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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

5-30-1944

May 30, 1944

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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...— *Dow Field* ...—
OBSERVER

VOL. II

MEMORIAL DAY ISSUE

NO. 11



CPL. S. ROSENTHAL

Memorial Day

The Pin-Up Room

First Dow Dance of the Season Opens New Pin-Up Room, T-6

To the music of the newly-formed Dow Field Gremlins, a highly successful dance opened the new Pin-Up Room at the Special Service Center (T-6).

Over a hundred beautiful hostesses and all the men who fit into the hall thoroughly enjoyed the first get-together.

S/Sgt. Roland Schmidt and his eleven groovey Gremlins alternated between dishing out the jive and smooth sending. Behind the instruments were Sgt. Vincent C. Quinn, assistant leader and first trombone; Cpl. Ferwick L. Gilroy, second trombone; Cpl. James Tomkins, drums; Pfc. Martin Hagopian, third trumpet; Pvt. Richard Swift, first trumpet; Pvt. Robert E. Washington, second trumpet; Pvt. Robert P. Sarzek, second tenor sax; Pvt. Robert J. Moxley, fourth tenor sax; Pvt. Spurgeon Illery, piano; Pvt. Anthony Soyka, first sax and clarinet, and Pvt. Lawrence Hatch, string bass.

TOMKINS BEATS THE SKINS

Starting at 2000, the band got off to a good beginning and the G. I.'s hit the groove in the jive department. Later in the evening Cpl. Tomkins suddenly whipped into an "out of this world" jam session on his own. He had the khaki hepcats gluing their optics on his fascinating stick-handling.

LEDFORD TAKES SPOTLIGHT

Pfc. Eugene Ledford of Unit No. 4 turned loose a terrific exhibition of jitterbugging with blonde tressed Lee Apothaker as his partner. Immediately they were given the floor—and how they took it.

Hello-o-o wolves in cartoons decorated the walls, while assorted cookies and cokes decorated the inner man.

As these dances are primarily planned for transient crews, it will not necessarily be a weekly feature, but you will receive sufficient notice on the next one.

Mrs. Alyce Connor, S/Sgt. Geden and Pvt. Robert Glicklin were the members of the organizing committee. The dance was developed by the Special Service Office under the direction of Captain Brower Pernet.



The Dow Field Gremlins make merry music at the first dance in the new Pin-up Room

USO Hostesses Help Decorate Pin-Up Room

When the Special Service Center needed the new Pin-Up room decorated in double quick time the USO girls came to the rescue.

Dressed in slacks and bobby socks, six gals soon had the hall festooned with gay twirling crepe, making a little go a long way.

With a deep bow of gratitude for pitching in so good-naturedly, we nominate for special commendation not in the line of duty the following girls: Geraldine La Pierre, Rita Albert, Natalie Bussell, Jane Houston, Marie Michaud and Arlene Cochran.

Mother of Axis Held Flier Receives Medals at Dow Gym

In an impressive ceremony Saturday in the Dow Field Gymnasium, Mrs. Frances V. Day of Bath received four decorations from Colonel S. F. Landers, commanding officer of Dow Field. The decorations, an Air Medal, and three Oak Leaf Clusters, were presented to her for the heroism of her son, S/Sgt. Stewart H. Day, Jr., who is now a prisoner of war in Occupied Europe.

Flanked by the colors, and a large guard of honor from Units 1 and 5, Mrs. Day was accompanied in the ceremony by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Day, of Route No. 2, Brunswick.

Since Mrs. Day has not yet heard

directly from her son, it is impossible to know exactly the circumstances which made him a prisoner of war. But from the fragmentary information available at this time, the story is probably as follows:

S/Sgt. Day was a tail gunner in a B-17 Flying Fortress, based in England. On Dec. 5th, they took off for a raid deep into occupied territory—one of many the ship had made. They got to their target, unloaded their bombs in the face of tremendous ground and aerial opposition, and began their trip back. Crippled by enemy anti-aircraft fire, they were forced to land somewhere in German occupied France. S/Sgt. Day is now a prisoner of war in Beaujeune Hospital, Paris, France.



UNLESS you like unexpected visitors or undesired attention from the enemy never have tracks or a path stop at your place of concealment. Continue them past your spot to another location or until they join other tracks.



