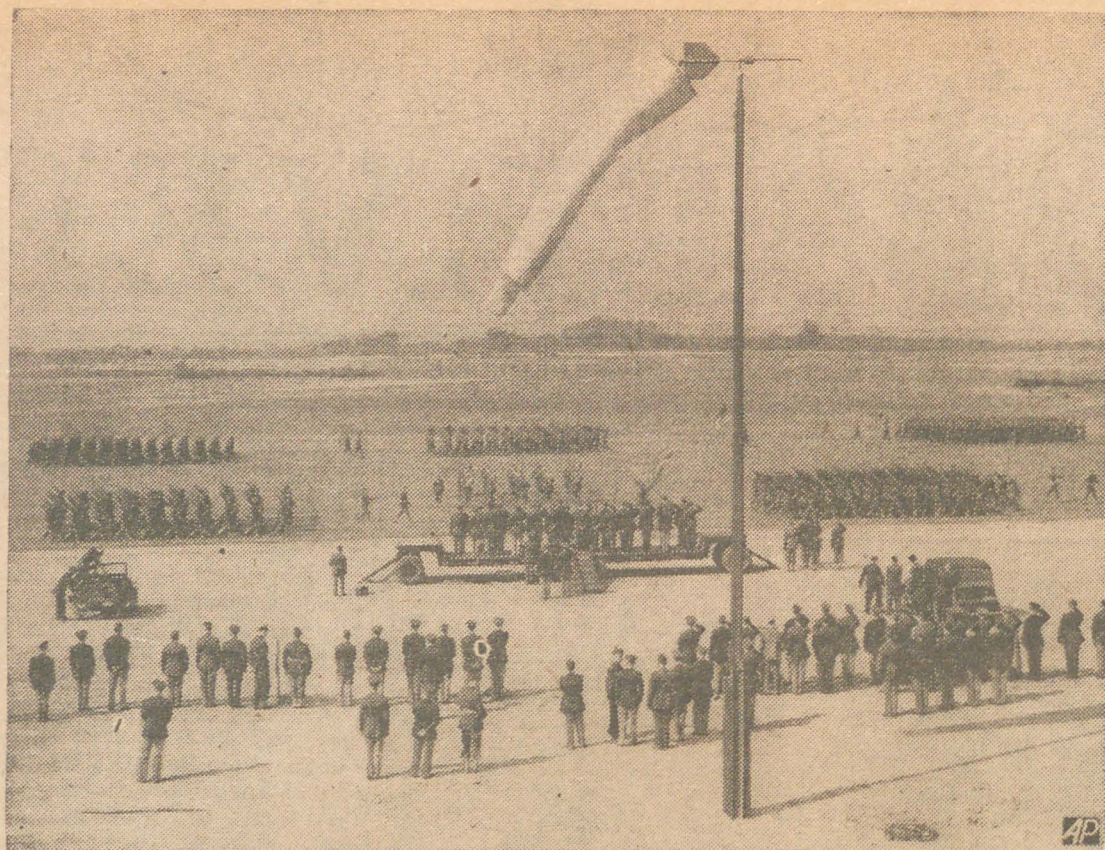
Now that the nation is very food conscious, it might be interesting to note how many foods are strictly American.

For instance, if you should eat the following dinner you would be eating native food unknown to Europe before the discovery of America. Tomato cocktail, lima bean soup, roast turkey, baked squash, corn fritters with maple syrup, baked potato, alligator pear salad, pineapple, salted pecans, peanuts and brazil nuts, and you could wash it down with cocoa. Is your mouth watering? Viva la Americas.

On the WAAC pin-up boy situation we were hoping to get some big name glamour boy and follow this up with an especially autographed picture, but we were short circuited. Staff Sergeant Martinuzzi sidetracked our high hopes.

MONDAY

After searching history books for famous personalities to satirize, we finally ended by choosing in-



U. S. AIR FIELD IN BRITAIN—The first American-built aerodrome in Great Britain is Andrews Field (above), named for the late Lt. Gen. Frank Andrews, killed in a plane crash in Iceland. Troops who built the field march past in dedication ceremonies.

stead famous American legends. Rip Van Winkle seemed to have possibilities, so we got our brain trust, pencils and paper and lots of erasers. It still doesn't seem possible that a few words in a script could take so much work and so little to show for it. Arranged for a get-together tonight, but everybody we had planned on was tied up in duties. The only one left to work with was Sgt. Gregory, who was C. Q. for the night.

Fred Allen seems to have an effective formula, if we could develop three unusual character voices . . . perhaps we could do a take off . . . worth thinking about.

TUESDAY

Up here next to the great Aroostook potato country (or is it down here) potatoes don't seem particularly a luxury. But according to history, during the French Revolution, potatoes were considered a "big deal." To have a few potatoes around gave you a special standing in the community. Aristocratic gentlemen were known to present their ladies with bouquets of potato blossoms. Imagine calling up your date and saying, "Honey, I've got a surprise for you. I have a special corsage of spinach and cabbage leaves with a couple of potato blossoms. If you can dig up a steak or -so, I'll be over for a corsage dinner." A fine thing.

Dashed down to Bangor City Hall for a marriage licence during noon hour so if this column goes haywire, you'll know why. The Chief Clerk looked us square in the eye and said: "Aren't you the one who does sketches?" Such is fame. It's a good thing we didn't try to go incognito.

WEDNESDAY

We tried out a first draft of the script and found out the weak spots. We had been hearing about a corporal in the Engineers who had experiences as a master of ceremonies. We saw him do a parody last Monday night on "Night and Day", a very clever job, so we asked him to join our radio cast. Two weeks ago when we tried a circus approach and suggested a swing and sway back-

ground for the hula hula dancer, the band started kidding Sammy Kaye's band. This gave us the idea that they could do other band styles. With a few experiments they developed three fine characterizations, Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kaye and Harry James. It will make a different approach.

THURSDAY

Bright and early we polished up the loose ends of script and tied in the musical clues. The program was on the novelty side and we hope fast moving. We still understand the terrific difference in sound between hearing in the hall and the radio reception. Apparently the acoustics are pretty terrible and we know people who listen to the rehearsal and get a chuckle out of it but are left cold when it comes on the air. Why, why, why?

We got word today that Larry Kaye was moving out tomorrow. Boy will we miss him—his whimsical humor and his "forever being on the job." Several of his friends gave him an unofficial send-off at the Library.

"I've made more friends here than I ever had before," he modestly stated. Everybody liked Larry.

FRIDAY

Jumped into fatigues and did double time out to the runways. After a brief session of calisthenics we tried out tag football. Sgt. Charlie Hart brilliantly guided our team to a blitz of 12-0 over the opposition. Our strategy and organization were just too much for them. A quick shower and we were ready to G. I. the floor. Good old Friday nights. We'll never forget them, even after this war business is over. We wouldn't be surprised to automatically reach for a bucket and water after this is all over.

SATURDAY

Retreat parade today. Got to get our Sunday best and look our smartest.

KEEPING CLOSE HARMONY

Henry Ford: "The question, 'Who ought to be boss?' is like asking, 'Who ought to be the tenor in the quartette?' Obviously the man who can sing tenor."

MUSIC NIGHT TONIGHT

Come and bring your friends to the Library
T-33. Listen to the music by the
great masters

What's Playing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MON., TUES., WED., THURS.

JEAN ARTHUR, JOEL McCREA, CHARLES COBURN in
THE MORE THE MERRIER

FRI., SAT.—DON (RED) BARRY in
CARSON CITY CYCLONE

SUNDAY ONLY
UNDERGROUND AGENT

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Behind Castle Walls

Having resigned our position as Engineer's reporter upon being transferred to the Air Base Squadron we called the Observer office to tell them we were again an Engineer, and as such would resume our duties as reporter. We were a trifle stumped, however, when the affable sergeant asked out of a clear blue sky whether we had anything ready for this week.

"Well, er, an, that is, you see . . ." Then suddenly, "I'll have it for you tonight." Hanging up, we thought, "What have I said." Well, we knew darn well what we'd said, so we immediately made a bee line for paper and pencil.

Thus your reporter finds himself again in harness as reporter for the Engineers. However, there doesn't seem to be too much reporting to be done around here. Things are going rather smoothly in general, which in itself is news. The Battalion is planning a sleigh-ride some time next week, arranged through the kind cooperation of a group of local women. Neither of the other two battalions report anything on the social calendar. We guess the outfit has spring fever. We hear they are recon-

noitering for a site for a possible future swimming hole. This strikes us as being a good idea, what with the weather growing steadily warmer and us steadily drier in proportion.

