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Changes
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THE OBSERVER

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FIRE
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OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1943

Vol. No. 55



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

CORPORAL MEYER POPKIN AND S/SGT. LEONARD FAIRFIELD EXHIBIT MENAGERIE—Popkin has a crow in one hand while he hangs onto the goat. Fairfield keeps "Sergeant" the dog under control while he holds a baby fox.

Singing Fighter Control Finds Music Keeps Marchers Happy

"Music hath charms to soothe the weary feet" is the theme song of the lusty voices of the Fighter Control Squadron.

Down the street they march—instead of counting cadence, they sing in tempo, with so much enthusiasm that we decided to investigate. "What's your favorite song?" we asked a passing marcher. "It's A Grand Old Flag" was the response, "and Yankee Doodle Dandy is a runner-up."

Dancing Class Starts Friday

Do you have an inner urge to jitterbug or maybe kick around a rhumba? You have? Well this is right up your alley.

Miss Joan Mutty, professional dancing teacher of Bangor will give the pointers next Friday night at T-15.

Dow Field hostesses will be on hand to help from 7:30 to 9:30.

SUN TANS OFFICIAL ON TUESDAY

It's "open season" on sun tans, fellows, starting June 15. This, however, is not to be construed as a "must." You have a choice on this as long as you are in complete uniform.

Suddenly, Pvt. Curtis Edwards, way down in front, started to sing, How Dry I Am. The entire group burst into a melody in echo. Edwards continued the familiar words and when the original verse had been exhausted, started a few of his own. "I sold my watch for a bottle of scotch" will give you a general idea of how it goes.

That's the only song, however, that has an answering chorus. All the rest are sung by the whole crew. "How did this all start?" we asked another of the vocal vibrators. "Well," said Pvt. W. F. Kersy, "we always sang when we marched in Florida. It gives a sort of lift. Gosh, the miles just seem to melt as we give 'em a cavalcade of song. That "cavalcade of song" business gave us a clue.

"Do you have a hit parade of your own favorites?" we inquired.

"Yep, there's a few that the boys seem to click on. Let's see, there's Over The Sea, I've Got Sixpence, Wait 'Til The Sun Shines, Nelly, and Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag," was the answer.

Marchers

Please Turn to Page 2

ZOO ANIMALS NEED NAMES; PRIZES OFFERED

Three crows, three foxes and a goat are nameless, not even a serial number. We can't let them remain anonymous, so we are asking you to suggest some names.

S/Sgt. Leonard Fairfield has agreed to arrange for a prize. Let your imagination "go to town" and dig up some super doopers.

Drop in to the Base Library or call 388 and give us your ideas. We're listening.

BOUQUET OF THE WEEK

The Observer bouquet this week goes to Pvt. Sam Profeta of the Signal Corps. This makes Profeta's fourth bouquet—or is it the fifth. Whatcha gonna do with all those flowers, Sam? And how about some of you other reporters grabbing off some of these figurative flowers yourself? Congratulations, Sam, but we hope you don't make it next week.

Army Band Takes Over On Dow Show

Dow Field's full army band returned to the air Thursday night with a concert of varied music. "Songs From Operaland" was a medley including passages from some of the better known operas. Al Hayes was responsible for the arrangement.

"Sons of the Brave" by T. Bidgood, opened the show in rousing march tempo. "A Night in June," played by the band and sung by baritone S-Sgt. Edward Borek, proved a highlight of the show. "Southern Stars" was another medley of many old favorites.

"Sibonney" added a South American touch to the program, while "Deep Purple" added a popular strain to the show—the concert arrangement given it fitted well.

"Military Escort" closed the program as the full army band lent all its volume and power to this melodious march.

T-Sgt. Raymond Erwin led the band and Warrant Officer Gerald M. Clapper was the official band leader.

WAACs Don't Go For Pin-Up Boys; They're Not The Type

S-Sgt. Martinuzzi Masses More Votes Than Gable, Power, Hope, Pidgeon Combined

The WAAC pin-up boy controversy has reached important proportions. The Observer decided to conduct its own survey after Aux. First Class Virginia Hall's denunciation of Jack Benny, which in turn was the aftermath of Benny's declaration that he was the pin-up boy of the WAACs at Dow Field.

Our survey has shown surprising results. The WAACs, for the most part, do not believe in pin-up boys. As Aux. Elsie Korn expressed it, "We need no escape mechanisms and don't believe in anything as silly as pin-up boys."

"Do you yourself have a pin-up boy, Miss Korn?" we asked.

"Yes, Peter Lorre."

A few other of the more romantic minded WAACs turned in their votes. There were four for Clark Gable, two for Bob Hope, and one each for Tyrone Power, Walter Pidgeon and Mickey Mouse. Twenty-seven votes were cast for S-Sgt. Frank Martinuzzi of the Photo Lab. His recent engagement to one of the members of the WAACs may have something to do with this huge vote.

As for the majority of the WAACs—no pin-up boy at all.

"And if The Observer says we have a pin-up boy, they're crazy," declared Aux. Korn.

"What about Peter Lorre?" we asked her.

"Well, that's something else again," she said. "But let's stop this silly talk about pin-up boys." And so we shall.

Officers' Wives Needed For Red Cross Aid

During the past months, a group of officers' wives have been devoting many of their spare hours to war work. Mrs. Francis Valentine, Mrs. Joseph Nagle, and Mrs. Ormond deKay have stressed the need for more workers to further this effort.

Sewing and mending for the base hospital as well as cooperating with the Penobscot chapter of the Red Cross are some of their activities.

Previously, this group had met in the Red Cross building and also in the day room of the hospital.

A new time and place has been set in which to continue this valuable work. Starting Tuesday, they will meet in building T-231 (formerly the Officers' Mess) from 1400 to 1700 (2:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m.).

As the wife of an officer, this is a way of adding your abilities to this merciful work. You will find a solid satisfaction in this activity and in the work you accomplish, as well as the thrill of working with others for the same objective.

Why not make a note right now to attend these meetings and enjoy hours of helpful service?

Tea will be served.

Music Night Draws Biggest Crowd Yet

Music Night at the Base Library last Monday night proved to be a popular attraction as the largest gathering so far collected to hear the works of the masters. Miss Mary Hayes Hayford, who teaches music appreciation at the University of Maine, appeared and spoke at length on how to listen to music, touching on such phases as form, rhythm, and melody.

Miss Hayford gave some background sketches on Tchaikowsky and Grieg. She told the story of "Peer Gynt" briefly so that when the audience listened to Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite," they could appreciate the mood. Although Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony

Music Night

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County Fair At Community Center Tonight

Ever been to a county fair? You know, the kind that have barkers in every corner—intriguing looking booths and pin wheels?

That's about what is lined up for you at the Community Center. A big feature will be a special door prize—a complete barber shop going over—from shampoo to shave.

There will be dancing to Norman Lambert's orchestra and plenty of partners.

Come on up, fellows, and get in on the fun and excitement. It doesn't cost a cent.

The Community Center is located on the corner of French and Somerset streets—just a short walk from the bus stop.

Yank Has First Birthday

Celebrates With Bonus Issue

"Yank," the Army weekly, is going all-out in celebrating its number one anniversary.

To mark this high point, the editors have prepared plenty of added attractions. Just as a hint to their extra special preparations, here are some of the added attractions.

1st Birthday

Please Turn to Page 2

'Could You Be A Combat Pilot?' Answered By June Air Force

Crammed with up to the minute ideas and suggestions the June issue of Air Force starts off with a red hot article on combat pilots. "A CHIP ON YOUR SHOULDER."

What does it take to become a good fighter pilot? Colonel Robert L. Scott, former commander of U. S. Fighter Groups in China, who knocked at least 12 Japs out of the sky, knows what it takes and tells about it in the June issue of Air

Force, now being distributed to all AAF personnel.

Colonel Scott tells you that, "the little piece of dynamite you call your home in the air is a flying engine with guns tied on and with you as its brain. You live or die together . . . Yours is the job where arrogance in the air is a

Combat Pilot

Please Turn to Page 2

Big Turnout For Party Held By Fighter Control Squadron

By Corporal C. R. Bunnell

Last night a party and dance that could be termed a "wow" was given at T6 by the Fighter Control Squadron.

Dow Field hostesses under the direction of Mrs. Shaw together with Special Service Officer, Lt. Cooper L. Frazier and Mrs. Frazier and our newly assigned Adjutant, Lt. Arnold G. Merriman combined to make a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Among those present were First Sgt. James L. Morrison and his fiancée Miss Dorothy McKanney, T/Sgt. Kenneth Sherrow and his bride-to-be Miss Margaret Cole.

Congratulations to you lucky people. Also visiting was Sgt. Charles Chapman from the Boston Defense Wing. Very lovely Janice (Jug) Hersom escorted by a certain Sgt. of this organization. Sgt. Leroy Phillips, quite a drummer beat out time for the boys and then left on a trip home. Have a good time Sgt.

Sgt. Keefer did a good job on a couple of vocals. "Curley" Ryan added further fun to the party.

Music was furnished by the Dow Field Troubadours under the direction of Sgt. Burten Schaperow and his singing saxophone.

Punch and cake were served for refreshments.



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

Marchers

Continued from the First Page

"Does anybody lead the singing?" we shot back.

"Oh, no," he continued. "Just when anybody feels like it, he sings, and all the rest join in. In fact, we're all leaders."

This sounded so solid that it seems like a good definition of democracy. Each singing, joining into a mass demonstration—the collective thoughts of the whole.

The melodies keep the men in time, keeps them together, and makes the whole business a good time instead of a drudgery.