WHEN firing from behind a tree, rock or some other similar protection, do it from the right side unless you're a southpaw, so you'll not expose too much of yourself to the enemy.



Grenier Field Officials Visit Dow Field—They are as follows, left to right: Lt. Col. Wm. Berman, Base Executive; Major James W. Warren, Major David L. Rike and Major Robert A. Bush of Grenier Field and Major Lloyd Smith from Dow Field.

UNIT NO 2

PFC. EMIL SALKAY

Sounds Around the Base: Cpl. Muench blowing out the Army Air Corps song on his little wooden whistle. . . . The peculiar whistle of the wolves, who come like cigarettes—twenty to a pack. . . . The blast from the reveille gun at 6:45 in the morning which throws diminutive T/Sgt. Clarence Johnson at least three feet off his bed. . . . The martial music over the P. A. system. Makes you feel like “to the right flank march”.

How come so many G. I.'s avoiding the Base barber shop, preferring the tonsorial arts of Bangor barbers?

That girl back in Nebraska must be the one and only for Cpl. Raphael Kobza. The good Corporal can always be found at night in the barracks reading a book or fondly gazing at her favorite photograph.

Did you know that Cpl. Archie Silver, who bakes those delicious buns at the mess hall, is the possessor of two Harvard degrees, one of them being a Master of Arts in the German language. He can also speak French, Italian, Russian and Yiddish. But we still like his baking, anyway.

Our unit commander, Capt. Horvath, is very much pleased at the attendance at those Medical Orientation lectures. These lectures have proved to be interesting, as well as instructive.

With Lt. Col. Beard and Capt. Kaplan interspersing the talk with bits of humor, it tends to relieve any monotony.

Name with plenty of oomph: Corporal F. Gaylord Cox IV.

June 1st is the day when we can burst out in our summer finery. On that day khaki uniforms will be according to regulation. Now all we have to worry about is keeping them clean.

Sgt. Henry “Bunky” Roth likes to enjoy a good movie. But, he complains, why glamorize a dancing caterpillar when we can have Lana Turner at the same price.

S/Sgt. Bob Ford is as pleased as a kid with that new scooter. But we wish to remind him that they now come equipped with motors and it's not necessary to push with your feet. You're a grown man now, Bob.

Did you know that you can be afflicted by a pin ball machine? Absolutely. You insert a nickel, play the game and, presto! St. Vitus' Dance.

Come on you fellas! Share your laughs with everyone. Send in any item of interest to this column. Just jot it down and leave it with 1st Sgt. Biros at the Orderly Room.

* * *

The boy who wants to make the news
Aspires to fill his father's shoes.
His sister aims for something better.
And hopes to fill her mother's
SWEATER.

UNIT NO 3

“Down On The Line”

CPL. SEIDMAN

Another windy week has gone by, a week of miniature dust storms, fascinating sanitation lectures, and chilly spring nights in town. From all indications, the Maintenance machine seems to be humming smoothly and efficiently.

Cpl. Lasater and Pfc. Salvatoriello, of the Operations Maintenance Personnel Office, have labored long and mightily to compile a long list of names on a requisition for “Distinctive Sleeve Patches”. These Sleeve Patches are to be worn on the lower portion of the right sleeve, of blouse, field jacket or shirt. These special insignias fall into the following classifications: Armament, Communications and Engineerig.

Speaking of distinctive patches, one of the more cynical of M/Sgt. Randolph's Sons of the Soil suggested a special emblem, for the devotees of Landscaping and Horticulture. He drew a sketch of a lovely daisy-shaped insignia, consisting of a pair of crossed tiger lilies on a field of baby blue. T/Sgt. Nardone contributed a caustic comment on the subject of agricultural activity: “We don't need any airplane mechanics; give us some landscape artists.” However, the swinging shovel and rake are rapidly changing the outward appearance of the line. No doubt the Operations Maintenance Section will eventually be the beauty spot of the field.

The sound of school bells ringing can be heard these days down the line. The Technical Training program has gotten underway. Pfc. Phelps is demonstrating his tutorial abilities, as instructor of the initial course on “Forms and Publications”.