Spring seems to effect people in various and sundry ways. While some are viciously attacked by virulent spring fever, others are attacked in an opposite manner. There have been numerous engagements and a few marriages, among them T5 Guntley, second typist in Headquarters. And we hear Pvt. Tony Waltz of Headquarters company is soon to become a family man.

Another result of spring is the multitudinous baseball fiends who fill the diamonds each evening. The inter-company baseball schedule is one of the best things that has hit the outfit, and we would like to see more fellows out, although the game is certainly not neglected.

Having made a few social contacts in Bangor, we find the people of this fair city wholeheartedly and sincerely friendly toward the service man. In fact, this seems to be the general idea in Bangor, for everyone seems infected with the spirit of cordiality. This amiability toward servicemen seems to us as much an indication of patriotism as all the War Bond rallies a city could promote.

There are numerous reasons why this palaver should come to a close. For one thing, the switchboard which we operate is too busy for comfort. Secondly, tonight is the deadline, and just in passing, we may observe that we are just about out of news. So, until next week, may we bid you a fond farewell.

A lad who just came here from a small Army school in Colorado told us this one:

He received a letter from his home in the east saying, "Why didn't you tell us about a terrible fire in the barracks out there?" He hadn't told them because there had been no fire in the barracks. But a clipping, that was enclosed in the letter from a small-town paper near his home, told of such a fire and how a certain Pfc. had been hero of the day. He had been badly burned, the story said, while dashing into the burning barracks to save (of all things) his barracks bag. The article went on to say that he was now recuperating in the U. S. Army Infirmary.

A check on the situation, by our source of information, showed that a Pfc. of that name, who was not noted for his modesty, was in the infirmary—suffering from measles!

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

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55 PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR.

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SHIRTS		SLACKS	
For Officers and Men		Sun Tan Gabardine	
Tropical	4.98	All Wool	9.75
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Teca	LIGHT WEIGHT 3.98	TROPICAL	4.98
Poplin	2.98, 3.45	TECA	
Twill Sun Tan	2.98	Twill	3.45
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Heavy Twill	3.98	Overseas Caps 79c	
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BANGOR, ME.

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



STICK TO YOUR JOB

Thomas Carlyle had labored for months gathering material for his great work, "The French Revolution." He had much of the manuscript completed, written in those biting sentences for which he afterward became famous. Using long-hand, the mere physical labor of penning so massive a volume was not inconsiderable.

A careless servant destroyed the manuscript. Carlyle was in despair. He flung his pen aside, thinking never to take it up again. For weeks he moped about, unable to overcome his discouragement.

One day he watched a man laying bricks. The man was just a common workman, except that he was in love with his work. He tapped every brick as he laid it, leveling it, and every stroke of his trowel was a caress. Frequently the man would take a step aside and survey his work with the gratified eye of an artist. Being in love with his work, he did not count the hours, nor limit the number of bricks he was to lay, and his work grew rapidly under his hands.

Carlyle was thrilled with the man's attitude of mind, and shamed by his earnestness of purpose. He set to work again upon his great task, and in a few weeks had recovered his lost ground. The book was completed, and ranks as a world masterpiece.

Guard Squadron

By CPL. FRANK SHEA

The recent picture of the Squadron menagerie in the Observer has given S-Sgt. Fairfield and Corp. Popkin many headaches in the past couple of days. He has had many inquiries on whether his pets are for sale and any day now expects to hear from the "Swap Program" on a local station, offering to swap a washing machine or some other household article for a goat.

Lt. William Yancey has been assigned to our Squadron and has now taken up his duties as Supply and Special Service Officer.

Pfc. Morrison, who injured his foot recently making it necessary for him to use crutches, was put in a very embarrassing position one day last week. While waiting downtown for a bus to return to the base, he was approached by a sympathetic old lady who inquired about his injury and asked if he received it while fighting abroad. After much stuttering and mumbling he was saved by the approach of the bus for the base and lost no time getting aboard.

Why is it that Pvt. Joe George is always ready to hit for the woods when he spots a non-com entering T-29. Must be practicing for a race or probably just getting away from those extra details.

Pvts. Schwarz and Linenschmidt have just returned after attending a 30-day course in airplane recognition at Westover Field. Pvt. Linenschmidt was very much surprised on being quizzed by one of the men of the Squadron, to find that what he claimed was a B-17 was nothing more than one of our pet crows flying around.

Pvt. Whalen all smiles these days now that he is driving down at M. P. Hdqrs. Reminds him of the days before coming into the army when he used to drive a bus down in Weehawken, N. J.

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS
GET TOGETHER

AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR
BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL
PICKERING SQ. BANGOR



Pvt. Lindsey of the Mess Hall, who believes in doing things by the numbers was heard counting cadence while frying eggs . . . Sgt. Wilson telling about the wonders of a home cooked meal . . . Pvt. Onufrak making a bee line for Exchange street about 5:45 one evening. Insists he was going down to watch the trains come in . . . Pvt. Burnett trying to make arrangements with the P. X. to have the N. Y. Daily News and the Daily Record delivered to his barracks.

Those shoes that Pvt. Patterson and Sunseri have been seen wearing lately, look like the ones that are advertised for a \$1.98 on page 96 of the Sears, Roebuck catalog.

COMM. UNIQUES

Pfc. Warren Baldwin

Cpl. Donaghue, the meat man, is reported to be one of the original sponsors of meatless Tuesday. He is now sponsoring meatless Mon. Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat. and Sunday. What will we eat if we can't eat meat, Don? He claims he can't.

"Shoeless" Haislip is carrying a heavy torch these days. Could it be "Rosy the Riveter"?

The classic strains of an accordion can be heard late in the barracks. We're adding to our store of musicians. Andrew Zurine is the virtuoso.

Corlis Ferguson has terminated his mystifying correspondence. Think of your public Corlis?

What is "one fault" Faltinson's one fault?

The barrack is getting a little lonesome these days. Too many of the boys are becoming honest to goodness operators.

"Coyote" Ducourt is literally gloating over his new job. It seems to fit in with his man about town nature.

Our ex K. P.'s look a little fatigued since their return. Could it have been those passes? There's nothing like code to straighten a guy up??

The mayor of Baltimore has been forewarned of the approach of "Carroll" Haislip. He undoubtedly will declare a curfew. Have a good time "Slip," we're only kiddin.

Things we could do without: Moore's laugh; Baldwin's opinions on politics; McLeish's constant buildup of Pittsburgh; Miller's narrations on his feminine conquests; Donaghue's wrestling bouts; any and all dice; super cold nights; renditions of light opera and the classics via the squeeze box from 2:00 till 4:00 p. m. every afternoon. How about a lullaby or two instead?

"Les" Gottheardt has been holding out on us. His rendition of "As

Time Goes By" from the band stand at the Chateau Sat. night was nothing short of good. We wish you'd get an urge like that more often, Les.

We wish Joe Caron would take that sorrowful look off his pan. It must be his complicated love life.

"Ach, Ach" Moore (the guy with a laugh like a ruptured ostrich) has the post war situation all figured out. His favorite expression, "Think you're big enough."

Observed in the barrack the other night. Six comm. men standing on a table and a couple of beds with their pants rolled up to their knees carrying on a normal conversation: Yes, It's that bad.

Why has Sgt. Provin been staying in nights?? (DT)

T/Sgt. Kelly must have spent years developing that line of his. We think he could sell iceboxes to Eskimos.

Corporals Johnny Karr and Al Potente are the nicest newly made corporals we know.

Happy birthday::: Ken Brown, Vince Mayard, "Mac" McNamee.

Contributions are being accepted by this column for the purpose of buying a saddle and spurs to go with Sgt's (????) hat. Someday a good strong wind will come along and you'll take off, pardner.

We hear "Red" Lewis is going to have those hollowed out stripes he wears on his fatigues patented.

Do You Know The Significance Of The Permanent Party Pin?

Did you ever wonder the significance of the so-called "permanent party" pins that you used to see so often at your basic training center, at an A. A. F. school, or occasionally see here at Dow? Well, here's the low down:

Only men permanently assigned to the Army Air Force's Technical Training Command are authorized to wear them. On the pin is inscribed the words, "Sustineo Alas," which is Latin for "I sustain the wings." In a less literal transla-

tion it would be "We keep them flying," the motto of the T. T. C. On the shield there is a plume of three silver-set ostrich feathers in a gold lamp. The lamp represents knowledge and learning. The feathers represent the three courses that were taught by T. T. C. at the time the insignia was adopted. They were mechanics, photography and radio. Many more courses have been added since that time.

