

Skelton and Garfield Top Week's Film Fare

A well balanced quintet of screen offerings are on tap for the edification of field movie-goers this week at the Post theatres. The menu ranges from musical comedies to spying dramas and back again.

Coming in for a one day stand on Tuesday is "THE FALLEN SPARROW" a grade "A" suspenseful story of romance and espionage. Why it wasn't booked for more time is a mystery in this corner as with Maureen O'Hara, Johnny Garfield and Walter Slezak sparking the cast it figures to turn out to be the applause stealer of the week. It is engrossing, intense, eerie, exciting film fare which should get a royal welcome from those who like their action entertainment tempered with depth. Lovell's Maureen O'Hara, Patricia Morrison and Marika O'Driscoll don't figure to scare off any AAF patrons, either. Garfield and Slezak contribute fine performances to the pic.

Skelton and Swing
A smorgasbord of snickers, snorts, slapstick and synecdoche under the title of I DOOD IT features Thursday and Friday's screen fare. It's a pretty hot stuff concoction of rhythm and romance with Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell top-lining the cast. The Metro schwallbawls with the red top supplies the laughs and Powell makes with her usual high-powered tap routine. Most attractive names on the line-up are those of Jimmy Dorsey, Lena Horne and Hazel Scott. Dorsey's horn, incept, toolings on the alto sax backed up by a better than ordinary orchestra produces a symphony of sounds for you can't go wrong when you are looking the eyes long over that splash sweatshirt of song Lena Horne. Scott's tricky, break-back keyboard routines are a guarantee of diversion minutes and this success tale isn't exactly anemic, either!



COVETTE K-226 with Bandy Scott, Ella Babson and Barry Fitzgerald plays tomorrow and Monday. The stars aren't so brilliant and chances are that the flicker won't imperil any Academy Award aspirants. It deals with the sea and should be seen by all Navy men on the field, without fail.

Lon Chaney's classic role of the PEANUT OF THE OPERA is brought back on Wednesday with a modern cast of encoelers and singers doing their best to put it over. With Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster and Claude Rains heading the roster, this technicolor production shapes up as a pretty fair blend of showmanship. Of course, Eddy turns in his usual wooden faced job with the acting but there is his and Foster's singing to even things up in this musical version of the old-time thr-er. Claude Rains is the menacing phantom and does his usual superb job.

ADVENTURES OF A BOOKEE will be sneaked into the theaters this morning and will be shown throughout the day to all unoccupied customers. You wouldn't know the pusses in the pix as we can leave that out. The frequently used theme of the lame-brained drabness is used in attempt at laughs. Three short subjects on various topics give it that last-minute try to save the day.

B-26 Returns To Base After Tough Fight

Stubby wings and all the B-26's of the Northwest African Strategic Air Force pounded hell out of Mussolini. Here's the doings of one of the Martin Marauder groups there now.

"I started on a bright June day and the days are bright on one of the Mediterranean when the boys were briefed for a mission on an Italian air field in Sicily. The aerial assault on Pantelleria was a thing of the past and Northwest African Air Forces was out for new fields to conquer. Lt. L. William H. Van Marter, Marauder pilot from Seneca Falls, New York, was Boomerang.

The trip out was uneventful, but the bomb run more than made up for it. The ack-ack boys threw up everything they had including their steel helmets. And one big 88 mm. blossomed out right under "Boomerang's" right engine. Van Marter cut the switches and got ready to pull the ejection chute. But by the time he had feathered the prop, the fire was out and everything was rosy.

Nothing to worry about except the fact that the engine on one engine, losing altitude and dropping behind the formation. And as they dropped their bombs and turned away from the target the ack-ack boys were dropping sun. But let Lt. Van Marter tell the story.

"We were losing altitude and I couldn't stay with the main formation. I was just broke off and formed a flight of our own. I was led plane since I only had one engine. My right wing plane had a flat tire and his fuel lines cut. On my left was a '26' with half his rudder shot away and looking a little naked. Then I spotted my number one. It was a silver dollar. Every kind of acks was torn off his right wing from the root out to the pilot's seat. I had torn the tip off completely.