Unit No. 3 is eagerly anticipating a successful baseball season. This may seem a bit premature, but we expect to have a championship team.

Cpl. Dick Osman featured the USO broadcast with a good impersonation of Arthur Tracey singing “Night and Day”.

So long, until next week's edition of patter, polemic and prattle.

You'll get higher by keeping on your toes.



DOW FIELD'S Post Personality

5

UNIT No 4

PFC. MARTIN HAGOPIAN

TWENTY-TWO YEAR OLD F/SGT. CYRIL BIROS HAS AMAZING MEMORY FOR FIRST NAMES



"Hi, Bill—hello, Joe—Okay, Ed," Biros was saying as we walked in. All the men, no matter what rank, were given the same friendly greeting.

"I'm very lucky at remembering names," the first sergeant commented, "and it makes the boys feel more confident about talking to me. There is no reason why I should try to scare them to death." The 22-year-old, stocky (220 pounds), dark complexioned F/Sgt. is a good example of modern psychology applied to the Army.

When Dow Field was just getting its growing pains in 1941, Biros arrived as a staff sergeant. He worked as a personnel clerk in T-14, with barracks nearby. And today he works in T-14 as first sergeant in the same identical barracks. He cheerfully admits that he likes Dow Field, "the best damned Army base I've been to." He also likes Maine girls, too—he married one. But Destiny (and Uncle Sam) stepped in and sent him on a circuit of ten camps before his return.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the son of a Slovakian coal miner, Cyril Methodius Biros is one of eight children. With the family income slim, he was only able to complete high school. The music of his ancestors translated itself into drums and traps in the high school orchestra.

Two months out of school, in September, '39, and Cyril heard the call to the colors and signed up with Uncle Sam. He landed at Langley Field. Within a year his persistent hard work earned him triple stripes and a rocker. At that time he was orderly clerk for Major George (now General

George, ATC's head), who was C. O. of the base.

After two years at Langley Field, Biros' G. I. life suddenly developed a fast spin. The whirl spun him to Dow Field, then to Boise, Idaho, with another rocker added. This time he was a sergeant major for a bombardment group. His unit became a skeleton crew, moving from base to base setting up a field and then moving out. In this way he traveled to Tuscon for a month and, then to Alamogordo, New Mexico, El Paso, Texas, Topeka, Kansas, Delhart, Texas, Pyote, Texas, Dyersburg, Tenn., Kelly Field, Alexander, La., and then . . . back to Dow Field.



"You see, I remember names—and Dow Field is at the head of the list," F/Sgt. Biros reminded us—and then went on the stream of incoming G. I.'s, "Hi, Jack; how're doin', Pete."

Speaking of war bonds, are you a buyer or an ali-buyer?

The constant remark of one particular desk sergeant is, "If you do, you will marry post number ten." . . . Corporal Hoffman's favorite drink (from now on) will be "Coca-Cola." . . . I guess it is love at first sight for Pvt. Fockler, because he will walk the last mile and tangle with the preacher on the fateful day of May the thirty-first. The bride-to-be is a resident of Brewer, Maine. . . . The latest full-time members of the USO from the Military Police Platoon are Pvt. Toth and Pvt. Rafalski. For a while, I thought they were pulling C. Q. duty down there. . . . I presume that Sgt. "Augustus" Shaner is having Pvt. Bert Stogner take his basic-training over again! Bert was seen pounding his hoofs on post number ten. . . . Flash! . . . Someone is bucking for Staff. Pfc. D'root says that he has never touched a drop. I guess he means H2O, or water to you. . . . Our noted philosopher, Pvt. Colasacco says, "The war will be over three years from today." . . . S/Sgt. Freeman's shift was so short-handed once that Pfc. D'root had to fire the cannon and then run over and lower the flag. . . . What would S/Sgt. Mayo do without his "scooter"? . . . Pvt. Lloyd Sloan has the women of Bangor reeling at his feet. What a man! . . . That outstanding "jitterbug" who almost burned a hole in the floor at the Post dance is just another M. P. named Ledford. The "hep" female was Miss Lee Apothaker of Bangor. The orchestra was fairly good and it would be much better if the musicians could at least practice together, but it "seems" that this is not possible.