The pin's basic colors, blue and gold, are the Army Air Forces colors.

Pretty classy Sarge.

"Marty" and "Pee Wee" will go broke one of these days buying cokes for all the gallant males at the station.

We want to see those fish that "Mac" McGowan is supposed to have snared on his trip.

Garcia is being pursued via the telephone by a Spanish speaking senorita. Why so secretive Evaristo?

Wonder why Libby was left holding the bag at the railroad station? Don't hit him so HAAD (Mass. pronunciation).

Cpl. Welch looks simply devastating in those pretty blue shorts.

S/Sgt. Cunningham observed in a popular cocktail lounge downtown giving a wonderful imitation of a Zombie. Could it be that he wasn't fooling. That Juniper Juice has peculiar effects.

If you've got anything "hot" which you'd like to see in print don't hesitate to turn it in. Your correspondent, who was formerly associated with the Moscow Daily Star, will even welcome luke-warm "items."

Pfc. Warren R. Baldwin

Bouquet of the Week

Once more Pvt. Samuel Profeta of the Signal Corps comes into the Bouquet Department. But now he's practically got a whole victory garden

R. C. WILLISTON

OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN

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

★ IN THE ARMY ★
they say:

"ARMY BANJO" for shovel

"HIVE" for discover

"BOUDOIR" for squad tent

"CAMEL" for the favorite cigarette
with men in the Army

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



CAMEL

I SURE GO FOR
CAMEL'S FULL
FLAVOR AND EXTRA
MILDNESS

YOU BET—
FOR STEADY
PLEASURE,
CAMELS WIN!

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Editorial

"My Mother Was A Lady"

There's an old expression, "swears like a trooper". We never knew whether it applied to vaudeville actors or soldiers. Even if it isn't supposed to apply to soldiers, it could without any trouble. Now don't think we're kicking because soldiers swear. They always have and they always will, and far be it from us to butt our heads against a stone wall by trying to change a tradition. Swearing, no doubt, is all right in its place.

But we don't think its place is on the buses to and from town or in the PX when women are sitting in the next booth.

There are soldiers riding those buses and sitting in the PX with their wives and girls. Put yourself in their place and think how you would feel if someone was expounding in picturesque barrack language near you.

Remember the old song of the Gay Nineties, "My Mother Was A Lady"? Well, as corny as it is, it still contains some truth. So let's remember that every woman sitting near us is someone's sister, girl, wife or mother and lay-off using the language of "troopers" in public.

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

Musical night last Monday was thoroughly enjoyed by a small but enthusiastic audience. Miss Hayford spoke briefly on the selections that were to be played and gave us all an insight to the story of the music. We then listened to the music and enjoyed them more after knowing the background. Make a date tonight to attend these concerts and see for yourself how enjoyable they are.

The new books that we received from the First Service Command are waiting for your approval. Everything in the line of reading material that you could ask for. I recently read an editorial concerning books that were in Camp Libraries. It said that so many of them were filled with old dirty books discarded from someone's attic and donated to the Victory Book Campaign. You boys here are very fortunate in having in your library a collection of books that are not at all dirty or musty and although a majority are Victory Book Campaign books they are in excellent condition. The 400 books that have just been received are positively brand new and you boys are the first to use them.

Tomorrow Will Come—E. M. Almedigen.

Story of a young girl who had no choice but to stay and live through a world in collapse. The author, part English, mostly Russian, was 19 when Russia's great social up-

heaval swept through her native St. Petersburg. Not as a persecuted aristocrat but as desperate civilians who suffer most in war and revolution, she fought for the bare necessities. Her remarkable story of fortitude and hope has its own special message for today.

Scarlet Petticoat by Nard Jones. This novel tells of the struggle between the newly-united States and the British for the gigantic territories of the Northwest. The coming of the first white woman, Jane Barnes, a pretty barmaid who accompanied the Northwest Factor Donald McTavishon the long voyage round the Horn. Jane's character adds humor to the rough American gusto of a book that dramatizes vividly the early conquest of the Northwest.

The Man Who Changed His Plea—Philip Oppenheim.

A man is sent to prison for the murder of another man in an apartment of a woman of questionable character. Six years later the case was reopened by Lord Brockhurst, who has a special interest in the case, and believes the victim innocent.

The story is fast moving and exciting with the man escaping from prison and the sandwich that was intended for Lord Brockhurst was poised and many other surprising occurrences.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS DEPT.

UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE WEEK: Said Staff Sgt. George Campbell, telling how he felt when a shell tore through the belly of his plane in New Guinea: "All I felt was a draft."

POST WAR DIETS. Couple of chaps spent about 20 days on a raft in the Pacific. During that period

they existed largely on a baby porpoise they floored with an oar. When rescued one said: "Didn't taste bad at all."

This brings up the possibility that such incidents might vastly enlarge America's menu in the future. Fellows stranded in the African jungle, Tunisian desert, Pacific islands, Iceland wastes, etc., might acquire unique tastes. The menu of tomorrow might be something like this:

Sea Gull Soap Elephant Steak
Fried Lotus Leaves

Boiled Jungle Herbs
Iced Camel Cream
Indian Goat's-milk

(You should see what you can get on the \$1.50 dinner, Margaret.)

The Gestapo chief of a town in Greece recently celebrated a birthday. He received the following "gifts" from local parties who preferred to remain anonymous: One seven-layer cake with chocolate icing, and ground glass between each layer. One time bomb packed neatly in a hat box. One rattlesnake in a canary cage. And one stuffed skunk.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE: Here is why a certain young lady is sore at her husband.

"A week after we were married he bit me on the right ear. He promised it wouldn't happen again. A month later he bit me on the nose. He promised it wouldn't happen again.

"Then only 26 days later—two weeks ago, it was—he bit me on the chin. He promised it wouldn't happen again—but frankly, I don't believe him."

Well, frankly, neither do we.

Bert Grimm, tattoo artist of St. Louis, reports that he's doing a nice brisk trade with WAVES and SPARS. (We'll have to investigate that more closely.)

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

The first official suntans worn by a member of this command was Cpl. Oakes, but to make sure of that he was up at 5:30 a.m., second and third were Sgt. Roe and Sgt. Skypek. The weather was so disagreeable that they are sorry lads trying for first place honors, overcoats should have been the prescribed uniform for the day.

There is a rumbling of wedding bells in the distance, and the participants are Sgt. Mollica and a popular 202 girl. When questioned about the date, was like trying to borrow ten dollars a few days before payday. The Sgt. said if he had the \$2.00 he would get the license at once, yours truly started to dig for the required amount and then swish—no Mollica, how about that?

Some of the boys thought they were in first class condition until that trial run through the obstacle course last week. The PT classes will be getting harder as

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET
STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

PORTABLE AIR PROTECTION—Army Amphibious Engineers tow low altitude barrage balloons during Florida maneuvers. Balloons prevent strafing by enemy aircraft.

PRIVATES MAKE \$1700 A YEAR; O.W.I. INCLUDES BOARD AND MEALS

In case that \$50 a month looks pretty small sometimes, soldier, perhaps there's a grain of comfort in the following information. Here is how the \$1700 is arrived at according to the Office of War Information.

Soldiers' cash income at \$50 a month, \$600; food figured at \$1.50 a day, \$574.50; barrack shelter, (\$10 monthly), \$120; equipment and replacement, \$170; medical, dental and hospital care, \$100; saved on life insurance, \$63.40; saved on cigarettes, \$10.95; saved on laundry, \$32.50; saved on postage and barber charges, \$28.65.

Soldiers on duty outside the United States can buy cigarettes exempt from the Federal Tax of seven cents per package. In United States, the price for cigarettes in post exchanges is usually lower than in civilian stores. Postage is free.

Summing up various rights and privileges of service men, the OWI pointed out that Acts of Congress pertaining to the welfare of service men and their families, State Laws, and the American Red Cross provide:

"That a serviceman's civil liabilities such as income tax, suits for debts, and insurance premium payments are suspended and remain suspended until six months after the war. Free legal advice is available to him.

"He may receive free medical and hospital care after the war. If wounded or injured, he may be eligible for veterans' pension compensation with his degree of disability and to vocational rehabilitation and placement in employment."

All that roughly figures up to \$1700 a year. So the "lowly" private isn't terribly low, after all.

each day goes by, in order to get ready for the final tests. Someday this week you will be shown the correct way to run the course, it will be a good idea to come ready for a possible ducking as Cpl. Clifford will verify, along with a few of the other boys who had a better fate than the Cpl., he went in waist high, more on the subject later.

