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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

8-2-1943

August 2, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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For Late
Changes
See Your
Daily
Bulletin

THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
CALL BASE
OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, AUG. 2, 1943

Vol. No. 62

"House of Magic" To Play Here Next Week

"House of Magic," a show featuring many electrical phenomena that played to millions at the World's Fairs, will be shown at the Base Theater twice next week on Wednesday, August 11. The shows, free to those in the Service and sponsored by the General Electric Company, will be held at 5:45 and 8:00 p.m.

The control of electric current by sound is demonstrated with a miniature electric train. Apparently endowed with the ability to understand a spoken command, a small locomotive obeys orders to "Stop," "Go ahead," and "Back-up." But this unusual method of dispatching a train is less complicated than it seems at first. It is explained that the number of sounds and their timing when spoken into a microphone provide the electrical impulses which control the actions of the train.

Capacity control, or the control of current by the approach of a body, is another method which creates seemingly mysterious effects. A "kidnap detector" is used to demonstrate this method. Whenever a body approaches the "baby," a bell rings and so it is impossible to steal the baby without setting off an alarm.

Humidity control is demonstrated with a light which can be turned on by blowing a moist breath or turned off by blowing a dry breath, making it possible to "blow out" an electric lamp just as a candle flame is blown out.

With the aid of the electric eye, a variety of novel demonstrations are given to show how light can control electric current. An electric lamp is turned on by striking a match. An electric eye attached to a loud speaker makes it possible to

"House of Magic"

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Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

MONDAY

Sunday night we had plans for a front page picture set in our minds. A picture of a visitor to the Base had been scheduled. Due to conditions beyond our control (and we mean it literally) the picture was nixed. So there we were, not a single solitary splash for page one.

On our way to the paper we heard rumblings of the Mussolini nose-dived and at first we weren't sure. We checked the Bangor News. Yes it was true. Then started a hurried search for Benito's mug. We found one, brought the caption up to date, and there we were,—news that is news. Gosh, we're glad Benito was at least thoughtful enough to wait for a week-end.

Machine gun drill was scheduled for today but ole Jupe Pluvius was taking a shower and let the bath tub overflow.

TUESDAY

"Going to the dogs item"—While she is dodging the war on the screen, Actress Joan Crawford is a busy war worker. She is recruiting chairman for the war dog fund. She is enlisting home dogs ineligible for front line duty for non-combatant ranks. If you want

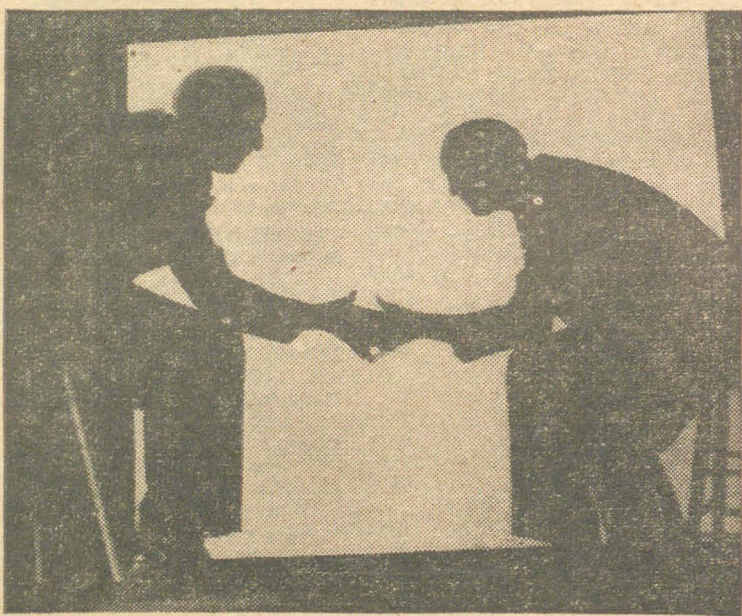
Diary

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USO SHOW NEXT WEEK

Next Tuesday—10 August 1943—to be exact, a Tabloid Troupe No. 39 will give 2 shows at T-6—more details in next week's issue.

SHADOW: MEET MR. GLUESING



William A. Gluesing shakes hands with his own shadow in the General Electric "House of Magic" science show. A phosphorescent screen enables him to walk off the stage and leave his shadow behind, fold his shadow up in a box, or to do any of the many things you may have wished you could do with your shadow.

Ellsworth And Edwards Panic Audience On Thursday Air Show

If the army awarded Double E's for entertainment and effort the medals would certainly go to Aux. Ellsworth and Sgt. Edwards on Thursday's broadcast from T-6 over WLBZ.

Diane Ellsworth was number three in the Personality Parade. She was also the first WAC to be interviewed. Briefly she touched on the high points of her Army and civilian life. These included, riding horses in Bigtime Horse Shows, doing stunts for Buck Jones, and in the army, working in the Classification Office. She did an excellent job in telling her experiences. Her mike voice was natural and she sounded very much at ease.

The comedy spot for the week was a Secret Service draw-ma of the Abbott and Costello type—only high class stuff, you understand. Sgt. George Edwards as Pvt. Mike Moronovitch, as a somewhat Schlepman (Jack Benny program) type, took the spy situation over the jumps.

Cpl. Jack Eaves handled the

tough sergeant role with his usual swell performance.

In the vocal department were Sgt. Al Jerusavice telling the audience "You Rhyme With Everything That's Beautiful," Cpl. Betty Earney and Cpl. Jack Eaves blending voices in a snappy "You Made Me Love You"; Sgt. Frank Chamberlin repeating the famous showboat favorite, "Ole Man River." He sure makes that old river roll. Cpl. Eaves sang "If I Had My Way," with a second chorus of modern lyrics.

A bright new star in the cast was Jvt. Joseph Cooper of the Aviation Squadron. With feeling and expression he played the delicate Elegie by Nollert.

The Nitwit Newsreel assembled its cast of Earney, Eaves, Stedman, Stern and Scott and batted out plenty of laughs.

The entire band sang "Anchors Aweigh" as a stirring opening number.

The curtain raiser was a series of well-known bugle calls by Sgt. Red Marston. Our thanks to Mr. Roberts and WLBZ on the time.

Daily Program On Station WLBZ Will Bow To Dow

A new radio program is dedicated to Dow Field will be heard nightly, except Saturday and Sunday, from Station WLBZ in Bangor, between 5:00 and 5:15 beginning Wednesday. The program, directed and announced by Miss Kay Kip, will consist of music and newsy notes about the Base. It will be composed of many novel features. In addition to playing as many request numbers as possible, Miss Kip will make congratulatory announcements about birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, engagements and other events at the Field. Chatty news comments about the personnel will also be one of the features, as well as prize contests for those stationed here.

Don't forget the time—5:00 to 5:15 p. m. every night except Saturday and Sunday over Station WLBZ.