Chaplain Lucius Waite

CATHOLIC

Sunday masses 0730 and 1130

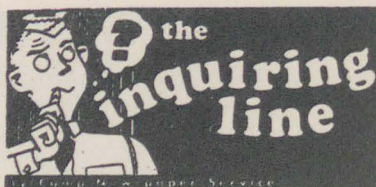
Thursday services 1830

PROTESTANT

Sun 1000 wed vespers 1900

JEWISH

Friday Evening 1900



Q. I'm flat on my back at an East Coast hospital sweating out a CDD. When I become a civilian again I want everyone to know I've been a soldier and am not an ordinary 4F. Is it all right if I wear my North African Theater of Operations ribbon on my civilian clothes so that people will know I have served overseas?

A. You may wear ribbons only on ceremonial occasions. At other times you may wear miniature ribbons on your lapel, next to your discharge button.

Q. My mother is a widow with two younger children. She has a job in a war plant. I want to know if she is entitled to an allotment from me.

A. Your mother is eligible to apply for Family Aid for herself and the minor children if she is substantially dependent on you. The Office of Dependency Benefits will determine the facts of dependency from information furnished on certificates of dependency.



Dow Bombers Blitz State Prison Team

Dow Field's "Bombers" blasted the Maine State Prison baseball team by 25-2 in an abbreviated game at Thomaston yesterday. The Prison team was really "block-busted" by the G. I.'s from Bangor, who made their 25 runs on 24 hits. The five-and-a-half-inning game, that was called because of prison regulations, got off to a fairly even start with the Thomaston nine making its two runs in the first inning. After that it was all one-sided. Pfc. Delano Fox, who twirled for the Bombers, allowed only three hits in the entire game; more than half of the Dow boys made three hits each, and practically all of the remainder were chalked up with two each.

Both men of the battery—Fox and "Red" Carcich—were included with those who made three hits.



DISILLUSIONED

Girl: "Say, are you Santa Claus?"

Pvt. Glicklin: "No."

Girl: "Well, then leave my stocking alone!"

A shipwrecked soldier had drifted for three weeks and was finally washed ashore on a tropical isle. The first thing that met his starving gaze was a luscious maiden, with a flower in her hair and an inviting smile on her lips, who came drifting lazily down an inland stream on a beer barrel.

"You dear soldier," she cooed softly, "I've got something for you that you've been dreaming about for months."

The soldier gazed at her in rapt astonishment and cried: "Do you mean to say that there is beer in that barrel?"

WE point with pride to the purity of the white space between our jokes!

Outstanding fielder of the Bombers was a veteran of last year's team, Dick Seay. He pulled in one nice fly off those traditionally bleak prison walls. Playing shortstop for the Thomaston team was another Seay, who was no relation to Dick.

Following is the box score:

Dow Field	ab	h	e	a	po
Moire, 3rd	4	3	0	1	1
Seay, 2nd	4	3	0	3	2
Westhus, ss	4	3	1	0	2
Mitchell, 1st	3	1	1	0	4
Grant, 1st	1	1	0	0	0
Cherneski, lf	4	2	0	0	0
Adams, cf	4	3	0	0	0
Dickey, rf	3	2	0	0	1
Andrews, rf	1	0	0	0	0
Carcich, c	4	3	1	2	7
Tkack, c	1	0	0	0	1
Fox, p	4	3	0	0	0
Totals	37	24	3	6	18

Baton Rouge, La. (CNS)—Because the price of a piece of apple pie has increased from a nickel to ten cents, the voters of Louisiana are considering raising the salaries of State Legislators.

It happened on the drill field. A private, while running around the field, suddenly tripped and fell. A moment later an instructor came running up asking:

"What happened to you?"

"I broke my leg and can't get up," said the injured GI.

"Well, what are you wasting time for?" the instructor asked irritably, "start doing push-ups!"

"Do you object to kissing, Girlie?"

"That is something I've never done, Soldier."

"Kissed, Girlie?"

"Objected, Soldier."

"I know that soldier is the man for me, mother. Every time he takes me in his arms I can hear his heart pounding."

"Better be careful, daughter! You've fooled me that way for almost a year with a dollar watch."