Pvt. Lussier is really taking his dates seriously the past few days, in order to eliminate the dish pan look of the hands he uses a G. I. brush to smooth them up after a hard day's work, then a shave combined with freshly pressed clothes, with a quiet evening up on the hill as the climax.

Cpl. Feula is waiting his call to flying school, he says that he wants to be a fighter pilot, we are sure that you will make a good one and really hope that your ambitions are realized.

Cpl. Mulledy is again back with us from a special school and from some of his experiences the future classes that he may instruct promises to be interesting. We also believe that he will be a good manager for the softball team. Would you like the job Cpl.?

The marksmanship classes are going along in fine shape and of course there is always some humorous remarks. Pfc Gilomore says: That by the time he makes a hasty

sling let alone a loop sling he could build a tank. Another of the boys say, that if he was locked inside of the barrack he couldn't even hit the walls. Then of course we have the boys that talk a good shot, but when the actual thing is at hand, it's just a case like a fish out of water, but under the guidance of Mr. Pozzi the opposition better watch out when the Q. M. gets in the field, keep up the good work.

The appearance of the Q. M. area promises to be the best company on the post, and a good word for the men assisting on this program is at hand, when the job is finished you can rest assured the whole base shall be around to see the good work and we intend to let them know.

The party has been keeping yours truly quite busy this past week, and the next issue should keep me busy on the picnic results, something tells me the strip will be a scorcher next week, so until that time hold tight.

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Telephone 9241

Park Theatre Building

Telephone 9241, Bangor, Maine

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SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST. BANGOR

PRIVATE BUCK . . . By Clyde Lewis



"The Sergeant asked for suggestions and Buck gave him some!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Guy Sitting on Bunk: "Don't bother me, I'm writing to my gal."
Guy in Next Bunk: "What's the idea of writing so slowly?"
Guy Writing: "She can't read very fast."

Sergeant: "Well, you flunked the basic training course again."
Private: "Well, what do you expect? They gave me the same exams."

Lieutenant: "Chaplain, what ever happened to Pvt. Doe."
Chaplain: "Alas, I'm afraid I'll ever see him again."
Lieutenant: "How come?"
Chaplain: "He went to heaven."

M. P. (shaking soldier on bus): "Wake up, come on, soldier, wake up!"
Soldier: "Can't."
M. P.: "Why not?"
Soldier: "I ain't sleepin'."

Sergeant (at roll call): Nedispontianci.
(No response.)
Sergeant: NEDISPONTIANCI!
Voice: "What's the first name?"

Pfc.: "What are you lookin' so blue about?"
Pvt.: "The sergeant just dropped a heavy box on his toe."
Pfc.: "I should think you'd have laughed."
Pvt.: "I did."

WAAC (to male sergeant she is dating): "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"
Sergeant: "No, I don't think anyone ever did."
WAAC: "Well, where the dickens did you ever get the idea?"

WAAC: "I'd like to marry an engineer."



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

Ditto: "Army or civil?"
WAAC: "What's the difference, it wouldn't take me long to make him civil."

"That babe sure is skinny."
"Listen, Joe. People don't use that expression in the best places."
"I know. But that's where she's skinny."

Guy in Guard House, to new prisoner: "What brought you here."
New Prisoner: "Two M. P.'s."
Guy in Guard House: "Drunk, I suppose?"
New Prisoner: "Shhhore, boff of em."

Sergeant: "Look at this, I can write my name in the dust on the top of your foot locker!"
Pvt.: "Gee, sergeant. I wish you wouldn't keep rubbing it in that I ain't got no education."

Observer Editor: "Didn't you get this joke out of another paper?"
Kay (Observer Reporter): "Sure, I always take my fun where I find it."

Aviation Squadron

By CPL. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

Speculation is running high in the Squadron as to how long the war will last. Consensus of opinion is that it all will be over by January 1944. Sgt. Joe Brooks thinks it will be over by July 1943. We hope he's right.

You have no doubt heard the excellent reports about the 99th Pursuit Squadron the swell job they are doing in the Mediterranean area. We have a special interest in this outfit for more than one reason our main reason is some of the former members of our Squadron are flying and fighting with the 99th. You will be reading about them.

Pvt. Larne Chestnut is learning how to keep in step while marching in a formation.

S-Sgt. Grant is playing a jam up game at short-stop, of course there are times when he mistakes the center fielder for the second-base man.

Monday will be a red letter day for 'Chink' Toombs, his wife is coming back to Bangor.

Pfc. Nelson G. Adams looks mighty sharp in his sun-tans.

There is not much in the way of news around the Squadron area this week, every one is working so hard and keeping so busy they have not had much time to create any news.

WHO'S WHO IN THE AVIATION SQUADRON

S-Sgt. Lester Grant, Squadron Supply Sgt. Grant comes from Pittsburgh, Pa., but he is a Texan by birth. Les went to school in Pittsburgh and while in high school he excelled in sports. He was a four letter man and you know you

really have to be on the ball to qualify for those honors. To top off his athletic accomplishments he received the Pittsburgh Sports award in 1933. Grant also figured in amateur dramatics in the Smoky City as actor-manager. He recalls his dramatic club had a hit on their hands one year and took second place in competition at the Pittsburgh Play House. Les is married and has been for five years; Mr. and Mrs. celebrated their fifth anniversary June 4th. Mrs. Grant is the former Virginia Thompson of Pitts. Pa., she and Lester went to school together. Mrs. Grant is very popular among the wives here in Bangor. I have it on very good authority her greatest desire is to have a country home, I bet she will get it, 'cause Lester is a hustler, she will also get that trip to California she has been longing for.

Sgt. Grant as head of the Squadron Supply has done a fine job, and if you want to see a supply room that is really on the ball came down to S-Sgt. Lester Grant's dept. In conclusion, Grant tells me he plans to go back into the Construction game after the war is over. (Paragraph four was just a gag, but Les can take it.)

If you don't like the weather in Maine just wait fifteen minutes it'll change.

OLD MAIL BAGS

By Cpl. Theodore "Chink" Toombs

"AIR MAIL AND SPECIALS"

Pfc. "Les" Wilson's swing aggregation staged a jumping affair at Bar Harbor last week. The band's new trumpeter, Cpl. Bruce O. Samuels, was quite a sensation, battin' out some smooth numbers that really made the natives of Bar Harbor sit up and take notice. Arthur Johnson "sent" the congregation with his solid delivery of the blues. Through the efforts of Lester Wilson, their aggressive leader, the band is now equipped with some fine music stands. The "Rhythmairs" are really big time now.

"CRUISING THE G. I. 'STORK CLUB' (P. X.)

Cpl. Jim Coles sipping 2.3 as if it were champagne instead of suds! "Didja" ever dig the mad dash for a stash, after the flicker? (It's worse than a couple of jitterbugs in a phone booth!)

Dreamy-eyed fellows in the telephone center anxiously awaiting the melodious voice of the operator to chirp out their "diget."

Wonder how many beers the "Bud" Mitchell group consumes a night?

S-Sgt. Trot's G. I. "Trocerdero" is really jumping these brights. The cuisine is excellent and never a cover charge. "Boogie Woogie" music furnished by Jerome (88) Snyder. Smooth "cocktail" renditions by that concert pianist, Joseph C. Cooper. Sorry to say, the good "Sarge" hasn't been able to book a floor show as yet.

The boys have been drilling along the main "stem" from early bright 'til late "dim" this week. "Rear hutting" and "copping all flanks" by the looks of them; we should be able to have quite a drill team this summer.

Well, chums, looks as if the kites with the white stripe down the back are with us again, spraying their not so fragrant version of "Evening in Paris". Take a hint from your scribe and keep your gas masks handy!

"THEATRICALY SPEAKING"

Dooly Wilson (of Times Goes By fame) has just signed a long term contract with R. K. O. studio. The "Duke's" ex-vocalist is now warbling with Jimmie Lunceford's Ork. Louie "Out Skirts of Town" Jordan has just cut a new piece of wax labeled "Ration Blues". It's a frantic affair done up with plenty of rifts. Yours truly will do his utmost to latch on to it for the rec

DOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITY

"This Is Going To Be Different," Says Fritz Snyder In Life Story

This piece will vary from most of the sketches appearing in Post Personalities in several ways. In the first place, all the previous ones have been written by someone other than the subject. I'm not taking any chances. Being a "Post Personality" reminds me of being a town character—which I've been—and I didn't like what they said about me then. It also differs in that most of the other guys who have had their names in the column have been able to play baseball in six different languages while composing songs which they will personally play over the radio. Therefore, the biographies were interesting. But I ain't never done nuthin'; I can't play a musical instrument, I don't compose, I can't sing, I don't collect postage stamps; sports and other forms of exertion have never agreed with me; in short I have no hobbies that could be mentioned in print. And after reading this you will know that I can't write.