A voice started to sing, Show Me the Way to Go Home. "See," said Pvt. Kersey, "how they all get into the spirit. And they pitched in so powerfully that it practically drowned out any other conversation. Between choruses, we could also swear we heard such phrases as 'helps us to keep step,' 'it's a lot of fun to march.' Even their cadences had the spirit and punch of fighting men with rhythm in their souls.

We wondered why singing songs isn't used more often. If this organization is any criterion, it certainly does a job.

"A singing army is an unbeatable army," someone said. To that, we say, "Amen."

1st Birthday

Continued from the First Page

1. Eight extra pages.
 2. Super supplement containing eight additional pin-ups.
 3. An extra super-deluxe pin-up.
 4. Several extra pages of cartoons.
 5. Twelve "Sad Sacks" instead of one.
 6. A message from President Roosevelt.
 7. A report to the enlisted man on a year's progress in his army.
 8. Surprise cover.
- "Yank" has become a part and parcel of the enlisted man and has won a well deserved popularity. We, of the Observer staff, take time out to say: Congratulations on a tough job well done.

Music Night

Continued From the First Page

has no story to tell (being a type of music based mainly on form), there is no doubt that there was an idea in the mind of the composer—an idea that contributed to the form, Miss Hayford explained.

Poncinelli's "Dance Of The Hours" was played and so was Grieg's Piano Concerto. Miss Hayford noted suggestions for the following week in the way of music (that's tonight, incidentally—at the Base Library—8:00 p. m.)—and said she hoped next time there'd be more round table discussion as everyone got to know each other better.

Among the music lovers gathered for the occasion were Lt. Henry Bresky, Lt. Gordon Arends, Lt. Russell D. Foster, Lt. William Hooftstiller, Cpl. George Gregory, S-Sgt. Paul Geden, Miss Fay MacDonald, Cpl. William Wagner, S-Sgt. Johnny Cooke, Sgt. George Edwards, Pvt. Larry Kaye, Cpl. Donald McAvay, Afc. Virginia Hall, Aux. Grace Orr, Aux. Diane Ellsworth, Cpl. T. Marie Ullman, Aux. Rose Berch, Cpl. Beatrice Goldstein, Miss Edith Flores, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Connor, Pvt. Garcia, Pvt. Arturo Beerioche, Pvt. Toomy, Pvt. McCaulley, Miss Sylvia Smith, Mrs. Dora Broder, Pvt. Joseph Cooper, Pvt. Price, Cpl. Lindsey, Pvt. Lawrence McWalker.

There were about forty-five present altogether—and the names just listed are of those people we hap-

Headquarters

By Sgt. Freddie Neumann

Now it can be told. Geden asked me to report the goings on at Headquarters. Believe me, all news is strictly first hand, and reported as received. After all—I work there too.

Sgt. Joe Stepien presented Aux.

pened to catch sight of during the evening. S-Sgt. Van deWalker, whose phonograph machine and records make possible these musical evenings, was very much present, too, and kept the recordings running smoothly.

After the music, there were sandwiches and cakes served—thanks to the generosity of Miss Edith Flores and Mrs. Connor. Good cake it was, too. Good sandwiches, too. Music to appeal to man's higher nature and food to appeal to his lower nature—what more balanced evening could one ask for?

Music Night marches onward—seeking more converts. How about you?

Combat Pilot

Continued from the First Page

necessity—you are looking for a fight.

"Let your every thought be an offensive one and be mad as hell when you can't find an enemy to battle"—that's the fighting code of Colonel Scott and his advice on how to keep blasting the enemy from the skies.

Another sure-fire angle is:

"ANGELS DON'T SHOOT GUNS"

Staff Sergeant Shorty Gordon, one of the toughest ball turret gunners in the Eighth Air Force, was so small that he could wear his parachute in the ball turret. Shorty liked to say, "I'm the best damn gunner in this group." His story of fighting the Jerries over Europe—and he never missed a mission—appears in the June issue of Air Force, AAF official service journal.

Informative and readable is: "FLYING AND JUMPING WITH OXYGEN"

Proper use of newest AAF oxygen masks and regulators and the importance of knowing what to do when you jump from 30,000 feet are explained in the June issue of Air Force, AAF official service journal, by Brigadier General David N. W. Grant, the Air Surgeon.

You can learn how the oxygen regulator works, how oxygen affects night vision, and how to retain consciousness during a high altitude emergency jump. It is information that may save your life.

The latest dope on training is found in:

"ORLANDO—NEWEST TACTICAL TRAINING CENTER"

Newest school for combat training is the AAF school of applied tactics, an 8,000 square mile reservation in Florida with 12 air-dromes. Here, with the help of some of our toughest combat pilots, the newest tactics of offense and defense are practiced and taught to the basic cadres of newly established combat units.

Dynamite in every word describes:

"AERIAL TORPEDO ATTACK"

Evasive action during the attack, dropping the torpedo at the right angle at the right time, and the training necessary to be ready to deliver the death-dealing blow when called upon are the subjects discussed by Captain Muri, who piloted one of the Army torpedo planes in the Midway battle.

Adventures overseas brings you to:

"IF YOU'RE GOING TO MID-AFRICA"

Health tips are given by Flight Surgeon Major Stephen L. Gumpert, who recently returned from mid-Africa. Major Gumpert tells you why "a soldier can be as thoroughly incapacitated by illness as by the enemy's bullets."

The June issue will soon be distributed free at Dow Field.

Ann Collard, with a diamond. As Aux. Elsie Korn announced in her column last week, it's our first Base 100% G. I. romance. Best wishes to you both. P.S. Anybody disagreeing with the above priority may act accordingly.

Speaking of 'ole Dan Cupid', S/Sgt. Howard Johnson of Base personnel informed us that he had tied the proverbial wedding knot on his recent furlough. Ditto for Aux. Dene Besser of S-3.

A certain Aux. in the Base File room (there are several—you know) has started a collection of identification bracelets. She's doing right well, too. Watch out fellas! You may be next.

S/Sgt. Jim Dearth has his hands full these days. I was talking with him the other day, and he mentioned being all scratched up. Seems he's anxiously waiting for Emily Post to revise Law 10, par. 2 as to the permissible length of finger nails. Never mind—Jim. One of these days they'll snap back at her.

We're all wondering when S/Sgt. Franklin Spurr is going to blossom forth with a southern accent. That typewriter on his left is more than frequently occupied. Special orders always come first, though.

Sgt. Arvin Wood is conspicuously his absence from Base Personnel this week. Basic Wood we call him. Never mind, "Woody", Spurr has the situation well in hand.

S-4 has presented us with a crooner—one Pfc. Lester Smith by name. Drop in. He's featuring a rendition of that familiar tune "Margie". Please enlighten us on the significance, "Smitty".

Aux. Bess Neary has reason to exclaim "Oh, my back!" I understand she slipped and was hospitalized. We wish her a speedy return to our fold.

For your information—'tis Aux. Lief of the Sgt. Major's office who does the announcing over the P. A. system. Nice going, Rosalie, you're a natural with that clear voice.

Now I know why M/Sgt. Martin Hanes from the Tech. Inspector's Office always sports those highly polished shoes. Peeked in the other day to find one Afc. giving them their daily shine. Nice going Sarge. Auxs. please take notice.

Afc. Phyllis Thayer returned from a 12 day furlough the other day. I asked her if she would care to give forth a comment. All she said was, "They end too soon."

Covers the situation, doesn't it? Away on furlough, at present, are T/Sgt. Stephen Lubich, Sgt. Sammy Lyon, Sgt. George Edwards, Pvt. Freddie Slate, Aux. Frances Martin and Afc. Geneva Musgrove. We hope they're having a time for themselves.

The WAAC members at headquarters were busy proving to some of the boys sporting new stripes they hadn't left their sewing back home when they forsook the home-fires. How's about that "Red Distribution" Roy.

In closing we wish to extend to Franny Korbut our best wishes for happiness. Franny left last week to become the bride of 1st Lt. George Hoffman formerly of this field and now stationed in Kentucky. As civilian clerk S-1, she was known by all who worked here.

Be seeing you next week. News items will be greatly appreciated. See me at the Cadet Office. Till then, be good or else!

AIR BASE SQUADRON

The semi-monthly lunch wagon of Pvt. Linton Dew arrived fully laden with unusual eatables. Noteworthy was a mass of fried chicken—real southern style a la Richmond Virginia. . mm . . m. m. m.

(Editor's Note) We can personally testify to the chicken. We gobbled up a luscious bit . . . purely to cement the relationship with the Mason-Dixon line. Again we recommend a special siding for easier delivery of these giant lunch boxes.

Those menu blackboards in the mess hall give you a sort of preview of things to come—it helps you decide what you are going to want . . . probably saves a lot of waste in hasty decisions of taking more than you need. A swell idea. "Papa of the Week" department.

T. Sgt. William Whitney just received word of a son. The wire is so unusual that we are quoting it in full. His wee son was supposed to have sent it, and here's what he says:

"Hi Pop! Mom and I are doing fine. I weighed eight pounds six and a half ounces. Arrived 12:25. Your son, Tim."

Congratulations, Bill.

S. Sgt. Harold (Wolf) Eldridge insists that his two teeth are not fangs. But he says he has been dining with the upper set just lately—but he'll have the lower set soon.

General Mess

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL

Our Mess Officer Lt. Herlihy and T-Sgt. R. O. Weeks spent several days at Camp Edwards, Mass., on A course K. on dehydrated foods and passed with flying colors.

Yes Pfc. Averett and Pfc. Ford are back from C and B. school and say in spite of the pretty girls in Massachusetts they are glad to be back on the job here at Dow Field.

Pvt. Carl Hostler and Pfc. Robert Messier are on their furlough and may the best of luck follow them.

One of our new kitchen Sup. is none other than Cpl. Theodore Crow and he is really on the ball and things are really improving. Best of luck Crow and all the boys are pulling for you and your new job.