Each week a question will be asked and the most original answer as well as the winner will be put on the air. Also scheduled is a limerick contest with a \$5.00 prize.

Al Donahue's Band Salutes Dow In Parade Of Spotlight Bands

Last Tuesday, Dow Field shared the spotlight on the Coca-Cola broadcast from the Bangor Auditorium, with Al Donahue's peppy music makers.

Just before the broadcast, Gil Newsome, the announcer, introduced Colonel Francis Valentine. The colonel paid a neat compliment to the girl singer with the band, that was much appreciated by the audience.

Nine-thirty and Gil Newsome stepped to the mike with the opening announcement.

The opener was a boogie woogie version of the Russian Lullaby.

Tall, lissome and slinky, Penny Piper headed the vocal department with "I Heard You Cried Last Night."

The show itself was planned to dramatize Al Donahue's famed swing arrangements. In fact the band proved so colorful they might well be called Al Dona-Hues.

Estrallita and Penny Piper's singing of "Put Your Arms Around Me" rounded out a crackerjack combination.

Each week the spotlight points with pride at the local Army activities. This is how Dow Field's fame was broadcast over the entire blue network.

The Spotlight Points With Pride

Band

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Radio Men Throw Picnic At Lucerne

Through the kind courtesy of Mr. Parker, proprietor of a section of Lucerne lake front, and the honest effort of T/Sgt. Kelly and the committee appointed, the comm. enjoyed an all round good time at its picnic held a week ago Sunday at Lake Lucerne. The weather man cooperated, except for a short shower, in making the date picked a nice one for outdoor activity.

Everyone attending had a great time, gorging themselves on the best of food and beverages and enjoying every kind of sport from chess to swimming with nothing left out. Attendance was very close to one hundred per cent.

A committee composed of Sgts. Provin, Donahue, Cunningham, and Cpl. Mate and Aux. Beason, did a splendid job of planning which provided everyone with a swell time.

A delegation of WACs were present making the day a completely rounded out one for the comm. boys.

We'd like to pin a bouquet of thanks on Harvey Hamilton, Randy Randall and Cpl. Cannon for unselfishly giving up their time at the outing in order to prepare the food which was excellent. Sincere thanks also to Lts. Boerker and Hamel, and WAC Lt. Cornwall for their help.

With red faces and backs and full stomachs and horse voices from singing, the comm. came back, tired but happy to the base after a swell day.

Promotions

The following military personnel have the privilege of sewing another stripe on their sleeves. Congratulations fellows!

AIR BASE SQUADRON
TO BE TECHNICAL SERGEANT
Staff Sergeant Gordon F. Bunnell.

TO BE SERGEANT
Corporal William B. Sharp.
TO BE STAFF SERGEANT
Sergeant John J. Raffa.

Promotions

Please Turn to Page 2

Madame Morell Gives Concert At Base Hospital

Madame Morell, operatic soprano, headed a list of classical stars at the Base Hospital concert Friday night.

The concert included familiar light classics by Madame Morell, violin solos by Corporal Edigio Bisceglia of the Dow Field Bard, and Miss Laurel Clement, Bangor pianist.

The program was as follows:

First Movement of the Pathe-tique	Beethoven
Corporal Bisceglia	
Loure	Bach
Czardas	Monti
Madame Morell	
If I Could Tell You	Firestone
My Hero	Straus
I'll See You Again	Coward
Miss Clement	
Valse Brillante	Chopin
Corporal Bisceglia	
Praeludium Und Allegro	
Pugnani-Kreisler	
Maleguena	Sarasate
Madame Morell	
L'Ombra Di Carmen	Tirandelli
Corporal Jack Eaves	
Master of Ceremonies	

Miss Mary Hayes Hayford, a commentator at our Music Hours, accompanied Mrs. Morell on the piano. Sgt. Robert Scott did the honors for Bisceglia.

Madame Morell has been a member of both the New York and Chicago Opera Companies. She is the wife of a lieutenant in the Engineers.

The concert was sponsored by Mrs. Berman and the Gray Ladies.

Thibeault And Gayer Thrill T-6 Audience

Famed radio Conrad Thibeault and opera star Frances Gayer gave a thrilling concert in Bldg. T-6 on Friday night. With only a day's advance notice, the two singing stars arrived by plane and—like proverbial troupers—did a superb job.

Conrad Thibeault is one of America's outstanding baritones. For some time he was in the cast of the successful show, "Show Boat," starring with such luminaries as Lanny Ross and Charles Winninger. He has also starred on "Manhattan Merry Go Round" and Phillip Morris program.

Miss Gayer has sung with the Philadelphia Opera company and recently completed a tour of Panama and South America.

The concert was divided into two parts, Thibeault taking a group of songs, then Miss Gayer finishing up the first half. The second half followed in the same sequence.

Here is Thibeault's repertoire: "Without a Song," "La Paloma," Schubert's "Serenade," "Roses of Picardy," and "The Road to Man-

T-6 Audience

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Sewing Service Doing Record Job

Our announcement last week must have fallen on eager ears. The Sewing Circle has been swamped—but they love it. So, the offer still goes, minor repairs and tears taken care of. The Fee? Just a thoughtful thank you.

Band

Continued from the First Page

to the officers and men of Dow Field, stationed near Bangor, Maine. Here the United States Army Air Force is in action on one of the oldest flying fields in the country. The great flying general, Billy Mitchell, picked this airport site as a natural for military aviation, and today as the roar of thousands of horse power pull Dow Field's many planes into the sky, Billy Mitchell's vision has been realized. Under the command of Colonel F. B. Valentine, the fliers and ground personnel of Dow Field are tied together in this struggle by one master strategy . . . Victory in the air. And at Dow Field is stationed one of the first WAC companies . . . gallant women fighting shoulder to shoulder with men on this front behind the front. And so we salute these fighting sons and daughters of freedom at this Army Air Base. Good luck and God speed on your missions. Your nation is proud of every one of you . . . as to you all . . . the Spotlight Points With Pride.

The program was under the direction of John Wellington—and produced by Paul Dudley.

An evening of dancing to Donahue's band followed the broadcast. To Mrs. Madeline Shaw, social hostess at the field, fell the pleasant but exacting task of making sure that the Dow Field boys had partners. Many of them were accompanied by relatives and friends, but by no means all. So Mrs. Shaw rounded up a battalion of nice girls as assistant hostesses; and no more successful a dance has been held here in a long time.

"House of Magic"

Continued From the First Page

"hear" light, and changes in light are heard as changes in sound. In combination with a special lamp, music is sent across the room on a beam of light and heard at the opposite side of the room. This experiment of carrying the human voice or music on a beam of light has been performed in Schenectady for a distance of more than 25 miles, and also from an airship to the earth and from a moving train to a station platform.

The control of electric current by light through the use of the phototube or electric eye is gaining increasingly wide use to perform all kinds of functions, such as automatically turning on the lights of an airfield as darkness approaches, controlling the operation of printing presses, opening doors, and many others.