Most of my adult life has been spent between being in newspaper business and wishing that I was out of it, and being out of it and wishing that I was in it. But we're (I ain't two guys, the "we" is editorial license) getting ahead of ourselves: we have to get me born and go through all the boring childhood and pimply-faced stage before we get up to the part where I did nothing.

Like everyone else, I was born. It was in New Rochelle, N. Y., on November 8, 1908—I know no one cares, but it fills up space. I wasn't

hall's "buffalo consumer."

"DOINGS AT THE CASTLE ON THE HILL"

Dug J. R. Griffin the other P. M. putting down a mad Lindy. His charming partner was given quite a work out. Never thought he was the type to trip the light fantastic. The refreshment served by the house committee really fall in on time. (Those coffee and sinkers hit the spot.)

My assistant R. P. digging a quiet stash to dig the couples as they "skim over the waxed mahogany." Why not join the fun, chum?

Sam Burns at his seat by the radio. Wonder if he's waiting for them to broadcast that this strife has been terminated?

See our master mechanic, J. S. B., gets around quite a bit!

It has been proven that our master mechanic, Pfc. John S. Baptist, is really on the "ball." Why Unc's "fresh air taxi cabs" even ride smoother. Well, that just goes to prove that he didn't spend all his time on night life when he was at Fort Devens.

LUCKY WINNER

Sgt. Carl Havner was awarded the free hair cut, shave and shampoo at the County Fair last Monday night at the Community Center.

This was given as a door prize and just one of the many gifts of the evening.

Lined up on the side of the hall were booths for ring toss, dice games, and darts—right into Hitler's pan.

Stage door money was given to each soldier and this allowed him to try his hand at the games at no cost. Just a little skill and the prize was yours.

Al Weintraub tossed off a few comedy songs and Norman Lambert supplied the music.

educated at various schools in New York, South Carolina and Pennsylvania. In 1927 when I left high school (by request), I started working in the general construction department of a large gas and electric utility company. With a little studying at night (darn little), I was considered an engineer of sorts when due to the depression—that company and I dissolved business relations with each other in 1931. A few months later, when a certain publisher of a large daily newspaper in Western Pennsylvania was writing front-page editorials, the gist of which was "raise wages and end the depression," the business department of the same newspaper was giving me and the other employees the "business" with ten per cent cut. This didn't bother me because \$1.50 a week one way or the other makes little difference to a police reporter.

Perhaps because the business department didn't take the publisher's advice, a few years later I was again seeking employment. From then on I did anything and everything. I worked for four consulting engineers, a gardener, a general contractor, a printer, a farmer, three public utility companies, was with the WPA writers' project, was on several weakly weekly newspapers, wrote for trade journals, was with a large photo illustrating firm, did publicity and public relations work, and some free-lance writing.

One of my articles was even published in far away Adelaide, South Australia. By the time the foreign exchange was figured and the agent's fee deducted, I received \$2.74 for my efforts.

These various jobs were in New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Minnesota and Texas. While I was working in Minnesota, it happened that both a liquor dealers' association and the W. C. T. U. asked me to address them in the same week. They both received practically the same talk about liquor, and I don't believe that either one of them has yet figured out what to make of it.

The draft board first caught up with me in Brooklyn about two and a half years ago. At that time they said, in effect, "things ain't that bad, Bub." So, as it looked like Uncle Sam would have none of me, and as I was out of that "horrid" newspaper business, a certain gal married me a year ago.

I was getting to be a solid citizen, deep in the heart of Texas last January when Uncle Sam decided that things had gotten "that bad."

But even though I'm back in the newspaper business (working for the Dow Field Observer), I still consider myself "solid." For the first time in my life I've graduated from something: the Army Clerical school, at Greeley, Colo. And, even though I've advanced since being in the Army, I'm not satisfied. You wait and see, I'm not always going to be a private first class (my father was a colonel); some day I'll be a technician fifth grade!

How to be sure
about her
diamond

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

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

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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.

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.

Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative
Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Know Your
Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Lt. Richard W. Lee

Entered the service in December, 1941, and was assigned to Quartermaster Corps at Camp Lee, Va. After basic training, he was assigned to the Technical Intelligence Section of S-2. This section later became the Quartermaster Board, and conducted all the recent Army Food Studies. Within six months of entry into the Army, he was graduated from O. C. S. and assigned to the Army Air Base at Richmond, Va.

Upon completion of the course at Dow Field for Quartermaster Officers in the Air Forces in August of 1942, Lieut. Lee was assigned as Assistant Sales Officer and School Officer for the new Student Officers. In April, 1943, he was made Sales Officer.

Prior to entering the Army, Lieut. Lee was employed as the Chief Construction Accountant for Rockefeller Center, Inc. He is a graduate of the school of Commerce at New York University.

Hobbies include photography, aviation and at present, raising a collie dog.

wonder what it could be. Perhaps it's the two new smiling feminine faces, A.F.C. Marty Beason and A.F.C. Fannie (Pee Wee) Hardin, who offer their patriotic services to the great cause. We are mighty proud and pleased to have them with us.

Sgt. Tussing is undecided about whether he should let Pee Wee file all his correspondence or not. It seems she just doesn't get them in the place he would put them. Maybe Marty will have to take over to help her out. Lt. Boerker is looking over my shoulder, so I'd better sign off.

Engineers Commended For Speed In Building Airfields In Tunisia

Four days was sufficient time for Army Service Forces engineer units to turn Tunisian terrain into Allied air fields, it was reported to the War Department in connection with commendation of the engineers by Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz, commander of the North African Air Forces.

The aviation engineer troops built new landing fields rather than make use of captured German fields, which were found to be sown with mines and cut up by plowing.

"The engineers are building air-dromes faster than we can occupy them," General Spaatz commented.

The speed which enabled completely new fields to be built in four days was helped by favorable conditions of terrain and soil, with the rainy season ended. On the other hand, it was accomplished in spite of having insufficient personnel, hampered by lack of equipment and working under constant pressure, the air forces commander said.

A large number of new fields were required during the advance into Tunisia and the engineers completed them on or before the specified dates, with a minimum of interference with operations. The practice of dispersed operations increased the number of installations necessary, and there were as many as eleven fields in an area eleven

miles deep. In a letter to the Chief Engineer, North African Air Force, forwarded here to Major General Eugene Reybold, Chief of Engineers, General Spaatz said in part:

"I desire to commend all of the personnel and units of your command for the outstanding work which has been accomplished by them in the preparation of air fields in the rear areas and at the front. Working under constant pressure, with insufficient personnel and hampered by lack of equipment, they have never failed to accomplish their objective on or before the specified date and with the minimum of interference with operations."

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Fill Your Lighter and Look Us
Over

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A WAACY VIEW

AUX. ELSIE KORN

(A diary of doings on the
WAAC Reservation)



WAAC

(or let's not get bitter about this
Cpl. Ted Johns)

We still maintain that the WAAC's will be most happy to attend a dance or frolic at a picnic with Q. M. but—if it's just a device to keep the boys out of the P. K.—now now. Again I repeat, more enthusiasm, please.

Our brides have returned this week—namely Mrs. Selvin nee Aux. Dene Besser, Mrs. Shepard nee Aux. Mildred Barham and—did you know Aux. Ann Collard and Sgt. Joe Stepien just upped and quietly got married last Tuesday? Boy, this is happening so fast around here we can hardly keep up. Lots of our best wishes to all of you. Who else is to follow? My little crystal ball says there's more to come.

Will the Maine Chamber of Commerce complain in California style if I mention the dampness this week—did anyone see A.F.C. Colsher and Fogg swimming up the hill last Tuesday night? The gals left home in full Suntan array but were their uniforms "at ease" by the time they got home. Speaking of ease, the sprinting at WAAC hill those few seconds before bed check is a sight worth seeing. Some night, I'm going to clock a few of the girls for a new 50 yard dash speed record. Who is the WAAC who dashed up the hill the other night mumbling, dear God, I hope I make bed check and as she

stumbled over the top step, was heard to say, GEE, I made it but, did He have to push me?