Pfc. Stow was the lucky winner of the two dollars for the chicken riddle two weeks ago.

This week I will give one large surprise package to the first soldier who gives the right answer to the riddle. The answer must be called in before twelve noon on each Tuesday at the Base Library. Give your answer to Mrs. Connors who has full charge of the prizes. This week the package will contain around three dollars' worth of useful things for any soldier to use. Hurry, hurry, hurry, call 388 and ask for Mrs. Connors and tell her the answer and win your prize. Call 388 now, call 388 your Base Library and ask for Mrs. Connors.

Here's the riddle boys get ready. Where can happiness always be found?

This column is open for any suggestions at any time.

Any other reporter that thinks of any suggestions that would help either of us in any way, I am more than glad to help. I wish that in some way us reporters would get together. You can call me at 217. Gen. Mess.

A few new cooks are, Pvt. Wolfe, Pvt. Johns, Pvt. Felsman, and Pvt. Gloystein. The best of luck to you all.



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GUARD SQUADRON

By S-Sgt. Tom Shanley

It is with deep regret that word of the transfer of our Commanding Officer, Capt. Aaron W. Nelson was received by the men of this Squadron. He was always ready to cooperate with and assist his men in every way possible. The men of this Squadron were sorry to see him go but wish him the greatest success and best of luck in his new station. Capt. William H. Waldron has taken over command and the same loyalty and cooperation will be given him that has been shown in the past.

Pvt. Bensinger is quite proud of that car he bought recently, vintage unknown, for \$15.00. You will have a pretty hard time trying to pick up those Bangor gals on one gallon of gas, Ben.

Pvts. Patterson, Brownstein and Stogner are striving hard to emulate the work of Sgt. Smears men. They are doing a nice job on the walks around T-39 and expect to plant flowers later on (pansies).

The men of the Squadron looked good in the first retreat parade of the year. Lt. Smith has just acquired a new guidon for the Squadron and claims our outfit will be the one to beat in future retreat parades.

Pvt. Merrill has finally won his bout with Supply Sgt. Fairfield and is now walking around with a big smile, showing off his new pair of brogans.

Some of the boys in T-30 had quite a time getting into bed last week. Many of the beds had been "short sheeted," and don't blame it on Pvt. Stevenson.

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BANGOR, ME.

What's Playing at the

OLYMPIA This Week

MON., TUES.—JOE E. BROWN, JUDY CANOVA in CHATTERBOX

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY JUNIOR ARMY WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST

FRIDAY-SATURDAY CALLING WILD BILL ELLIOTT

SUNDAY ONLY—ZASU PITTS in SO'S YOUR AUNT EMMA

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Woodall And Combes Design Giant Mural For Post Exchange

Art has come to the Post Exchange. An entire side of the Post Exchange has taken on a new and dramatic appearance, with an exciting and colorful mural, seventeen feet high and fifty feet wide.

Cpl. Ralph Woodall and Pvt. Herbert Combes have visualized, as they described, "combining the forces of the air, the ground, and the sea, spotlighting the part the Air Corps plays in the war."

The Air Corps is symbolized by three powerfully drawn figures—the aviator, scanning the skies—the navigator, plotting the course, and the crew chief—getting the fire power in shape.

In the fast paced background, a B-17 soars overhead, while fighter planes dart in the skies. Nazi and Jap planes can be seen smoke ridden crashing into the sea.

Over on the extreme left, you are zipped into the atmosphere of the tropics. Hanging palm leaves, tropical underbrush, and soldiers in hot weather uniforms manning the guns get you in the "down under" mood.

Over on the further right, the other side of the world is illustrated by the famed white cliffs of Dover. Streaming over the road are convoys of khaki covered trucks.

"How did you conceive this enormous masterpiece?" we asked the two artists.

Woodall brought out dozens of sketches, some small watercolors, others in a rough pencil stage, and still others in well defined color. "We started off with several humorous designs," Ralph explained, "but somehow they didn't catch the dynamic quality of the Air Corps."

Combes showed us his experiments with various types of planes and their positions. Between the two, they had accomplished a gigantic job, entirely in their spare time.

"Nights we worked together to get the right feeling and characters. Finally, our combined thinking and planning started us in the right direction," they said.

Woodall is a graduate of the University of Oregon, specializing in Fine Arts. At Dow Field, he designed and painted the beautiful mural in General Headquarters. Combes, an industrial designer in civilian life, was inspired to do the caricatures in the Post Theatre.

Together, they have united their artistic talents and Dow Field is proud of their efforts. A fine job—our best garrison hats are off to you!

When You Move Notify Mrs. Shaw

All men living in apartments and houses are urged to notify Mrs. Madeline Shaw when you are vacating them.

Apartments and living quarters are at a premium in Bangor and new people coming in have no way of settling down unless you cooperate.

It's just a simple matter to call Mrs. Shaw at number 391 and give her the details . . . by so doing save some other couple many anxious days.

Wherever you go—you will appreciate getting living quarters as soon as possible so why not make a special effort to give somebody on this end a break.

a sharply contrasting white collar that gives a crisp effect. A rainbow of colors in a fan effect make a nifty shoulder patch.

The hats are the same color as the suit but of an unusual shape. The first impression is that they are similar to our GI caps but on closer inspection, however, reveals a side brim streamlined. The patch color segments are repeated on the cap. We'll say this much, it does look like a hat.

Frankly, we are all out in left field trying to write fashion notes—but we hope to have a picture and then you can write your own description.

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



Now, more than ever, we must be on our toes to combat frayed nerves and muscular fatigue. Learn to relax fully whenever the opportunity presents itself. Walk and stand straight at all times, but above all, be comfortable.

One of the best methods of relaxing is to laugh. If you can laugh, you cannot be tense. In wartime, it is imperative that we hang on to our sense of humor. It eases the pain and is conducive to clear thinking. If you have troubles—and who hasn't—keep them to yourself. The other person doesn't want to listen.

The famous comedy dance team of Paul and Grace Hartman, who literally live on laughs, recently in an interview gave a few tips on beating the jitters. The following were listed:

"Go out with people who give you a lift. You owe it to yourself and your job. Anyone who leaves you in the dumps is bad medicine for you, especially these days. When you are feeling a trifle on the seamy side, stay away from those grim movies and plays. Go to see something that will give you a good laugh. Don't take yourself too seriously. If you can laugh off an embarrassment, it becomes funny—not ridiculous. When you laugh with people, how can they laugh at you?"

Another important thing—Balance your work with some form of relaxation in your spare time.

New Uniforms For Librarian And Hostess

Both Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Shaw are sporting snappy new uniforms that look pretty special.

"What kind of a blue is that called," we asked Mrs. Connor.

"A soldier blue" was her reply.

Well, we've seen soldiers blue before, but had no idea they were making uniforms out of it.

"Maybe it's powder blue," we ventured.

"No," was the firm stand.

"Is that your final answer," we asked pointing our pencil.

"Well, maybe it's just plain blue," she stated, and we let it go at that. Who are we to have an opinion on women's uniforms.

We do know, though, that there's

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS
GET TOGETHER
AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR
BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL
PICKERING SQ. BANGOR



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Corporal Ralph Woodall and Pvt. Herbert Combes put finishing touches on Exchange mural.

Company "C" Does It Again

By Privts.

V. SAUNDERS & A. WILLIAMS

Company C of the Engineers have had another smash hit. A party was given at the Recreation Hall with the aid of Sergeant Kappa and Mrs. Madeline Shaw. Mrs. Shaw saw to it that the boys were well provided with girls.

Mrs. Shaw introduced a game called "Honey Moon." The winners were Miss Shaboski and Pvt. J. Flemming and the contestants, Miss Duplissi and Pvt. Hoch were close seconds. Refreshments were served in between the dancing and a solo by Sgt. Bennett on the banjo. Requests were made by couples, with all joining in a songfest.

The company commander, Captain Gillis and his wife, with Lt. Wright and his wife, attended. Everyone had an enjoyable evening and may we wish orchids to Sgt. J. Kappa and Mrs. Shaw.

Important Notice To Reporters!

Please, fellows, don't forget that those columns have to be in before 5:00 p. m. Wednesday preceding the Monday of publication. This is important and any columns coming in after that run the risk of not finding their way to print. We'll appreciate your cooperation. Thanks!



AND YOU'LL be giving a break to yourself and the next fellow who's waiting to use the telephone. How do you do it? Simply plan what you want to say before you step in a booth. By thinking over the really important things, you're sure not to leave any out. . . . It's tossing aside the unimportant ones that helps you keep your conversations brief . . . and cuts down the cost of your call.

HELPFUL HINT #3

Please read instructions on coin box calls in the booths or in the directory. Various boxes operate differently and, by avoiding mistakes, you'll save yourself inconvenience and perhaps your nickel.



NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Editorial

... So Much Better To Build A Fence

There is a familiar poem which tells of a town built on the side of a high cliff. So many people fell over the side of the unguarded cliff that the kind-hearted people of the community raised a fund to purchase an ambulance to keep down in the valley, so that, as soon as anyone fell over the cliff, he might be picked up and rushed to the hospital. Someone remarked that it seemed like a foolish idea to spend money on an ambulance when it would be so much better to build a fence around the cliff, and thus prevent accidents. But the simple minded people of the village would listen to no such proposal. They preferred to save the injured rather than to prevent injuries.

Now this sounds pretty stupid, but did you ever realize that lack of army insurance is like getting an ambulance . . . when it's too late? You, as an intelligent soldier, can easily see the fallacy in the story above.

A fence becomes a tangible safety feature—you know that protection is there. That's one of the problems of G. I. insurance—the protection is there, but you can't feel it or see it.

How many times have you argued, "What's the good of getting money after I'm dead?" And then didn't stop to realize that you have others to think of.