'AAF'

Continued from the First Page

2, 1909, that the first military "flying machine" was purchased by the Army from the Wright Brothers. Today, this first airplane is hidden in a secret storage place for the duration. It was removed from the Smithsonian Institution, where the War Department had had its No. 1 plane on display.

The Air Forces in the Army started August 1, 1907, when Brigadier General James Allen, Chief Signal Officer of the Army established the Aeronautical Division, "to study the flying machine and the possibility of adapting it to military purposes." Captain Charles deF. Chandler, Signal Corps, was designated the first chief of the new division.

An historic document, submitted in 1908, about seven months after the creation of the Aeronautics Division, was the request for two flying machines. This report concluded with these words:

"If the United States Army can secure two flying machines which fulfill the requirements of the specification, military aeronautics in this country will be placed far in advance of the equipment of any European Armies. This should be worth the cost of \$45,000 . . ."

The specification referred to in that prophetic statement called for the airplane to be built for the Army which could fly a maximum speed of 40 miles an hour and be able to carry two men whose

Chin-Up Girl



American aviators in Sicily took time off from fighting Axis forces to write blond starlet Mary Elliott that she was their squadron's favorite "Chin-Up" Girl.

combined weights would not exceed 350 pounds. It also had to carry enough fuel for a 125-mile flight.

Another item in the specification which the War Department published December 23, 1907, was that the flying machine be so constructed that "it permit an intelligent man to become proficient in its use within a reasonable length of time."

The Wright Brothers answered this specification, and in July of 1909, tests started at Fort Myer, Virginia. It was a biplane—a far cry from the airplanes of today. It had a wing span of 36 feet, 4 inches and a wing area of 406 square feet. Its total weight empty was 740 pounds. Two light propellers were driven by chains from a small gasoline engine; the plane was a pusher type, with the propellers mounted in the rear. The landing gear consisted of two runners, or skids.

There were no guns, of course. Early prophets of those years doubted that a plane could carry cargo. They did say that a flying machine would be valuable to transport a commander to a theater where his personality would be needed in time of battle.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

your dog to be a private you shell out one buck. A major rates \$20, a brigadier general \$50, and a general 100 smackers. What next?

Today was sunshiny so out we bounced ready for instruction in "what makes a machine gun tick." Major De Kay compressed a two weeks' course into a jam-packed four hour session. The simplicity of their construction, the quick-to-put-together designing suddenly makes us realize the mechanical shrewdness of Uncle Sam's Ordnance experts.

First we took the machines apart, each getting a chance to put it back together again. Then a drill in working as a team to assemble the gun on a given spot.

Later out at the range we felt like Humphrey Bogart mowing down every Axis critter in sight.

WEDNESDAY

Last night Al Donahue's broadcast left us impressed with the pin-

point precision of the timing act. Mr. Wellington, the production manager seemed to be everywhere. For better than an hour and a half the band played just four bars of music, the same four bars. First he would test the brass, then the rhythm, then try a new combination. Then experimenting on the theme. First trying the first four bars, then the last, sometimes taking out a particular phrase in the middle of the melody. After seeing the careful timing and planning we are beginning to realize that our own show practically gets together in miraculous fashion.

THURSDAY

Some day we are going to get a record of laughs, hide it in the hall during rehearsals and at least then our script readings of the gags won't be so flat. There is nothing quite like the empty feeling when you do read a gag and silence—dead silence, gosh is that discouraging. We don't expect the scattered, curious onlookers to burst into belly laughs; but no reaction at all! Is bad! Very bad!

Language note: Rome radio reports that the daily lessons in German will be discontinued over Italian radio stations. Must have learned their lesson, we hope.

FRIDAY

Just noted in the American magazine the first attempt to design a symbol on a flag for the United Nations to oppose the Swastika. Sounds like a good idea. Brooks Harding, the thinker-upper suggests a very simple design; four bars, upright, of red to illustrate the four freedoms. It's about time we put the Axis behind bars.

"Russian incident"—When an American symphony conductor was brought to Moscow to give a concert, he was faced with an audience that was attending a performance for the first time. He took the customary bow and was amazed to see the entire audience rise to its feet and bow back. With great presence of mind he waved his baton indicating to them to be seated and began the concert. They may not have been high society but they certainly knew how to be polite.

SATURDAY

A guy named Robert Nutt has been wowing the good folks down South with his memory course. It seems he makes up wacky rhymes of association. For instance: Mr. Hawes is a lawyer so he figures Mr. Hawes knows the laws—Simple huh? That's how the author (Let's see, what was his name?) What does it rhyme with . . . Hmmm—let's see—aw nuts—Say, that's it! Robert Nutt! We knew we could do it!

T-6 Audience

Continued from the First Page

delay," all sung in the opening sequence. In the second he combined "Begin the Beguine," "One Alone," from the "Desert Song," Shadrack (and two other guys whose names we couldn't possibly spell), "Ol' Man River," "Home on the Range," and an operatic version of a nursery rhyme—"Four and Twenty Blackbirds Baked In a Pie."

The one he seemed to get the biggest kick out of was the "Shadrack" number. He certainly made the audience feel the fiery furnace even though Shadrack and his two pals didn't.

"I like it," he added modestly as the audience tore the roof off with applause.

Miss Gayer, soprano, who is a member of the Philadelphia Opera company, has also been in moving pictures. She has appeared with Jeannette MacDonald in "Rose Marie," and with Bing Crosby.

Her numbers for the concert were:

A medley of love songs, recognizable were "I Hear Music," "You Are Love," and the favorite, "My Hero," from the "Chocolate Soldier". Added to this were the deathless "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," "Cheriberibin," "Sibonney," "Sweetheart," and "You'll Never Know". She also sang a popular song in Spanish. Miss Gayer could

certainly push these high notes in to the heavens.

The contrast in voice was a nicely contrasted program—deep baritone and high soprano.

Mr. Alderson Mowbray, a very fine musician in his own right, accompanied the singers on the piano.

Both Mr. Thibeault and Miss Gayne made a tour of the base, giving concerts at the hospital and even out to the bombing range. They seemed to enjoy giving the concert as much as the boys hearing it. They had their listeners right in the palms of their hands.

Promotions

Continued from the First Page

TO BE SERGEANT

Corporal John B. Conrad, Jr.

SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS

TO BE SERGEANT

Corporal Stanley J. Schaffer.

TO BE CORPORAL

Private First Class William Goetzke, Jr.

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Private Rex G. Riley.

Private Orvie C. Ollis.

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT

Sergeant George E. Collins.

TO BE SERGEANT

Corporal Harold S. Smith.

TO BE CORPORAL

Private Herbert L. Combes.

TO BE SERGEANT

Corporal Henry J. Trudeau.