A bit of this and that—Aux. Alice Kimerlee has a very interested expression in her eyes these days. Who is Johnny, Alice? Is it true he even washes the truck for you? Voted the best latrine soprano—Aux. Bishop BUT unanimously. Aux. Peggy (how about that) Flanagan maintains everyone but she talks strangely. Rebel, yours is the best Mason-Dixon brogue we've EVER heard. A.F.C. Cook Manhan is, what we call ahurting these days. Off he went into the wide blue yonder. "GET TO KNOW THE WAAC's"

DEPARTMENT

No doubt many of you have already had the pleasure of meeting A.F.C. (Mrs.) Darby at the recreation hall. She's on duty there most of the time and, this is, we've heard, much to everyone's liking. Helping people, has always been the keynote in Mrs. Darby's existence. She was born in Randolph County, N. C., and has done Red Cross canteen feeding, food supervision instructing, handcraft instruction and club organization work. Mrs. Darby likes all sports and has had a musical education. She has traveled widely throughout the United States and Cuba. If you ever really want some one to talk to that's like music from home, just go over to T15 and see her. She's TOPS.

Bye now,

Soldiers On Pass Now Can Obtain Ration Points

Ration currency applications will be issued to men taking furloughs or three-day passes and to soldiers who eat at least nine meals a month at home.

Only Army personnel who have no War Ration Books are entitled to these ration points.

This information is contained in War Dept. Circular 115, which states that the Office of Price

Administration (OPA) has authorized local War Price and Rationing Board to grant the ration currency.

The applications can be presented to the ration board by the soldier or his host or any member of the host's household within 15 days after the form date.

"Those who intend to take their meals at hotels, restaurants or other similar institutions," the circular points out, are not eligible for applications.

The OPA also has authorized local ration boards to issue ration coupons for not more than five gallons of gasoline to men on leave for three or more days. To receive the gas tickets, a pass or furlough papers is all that need be presented. However, whether the coupons are issued is up to the local board, which bases its decision on the availability of alternative means of transportation.

"Applications for ration currency," the circular emphasizes, "will be given consideration only in cases of necessity. It will be impressed upon all concerned that ration currency is an actual draft against the nation's food and gasoline supply and must be safeguarded accordingly."

NOTES FROM WYBZ

Trying to get MacGown to sign a memorandum is like pulling molar, but he won't sign his name until everything tallies. Smart man—but gives T/Sgt. Kelly many headaches.

The first of the month and every-

Do You Know the 400?

Four hundred new books are ready to put you in the upper mental brackets. All of them at the Base Library, T-33

Cocktail Lounge
Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service

Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St.

Dial 4501

Under the STARS AND STRIPES

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

NONE AWOL

CAMP BUTNER, N. C.—In a recent inspection of the post signal office are by the detachment commander, an orderly, Pvt. Abraham Green, was asked for his report.

"Sir, all plants and trees present and accounted for!" was the immediate response.

SCOTT FIELD, Ill. — Enlisted men are catching on to aviation cadet customs. A newly commissioned lieutenant is supposed to give a dollar bill to the first man who salutes him. Following com-

mencement exercises for a large class, a few soldiers set up shop outside the theatre where the men received their bars and cleaned up. One lad collected \$33.10.

DIPLOMAT

CAMP EDWARDS, Mass.—Soldiers working at the Camp Edwards Service Club locating center have to be versed in diplomatic tact. Fellow soldiers there think Pvt. Theodore Blum of the 11114th SCU Casual Company has adequate background. His last name that of a former French premier and his civilian address used to be 10 Downing Street. But it was in New York City and not in London, where 10 Downing Street is the home of Prime Minister Winston Churchill.

Dow Field Activities

MONDAY

June 21

Music hour at the Base Library—8:00 p. m.

TUESDAY

June 22

First Battalion hayride and outdoor picnic.

THURSDAY

June 24

Regular broadcast and dance at Building T-6. The broadcast is heard over WLBZ, but plan to be there in person from 9:00 to 9:30 p. m.

SUNDAY

June 27

Hayride and picnic for Company B, Second Battalion.

General Mess

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL

Sgt. Herbert I. Boo, first cook of shift one, was the lucky winner of this week's riddle. Ask Sgt. Boo if don't think it was worth its money of three dollars, just ask him. What is the matter with you column readers anyway? Don't you want something free or not? The word dictionary won a large package of useful things for soldiers, so get busy and be the lucky one. This week the prize is one dollar, which will be paid by Mrs. Connors at the base library. Call her, on the phone. Cpl. Tyre's sun bath he takes every suitable day is helping his figure a lot, and he says you all should try it.

Watch the golf balls fly. Sgt. Owens, Sgt. Boo, Cpl. Tyre are taking up golf in a big way. Yes, Pvt. Ovitt is also.

Yes, Pvt. Hagan is helping Pvt. Machado with night cooking this month and what a pair they make. Lots of luck to Pfc. Allred while he is at C. and B. school.

Did he have a good time? Yes, Cpl. McAvey really enjoyed his pass at home.

The gym may have a Popeye, but General Mess has Superman. He is none other than Cpl. Dixon.

Here goes that dollar riddle, get ready boys:

What parts of the body are most useful to carpenters?

The kitchen never has a dull moment now. Cpl. Corless is always ready to supply fun for us.

Another thirty year man added to our list, Pvt. Hagan. This makes four of us who want to spend 30 years in the service, Pfc. Ford, Pfc. Averitt and Pvt. Dowell.

An extra dollar to the first M. P. who calls Mrs. Connors and gives her his name. Next week there will be a different organization, so be sure and watch to see if your organization is it. One dollar just for being the first M. P. to call up and give his name. Winner must call in person for his dollar. Grab the phone now and call. Not good after noon Tuesday.

The phone number all should know, is 388, base library.

Air Base Squadron

By SGT. FREDDIE NEUMANN

This week saw the departure of two members of the Headquarters family. Lt. Gordon H. Arends, formerly Base Statistical Officer, left for further assignment with the First Statistical Control Unit, Mitchell Field, N. Y. Also leaving us was W. O. David Cordell. After two years at Dow Field, he received orders transferring him to New Jersey. We wish them both the very best of luck in their new assignments.

Last Saturday night I found myself on C. Q. at the Orderly Room. Sgt. Higer informed me that a detail would appear to G.I. the entire floor. Imagine my surprise when I found Cpl. Norbert James and Pfc. Lester Smith among the group of enthusiastic scrubbers. What a team! Cpl. James spent all the time asking me if he could have his pass when the job was through. I said yes, if it was O.K. with Sgt. Higer. James lost no time in sending out a detail to find our 1st Sgt. Victory won. Sgt. Higer was discovered; I gave them all their passes; and James announced he was off to town to see a certain "Chick." I'm still trying to find out what happened to Smith.

Sgt. Joe Stepien and Aux. Ann Collard doodle it. Yes, sir. It's Mr. and Mrs. now. They put one over on us and tied the knot in town. Our very best wishes to the newlyweds.

Isn't it wonderful what three day passes will accomplish? Aux. Gert Kingston and Ruth Biddinger left for Boston the other day singing the "Air Corps Song." Along came some sailors. They had a swell time doing Boston town. Funny thing, now that they're back, they're singing "Anchors Aweigh." Could it be the uniforms were a welcome change. You better not answer that, girls. Anything you say will be held against you.

Afc. Betty Earney of the Administrative Office has passed the OCS Board. Now to wait for orders and that trip to Des Moines, Iowa. Have patience, Betty and best of luck.

Afc. Laura "Pocahontas" Beasley has had a mishap. Right now the circumstances are a bit hazy, but she's nursing an injured ankle. No, Laura, you can't blame Lt. Ortt's P.T. classes for that.

Daily in the file room at retreat time, Afc. Inez Dickinson crouches in a corner, closes her eyes and stuffs her ears. She's simply waiting for the cannon to go off. Scared? Oh, no! Just frightened. Some day I'm going to measure that jump she makes. Dollars to doughnuts it's a record.

One of these days the odor of bacon and eggs drifting from S-2 will inform us that S-Sgt. Gordon Bunnell has at last decided to eat as well as sleep in his secluded office. We hardly ever see Bunnell these days, and it's a rare occasion indeed that brings him through the halls.

Far be it for me to open a closed subject, but headquarters with the aid of S-2 is trying to throw some new light on the question, "What happened to Parkhurst?" "Parky" or Cpl. Pierce Parkhurst of Classification claims he ran into a door knob some weeks back, you remember. We all tried our darndest to obtain the right explanation, but to no avail. However, we still insist it was the queerest door he ever met up with.