THIS PAPER USES CAMP NEWSPAPER SERVICE COLONEL S. F. LANDERS Commanding Officer

The news material appearing herein is prepared and edited by personnel of Dow Field. In many cases, columns or editorials are presented as personal opinions, are identified as such, and are in no way to be construed as representing 'Official' information or opinions of the United States Army.

News matter pertaining to Dow Field, at Bangor, Maine is available for general releases.

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Cpl. C. Hammond S/Sgt. J. B. Reed

Dive Bombers dive at an angle of from 55 to 85 degrees, not straight down.

Editorial

Why Orientation?

We were asked the other day why we put so much emphasis on orientation articles. Maybe you figure that we are going out on the deep end. But, as Al Smith used to say, "Let's look at the records."

A recent survey made throughout the U. S. gave several interesting conclusions. Purely out of curiosity we made a sort of informal one of our own. We don't pretend that our survey is complete coverage, but it will serve to show the direction the wind is blowing.

The national survey reported these facts:

27,000,000 U. S. adults do not know that the Japs have taken the Philippines.

(Dow boys knew the score on this one.)

54,000,000 have never heard of the Atlantic Charter.

(Most of Dow Field associated this with the present war, correctly . . . but one G. I. thought it was a group of islands, another associated it with something that happened back in the early eras of history.)

85,000,000 do not know what a reciprocal trade treaty is.

(Our boys were way out in left field on this one; however, several made some near guesses.)

How do you stack up on current events? Are you keeping up-to-date? It's your job to be **THE BEST INFORMED SOLDIER IN THE WORLD.**



New York—A group of Marine combat correspondents were lunching together on leave.

"I went to the movies last night," one of them said.

"I went to a dance," said another.

"I sat all night in the parlor with my girl," a third recalled.

"What did you do," they all asked Sgt. Jack Vincent, who was eating silently.

"Got married," he said between mouthfuls of food.

He had, too.

Know Your OFFICERS



Captain Charles D. Horvath
Commanding Officer Unit 2

Although Captain Horvath was born in Palmerton, Pa., he thinks of Allentown as his home town. From high school he spent one year at Allentown Prep, where he majored in mathematics. Continuing this idea, he studied business administration at Franklin and Marshall College of Liberal Arts. He earned a B. S. degree in economics. He also took civilian pilot training, acquiring a private pilot's license.

Applying this background to business, he handled credit and sales for the B. F. Goodrich Co. in the Philadelphia district.

Then . . . came induction. His greetings brought him to the Induction Center at New Cumberland, Pa., in April, 1941. He stayed eight months. Having the desire to fly, he applied for aviation cadet training. After three months as an air cadet "I was picked up in a physical and grounded because of a perforated ear drum, and they washed me up."

Then he tried for OCS and was sent to Miami to study for Air Corps Administration. His first bar came in June, 1942, and also his appointment to the Houlton Air Base as adjutant for one of the squadrons.

Two and a half months later he was sent to Newfoundland, earning a silver bar. Nineteen months later he arrived at Dow Field as a captain and C. O. of Unit No. 2.

His chief interest is still flying, "but they won't let me." Skiing and tennis come next.



Bill Goodwin tests crank for making jig as Sam Maurer approves

Civilian Workers Invent Two New Short Cuts

Sam Maurer and Bill Goodwin, civilian sheet metal workers at Dow Field, have added two more inventions to the "Shorten the War".

The first idea is described as a time and labor-saving jig for bending and cutting out springs. The springs are used on attachments to eliminate dust collecting in the planes. Previously it had required days to produce a large quantity, but the new invention brings it down to a matter of hours. A simple twist of the crank and another spring is ready for action.

The second "Shorten the War" idea is a jig for manufacturing eye bolts that are used to hold a rope that ties a number of dust collectors together. This enables the aircraft worker to lift them out without accidentally leaving any of them in the plane.

Both inventions were the result of Yankee ingenuity applied to a bottleneck in the sheet metal department. Sam Maurer, assistant foreman of the sheet metal shop, and Bill Goodwin, senior aircraft sheet metal worker, put their heads together and ironed out the bugs.

This is a good example of what can be done when the men on the jobs are constantly searching for new methods of speeding up production and cutting down time-wasting operations.