You've got to choose, soldier. Is it the ambulance or the fence?

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

Our musical last Monday was an overwhelming success. We had a grand turn out and a very interesting discussion on music by Miss Hayford. After Miss Hayford finished we listened to a two hour concert of music by the great composers. Don't forget we are going to have another of these gatherings tonight . . . so make a date for the library tonight at 8:00.

We bid goodbye last week to Aux. Ohr, one of the library assistants who is being transferred. Although she has been with us only a short time she proved her ability in all phases of library work and she will be greatly missed. We wish her the best in everything on her new post . . . our loss is their gain.

400 NEW BOOK HAVE ARRIVED
Yes, 400 books brand new, never been opened have arrived in the library and we are getting them catalogued and out on the shelves just as fast as we can. The collection is really super so drop into the library your next free minute and see what we have.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB BOOKS

Have just arrived and are exceptionally good.

Combined Operations—A brief

history of the Commando raids, beginning with the kidnapping of a German lighthouse keeper on an island off the coast and working up and up to the great Deippe raid, and the preliminaries to our invasion of North Africa. This book outlines in detail how Commandos are selected and trained, who the men are, what they have to know, what they have to learn and what unusual tactics they must acquire before they begin fight.

An absorbing and tense story. Winter's Tale—Isak Dinesen—A distinguished collection of eleven stories of enchantment and adventure by the author of Seven Gothic Tales and Out of Africa.

A list of just a few of the 400 books:

Through Hell and High Water.
Twelve Disguises—Beeding.
The American Idea—Adams.
The Nazi Underground in South America.

Calamity Town—Queen.
Only The Stars Are Neutral—Reynolds.

Van Loon's Lives.
Years of Illusion—Sinclair.
Shooting the Russian War—White.

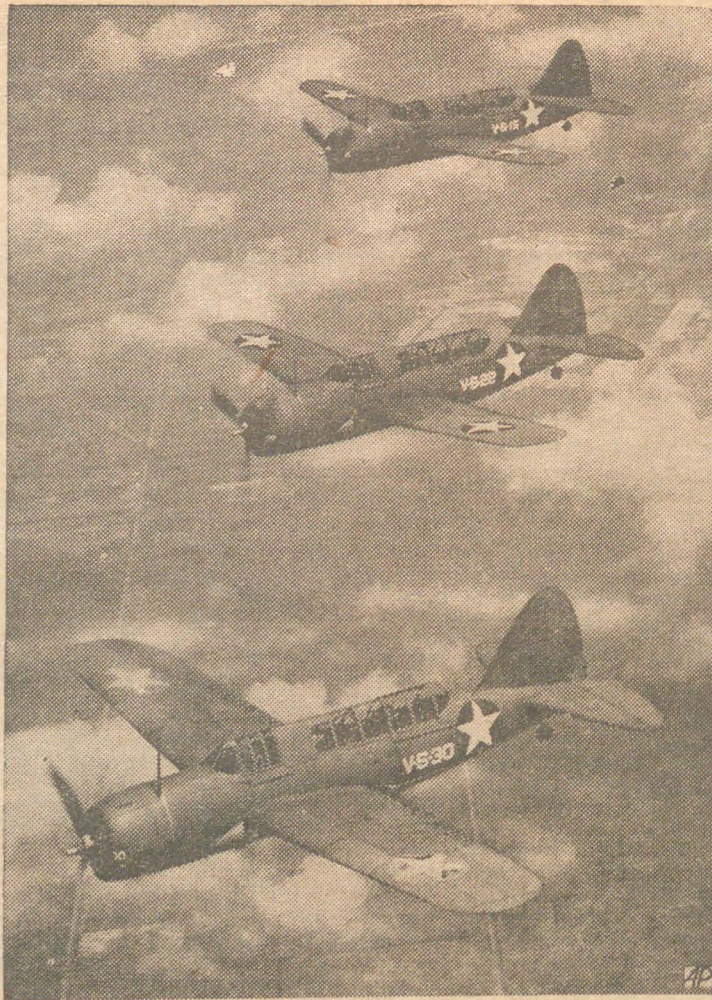
Advance Agent—August.
Stars on the Sea—Mason.
The Rider on the Bronze Horse—Kroll.

North to Danger—Gill.
Assignment in Guiana—Coxe.
Jennifer—Whitney.
Windward Passage—Cochran.
Hang My Wreath—Weaver.
Private Purkey in Love—Phillips.
Emperor Brims—Sass.
Bright to the Wanderer—Lancaster.

A NEW WRINKLE

He: Dearest, your stockings are wrinkled.

She: Oh, you brute, I haven't any on!



BUCCANEERS — Brewster Buccaneer dive bombers like these are joining the U. S. fleet in increasing numbers.

Aviation Squadron

By CPL. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

I can imagine what S-Sgt. Geden is saying about me, "Samuels will never get his stuff in early enough to win the Bouquet of the week", but I am going to surprise him one of these days.

Very interesting how S-Sgt. Trott gets his cooks to cooperate in the cutting down of food waste in the Squadron Mess. He and his staff discuss ways and means of preparing food more appetizingly, which is, after all, the best way to eliminate waste. We of the Squadron heartily congratulate S-Sgt. Trott and all members of his staff for the fine and exemplary job they are doing.

Say, who is this "Elsie" that Pfc. Hayward Flowers is writing to, wherever he goes?

Pfc. Ivan Corbin now holds down the job as our Squadron Armorer. While on the subject of arms: We were out on the range the other day and received some invaluable training given by Capt. Peale and M-Sgt. Randall. There is quite a bit of competition out there too. As a reward for good marksmanship a man is given a twenty-four hour pass, but he must score five bull's-eyes out of five shots. I tried but I missed it by one. While I was there Sgt. Frank McCowen and Cpl. James Cole were the recipients of the coveted award. Capt. Peale, Capt. Barker and M-Sgt. Randall shoot five out of five so often, should we mention it.

By the way don't forget to read Cpl. Theodore X. Toombs' column "Old Mail Bags" each week, very "groovy". Of course you've got to be "hip" or you'll skip the "git". (In other words: to be "hip" is to know, skip the "git" is to miss the legitimate information. (Catch on?) Many a true word is spoken in jest.

WHO'S WHO IN THE AVIATION SQUADRON

To those who don't know him, and there are very few, I introduce to you Private Chester Smith of Pittsburgh, Pa. Chester is a very, very quiet chap, but this quietness is not indicative of his inefficiency. "Chet" is one of our ace dog sentries.

Before coming into the Army,

Chester worked as a shipping clerk in a wholesale house in his home town. And when I say home town, I mean home town; because he was educated there, has lived there all of his life, and will go back there when he gets his Form 55 (Honorable Discharge to you).

His spare time is spent in writing short stories, and, naturally, letters. Another thing that he likes to do is follow baseball scores. I am inclined to believe that his favorite team is the Homestead Grays.

C. L. Smith celebrated one year's service on June 10th—usual tour of duty, of course. I've done my best to give a good word picture of Private Chester L. Smith, and in this brief portraiture, I think I've failed. My inadequacy of words prevents my picturing him in a good light, but knowing him as I do, his soldierly qualities will stand him in good stead after reading this.

A word of welcome is extended to the wives who are joining their husbands here. Mesdames William Jeffries, Moses Smith, Jr., John Parker, Melvin Davis, Logan R. Jones, Ancel Y. Boyd, and Willie Revels are among the new arrivals and we hope that they will enjoy their stay.

Wednesday evening the softball team engaged the Finance Department Squad in a game. By now you know the score, and if you don't, it was 12-5 in favor of the Aviation Squadron. Corporal Clarence Riley pitched a very good game and had trouble with only one man. The only reason he had trouble with him was because he was just a wee bit over five (5) feet tall. Other outstanding performers were: Pfc. Booker T. Halsey, catching, Pfc. Richard Seay, at third base, and Private George Roberts, umpire. George did get his signals mixed on one play there, but it worked out all right.

Sgt. James Baysmore and Mrs. are entertaining as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickerson of Atlantic City, N. J.

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

Staff Sgt. Cheshier took that fatal step June 3rd at the post chapel. His best man was Staff Sgt. Blondy McKusker. Lots of luck, Sarge.

Seen by yours truly in town: Nick Gentile, formerly of Dow Field, passing through town on way home—fifteen day furlough. Lucky boy.

Lover Ferguson, the mirror man, is having all he can do these days to handle fan mail from anonymous and designing females.

Ous best wishes to Pfc. Haughney who is confined to the hospital with a couple of fractured fingers.

Our condolences to Pfc. Wainwright on the loss of his mother.

Ed Carlson hasn't quite recovered from the recent visit of his one and only. Don Fitzsimons also shows traces of gloom since his wife's departure.

To hear Red Miller brag about the beautiful WAACs at the hospital.

Freddie Athanasakos, the man with the name, will be glad to pronounce same for all those interested.

Tommy Monzo, that "groovy" character from the west coast, almost tore down the Chateau Wednesday night with his "hot" stepping.

"Fearless" Amato holds the record for stopping a soft ball with parts of his anatomy other than his hands.

Al Potente and Johnny Karr are sporting new sleeve decorations along with an additional "rocker" for ex-Sgt. Hensley, now a tech. Nice going boys.

"Georgie" Wilson spends most of his time expounding the virtues of Brooklyn. Let us up George, we believe you, Brooklyn is a nice neighborhood.

"Tex" Ducourt and "Serander" Owen talk a terrific fight. If they ever get beyond the conversational stage it'll be slaughter. We're glad all that threatening talk is good natured.