TO BE SERGEANT

Corporal Gaetano E. Marotta.

TO BE SERGEANT

Corporal Santo J. Savoca.

TO BE CORPORAL

Private First Class Walter Koehn.

Private First Class Allan G. Walstrom.

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Private Donald Schwartz.

Private John W. Spring.

WAC's

TO BE TECHNICIAN

4th Grade

Helen E. Brennan.

TO BE TECHNICIAN

5th Grade

Sonja A. Manter.

TO BE AUXILIARY FIRST CLASS

Marian A. Carley.

BAND

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

William F. Huffman.

Boyd M. McKeon, Jr.

George Beitzinger.

QUARTERMASTER

TO BE SERGEANT

Corporal James Oakes.

TO BE CORPORAL

Pfc. Arthur Lussier.

TO BE TECHNICIAN

5th Grade

Pfc. Anthony Cappello.

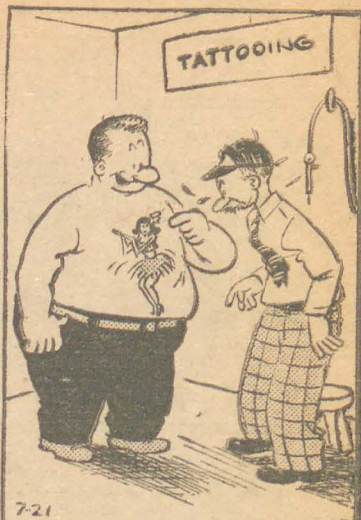
TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Pvt. Thomas D. Byrne, Jr.

Pvt. Arthur D. Jones.

Huge Lawn Mower For Army Airports Cuts 21-Foot Swath

A giant lawn mower that covers ground five or six times as fast as the biggest ones used on golf courses has been developed and placed into production by the Corps of Engineers, Army Service Forces.



"I'm getting married—can you give her some specs and dress her up like a school teacher?"

U. S. Fortress Downs 4 Nazis In 5 Minutes

Four German Messerschmitt fighter planes brought down in five minutes is the record of the B-17 Flying Fortress "Short Stride" as it sped home to its United States Army Eighth Air Force base in England from a recent mission over Germany, the War Department disclosed recently.

Its No. 4 engine was knocked out. The ailerons shot through, but the crew started to work in quick succession. The navigator clipped one, the right waist gunner got his man, the rear gunner slugged his with the top turret gunner chalking up the final score. Final tally—"Short Stride" 4—Nazi, 0.

BUS DISCONTINUED

Shuttle bus service between the Engineer Area and the main section of the Base has been discontinued. The last bus was run on Friday.

for use on air fields, the War Department announced.

Grass is desirable on air fields, as it keeps down the dust otherwise raised by propeller "wash."

Towed behind a weapons carrier the new mower cuts a swath 21 feet wide at a top speed of 20 miles an hour. Test runs indicate it can cut forty acres of weeds and grass an hour.

Cocktail Lounge Dining Room

We Welcome the Boys in the Service

Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St.

Dial 4561



SAFETY-TOE WORK SHOES

BOTH
HIGH SHOES
AND
OXFORDS

ATTENTION CIVILIAN PERSONNEL

We now have a good stock of Safety-Toe work shoes—Steel toe guaranteed to withstand 350 lbs. High shoes or oxfords that really give service—Specially priced for Dow Field workers.

Schiro's
BANGOR SHOE STORE
29 McCantile Sq. Next to Merchants Bank

R. C. WILLISTON
OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN
18 Central St., Bangor, Me.
EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES
FITTED, LENSES GROUND
WHILE YOU WAIT

What's Playing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MON., TUES.—ROY ROGERS in IDAHO

WED., THURS.—JOHN HUBBARD—VIRGINIA GREY in
SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND

FRI., SAT.—CHARLES STARRETT in FRONTIER FURY

SUNDAY ONLY—BEHIND PRISON WALLS

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Guard Squadron

Pfc. MORRIS POLLECK
"Haint Like"

Opl. McConnell to Pvt. Schwartz, "Look at that form on the player in right field." Sgt. Miller to Pvt. Morrison, "Look at that stance at the plate." Pvt. Petan to Sgt. Ritter, "Look at him swing at the ball, and the knack he uses in fanning." Pvt. Renaud to Pvt. Bass, "He ought to keep that right arm in a glass case." "Fellows, he didn't play for the Cards or Browns, did he?" shouts Pvt. Bryja. Who can this player be?

So tonight this column is being typed with the left hand only, the right hand blushing and a pair of our muffs on, after having learned a lesson to leave a margin for your own errors and never rib the team, for they finally won a game. One consolation, though, Sam says, "What are you kicking about. Just imagine what Mussolini's gonna have to go through?"

The error of the week comes from M. P. headquarters. A woman after having received a pass inquired of Afc. Minnie Giblin where she could locate the party she was looking for. Instead of saying three buildings down to your left Afc. Giblin said "Three doors down to your left." The woman went as directed and after being in the ladies' restroom for a while the woman came out and said she couldn't find the party she was looking for in there. After the mistake was corrected, Cpl. Young and Pfc. Merkle laughed at Afc. Giblin for not knowing the difference between a door and a building. One thing, though, fellows, with that error she proved one something you should give her credit for, and that is that a WAC is really something to adore.

While working out a problem last week in the ways to outflank the enemy, Cpls. Shepherd and Williams while coming through a field and hearing someone approach resorted to the art of camouflage. They jumped into a bale of hay and after staying there for about half an hour and wondering why no one came around, were startled when they heard a voice ring out, "O. K. soldiers: this is Brewer. Here is where I unload the hay."

Sgt. Smeat, Pvs. Westwood, Fingerhoo, Honn, Beson, Brown, Rasmussen and Brownstein, singing as an octette, "Moonlight Becomes You." It gets in your hair. The mood is there, but no background to work with, the scene would remind you of an "hair raid."

Pvt. Bremer telling Pvt. George about his operation and George wiping his eyes with a handkerchief. There's a sight of double value—one fellow in tears while the other is in stitches.

Did you notice the way Pvt. Castriotes puts that flashlight right up to you when you come through the gate at night, just doing his duty. Sam says a good job for him after the war would be to put the lights on all over the world.