A sergeant says a man is sober if he is able to say "Susie sat in the soup." Yes, but how about Susie?

8 UNIT NO 1

PVT. WALLACE G. ROELOFS

Hello, fellows. This is Pvt. Roelofs giving out with a little info about Unit No. 1. Such as the news goes . . .

Sgt. Hazel, the Duty King, is now working for the Office of Price Administration. Taking over his former throne is Cpl. Jolly. That was a nice boost for both of them.

1st Lt. William F. Kopp has taken over Lt. Anis G. Thompson's position as Adjutant of Unit No. 1. Lt. Thompson is now with Public Relations.

Oh, yes! I can't forget this! 1st Sgt. Kelley was elected chairman of the NCO club last Thursday night. Kelley's only comment is: "Thanks, fellows, for the high honor you have bestowed upon me." He is also already bucking to get more men to join the NCO club.

After the dance Thursday night Private Webber took the Brewer USO girls home in his truck. Some job! Webber says: "Gosh, I've never taken so many girls home in my life." Before he let the girls go he made sure he had gotten all their addresses. Pvt. Webber sure must like his job, 'cause his name is on the top of the list to drive the next group of gals home.

Wedding bells for Pvt. Wilford Smith. . . . Another good man gone bad. Smith and his beautiful bride were hitched at the Post Chapel at 6 a. m. Saturday, the 20th. No one knows where they are to spend their honeymoon. Hmmm, not a bad idea. After all, would you want any visitors while on your honeymoon?

Pfc. Harold Thiewes, the professional KP dodger, was finally hooked for seven days of it. When asked how he liked it, his only reply was, "Rough, man, rough!"

Pvt. Healy doesn't like salmon fishing. The reason being that he was on the losing end of a five-round battle with one Thursday evening. This is the story, as told by an eye-witness: Pvt. Healy was standing on the bank of the river, dangling a line into the water. Suddenly, a salmon, judged by witnesses to weigh 15 pounds, hit the hook. Healy was caught off guard and was immediately dunked in the river, where he battled with the fish, or vice versa, for a full ten minutes. The bat-



This will give you an idea of the gals and G. I.'s who made the first dance a howling success

tle ended when the salmon broke the line and leisurely swam off. Pvt. Healy states that: "That was the fight- ingest darned fish I ever did see."

Pvt. Andrew Woutila's attitude toward love has definitely changed. Last Wednesday night two girls met and discussed their love life. To their utter astonishment, they discovered they were both going with the same Andy. At 7:30 sharp, Andy made his appearance at the home of one of the young ladies. Instead of the usual greeting, he received a verbal tongue lashing, and, to top it off, a poke in the eye. (Remember the adage of a woman scorched.)

Sgt. Mel McConnell looked mighty sharp heading a rifle squad on Saturday. Trigger-pullers, reading left to right, were the following three-strip- pers: Sgts. James Casey, Leo Schuch- man, Thomas Kilcoyne, Lester Lei- decker, Charles Summers, Dale Miller and Charles Dunchew.

So much for the news gossip, and what have you, for Unit No. 1.

Orders Were Orders To This Seabee

An East Coast Port (CNS)—A Seabee recruit was stationed at the gate of a training command near here, with instructions to admit no car unless it carried a special tag.

Along came a tagless car carry- ing a high ranking officer. The guard stopped it. The officer ordered his driver to proceed.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the guard. "I'm new at this. Who do I shoot —you or the driver?"

TRIBUTE TO THE WAC

When women to the colors throng
In any land, they're praised in song

So give the Wacs credit that they de-
serve:

To change their living they had to
have nerve.

They sacrificed their liberty.
They weren't inducted, they could be
free

But they chose to join for the dura-
tion—
They're also part of this fighting
nation.

Let none besmirch the name they bear
Nor smear the uniform they wear.

When they replace a fighting man,
They help destroy the Axis plan.

The little they receive as pay
They earn with sweat and toil each
day.

This life may hide some feminine trait
But Victory will set that straight.

Our blessings to those on foreign
shores
Who performed heroically their chores.

Though others may grumble behind
their backs,

We say to their faces, "Hats off to the
Wacs!"

—Cpl. Archie Silver.