M-Sgt. Paul Bolden, our Base Sgt. Major, is back at work these summer (I'm kidding here) evenings. It might be the new C. Q. system at headquarters, or those phone calls to the Signal Office, I believe he calls her his "Golden Voice". Incidentally, and this is first hand, I understand he hasn't even met her. A romance over the wires—how mysterious. You can take off the mask, Paul. We know you're anything but bashful.

Heard "Red" Eldridge exclaim in the barracks, "I'm no wolf". Looked around and he was having one of those frequent "spats" with Sgt. Ray Winn. It amazes me how Major Theobald manages to keep them apart in the Tech. Office. I'm going to ask him, and may 219—upper floor will have some peace. You see, boys, there's hope.

Had a letter from O-C Bill Love the other day. Formerly of S-4, he was well known by all on the field as well as in headquarters. He got a great kick out of teasing me. Why, I can't imagine, but ask Spurr. He ought to be able to tell you for he's taken over where Bill left off. Bill has reached the halfway mark in his O-C course. Sends his regards to all. We wish Bill the best of luck as he becomes an officer.

In closing, what two enlisted men

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, June 21—Bangor Community Center Reciprocity dance and party—girls come formal—Norman Lambert's orchestra. U. S. O. Center—Motion Pictures, games and Juke box dancing.

Tuesday, June 22—Community Center—Music Hour with Chats by Mrs. Dorothy Brober—8—9. Can-

teen tonight also dancing afterward. Wednesday, June 23—U. S. O. Center—Beano, dancing, games. Saturday, June 26—U. S. O. Center—free Juke box dancing. Sunday, June 27—Community Center—Supper at 6:00 p. m., dancing afterward.

Big Business Goes For Bonds In Big Way

Big business has just proved that it considers War Bond buying not a duty but a financial opportunity!

Results of the second War Loan campaign show that financiers think War Bonds the best investment this country offers.

For who bought most of the 18 billion dollars worth of bonds? You or me, in khaki or civilian garb? No, we helped and we're proud of the First Service Command's record in adding cash purchases to its regular and large War Bond pay allotments.

But we sure are in the minority. Only seven per cent . . . \$1,260,000,000 of that \$18,000,000,000 came out of the pockets of the average citizen in purchase of "E" bonds, which are called the "people's bonds" because they are the cheapest.

Then who bought the bonds? It was the banks, the big business houses, headed by cool, calculating business men whose patriotism was none the less because they recognized the financial value offered in War Bonds.

So when you buy another bond, soldier, you're in company with a lot of stove pipe hats and fancy vests, and a lot of brains along with a lot of khaki and grease-stained overalls and frayed white collars.

It's a part of the democracy that we're fighting, paying and praying to preserve.

at headquarters agreed to see two of our WAACs off on their furlough, but didn't. They'll have to do some fast explaining and very soon, methinks. Just keep this in mind and if you don't hear it in the meantime, I'll be back next week with the outcome of this interesting brush off.

Flash—S-Sgt. Red Eldridge is giving up the wolf laurels and names as his worthy successor, Charlie Stubbs.

Aldridge insists that Stubbs is the man with oomph and so we transfer the crown to Charlie.

Sgt. Red Roy absentmindedly started out of the Mess Hall with his tray and was halfway over to the barracks before he realized that the trays were meant to be left there. Maybe Red had a subconscious urge to have breakfast in bed and was getting a head start. If you don't succeed at first tray tray again.

FIRE CALL SOUNDED DAILY FOR RECOGNITION

Right after mess call each day, you hear the fire call.

This is so that you will know what it sounds like and will be able to recognize it quickly. Listen carefully each day, brother, because when it's NOT practice, you're going to have to act fast.

The daily Bulletin refers to paragraph three of General Order Number 11, 1943, for information.

Here's what paragraph three says:

GENERAL ALARM

A. Normally, a fire in any large building which cannot be brought under control within ten minutes after the Base Fire Department goes into action, will be considered as a general fire alarm. A general alarm, when necessary, will be ordered by the Commanding Officer, the Executive Officer, the Fire Marshal, or in absence of the Fire marshal, by the Officer of the Day, the Fire Chief, or Assistant Fire Chief.

B. The General Fire Alarm will be fire call on Bugle by record from Base Headquarters.

C. Assistance from the Bangor Fire Department will be requested by only those named in Paragraph 3 above.

There are two occasions when the mouth should be kept shut—when swimming and when angry.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

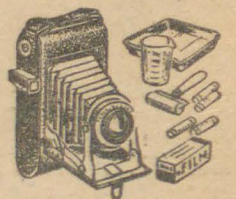
THE

Bangor House

Dining Room
Cocktail Lounge

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

SEND YOUR "SWEETIE" A SNAPSHOT



Cameras and Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Amateur and Professional Films.

DAKIN'S

Sporting Goods Co.
25 CENTRAL ST.

Signal Corps

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

On June 10th our company commander, 1st Lieut. Carl J. Bloom, left for two days to conduct official business in Boston, Mass. The following members were also taken on the trip to perform their authorized duties there: T-Sgt. Wennerberg, S-Sgt. Harrington, T-4th Hodgkins, Pvt. Cala and Pvt. Rou-

Three Crows Are Added To Dow Field Zoo

The population of the Dow Field Zoo is increasing by leaps and crows. Three crows, to be exact.

S-Sgt. Leonard Fairfield in an exclusive interview, stated: "No longer is it a nip and tuck race between the zoo and the caretakers. We have finally won."

"What are you going to feed them?" we asked, very naively. He glared, then looked interested. "Corn," he gleamed—and we know where he's going to get it—don't we?

For those who haven't followed the thrilling week-by-week account of the zoo, the final count up to this date reads—one goat, three foxes, and three crows.

Strength of character is typified by the person who can eat just one salted peanut.

222,249 Books

Soldiers May Borrow Free From The

Bangor Public Library

145 Harlow St.

9 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Daily Except Sundays



Buy A WEEKLY PASS 50¢

Special Pass for Air Base Personnel. May be transferred. Can be used by uniformed men only.

REGULAR SERVICE
Dow Field to Downtown

PENOBSCOT TRANSPORTATION CO.

Signals Whip Finance Ten

The twilight softball game of last Wednesday, June 16th held at Bass Park was won by the revamped Signal Corps team by the score of 8 to 5. The powerful Signals clashed against the Finance ten in a thrilling battle to forge ahead of its rival neighbors in the second half of the League's tourney. Team captain Nelson Lieber made a shrewd unexpected choice in selecting 1st. Lieut. Carl J. Bloom to take over the pitching assignment for the winners. The Signal Corps Officer proved instrumental in paving the way to an impressive triumph over the unpredictable Finance clan with a marvelous display of effective hurling. A shaky start in the first encounter which netted for Finance three runs to tally in their behalf through some bad fielding and three timely singles with men on bases, proved to be the only real threat of the entire fray for the Signals. A quick retaliation was successfully made in the next frame to tie and capture the lead when the potentail slugging bats of O'Donnell, Horodysky, Wennerberg and Bryant went into action to chalk-up a big four run rally. The staggering Finance could only produce two other unimportant markers when trailing hopelessly by a margin of five runs towards the completion of the contest. Umpire in charge was Simon Cohen.

Air Base Team Masses Amazing Softball Score

Seventy nine runs in four games is the incredible total of the hard hitting Air Base Squadron team. Early last week they clashed with the outstanding champs of the first half-the Signal Corps. They were out for blood and stopped at nothing to get a victory. When the dust cleared away the score added up to 25 for the Air Base and 6 runs for the Signals. In a Guard Squadron slugfest, the Air Base stretched their score chart even further to the tune of 28-6. Sgt. Don MacInnis is ready to take on all comers saying and we quote, "We've got a crackerjack combination, nothing can stop us from heading up the league on this half."