Comm. Sqdn. has the only athletic club at Dow Field. It's supported by voluntary contributions for the purpose of purchasing softball equipment, etc. There is an unlimited supply of enthusiasm and a formidable lineup of softball devotees. Maury Jones, the star third baseman, literally burns up the infield with his fancy ball handling and Joe Lyons really knows how to step into one at the plate. Sgts. Hensley and Schmidt along with Pfc. Link are good mound prospects. Bert Gillan is a cinch for the best all around player in the lineup. Also worthy of mention are "Shoeless" Carroll Haislip and "Whizzer" Donaghue, along with "Mac" McLiesh, Pittsburgh's proud son.

Outstanding in our recent game with Signal Corps were "Kansas" Brown, "Hairless" Arciuolo, and Frank Konecny, who handles the short stop position like Pee Wee Reese. P. S. We beat Signal Corp, 17 to 10.

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DROP IN, SOLDIER
Fill Your Lighter and Look Us Over

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Tobacconists Extraordinary

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Issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. Cost 75¢ for each \$100. Minimum cost 40¢ for \$10 to \$50. For sale at Banks, Railway Express offices, at principal railroad ticket offices and at many camps and bases.

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MEN AND WOMEN IN THE SERVICE
TO TRY ITS SPORTY NINE-HOLE COURSE ON
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Special Rates to Men and Women in Uniform

Greens Fees, 50c

(Saturdays and Sundays Incl.)

Seasonal Membership, \$5.00

(Civilians, \$15.00 plus tax)

Clubs for Rent—50c Per Set



"Well, this is ONE way to get some attention from a waiter!"

KHAKI KOMICS

"What is the charge?" asked the magistrate.
"Nothin' at all," snickered the prisoner. "This one is on me."

The Guest: "When I asked you if you had given me a quiet room, you told me that after nine o'clock you could hear a pin drop. And now I find it's over a bowling alley."

The Night Clerk: "Well, can't you hear 'em drop?"

"What makes your cat so small?"
Oh, I brought him up on condensed milk."

"I dreamed I was married last night."
"Were you happy?"
"Yes, when I woke up."

Mrs. Brown: "Why are you leaving, Bridget—something private?"
Bridget: "No, Mum, a sergeant."

He: "Curious? I never saw a woman who was not curious."
She: "I'm not curious."
He: "You're a curious woman if you're not."

"So you were my sister's suitor?"
"Yes, but I didn't suit her."

"I think I'm quite a musician."
"You ought to be with Wagner."
"Why, he's dead."
"I know it."

"I was out to see your brother at the insane asylum today."
"What did he have to say?"
"Oh, he's crazy to see you."

How many make a million?"
Very few."

Ladies' tailor: "Do you want a belt in the waist?"
Casey: (angrily) "Do you want a crack in the jaw?"



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

Behind Castle Walls

By Pfc. Henry Wheeler

Having been called upon to write a column for this excellent little paper, we began immediately to cast about for something to go into said column. For a few days it seemed as if the column were doomed to perish until we hit upon an idea which seems as good as any.

It struck us finally like the well-known bolt from the blue. Having casually observed that the engineers seemed more than a little curious about what goes on down on the main section of the field, we wondered why you fellows wouldn't reciprocate with at least mild interest in what goes on up here.

So, without further ado, we shall endeavor to give you a rough idea of what goes on in the life of an engineer. For, though in the long run, we serve a common purpose, it would seem our jobs are very different.

Now, since this humble servant quit driving the mess-supply truck some four weeks ago, we don't know what goes on in all the companies, so this narrative must perforce be concerned to some extent with the doings of one company. Said company being none other than the intrepid headquarters company of the first battalion. Anyway, here goes:

After reveille and chow comes the bane of the soldier known as first formation, at which time the barracks are promptly vacated and the company promptly forms in the street. From here we march out to various open spaces afforded by the area for one hour of close order drill and callisthenics.

Now, this is about as long an hour as an hour can be, but it finally comes to an end. At this juncture we take a ten-minute break which usually lasts about 20 minutes, at the end of which time the platoon sergeant enters and announces in the sweetest and gentlest of tones what the uniform will be for the rest of the morning.

Having donned said uniforms (usually cartridge belts and helmets) we fall out for classes, lectures, and drills on the various jobs that a soldier must do. There are classes in barb-wire technique, camouflage, gas and air attack, tent pitching, and many other related subjects. To my surprise, I find that these classes are very interesting and enjoyable rather than something unpleasant and dreadful. The psychological effect of these outdoor activities is really wonderful to one who is accustomed to being indoors the greater part of the time. Well, this sort of thing goes on until nearly noon, at which

ing, "Sarge!"

When Pfc. Robert Lux finally decides to do a job he really does it. For example last Sunday he decided to shine his shoes and for the next two days that's all he did. After using up one quart shoe cream lotion, numerous rags, wearing out a dauber and a shoe brush down to their bases, he had the following result. A mirror polish on five pair of shoes, but what a polish! Bob won't be able to go out at night because the reflection on his shoes would violate all black-out restrictions.

Latest report on the "Chow-hound battle. Both sides have called a truce for the present as Pvt. Tom Rogers is on furlough. Until his return Pvt. Gerald Browne holds fast to the title.

The "Sad Sack" cartoon in the June 11th issue of "Yank" magazine strikes close to home. Just ask Cpl. Meety Lefko.

We always knew "K. P." stood for Kitchen Police in the Army but never could understand why. Now we know. Any meal time now you will find Pvt. Richard Ryan directing traffic in the mess-hall. Just try and get by him and you'll find out what I mean. When he says, "sit here" and "you can't sit here," he isn't fooling.

The following poem was submitted to me by Cpl. John Bryant written by his sister-in-law of Madison, Maine. It has received National recognition and I like it to conclude this edition as a final war thought.

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET

STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Confessions Of A Duty Sergeant As Told By Sgt. Joe Meluskey

Sgt. Joseph Meluskey has an unenviable job. He is duty sergeant for the Air Base Squadron. Being a duty sergeant means dishing out things like guard duty, k. p., and other undignified details to the boys and making them like it. Most duty sergeants are thoroughly disliked. Our Post Personality is a rare exception. As we heard one soldier sum it up: "Sgt. Meluskey is the most un-disliked duty sergeant I ever saw." Another comment was: "Sgt. Meluskey is a helluva swell guy—for a duty sergeant!"

"How do you account for your success, sergeant?" we inquired.

"I joke with the boys and treat them well," he said.

"Then you're not as mean as you claim you are?" (The sergeant's favorite confession is that he's a mean old cus with a heart of rock).

"Don't get me wrong," he said quickly. "When it comes to excuses for getting out of guard duty and other details, I am hard. I've got to be. The most popular excuse for getting out of guard duty is the plea, 'I have no clean clothes. They're all at the cleaners.' Another excuse is, 'My wife is in town' or 'my mother is in town.' When you listen to stories like that all day, you can't afford to have a soft heart."

"Do you ever have any novel excuses?" we wanted to know. "Surely some of our boys have more imagination than that."

"Oh, I hear some beauties," Sgt.

time one finds oneself in possession of a really hearty appetite, and ready for anything the chow hall may have to offer. Field equipment is quickly divested and an expectant galaxy of chow-hounds can always be seen to gather around the door waiting for the welcome sound of the cook's whistle.

After dinner we go to our regular jobs, as they are called. Formation is held, just as in the morning, and the men fall out and go to their regular jobs, which indeed are many and varied. Some go to work on heavy equipment, running bulldozers, graders, rollers, and similar machinery.

Of course, there are a good many other jobs to be done. There is an expert crew of carpenters, a well equipped paint shop and a painter who really knows his stuff. There is a laboratory, a drafting and reproduction room, a gunnery shop, and just about everything one would look for in an engineer shop.

Well, fellows, we hope we've succeeded in giving you some idea of how we operate up here. Our only problem now is to cook up another batch of ideas for the next issue, but that is no one's worry but mine, so I will say "au revoir" until next week.

Meluskey admitted. "One fellow claimed that it was quite impossible for him to go on guard duty as he had a luncheon engagement. I told him that it was impossible for him to go on the luncheon engagement as he had guard duty. I think the prize story of all time was the one from a fellow who said he had to go down to the U. S. O. to lock up for them."

At this point, the sergeant flicked his cigarette ashes into an empty coca-cola bottle that was nearby. "So," we said, "you're the kinda guy who uses coca-cola bottles for ash trays. That's the kind of information we want. Human interest stuff."

On the human interest side, it may be well to note at this point that Sgt. Meluskey comes from North Bergen, New Jersey, that he was a salesman for Armour & Armour & Company, that he entered the Army on December 16, 1941 and that he expects to be married in September.

The sergeant admits that he enjoys the acting of the boys who never tire of seeking ways of being released from details.

"Though I have a hard heart," Sgt. Meluskey stated, "I still retain my pleasant disposition, and my experiences have by no means made me bitter. It's interesting work, dealing in personalities. Sometimes I feel like an assistant chaplain."

"—but with a bad heart," we added.

"Ye," he agreed. And with that, we took leave of our duty sergeant, after thanking him for his story. We thought he was rather a good scout.

A few days later, we received a phone call, "You go on guard duty this afternoon," a familiar voice told us. "Don't forget to come, will you?"

"But, sergeant," we cried, "not this afternoon! It's impossible! It's raining out and I don't have any galoshes." But nothing we said could change Sgt. Meluskey's mind. We were the victim of his hard heart.

WHEN NATURE FORGETS...REMEMBER
EX-LAX
The "HAPPY MEDIUM"
Laxative

✓ not too strong!
✓ not too mild!
✓ it's just right!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

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

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Quick as a wink to put on and take off. It's self-adjusting and stays put.

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Ask for a SPIFFY INVISIBLE COLLAR STAY

BEFORE **AFTER**

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.