"The square heads had their Messerschmitts in high gear, but made all their attacks from dead ahead. No ack-ack fire directed at them. (The plane flying Rear End Charlie without the skin took care of them by shooting down two of the '26's before they got into range.) I had my gunners get their ammunition and it lightened the plane enough so we could hold it here so I was level doing about 170 miles an hour.

"But there is no need of stretching your luck, so after we were back over Cape Bon, I decided to set down. The three planes kept right on going for home. After spotting a field, I got the nose wheel down, the doors under the engines opened, but the main landing gear didn't drop in the nacelle. So I started in, figuring on landing on my nose wheel and tail axle.

"When we were on the final leg I unfeathered the right prop to keep the rigid blades from hitting and ground looping us. When I did that, there was just enough fluid in the pump to lower the main gear. I didn't know it. About 400 yards out I cut the switches on my good motor to prevent the possibility of a fire and started a steep, gliding approach. Since I didn't know I was in a little hot coming in, about 185 miles an hour. I had the nose held up high and kept waiting for the tail to touch. It was the smoothest landing I have ever made and my biggest surprise when I looked out and saw we had hit on the wheels.

We all took a deep breath and turned out to be grabbed by the French who owned the field and wanted to know what the hell I was trying to do. And how could I tell them I didn't know my wheels were down.

"Boomerang" is back in operation now and by next week will probably have another story up her sleeve.

Hq-Hq Pants King, Smashed Quota And Amorous Doings Top Gossip

By Pvt. JIMMY HEARNS
Hall to Cpl. Joe Pizinger! Pizinger, Prince Among Men. Savior of Bad Soldiers. It was Saturday night and parading down the main drag in Goldboro were Pizinger, an AM instructor and the writer. The razor-like crease in his khaki knitted through the thickened evening once and made a trio of super-sharp GIs out of them. He untold tale about this excursion is that without the kindness of the logistical Finishing his two partners would have been stranded in camp on this important night. He had loaned each one of the two pair of his trousers! Caught short for clean ones he had prevailed upon Joe to loan us the much-needed part of our garb and he had come across in rapid order. What a beautiful night! Corporal Popkey, drill-whis of 205, was spilled up to the one and only while on his recent furlough and I guess this was the only necessary to make this news known to the boys. His radiant face and cheerful chatter gives him away.

ADAMSVILLE STORY
Mike "Special Order" Schroll will you please tell us what the attraction is at Adamsville? Is it the brew or the broads? The same query was to Sgt. Myron "Chick" Berkidson and Cpl. John Thompson. We hear that their maroon convertible is a familiar sight about Smithfield. "Creeping stealthily into the Day room the other pm, we concealed ourselves behind an empty soda bottle and noted some of the antics for the Squadron. Pong touney as they worked out. We noticed that those two "Sugar Report" handlers, Tony Buescher and the other, were always with the boys with the 8 o. vespost.

Seriously Speaking
Ever wonder what all those numbers meant in your aerial number? The first one is always oddball, 1, 2, or 3. 1 means you enlisted, 2 means you came from the National Guard, and 3 means they came from you. The second number runs from 1 to 9 and stands for the Service Command from which you were inducted. The other six digits signify the order in which you were inducted into the Army was scheduled within the Service Command, simple, no? Start, start...who's Got the Serch Pic. Martin Finerman, 24, spent two weeks of his furlough pacing the floor of his New York home while his wife momentarily expected a baby. To write and the name the read up on a little book entitled "Pre-Natal Care: What to Do Before the Doctor Comes." Just as he finished the hour arrived, and the doctor didn't. While his mother-in-law, ainted, and other members of the family ran around incoherently, Finerman rolled up his sleeve, took a last glance at the book, and went to work. When the doctor arrived, an hour later, all he had left to do was to congratulate the mother, the grateful father, and a 13 pound Ann Madeline Finerman. Nobody bother to revive the mother in law.

MOONLIGHT AND ZOGES
Did you notice the beautiful friendship that blossomed between Sgt. Zamparelli and Cpl. Mettee. They were three day passing together in a sweet romance. They say Sgt. Tanley's bark is now much worse than his bite. Cpl. Mueller week-ended with \$4.00 worth of assorted candy. Might as well be in sweet with her whole family. Of course you know Sgt. Croust, who did for 219 barracks what beer did for Milwaukee. Well, and this is the gospel: He is buying lunchons for every gal in Aas't. 8-1 just to get a certain lady jealous. Sgt. Al Sedotti is going to be linked to a very beautiful young lady in sweet with her. Good to you, Al, and Best Wishes!