Guard Commendations

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

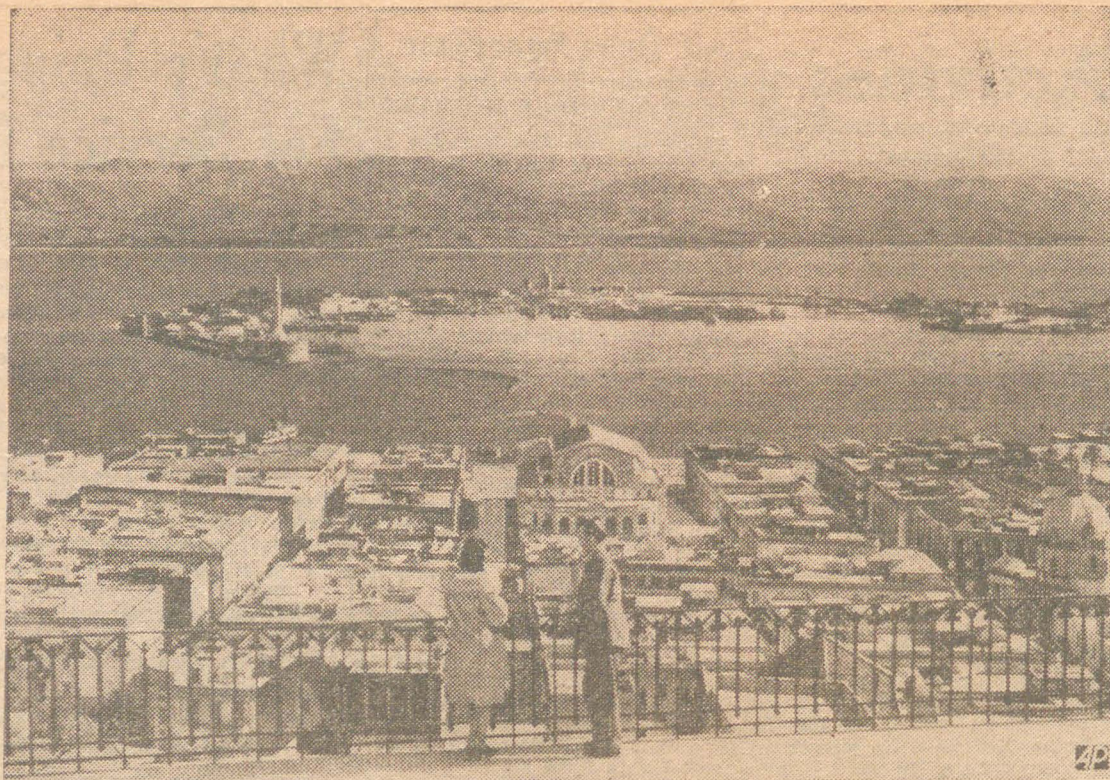
Monday—Pvt. Patterson, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Yancey, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Knowlton, Air Base Squadron.

Tuesday—Pvt. Davies, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Morris, Fighter Control Squadron; Pvt. Honn, Guard Squadron.

Wednesday—Pvt. Hayes, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Linenschmidt; Pvt. Swintenko, Air Base Squadron.

Thursday—Pvt. Kenetz, Engineers; Pvt. Horner, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Moore, Air Base Squadron; Pvt. Price, Aviation Squadron.

Friday—Pvt. Stogner, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Jones, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Shanahan, Air Base Squadron.



HARBOR AT MESSINA—Part of the harbor at Messina, Sicily, opposite the Italian "toe"—a strategic ferry terminal and frequent bombing target.

U. S. Air Forces Develop On Spot Repair of Aircraft In War Areas

On-the-spot repair of damaged aircraft is a new development by the United States Army Air Forces, saving valuable months and promoting efficiency and economy of maintenance.

Repairing a plane on the spot and flying it out of a tight landing place eliminate the necessity of dismantling it wherever it is forced down and hauling it piece by piece to an air depot, a process entailing much work and expense.

As an illustration of on-the-spot repair the War Department makes public an account of the work of Major Allen G. Russell, of North Hollywood, Calif., and Master Sergeant Burton Davis, of Mount Morris, Ill., of the United States 8th Air Force Service Command in England.

A B-17 Flying Fortress bearing the name of Stella made a forced landing in an English oat field.

Battered in landing, it was repaired in the oat field by a mobile unit of the service command, and Major Russell and Sergeant Davis were ordered to fly it out.

Stripped of armor and armament to make the take-off easier, the bomber still weighed 36,000 pounds.

Before it stretched a dirt runway of approximately 3,100 feet. Halfway down the runway the engineers had made a cut into a slight rise. There was a clearance of about six feet on either side for the two outside motors, and the take-off was rife with hazard.

Despite frequent rolling of the runway, the bomber still tended to sink into the dirt as it taxied along the strip. At the far end, tall trees rose menacingly.

Major Russell and Sergeant Davis deflated the tires to prevent the wheels from digging too deeply into the earth. Three-inch tape was stretched 1,500 feet down the runway as a guide for the pilot.

Following the tape, Major Russell sped the plane along the runway and brought it into the air.

"It took us about 1,500 feet to get off," he explained. "We were going about 86 miles an hour at one stage, and I felt one wheel sinking into the ground and our speed dropped a few miles. So we pulled her into the air."

Teamwork of mechanics making repairs, engineers putting down a runway and Major Russell and Sergeant Davis taking the plane out of its tight spot restored the bomber to service far more quickly than would otherwise have been possible.

Mormon Members Invited To Get Free Books

If you are a member of the Mormon Church you will be interested in this suggestion.

The church has developed two books, compact in size, for your guidance and spiritual comfort.

A pocket edition of the Book of Mormon and a pocket edition of the Bible will help you continue your faith.

Each man of the Mormon Church is urged to obtain this combination by getting in touch with the following people: Mr. Evera Morgan or Mr. Golden Buchmiller at 64 Fourth street, Bangor. If these men are not there when you call, any of the elders will be glad to

give you these books.

If it's not possible to get downtown—you can phone or drop a card and these men will be glad to come out to the field to deliver them.

Every Mormon should have them.



ELECTED—Pilots of big U. S. Army Air Force planes at Camp Parks, Calif., had an election of their own recently and chose Helen O'Connell (above), ash-blond songstress, as their "Bomba dear."

"KILL THAT UMP" CRY BRITISH

The United States Eighth Air Force in England has started converting its British brothers in arms to the American national pastime, baseball.

Colonel W. W. Messmore, of Pueblo, Colo., assistant chief of the Supply Division of the Eighth Air Force Service Command, reported that he recently received a letter from Squadron Leader Geoffrey Stevens, Royal Air Force, stating:

"I am trying to arrange for suitable exercise to keep the airmen fit and during the summer months I can think of few better ways of putting in an odd hour or two in the evening than playing baseball.

"I should be very grateful, therefore, if you could put me in touch with someone who could supply me with the necessary equipment. A book of rules would also be desirable, for I know what a shock any American would get if he came here and saw us playing with baseballs, bats, and so on, but obeying the rules of the English family game of rounders."

Colonel Messmore promptly replied: "Have made arrangements for sufficient equipment to fit your team. I am enclosing a copy of Training Manual 21-220, (the United States Army's presentation of baseball rules) which, if followed, is guaranteed to keep your men from playing the good English game of rounders."

Co. B.—2nd. Battalion GIVES RECORDS

Again Mrs. Shaw brushes off her best "Thanks for the gifts" Sign and hangs it over Company B of the second battalion Engineers.

This time it's for their thoughtful donation of four records.

"Serenade in Blue"—with "That's Sabotage" on reverse. "Dearly Beloved"—with "I'm Old Fashioned" on reverse. "If I Cared A Little Bit Less"—with "That Old Black Magic" on reverse.

"Moonlight Mood"—"Can't Get Out of This Mood" on reverse.

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

BIJOU Theatre TEL. 5307
BANGOR

Mon.-Tues.
BATAAN

Robert Taylor, George Murphy

Wed., Thurs., Fri.

AERIAL GUNNER

Chester Morris, Richard Arlen

TEL. 5308
OPERA HOUSE
BANGOR

ENTIRE WEEK

CRASH DIVE

TYRONE POWER

Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews

PARK THEATRE
BANGOR TEL. 3660

Mon.-Tues.

HITLER'S CHILDREN

Tim Holt, Bonita Granville

—Plus—

JOAN OF OZARK

Judy Canova, Joe E. Brown

Wed.-Thurs.

CABIN IN THE SKY

Ethel Waters, "Rochester"

—Plus—

LADY FOR A NIGHT

Joan Blondell, John Wayne

Fri.-Sat.

RHYTHM OF THE ISLANDS

Allan Jones, Jane Frazee

—Plus—

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard

Soldiers! Here Are the SWIM TRUNKS

That Fill the Bill!

Such famous makes as Jantzen, McGregor and others. Knitted, Lastex or Gabardine. Cut for comfort and good looks. A choice of many colors . . . all sizes.

1.19 TO 3.95



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DOW FIELD OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

We carry a complete line of high quality uniforms and equipment

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

Metal and Embroidered Insignia Carried in Stock

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