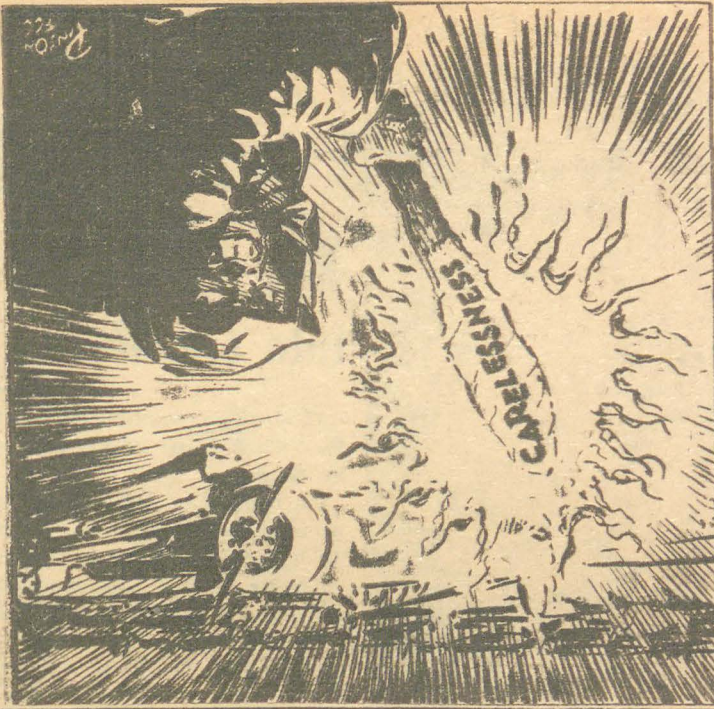
Do you notice the way Pfc. Toomey snags those fly balls in left field with the grace of a deer, but when you pass the barracks when he's shaving and you hear him sing "Dark Eyes" then you know he's thinking of his dear, Toomey, the scissors, remember.

You'll always see them together, Pvs. Rody and Voss, Pvs. Yanko, Henderson and Pfc. Roy. Yanko's swimming is improving lately. I wonder who has been helping him. A writing two some in the day room—Pvs. Harrison and D. Wilson.

Who's been teaching Pvt. Smith the art of shooting pool in the day room lately? When Pvt. Sunseri shoots pool why does he keep calling for "Schmendona"?

We ought to get some news this week with the dance sponsored by Coca-Cola Co. Thanks for the cigars, driver, the outing which is coming up, and pay day. When you see men dancing, fellows, please don't come up and say, did the laundry come back yet, are my pants back from the cleaners, did the salvage come back? What will the girl think?

Mother Nature is a remarkable woman, but she still can't jump from summer to winter without a fall, nor from winter to summer without a spring.



Medical Corps

By SGT. ROBERT KENDRIGAN

Here it is again—the Medic's column! After three weeks of total silence. Pretty busy you know.

This past week the Medical Detachment "Day Room" has blossomed out in new shiny flooring and overstuffed chairs and sofas. Then there's the brand new Brunswick Billiard table that all the Medical Pool Sharks have been dreaming of for so long. That's really a classy improvement. Eh Fellows? And don't forget the new Philco console combination radio and "phone". Cpl. Montalbano, (Nicky, to you) has quite a job keeping his eyes on both the table and the console, but it's "Au Reet"! Huh, Nick?

We're still wondering Lt. Feinschil—WHERE did you get that car? Oh Well—it percolates!

I'm sure Cpl.-T. Howard Boyd would be pleased if we dropped in day by day to see him. He's in Ward Three, having just recently undergone an operation. In the short time that he's been here, he's made a lot of good friends. Cheer him up, boys! And here is a lad we seldom hear about, although he's pretty well known in the Medics—and the 707th. None other than Cpl.-T. Johnnie Palasek—our baker. OOOHH! The things he turns out! My favorite is Boston Cream Pie—what's yours?

Have you noticed where Pfc. George Carpenter has his girl's new picture now? It's attached to the bottom of the springs on the bunk overhead. She's the first one he sees every morning when he first opens his eyes—or does she see him first? What about that George?

The "Pick-and-Shovel Boys" that you see out every afternoon, are doing a neat bit of grading between the Wards and various buildings in the Hospital area. A little ice cold lemonade wouldn't go so bad right around 1500 hours, would it boys? Yes! Ballantine's Lemonade!

The boys in the Dental Clinic were glad to see Cpl. Luosey back after his week's vacation in the (you know where!)

Sgt. Jack Marcus' garden is a sight to behold! Are those tomatoes, Jack, coming up through all those weeds? As a "Bronx" boy you're a good farmer!

We notice that Cpl.-T. "Hard Rock" Zwirrecki is back with us after a long confinement to the Hospital. Welcome home, fella!

Another fellow just came out of the Wards after his either ninth or tenth admission. Which is it Cpl.-T. Tedeschi? Jimmie, by the way, is one of our most accomplished "Chefs"—Hotdogs and Beans! All kidding aside, good readers; we've a good bunch of men in charge of our kitchen and no matter how good the food is—we like to "beef" about it anyway.

BEGINNER'S LUCK

Capt. Becker, Capt. McHardy and Mrs. McHardy started out in a row boat for a bay of fishing. The day was quite cold and windy but nevertheless, they decided to try fishing. Capt. Becker (the beginner) thinking that he would not

get a bite decided to relax in the boat by lying down in one end with feet spread in each side of the boat. All of a sudden he shouted, "I've got a bite!" "What'll I do now!" Capt. Becker almost went in after the fish in his excitement but it was Capt. McHardy who came to the rescue by pulling the line and finally using the net to pull in a three and one-half pound bass!

Capt. McHardy is quite a fisherman too! It is rumored that he recently lost a string of five nice bass, and dove in after them! He got 'em!

Am having trouble digging up news fellows, so if you have some choice rarity of facts of even a moderate scandal—drop around and put me "in the know". I'm new at this job and would appreciate a little help in rounding up "choice morsels".

Cpl.-T. Robert V. Howard.

GUESS WHO?

If you have followed this series each week—don't get discouraged—this one is a pushover. On your mark—and let's see YOU guess who . . .

1—Not everybody knows that our personality's middle names are Juarez Amilcare Andrea. His first and last name would be a dead giveaway. Anyhow, Juarez saw the light of day on July 29, 1883, and has been a grade school teacher in his time.

2—School teaching was so dull that he began to get some bright ideas from his father—a blacksmith. Apparently his father pounded home his theory of atheism and anarchy so well, our little pal started to put a few into action.

3—He had learned his lesson well—and soon took over a newspaper with definitely socialistic tendencies. In fact he sold out the policy of his first important paper (Avanti) for a reported \$8000 a month. He soon visioned himself a superman and started out in a path of destruction.

4—In 1924 he marched through Italy with his Fascists and strong-

Service Ribbon Eligibility

The following revised regulations governing the right of Army personnel to wear any of the three area campaign ribbons have been issued by the War Department:

A. An individual's eligibility to wear the appropriate ribbon of a theatre is automatically established upon arrival therein under permanent change of station orders. This provision does not apply to the American theatre.

B. An individual while in any theatre, though not permanently assigned thereto, may establish eligibility to wear the appropriate theatre ribbon provided—

(1) He engages in active combat operations against the enemy and is either—(a) Awarded a combat decoration, or (b) Furnished a certificate from a corps or higher commander or the commanding officer of an independent force, to the effect that he has participated in combat operations.