Know Your Officers



Captain

William C. McHardy

Captain McHardy came to
Field from Westover Field, Mass.,
January 9, 1943, and was assigned
to the Dental Clinic. He served
four years as an enlisted man in
the U. S. Marines, after which he
attended Loyola University College
of Dentistry at New Orleans, La.
After graduation he went back into
the Army as 1st Lt. in the Dental
Corps and was stationed at various
posts in the south.

After two years he resigned from
the Army and went into private
practice at Cleveland, Mississippi.
He was elected president of the
Northwestern Dental Society of
Mississippi, 1941. He is a member
of the Rotary International and Psi
Omega Dental fraternity. July,
1941, he was recalled to active duty
and assigned to the 30th Division,
103rd Medical Regiment at Fort
Jackson, S. C. In December of the
same year he was transferred to
the Army Air Corps at the Orlando
Air Base, Orlando, Fla. January,
1942, he came to Westover Field
with the 13th Bomb group and the
following month received his cap-
taincy.

Captain McHardy considers hu-
ing, fishing, golf and cooking
favorite hobbies.

Guard Commendations

The following men have received
citations for outstanding perform-
ance of guard duty during the past
week:

Sunday—Cpl. R. Trobenter, En-
gineers; Pvt. Robert Laudenslager,
Guard Squadron; Pvt. George Wil-
liams, Aviation Squadron.

Monday—Pvt. Clarence Oden,
Engineers; Sgt. John Smeat,
Guard Squadron; Pvt. Edward
Trollinger, Aviation Squadron; Pvt.
Nicholas Taddecio, Air Base Squad-
ron.

Tuesday — Pvt. G. Lombardi,
Guard Squadron; Pvt. J. Tanner,
Aviation Squadron; Pvt. R. Eul-
rich, Air Base Squadron.

Wednesday — Pvt. Lucius Pettiford,
Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Trinidad
Herrera, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. William Geotzke, Air
Base Squadron.

Thursday—Pvt. E. Thomas, Avia-
tion Squadron; Pvt. George Lor-
bardi, Guard Squadron; Pvt.
Schroeder, Air Base Squadron.

How to be sure about her diamond

If you are an average
young man you've prob-
ably 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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JEWELERS 46 MAIN
BANGOR
Over a century of fair
and honest dealing at
the same location.

A WAACY VIEW

AUX. ELSIE KORN

(A diary of doings on the
WAAC Reservation)



(Or it seems Wednesday comes
twice a week.)

Writing a column is like playing
the horses—you never get ahead
of the game. As for my ever get-
ting a bouquet—it will be placed
upon my grave after being fatally
shot for getting my scribbling in
at the last minute each week. How
good a shot are you, Sgt. Geden?

Last week, I reported Aux. Bar-
ham and Pfc. Joe Shepard were
walking about in a fog. This week
that fog has an orange blossom
odor. FAST!—The wedding is to
take place Friday, June 11, at the
Base chapel. Best of luck to both
of you.

Somehow I don't feel gossiping this
week but—have you heard about
our softball game Tuesday night?
The Radio boys and the Waacs
really had a time of it. After the
first inning (which took hours) we
felt sorry for the boys, and split
the teams. From then on we were
definitely "on the ball." Aux. Mary
Kyle gave the boys instructions
on the fine art of base sliding.
Aux. Levy, Nowakowski, Mertz,
Flanagan and Jones really gave
tremendous support to the team
while Sgt. Tieman looked like a
star out there. What a swing and
what an arm! Aux. "Butch" Mitch-
ell is plenty fast at first base and
ye scribe laid down a bunt in true
Brooklyn fashion, once. How about
a few more of you girls coming
out to our ball games? We've had
lots of fun and the exercise is
fine. Also, if you haven't come to
P. T. classes in the morning you're
cheating yourselves. Lt. Ort has
made these morning sessions some-
thing we who attend regularly, look
forward to. Ask the boys who peek
in. There is a job for all of us to
do. Physical fitness isn't just a
phrase. A sound, healthy body is
one of the prime requisites for

How Hitler's Machine Stalled Told In Film "Battle Of Britain"

Hitler had successfully invaded
the Low Countries, Poland, Aus-
tria and surrounding territory had
been reduced to slavery. So his
eyes turned to England.

His Luftwaffe was standing by,
the most powerful air force in Eu-
rope. Battle train—Nazis and
crack panzer divisions were all set
for the knockout blow on John
Bull. Six months of planning had
gone into the method of attack. It
was practically sure fire. That is
where the Capra film, "Battle of
Britain," begins its story.

How Hitler tried to put his three
point attack into action and failed
—failed because stronger forces—
the human spirit would not take it
lying down, is vividly told.

Point number 1 called for knock-
ing out the R. A. F. Thirty-six
major attacks by the Luftwaffe left
England in bad shape, but fighting
mad. In simple but cleverly visu-
alized drawings, Hitler's plans of

invasion were illustrated.

Point number 2 was para-troop-
ers and landings to effect beach-
heads on coastal towns. Hitler
never did get to that stage with
the R. A. F. tearing his air force
apart.

Number 3 called for actual in-
vasion of troops under an umbrella
of aerial protection. Miles and
miles of trucks waiting on the
French coast huge supplies ready
to follow were waiting—waiting for
orders that never came. Not a
German land trooper ever got
across.

Shots throughout England give
quick glimpses of English humor
and courage. An air raid alarm
sounds — a group of extremely
young flyers head for their ship,
one fellow playing a piano, stops
just long enough to bang out a last
note—then slams down the piano
cover and is ready.

As England gains new strength
she sends out her bombers to pay
back her respects.

Best laugh line: Hitler hysteri-
cally giving his latest pep talk to
the Nazis denouncing the night at-
tacks of the R. A. F. as "night
gangsters" and he looked outraged.
In less than one hour it was pos-
sible to see a complete picture of
this crucial struggle, weigh the
pros and cons and get a first rate
idea of who we are fighting and
how they can be licked.

a good soldier and a good WAAC.
GET TO KNOW THE
WAAC DEPARTMENT

Aux. Diana (Classification) Ells-
worth—born in Poland, Maine, and
boasts that great uncle was founder
of town in 1740. She comes from
a long line of true American patri-
ots. Aux. Ellsworth is quite a
gal. She has taken blue ribbons
at Madison Square Garden Horse
shows, and aside from being an
excellent horsewoman is a good
athlete. Her civilian occupations
are varied—cinema work in Holly-
wood, short story writing for N. Y.
radio shows, and psychiatric work
with Dr. Fred'k Tilney (the father
of psychiatry). "Ellie" is a swell
conversationalist and has what is
called a well rounded mind. Come
up and listen to her current events
talks some Friday evening.

This pin-up controversy is get-
ting me down. Monday I hung
Jack Benny up. Tuesday I tried
Karloff, Wednesday, I checked with
Chemical Warfare to discover if
by accident, I had been subjected
to some sort of suicide gas. This
won't work. Peter Lorre, why did
I ever try to replace you? How-
ever, if you want the true low-down
on the race, here it is. Local boy
makes good. It's none other than
Sgt. Frank Martinuzzi of the
Photo Lab. Ask the girls who work
there. Next week we should have
the final results of this burning
issue. 'Til then—

Bye now

Girls For Dance Can Save Time Going By Truck

When your girl friend is com-
ing to a dance on the Base you
can save yourself and her time at
the gate by using this method. In-
stead of waiting for her at the main
gate, then waiting some more to
register her, it will be simpler to
notify Mrs. Shaw and she will take
care of getting her to the dance.

At each dance, special transpor-
tation is arranged for the girls.
Get in touch with Mrs. Shaw at
391 and let her know about your
partner.

Lost—Crash Bracelet

Identification bracelet en-
graved with the name, Sgt.
Charles E. Irving, Serial No.
20416084, and some engraving
on the back lost June 12, 1943
between Barracks T10 and Op-
erations.

If found please return to Ob-
server Office at T33 or phone
388.

Cigar bands came about when
Cuban ladies who smoked cigars
started wrapping narrow bands of
paper around them so their dainty
fingers wouldn't get stained.

222,249
Books
Soldiers May Borrow Free
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9 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Daily Except Sundays

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Dining Room

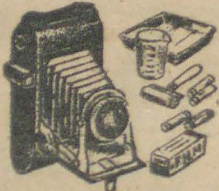
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Cameras and
Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Ama-
teur and Professional
Films.

DAKIN'S

Sporting Goods Co.
25 CENTRAL ST.

Dow Field Activities

MONDAY, June 14

Music appreciation hour, T-33, at 8 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, June 16

T-15 Get acquainted party, juke box music for Company E Dance and card games.

THURSDAY, June 17

T-6—Regular Thursday night broadcast and dance. Broadcast starts at 9:00 followed by dancing to the Troubadours.

SUNDAY, June 20

Hayride for the third battalion. 50 fellows and 50 girls, picnic included in the outing.

VARIETY SHOW FOR THURSDAY BROADCAST

Our regular broadcast will be back to the clowning variety replacing the concert half hour of last week.

Medical Corps

By SGT. ROBERT KENDRIGAN

Medical Happenings on a Work Day—In the peaceful haven of the Bronx, now rests Cpl. Lupo, home enjoying his furlough. Returning to our friendship, after a month at school is our Cpl. T. Shier, master of the faster than the eye tricks. Leaving his command of T-5, T-4 Farkas. Sgt. T. Seligmans ernst means en, now, today, for business as usual. The beaming of Cpl. T. Kormans face is only a bit of the sunshine he enjoyed while fishing. He did get a bit of something, name of . . . Pfc. Grummons, a man of interest in discussions bugs. Pfc. Katz says Washington has more than just beautiful buildings. Such as . . . Fini. Pfc. Stutz carries on in the same all-around style of his own. Hyh yuh all being kept busy, Jacobs says. Watch his action if you want to see a fast man—name of Pfc. Toothman. Pfc. Lucot's face-wide smiles bespeak of his family being real near to him. How do they enjoy Maine weather, Pvt. Pvt. Timmons, Texas, in my talk, and a little Carolina in my young eyes.