A man's greatest mistake is to sup-
pose grass widows are green.

Wolf

by Sansone



"... if I were in the States I'd call an usher!"

by Sansone

© 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

PLAYING THIS WEEK

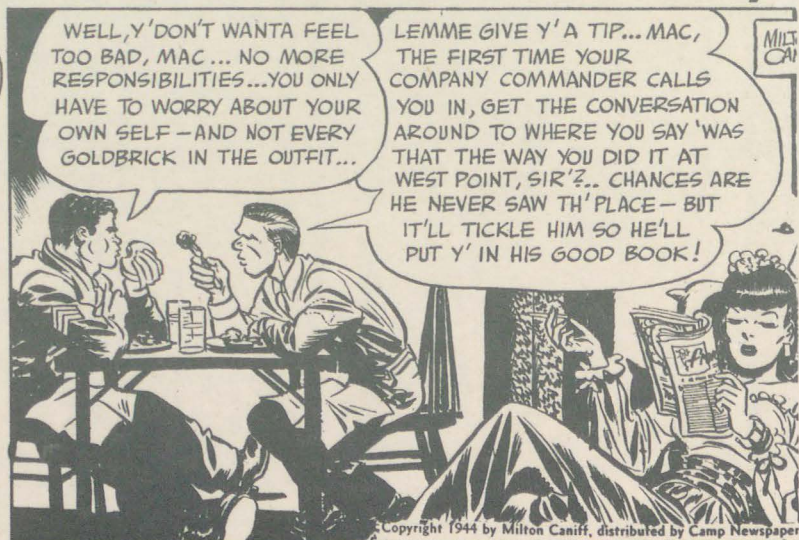
POST THEATRE

Saturday 27 May
THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS...R. Rogers
Cartoon-Short and Travelogue
Sunday and Monday 28 & 29 May
MAKE YOUR OWN BED...Jack Carson
Movietone News & Feature
Tuesday 30 May
BERMUDA MYSTERY...Foster, Rutherford
Feature, Short & Table Tennis
Wednesday 31 May
ADDRESS UNKNOWN...Lukes, Stevens
Three Features
Thurs.-Friday 1 & 2 June
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR...J. Durante
Movietone News

2 Shows nightly 1800 2000
Sunday matinee 1400

Vladivostok is actually 150 miles
south of Venice, Italy.

Male Call by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates" Men Sometimes Go Nuts In The Army



Copyright 1944 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper

WHERE ARE THE YANKS?



(Map 91-545)

North Africa, where Yanks landed Nov. 8, 1942, to change the complexion of the war, has been the scene of conflict since men first learned how to fight. There the Moors first rose to greatness, conquered Spain and developed a strong and ruthless civilization in a weak and weary world. There the Barbary pirates ruled until Decatur broke their grip on trade routes and paved the way for France's annexation of most of Barbary. There, too, were the scenes of Rommel's early triumphs, the British break-through at El Alemein and the final rout of the Desert Fox from Africa. Today North Africa plays a vital part in an even bigger battle—the fight for Europe. As fueling station for Allied armies across the Mediterranean, the "Dark Continent's" sunlit upper fringe now is the scene of the greatest activity in its history.

Even if you are on the right track you will get run over if you just sit there.

People are like steamboats—they toot loudest when they are in a fog.

News From Home

Denver, Col. (CNS) — Summoned on an emergency call in the south end of town, two patrol car policemen returned in half an hour to enter this cryptic report on the station house blotter: "Woman stuck in bathtub. Removed her."

Detroit (CNS) — Mrs. Madge Williams won a divorce from her jealous husband on the grounds that he padlocked her in her bedroom every day before he went to work.

Logansport, Ind. (CNS) — When seven-months-old Jay Shuck opened his mouth to yawn, his fun-loving, two-year-old brother Dee popped two pennies into the gaping aperture. The baby swallowed the coins and Dee started to holler for them. Doctors in an Indianapolis hospital removed the pennies and gave them back to Dee who promptly swallowed them himself.

Los Angeles (CNS) — County Park Superintendent J. R. Wimmer was mighty proud of the beautiful plants that grew around the County Agricultural Building until a visiting horticulturist informed him that the plants were marijuana crops.