(2) Or he serves in the theatre for a period in excess of 30 consecutive days.

C. In addition to the means provided in B above eligibility for the American theatre ribbon is established by—

(1) Arrival, under permanent assignment orders, at a place of duty in the American theatre outside the continental limits of the United States, or

(2) Thirty consecutive days' service while permanently assigned to duty as a member of the crew of a vessel sailing ocean waters, even though the vessel may be based within the continental United States, or

(3) Thirty consecutive days' service while permanently assigned as a member of the operating crew of an airplane required to make and actually participating in, regular and frequent trips over ocean waters beyond the continental limits of the United States even though the airplane is based within the continental United States.

D. Not more than one service ribbon representing service in any one theatre will be worn.

Two Million Cups For Communion Go Overseas

Two million individual paper Communion cups have been purchased for the use of Chaplains on transports and for overseas stations, the War Department announced today. Use of paper cups will solve the problem of loss and breakage and will also facilitate the administration of the elements in the service of Holy Communion, because of the increased demand for participation by military personnel. All Port Chaplains will be provided with ample supply of the cups to be distributed to the various units at Ports of Embarkation.

armed his way to a tyrant's throne. He helped Adolf Hitler to power and then was mastered by his pupil. He is now famous as the Missing Maniac.

Down below here is the answer. Maybe you won't be able to locate him before the Allies do.

THE ANSWER

Benito Juarez Amilcare Andrea

Commendations For Guard Duty

The following named privates of the guard are commended for the manner in which they performed their duties this week:

Saturday—Pvt. Sam Sunseri, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Lewis Desantis, Base Hq. & Air Base Squadron; Pvt. George Evans, Aviation Squadron.

Sunday—Pvt. S. Curtis, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. U. Frazer, Guard Squadron; Pvt. R. Eulrich, Air Base.

Monday—Pvt. C. Thibeault, Guard Squadron; Pvt. C. Hundley, Aviation Squadron.

Tuesday—Pvt. Laverne Sullivan, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Lewis E. Brown, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. William Vogt, Base Hq. & Air Base Squadron.

Wednesday—Pvt. Henry Ball, Guard Squadron; Cpl. Joseph Raimeres, Reg.; Sgt. T. Bingham, Aviation Squadron.

Thursday—Pvt. A. Boyd, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. S. Sunseri, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Van Patten, Air Base.

Friday—Pvt. Laverne Sullivan, Guard Squadron; Pvt. M. Mitchell, Aviation; Pvt. A. Fadaetz, Air Base.

Ex-GI Can Now Pull Wool Over His Eyes As He Paid For It

The United States Treasury is \$60 ahead and a former soldier's conscience is at ease.

The unidentified ex-serviceman placed two bills—a fifty and a ten—in a plain envelop. He enclosed a one-sentence note:

"The enclosed covers some blankets which as I see it now should have been turned in by me on my discharge."

Marked personal, the letter was mailed in New York to Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, Commanding General, Army Service Forces. The money was forwarded by the War Department to the Treasury.

To Heck With Alaska! How About Winter Here In Bangor

Based on the experience of American soldiers in Alaska and other extremely cold climates during the winter of 1942-43, the Quartermaster Corps of Army Service Forces has designed a felt boot to meet the need for footwear suitable for wear in temperatures ranging from zero down to thirty degrees below zero, the War Department reports.

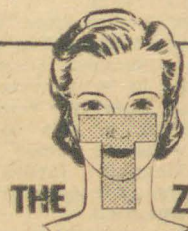
Records

Album of Concerts and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

WOMAN IN THE WAR

IRENE DAILEY, machinist at the Arma Corp., helps make instruments for gun-fire control.



THE ZONE

—WHERE CIGARETTES ARE JUDGED

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMELS SUIT ME TO A 'T'— I ALWAYS ENJOY THEIR FULL FLAVOR AND THEY'RE SO EASY ON MY THROAT



"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET

STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

CAMEL

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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News matter pertaining to Dow Field furnished by the Special Service Office is available for general release.

Released at the Special Service Office, Dow Field, Bangor Maine—Telephone 6401, extension 388. Military personnel desiring to make contributions should submit them to this office.

Address all communications regarding advertising to the Advertising Manager, BANGOR DAILY NEWS.

Distributed free to all military personnel.

Five cents per copy to others.

Opinions expressed in this newspaper are those of the individual writers and under no circumstances are they to be considered those of the United States Army. Advertisements in this publication do not constitute an endorsement by the War Department or its personnel of the products advertised.

Editorial

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU

Lately we've been pounding away at taking out G. I. insurance and frankly we don't know whether it's been hitting home or not. So it's got us riled up—especially when we hear about an instance that goes like this . . .

Take Johnny B—, for instance. A good-natured kid, but money slips right through his fingers. He means all right but when it comes to putting the dough in something worthwhile, he just didn't give it enough thought. And to make matters worse—to cover up his wild spending—he tells his helpless mother that he's got plenty of life insurance.

Then, something happens to Johnny. The grief stricken mother, barely able to get along, is urged by friends to apply for Johnny's insurance. Tearfully, she explains who she is to the insurance director. He looks up the record, and says: "Sorry, no name here for insurance. Doesn't look like he took out any at all." She looks bewildered. Then puzzled.

"But Johnny told me that he had taken out plenty," she protests. The insurance director turns his head to avoid her searching eyes. Stunned, baffled, she moves away, whispering "Johnny was a good boy—he meant to take care of me—just thoughtless, I guess."

And this happens over and over again—boys who assure their folks that they will be taken care of, and then promptly forget it.

Your family deserves your consideration. Get on the ball, soldier, and don't let this happen to you!

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

Sorry we're so late in this but we'd like to welcome T.-Sgt. Horn, who is taking over Sgt. Hensley's duties at the school and T.-Sgt. Steinberg working in Crypto., glad to have you with us fellows.

Let's look at some of the "Comm. characters": Last week we made a promise so here it is. No complaints fellows, we warned you. No doubt you occasionally see some character strolling around with a radio man's insignia on his sleeve and you know he's in this outfit but rather than say "hey you" you don't speak at all. The following is a "glossary" of nick names which should bring us all closer together and undoubtedly cook my goose.