A Minute Sketch of an Over Good Friend of Ours—Cpl. Nicholson, man of the longest length of service in this hospital, or I might be near right in saying on this base. Yes, fellows, you all know the reasons for Nick's continuous grins; you know of his no longer being a free man. Why, he done gone and did it over a month ago! She's a Maine colleen, a native, a lady who has conquered the heart of a man of the Bay State. Nick has had many miles of travel behind him but has settled his heart only 300 miles from his home of Fall River, Mass. Cpl. Nicholson has seen much service in most of the possessions of this country. It's an interesting conversation one can get up in asking him where's his home to be after the war. Massachusetts or Maine, Nick? Tell us or just drop a hint. Congrats to you and the Mrs.!

Noticed by all: Done by all—The cleaning and clearing work, done by the men in preparing the hospital grounds, shows up very well. We are all proud of the task, for it's our home, now, and the home of those who are deserving of rest and preparation for return to duty. The work is a credit to all, it speaks of the effort put into it, it shows the Medics are workers, its beauty will long be a symbol, for those who come after we've gone. An artist paints pictures of beautiful things and he is credited as a great man, but we created from the soil, so are we not be compared as artists? We all have reason to be proud of our handiwork.

Incognito—Who is the best swimmer in the outfit? Who floats the best or farthest? Who is the fastest walker? Who is the best cross-country man? Who can go the longest without fatiguing? If one is interested in finding out the answers to these questions, let them go off on one of our body-build-

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

The Q. M. picnic that is planned for the 20th of this month promises to be the feature of the year. When this day arrives we can all be kids for a few hours and bring back memories of past years. Some of the things that are planned cannot be told, or we should say, it is not proper to give our surprises out at this time, so make sure that you attend and have the time of your life.

Whiffles seem to be in vogue in the Q. M. the past week. Sgt. Skypek, Cpl. McGuiness, Cpl. Winn, Sgt. Murphy are the latest stylists and from all indications more will be added to the list very shortly.

I see the leading member of our outfit is learning to smoke a pipe, and when observed, all signs show that plenty of practice will be needed. Evidence? Just plain drooling.

I see that Afc. Korn, reporter of the WAAC's, was not satisfied with

ing hikes. They're really a fine bit of training that we all need and which will be a benefit to all. The American Army furnishes all the shoe leather one needs, so . . . There'll be hikes, short ones, long ones and other ones . . . Cpl. Nick is one man who will be there at the end of anyone that is taken in by him. What is your secret, Cpl. Nicholson. Whisper it out loud.

Medical Detachment members attended the 8 o'clock candlelight marriage at Dow Field Chapel, Wednesday evening, June 2nd of Pfc. Aage Holk of Detachment Medical Department to Miss Wilma Hume, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hume of Edminister, New York.

Six large bouquets of lavender and white lilacs decorated the altar and together with the candles made a gracious background for the double ring service performed by Chaplain Mark Smith.

Miss Dorothy G. Cammie of Lubec was bridesmaid and Pfc. George H. Carpenter of the Medical Detachment was best man, with Cpl. T. Robert V. Howard and Pfc. Sydney R. Cable, also of the detachment serving as ushers.

Miss Hume, who was given in marriage by Mrs. William H. Stewart of Bangor, was charming in a soldier-blue suit with white accessories and she wore a corsage of gardenias. Her bridesmaid was attractive in a rose-colored street dress with blue accessories and her corsage was yellow snapdragons.

Guest soloist for the occasion was Mrs. Harold D. Morrell, wife of Lt. Morrell of Dow Field, accompanied at the organ by Sgt. Robert Scott of the Dow Field Band. Mrs. Morrell is well known as a musician, having sung with the Chicago Opera company and also having appeared in Europe.

The bridal party then had dinner at one of the local restaurants, the feature of the dinner being a beautiful bridal cake, gift of Mrs. Evelyn Bolster.

A reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Stewart, 122 Court street, later that evening.

Pfc. and Mrs. Holk went to visit his people, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Holk, Unadilla Forks, New York.

R. C. WILLISTON

OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN

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



We didn't get this gal's name—or even her telephone number. We must be slipping. Are we in a fog? Don't answer that question.

our special service branch, in trying to get some pep into our boys and do something worthwhile. There was nothing personal, just trying to do something to please the WAAC's. Something is bound to pop soon, so give us a chance to get things moving, and you keep your ears open, you'll be hearing from us.

How is it that Sgt. Hicks stands on the commissary platform each morning with the two kittens and waits for a couple of WAAC's to come along and pet them? Seems to me the hard way to ask for a date or even work up to the question, but it seems the kittens get all the attention. Too bad, is it not, Bill?

A pitiful sight was Pfc. Gilmore when informed that he must move into a new barrack, the tears nearly ran all over the place and he even stayed up half the night brooding. After a few of his new friends cheered him up a bit he did retire for the night.

Mr. Pozzi has shown an interest in the column the past two issues. He wants to know in advance who made the headlines. Mr. Pozzi, I invite you to be the guest writer for the coming week. Something tells me that it would be spicy and then you would have the satisfaction of knowing who will be who. Do you accept?

Some of the boys around 209 had ideas of starting a victory garden, but none of them being farmers, and fertilizer being their tough problem, they gave up and one of the boys hid it away in a box. Don't forget, boys, you're soldiers, not farmers.

Wonder what certain sergeant received a haircut (whiffle) on his 29th birthday and when he returned to his quarters his dog would not let him undress for the night.

Cpl. Ramsdell is sporting a new cigarette holder about 8 inches long. He is quite a picture pushing one of the loaded trucks around the commissary.

I thought the warehouse boys were a sad lot calling each other feminine names, but Cpl. Rosenbaum broke it off last week when he ordered transportation under the name Rose Mary. What is behind that one, corporal?

Sgt. Lewis is back after being married, and some of that dazed look has taken leave of him, at least it is a sign that he is returning to normal as a smile appears now and then. The morning

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 14: Bangor Community Center, County Fair and dance, Norman Lambert's orchestra; USO Center, movies, games.

Wednesday, June 16: USO regular dancing party, music by the Troubadours; USO Center, beano, prizes.

Saturday, June 19: USO dancing to the music of the Dow Field Troubadours. Every other Saturday starting this date. USO Center, Aviation Squadron will provide music for dancing.

Sunday: USO, Tea dance in the afternoon; USO Center, party, refreshments.

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

Back on the job all full of pep is S-Sgt. Curtis McQuarrie. Curtis, as you know, had a ten day furlough to relax and forget his mileages and per-diems.

Our baseball team has its ups and downs. Tied for first place in the first round, they entered the play-off with the Signal Corps. They won the first game with steady playing and then threw away the second with a loose hitting track meet affair. Let's hope they settle down for the final and pay off game.

T-Sgt. Kenneth B. Fisher left Monday for a twelve-day furlough for the rugged state of Vermont. We hope Ken enjoys himself and comes back with his customary enthusiasm for a full day's work.

With Sgt. Cornwell back from his furlough and just as able to get up in the wee hours of the morning, the boys roll out very early with his able assistance.

Two new members of our Finance Detachment are Pvts. Beals C. Snyder and Carl R. Youngdahl, both of Los Angeles. We are glad to have them with us and hope they make themselves at home.

Again we would like to thank the downtown Ordnance for inviting the Finance to their annual bi-monthly parties held at the Legion hall at Bangor. Sgt. Deery,

P. T. classes will put you in shape in a short time, sergeant.

I hear that T-Sgt. Butler has not been very successful in some of his recent fishing trips, also we hear that he is horse shy when he had a chance to go riding. Guess he must be an old infantry man. At least the bike he should have very soon will be something that won't be too difficult to handle, providing the C. O. does not ride it first.

A young lady said last week, "How is it that men tell how strong and healthy they are, and then when a slight cold visits them they buy up all the cold cures available and then come home to be nursed by the little woman?" Who is it? Well, we won't mention names but can supply a few clues. This happened last Tuesday. He took a magazine named Click, a Boston Herald and a nice green apple. Wonder if the latter made his tummy ache to add to the misery. Does the shoe fit anyone? Hope it don't hit the wrong spot, as my chances for a pass might not be so good in the future. What a clue!

Unique Sign In Guard Squadron Defines Policy

Over the door of the Guard Squadron supply room is a rugged looking sign with peculiar spelling—even for a soldier.

Captain Aaron Nelson had seen a similar sign and felt that it established a definite policy. Here is the complete text:

NOTIS

Tresspassers will b percecuted to the full extent of 2 mungrel dogs which never was over shoshble to strangers & 1 dubble bri. shotgun which ain't loded with sofa pillars. Dam if I ain't gitten tired of this hell raisin on my place.

FOR SOLDIERS

FOOT PALS

AND

FLORSHEIM
SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST.

BANGOR

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor House

Dining Room
Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St.

Bangor

"THE BIG PARADE"

Is to the

Paramount Hotel

Post Office Square

Bangor

GOOD FOOD—COCKTAIL BAR

INTER-POST SOFTBALL LEAGUE SCHEDULE FOR THE WEEK

(All games are played at Bass Park and start at 6:00 P. M.)

Monday, June 14th

Medical vs. Finance (Diamond 1).
 Quartermaster vs. Aviation Sqdn. (Diamond 2).

Wednesday, June 16th

Air Base Sqdn. vs. Guard Sqdn. (Diamond 1).
 Signal Corps vs. Finance (Diamond 2).

Thursday, June 17th

Fighter Control Sqdn. vs. Aviation Sqdn.
 Medical vs. Quartermaster.