SQUADRON SNIFFING
Aki! Taki! We note that the Despot of Den No. 204 is pretty fed off about last week's swell plug we gave him. Some people never appreciate anything. T-Sgt. Podlaski is so awfully, awfully ga about one of the girls on the field. Do you know who it could be, Dorothy? Andy Elias, an Airline manager with this squadron, visited his former barrack - mates in 219 and reported on his progress at AM school. Cpl. Charley Minister checked the weekly in file sheet and reports that the feminine situation is well in hand. Sgt. Richard Allan, noting Congress's recent plans to up the allotments in married GIs is considering married bliss in the near future.

Orderly Room communique from Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron shows that the outfit has gone way, way over the top in surpassing the quota made for them in the Bond Drive. The boys all teamed together and sent the bond barometer skyward.

Oh, The Poor Girl!
The man-munging Sals at Michigan State College have come up with what they call a "new" idea in the way of date-making. Each girl receives a ration-book with 50 coupons in it - each one good for a night off the campus. According to a Miss Patricia Stone, who is the president of women students, the idea of the whole scheme is to give college life a "wax angle." We think it's just too cute and modern, but a little stinking when you stop to think of the thousands of girls better ways to win the war on college campuses.

Smashy Little Case, Eh?
This whopper comes from that cauldron of tall stories which turn out to be true in Chicago, the Windy City. It seems a Miss Doris Duse (that's the first unbelievable angle) was walking along a side street of which Chicago has a great many - at least in these stories, anyway. All of a sudden a man jumped out and dangled a snake before her shocked eyes. Miss Duse (there's that name again) looked and let out a holler. Then the man, so the story goes, slugged her on the noggin and was to congratulate the mother, the grateful father, and a 13 pound Ann Madeline Finerman. Nobody bother to revive the mother in law. Ah, for the days of Al Capone!

Bond Round-Up

(Continued from Page 1)

79th T.S.S.—	4,500	5,150
**812th WAC Det.—	4,250	4,025
**855th Sig C. Det.—	250	1,060
**806th Q.M. Det.—	100	3,150
**915th Gd. Sq.—	1,500	5,475
**927th Q.M. Det.—	1,750	1,825
**207 Ord. Det.—	500	300
**Civilian Employees—	300	30,150
**Finance Det.—	15,000	2,325
**Hq & Hq Sq.—	850	13,975
**Med. Det.—	2,380	13,975
**OETO Comm. Co.—	2,500	6,750
**Avn Cadets P-T.S.—	800	24,475
**Miscellaneous—	1,400	850

USO Classes

(Continued from Page 1)

Tuesday, October 19th, at 1008, in the same place.

While both classes have been planned to run six weeks, with two meetings each week, additional meetings may be held, if the members so wish. Miss Ruth Bornmann, of the Goldboro U. S. O., has also planned in sewing, typing, cooking and nutrition, stenography, and business English for the very near future. All interested women may contact her at the U. S. O. building at 116 South William Street or by calling 548.

A feature designed to get service wives acquainted with each other which is little known to men in the field is the U. S. O.'s weekly "Get-together Tea" held every Friday afternoon at 1800 in the club rooms. The tea gives new wives a chance to meet the wives of men who have been stationed here for some time.

Happy Little Lady
Mrs. James Carter of Lincolnshire, England, is the happiest woman in that war-torn land. Her husband is in the U. S. O. She has never finds out, too, but she knows of the war if it om

The Dove of Peace, No Doubt

The pastor of a church in Knoxville, Tennessee saw a little bird fly in the window and light along the eaves. It was a bird shaped and made peculiar noise, but the little bird stayed there for day after day. When the little bird started building herself a nest in one of the organ pipes the pastor gave up peaceful methods and took the road of force. He called a local cop, who, in the forthright fashion of all policemen, took out his 38 and shot the bird. No eggs, though.

Some P-51 Mustang fighter planes recently produced were equipped with four 50-mm. cannon, capable of exploding locomotives and destroying small merchant vessels.



"Remember the Mcynot Line? The Germans made an encircling movement...."