Provin—Snorky or Pinky and he won't say why; Lewis—Red or Detroit Tiger; Karr—Johnny or Killer; Jones, M.—Smiley or G. I., stands for personality and "efficiency"; Haislip—Shoeless, plays

ball minus footwear; Donaghue—Whizzer or the Nose; Amato—Dapper, that clothes horse appearance; Fosburg—Fearless, Flip or The Nose, take your choice (ever hear of Fearless Fosdick?); Gottheart—Les; Jones, J.—Tex or Cowboy; Fitzsimons—Don or Fitz or Fizzle if you get to know him; McNamee—High Pockets or Mac; Moore, J.—Ach Ach, that crazy laugh; McLeish—Pittsburg, his one subject; Faltinson—One Fault; Hensley—Bobby; Cunningham—Park; Jaynes—Jy; Jupin—Jup; Garcia—Everett; Haughney—Hunk or The Hawk; Aux. Beason—Marty; Aux. Hardin—Pee Wee; Brown—Kansas; Jackson—The Head, guess why; Kelly (S.-Sgt.) Kell or Daddy; Niles—Jim or Dearie if you want to get familiar; Chamberlain—Frank; Dunham—Red; T.-Sgt. Kelly—Butch; Mader—Jackson; Brewer—Brother; Hawthorn—Ricky; Hamilton—Hammy; Mayard—Lover; Johnson—Ears; Wurf—Flatfoot, ever seen him walk?; Zuena—Little Flower; Pascher—Lover; O'Donnell—Tom; Tussing—Tuss; Quigley—Quig; Ahearn—Moe; Welch—Irish; Cannon—Wabash Cannon Ball; Clark—Texas; Holstead—Holstein or Joe Radar; Randall—Randy or Pretty Boy; Brill—Moose; Libby—Chet; Wood—Woody; Matalon—Brooklyn; Link—Tarzan; Graven—Loran, his own name is odd enough; Moore, W.—Bill; Morse—Legs; Owen—Sander; Potente—Al or Larry; Caron—Joe; Uryniak—We don't know but we can think of several (censored). Now everyone can call everyone else by their nicknames except when asking favors or requesting furloughs or passes or a loan.

Seen and heard at the picnic: Lt. Hamel Giving on the banjo and very good; "Butch" Kelly having the hairs on his chest pulled out one by one; Mader and Rogers playing chess and completely oblivious to all the excitement going on around them; "G. I." Jones left in the middle of the road with feminine companion as the trucks pulled away; Rogers screen testing all the local talent; "Pee Wee" wearing some very fetching white coveralls; Hamilton, Randall and Corp. Cannon assisted later by Welch working long and hard preparing some swell food—thanks boys; at least a dozen different bartenders; "Tuss" coming home from picnic without shoes or socks;

Has a Date



It was inevitable that some young lovely would be chosen "The Girl With Whom We'd Like to Keep an Appointment in Berlin," and screenstress Marguerite Chapman is the lucky lady. Bergstrom Army Air Field cadets at Austin, Tex., named her TGWWLTKAIB.

"Ach Ach" Moore pursuing people; "Red" Lewis surrounded by admirers questioning him on the history of his fancy soup strainer (Mustache); a lot of sunburned torsos; everyone wearing their potato salad well; half a dozen people standing under Fosburg's nose to enjoy the shade; everyone letting their hair down and having a swelltime, thanks largely to Mr. Parker's kindness, and good planning.

Word of Harvey Hamilton's tailoring ability must have spread because he's branched out to the extent that he's handling feminine fittings. We can just picture a conversation between several of the WACs which would run something like this, "Mabel, what a divine fit. How did you ever get such a beautiful drape?" and the reply, "Why haven't you heard? Harvey does the loveliest work. All the girls are simply raving about him."

How would you like to wake up and find a goat in your room: The post mascot was an uninvited guest in Donaghue's and Haislip's room one morning when they woke up. Probable conversation as Haislip rolled over and saw what was staring him in the face. "Don, why in heck don't you shave?"

"Toothless" Mortenson has acquired a pet pigeon for himself, and keeps it attached to his bunk. With dogs, goats and pigeons all we need now is a kangaroo and a Bengal tiger and we'd have a complete menagerie. When funny sounds start coming from the area of Toothless' bunk there seems to be a doubt as to whether it's the pi on or him. Harry why not sell the pigeon and hire an interpreter?

We understand the manual of arms is coming into it's own even in the Comm. The boys love their work though (???)

Bill Moore, supervisor of the "Comm. Commandos," has a cigar in his face constantly these days. Must be nice to be prosperous.

Why don't Donaghue retire that baseball team of his is what "Snorky" wants to know. Lewis, Fosburg, Randall, Jaynes and Provin are ready to give up due to lack of competition.

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In Fact, Anything!
For Cash!

MYER MILLER

Exchange St., Opp. News Office

DOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITY

Aux. Ellsworth Rides Hobby Horse Into The Movies And Blue Ribbon

If there is anything that Aux. First Class Diane Ellsworth likes—its horses.

On more than one occasion they have brought her national fame. Take for instance, when she had entered a horse in The Ambassador Hotel Horse Show in Los Angeles.

To start with, the horse had been poorly schooled, so Aux. Ellsworth took her in hand and started a series of "high schooling" lessons. This consisted of a sequence of signals to guide the animal through her paces.

After a week of intensive training—Aux. Ellsworth was very discouraged. "The Poor Thing hasn't any sense for signals at all," she concluded. Finally in desperation she entered the contest, but with plenty of misgivings.

When the time came for her mount to go through a sort of horse-ey version of an obstacle course—the beast took everything in top shape.

To Aux. Ellsworth's surprise she was handed The Blue ribbon for a grand performance.

After that came—Hollywood. Her horseback technique had attracted a director's attention and soon she was head over heels in work. Maybe that's because she was a stunt woman.

Her Hollywood associates included Adolph Menjou, Pola Negri and Buck Jones. In a Buck Jones western opus, she had to jump a horse—and she did . . . right into a lake. "All part of the job", she summed it up philosophically.

Here at Dow Field, Aux. Ellsworth, works in the Classification department and that is something she can really do a job on. "I like people" she started brightly—"and I've always been interested in trying to help."

"Did you do this kind of work in your pre-WAC days?"

"Not exactly—but my activities included interviewing people in the Bowery, assisting a psychiatrist and handling promotion for The Hotel Taft, New York.

"How do the men feel about having a woman decide what kind of work they are best fitted for?" We asked kind of bashfully—

"Oh No—" she answered hastily—as a matter of fact—my first customer got very chummy and asked

me to be a brides-maid at his forthcoming marriage. "It's very interesting to see the men in the right jobs take on their responsibilities and get a real kick out of it."

As a sort of feeler—we timidly inquired—"How would you classify us—and then we stopped short—Entirely by coincidence, mind you, her hand had wandered to section eight—we waited in expectant silence—"Oh pardon me"—she said politely—"What was your last question? We didn't dare to stick our chins twice in the same day—so we nodded pleasantly with a new feeling of self assurance. A close call.

New Rates For
Yank Magazine

Effective 1 September 1943 the Yank will cost you a few more shekels on the year and six months basis. If you want to get in on a good buy, you'd better move before 31 August 1943.

Here is the comparison of the rates, look them over and get out the pencil . . . on the dotted line.

OLD RATES

(For subscriptions mailed and postmarked up to and including 31 August 1943).

8 Months (35 issues) \$1.00

1 year (52 issues) \$1.50

NEW RATES

(For subscriptions mailed and postmarked on or after 1 September 1943).