Signals Swamp Finance In Smash Comeback

The Signal Corps Softball team, after dropping the first contest of a three-game playoff series to the Finance ten, came back strong with power galore on Monday, June 7, to gain revenge upon their rival neighbors. The results showed a one-sided score of 17 to 3. The boys from the crack Signal Corps team were provided with all the batting practice they'll ever need for a long while, judging from the way they bombarded that ball all over the field. The completion of the first inning had both sides under the immediate impression that it would be a tough struggle ahead in order to achieve an ultimate victory. The turning point came in the second frame which saw 7 big runs tally across the plate for the Signals. Doubles by O'Donnell, Rosini and Bryant were followed by two straight singles from the bats of Wennerberg and Lieber. Profeta walked and Harrington hit safely with Lux and Herzog to make the important rally effective. It was easy going from that moment until the closing of the slugfest. The Signals garnered 17 hits. Winning pitcher Profeta allowed his opponents just 7 safeties. Lux of the Signals thwarted an uprising in the early innings to spoil Finance's sole chance of a comeback. Two smashing home runs were featured, one by McQuarrie of Finance, and the other by Pitcher Profeta of the Signals, coming with one mate on in the fifth.

SUB DEPOT SLUGS IT OUT

The hard-hitting Machine Shop Gremlins continued to dominate the Sub-Depot Softball League last week by setting back a scrappy Supply unit to remain undefeated in league competition. The league leaders, presently knocking the ball solidly for extra bases, will turn the steam on next Friday evening against the Administrators in their only showing for the current week.

Wednesday evening's game between the Hangar Wolves and the Hangar Thunderbolts is expected to be a dog-fight all the way. The Wolves, currently deadlocked with the Administrators for second place, have been improving steadily but will stack up against a rapidly improving Thunderbolt array.

The winner of the Sub-Depot League will play off the winner of the enlisted men's league for the championship of Dow Field at the conclusion of league competition. A preview of the ensuing series took place last Wednesday evening in a practice game when a slugging Finance team, paced by Johnson and Carlson, slugged the Machine Shop team 15-3. The soldier team, playing a sharp game in the field,

SIGNALS BEAT COMMUNICATIONS BY SMALL MARGIN

Despite their unfortunate submission by the narrow margin of 3 to 2, the Communication softball team was credited by the stellar Signal Corps ten with the best and toughest game offered them thus far in the season. The Signals in achieving the hard-fought triumph which was a non-league exhibition contest held in Bangor last Saturday, June 12, saw every inning of play a period of tense baseball drama when they had to resort to keen strategy of thrills and chills in order to repress the strong, clever opposition. Robert Lux of Signals accomplished the most notable fielding gem of the entire affair, coming in the late frame, to stifle out a rally with his shoe-string diving catch of the ball. Others to star for the winners included Rosini, O'Donnell, Horodysky and Wenerberg. Effective pitching by Samuel Profeta also contributed heavily to the loser's cause.

Air Base Team Swamps Fighter Control

Too much hitting-power proved fatal to the Fighter Control Squadron as the strong Air Base Squadron walked away with a 15-0 score in softball.

Hard hitting players for the Air Base were Komorski, short stop; Cottier, first base; Dearth, third base; Bierman, soft field; McInnis, catcher; Shortledge, center field; Vivian, second base; Groetzinger, right field; Meluskey, left field, and Zufall, pitcher.

The Fighter Control team was as follows: Pichett, 3rd base; Barrow, right field; Gordon, second base; Opfer, first base; Carroll, center field; Sutton, catcher and Cozier, Piers, Chapman and Schoenert filling out the line-up.

BOMBER SCHEDULE FOR JUNE

Sunday, June 13 (away)
 Waterville, Colby College Air Cadets.

Sunday, June 20 (away)
 Ellsworth, return game.

Sunday, June 27 (away)
 Dover-Foxcroft, 2 games.

Trying to arrange game with Houlton Air Base for July 4th.

pickled the offerings of Charlie Robinson for a total of 17 hits.

Following are the league standings to date:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Machine Shop	3	0	1.000
Administrators	1	1	.500
Hangar Wolves	1	1	.500
Supply	1	2	.333
Hangar Thunderbolts	0	2	.000

GAMES THIS WEEK

June 16—Hangar Wolves vs. Hangar Thunderbolts.

June 18—Administrators vs. Machine Shop.

Pass the Ammunition



If an army travels on its stomach, these U. S. soldiers are getting the proper ammunition. It's dinner time at American base in Buna area of New Guinea, and the line is long and hungry.

Signals Nose Out Medics, 19-17 In Close Game

By SAMUEL J. PROFETA

The Signal Corps fighting ten began the second half of the Softball League on June 8th with a wild exciting win over the Medics by an amazing high score of 19 to 17. This twilight game which was held at Bass Park had many tense moments as the Medics sought to hold their two run margin in the first inning of play. The Signals managed to splurge ahead to open the second in gaining a temporary one run lead. This however was overcome by the determined Medics when they staged an all-out rally in the fourth which netted them 3 more runs to set their team on top again. The damaging finish came in the fifth stanza which saw the complete collapse of the Medics as the Signals banged away to the tune that earned them the sum of 9 runs for their tireless efforts. Bryant sparked the winning side with Horodysky, O'Donnell, Rosini and Wennerberg sharing the spotlight for additional honors. Profeta of Signals undertook the mound chores.

PROMOTIONS

Congratulations go to the following men of the Air Base Squadron who received promotions this past week:

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT
 Sgt. Richard Topping.

TO BE CORPORALS
 Pfc. Leonard Surlis
 Pvt. Norbert C. James.

Use of Gasoline Proves Dangerous In Barracks

By PVT. JOSEPH F. KLEMPKA

Gasoline should never be used for cleaning in the barracks. It is easy to understand the danger when we consider the fact the explosions of gasoline vapors mixed with air, supply the power for driving our autos, trucks, planes and motor boats; and everybody knows that gasoline ignites readily and burns fiercely.

But some are likely to say in effect, "I never use gasoline in a room where a gas flame or any other open flame is present, so it can't take fire or explode." Such a statement indicates that the person who makes it has much to learn about the dangerously inflammable properties of gasoline.

A gasoline explosion or fire or both may occur when there is no open flame or other apparent source of ignition in the room or even in the building where the gasoline is being used. This strange phenomenon is explained as follows: At Ordinary room temperature (65 degrees Fahrenheit and above) gasoline exposed to the air gives off an invisible vapor which is heavier than air and which maybe, and often is, carried to a considerable distance from its point of origin, by air currents. This is, in effect, like a fuse or a train of powder leading from a charge of explosives to a point where it is to be ignited. When the vapor comes in contact with a source of ignition, it may be a 100 feet or more distant, it bursts into flame which travels back, almost as rapidly as the eye can follow it, to the liquid-gasoline container, and an explosion of fire occurs. The source of ignition may be

WAACy Game Makes Up New Softball Rules

In the craziest game we have ever seen, the radio men played the WAACs at Bass Park Tuesday night. The first inning was so haywire that a new set of rules were developed. A sample will give you an idea of how they worked.

When a male infielder scooped up a line drive, he had to roll over three times before throwing the ball. Another novelty was having the men run backwards to the bases. This added plenty of fun—and it was certainly reverse tactics to see the wolves being backward. Eventually, the sides were shifted, so that the girls were equally distributed on both teams—so that the score could stay under one hundred.

As a matter of fact, the whole thing got so involved that we haven't any idea of the final count.

SOFTBALL STANDING OF AIR BASE

	W	L	Pct.
Air Base	1	0	100%
Signal	1	0	100%
Aviation	1	0	100%
Quartermaster	1	0	100%
Finance	0	1	.000
Medics	0	1	.000
Fighter Control	0	2	.000

in a bon fire outdoors, for example, or the fire in the heater in your heater room, if the doors are open so that there is nothing to obstruct the flow of the vapor.

How can this serious fire and explosion hazard be avoided. Merely by refusing to allow gasoline (or benzine or naphtha which are similarly dangerous) to be used in or about the barracks, or even to be brought into the barracks.

Any soldier, officer or WAAC, who allows gasoline, or any inflammable cleaning fluid, to be used for cleaning purposes, endangers not only his or her life, but also the lives of others.

NEW SHOWERS FOR GYM

Plans are underway for a shower room to be connected with the gym. Actual construction has begun but several more days will be needed before they can be used.

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

BIJOU Theatre
 TEL. 5307

TODAY-TUESDAY

MY FRIEND FLICKA

Roddy McDowell, Preston Foster
 Rita Johnson

WED., THURS., FRI.

HARRIGAN'S KID

Bobby Readick, William Gargan

OPERA HOUSE
 BANGOR

Today, Tues., Wed.

HUMPHREY BOGART in ACTION IN THE ATLANTIC

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

COWBOY IN MANHATTAN

Robert Paige, Frances Langford
 Leon Errol and Walter Catlett

PARK THEATRE
 BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today-Tues.

A STRANGER IN TOWN
 Frank Morgan, Richard Carlson

—Plus—

FOLLOW THE BAND
 Leo Carrillo, Leon Errol, Frances Langford, The King Sisters

Wed.-Thurs.

IDA LUPINO in THE HARD WAY

—Plus—

ALL BY MYSELF

Patrick Knowles, Rosemary Lane
 Neil Hamilton & Evelyn Ankers



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.

Father's Day Is Next Sunday JUNE 20th

Wartime has made new heroes of Fathers on the Home Front and on the Fighting Front. Make yours happy by remembering him.

For Gifts Certain to Please Come to

FREESE'S

Hundreds From Which to Choose

Get Them Gift Wrapped and Mail Them Right in This Largest Store in Eastern Maine.