6 months (26 issues) \$1.00

1 year (52 issues) \$2.00

Dear Mary:

Gosh, honey, do I feel good. I just took out \$10,000 worth of G. I. Insurance. I didn't take any chances of waiting until August 10th, the time limit for insurance without a physical exam.

Signed, Bob.

Manhattan Taxi

Telephone 9241

Park Theatre Building

Telephone 9241, Bangor, Maine

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A WAACY VIEW

(A diary of doings on the
WAAC Reservation)

By Afc. SHIRLEY HIRSCHHAUT

All of us on WAC Hill wish luck to those grand sports who have left us for a not so long stay at Des Moines, Iowa. All of us will miss the picture collection inside the mail cage that Cpl. Korn used to beam at with every letter she handed out and all the lectures on what Bangor is like in the winter by Cpl. Foster will be sadly missed. We know you will be grand officers.

Speaking of officers — we were very honored the other week by having Col. and Mrs. Valentine dine with us. As the Col. faced us across the room we noticed the ruddiness of his complexion. We hope your sunburn is better, sir.

Things can be very dull on the hill on a Saturday night, but last week on investigation of a considerable amount of noise, we found a group of 20 or so encircling one lone Florida boy with a guitar. Florida has been visiting quite frequently up on the hill and we like his music. It seems that Aux. Rose Berch liked it so much, she did a dance and a very nice dance, too. I believe the name of it was "Strip Polka" wasn't it, Rose?

With all due respect to the Commissary, WAC Hill registers a complaint—we did not cop your cat—it followed one of the girls home one day and it looked so hungry, we fed it. I imagine it's the cooking that keeps it up there or could it be Kay Lavy's soft bed? Of course, you may not be competent enough to take care of cats. Your other one is very fond of Base Operations on the hangar line. Could be.

Johnny is a very popular name up here, especially when Afc. Alice Kimmerle gets five V-mail letters in one week.

Since our red-headed Clancy is a raven head, comments have been made by many as to how lovely they think they would look thusly. Remember gals, the men like variety.

Our weather gals have finally finished the book work and are starting out on the job. They, like many of the girls will be working 24 hours a day. Therefore they cannot pick their sleeping hours. We don't ask that you stop breathing. Just keep the noise down. Thank you.

The second barracks is wondering just what Mary Fogg does with her little brush that she rushes downstairs with so early in the morning. If anyone knows, we wish they would tell us.

Many happy returns of the day to Mildred Neiman on her birthday (July 27). Hope she had a nice birthday.

Many of the units on the base have been inviting us to their picnics, outings, and such. Thanks, boys. We have been having some wonderful times together. Speaking about picnics—when Gert Kingston gets sleepy while attending one of these picnics, whose shoulder does she rest her head on? Let's ask Freddy. Working for the chaplain gives Marie Boggi

PRIVATE BUCK By Clyde Lewis



"Honest, Corporal, it was so dark down th' road I thought one of our trucks had lost a block-buster!"

KHAKI KOMICS

At the WAC barracks they are telling the story about the auxiliary who was being warned by her "topkick." It was that the inspectors were coming and she must put a "snap" into her salute. The auxiliary—oops, now private. The private went out, saw a second lieutenant approaching, remembered her instructions brought her arm up to her forehead, "snapped" her fingers loudly, then returned her arm to her side as a startled "shavetail" walked down the street looking behind him.

Old Joke Department—This one is bound to be old, as it is brought to you direct from the Garden of Eden. It seems that Adam and Eve were setting about the business of naming the animals in the Garden. "Well, Eve," said Adam, "let's call this one a hippopotamus." "But, darling," said the original "first lady," "why call it a hippopotamus?" "Well, heck, honey," said Adam, "it looks like a hippopotamus, don't it?"

It Can't Happen Here—Captain: "Say, will you fellows stop exchanging notes?"

Private: "Those aren't notes, suh, they are dollar bills. We are shooting craps."

Captain: "Oh, pardon me."

Capt. Percy Young was showing lantern slides of German industrial areas to a group of bomber crews who were about to take off on a daylight raid.

"Your target is a German industrial base," said the captain turning with his pointer to what he thought would be a large airview of the area. Instead there flashed upon the screen a large picture of a particularly seductive and luscious nude. The captain was non-chalant.

"This, gentlemen," he said, "is your target for tonight. The zero hour is 10 p. m."

a good chance to see how many T. S. slips end up there. Are there many Marie?

We understand the Photo Lab girls are grieving for Eddie. We wonder why.

"Butch" Terwilliger had us worried for a while, but the attraction is one of the Medics, not a fondness for the hospital building.

The postman has been ringing for our Southern Belle, "Dixie" Davis very often. The postmarks are strange but the handwriting was very familiar down in personnel.

Nevinski and Nowakowski were really having a tussle at the Air Base picnic last week. We wonder if it were for fun or else.

Hospitals are such horrible places on such wonderful days, but Alice Glose doesn't mind since her mysterious visitor is a regular one. Get well quick, Alice.

This is my first attempt. Hope you like it.

Signal Corps

By CPL. REINHOLD HERZOG

Well here goes with my last column. When this goes to press I'll be miles away at my new assignment. It doesn't seem so long ago that I came to this base but I guess 15 months is a long time. I wish to say farewell to all my friends and acquaintances here at Dow Field and I know that no matter where I go I'll always have a soft spot in my heart (or should I say head?) for this Field.

The Signal Corps soldiers have been going to the shooting range quite a bit lately and after the shooting and the smoke had cleared away our 1st Sgt., Larry Wennerberg emerged the "Dead Eye Dick" of the outfit hitting 186 out of a possible 200 with the .22 caliber target rifle which earned him an "Expert" medal. Nice shootin' Sarge. Close behind him, was Sgt. Merle Hodgkins who just missed the score to qualify for Expert, hitting 177, but he did make "Sharpshooter," and next in line, also making Sharpshooter were Pvt. Francis Rousell with 175, S/Sgt. Joe Harrington and Pfc. Armond Rosini with 174, Cpl. John Horodysky and Sgt. Bert Solowiei with 163 and Pfc. Charles Cala with 160. And the five men who made Marksmen were Cpl. Homer Madewell, Cpl. Meety Lefko, Cpl. John O'Donnell, Pfc. Robert Lux and Pvt. Charles Rogers. That was hitting the old "Bull's Eye" fellows, keep up the good work. The soldiers here also have been practicing with the Tommy Gun but no official records have been recorded on that, but from past performances I know they'll all make a good showing.

We say welcome to Pfc. Elmer Renne, Pvt. Gerald Raling and Pvt. James Owens, who arrived here recently. We hope you'll like it here. There are quite a lot of things here that should interest you.

Lt. Howard Williams has left for special training from which he will be assigned to another Base. We wish you good luck Lieutenant.

Cpl. Gerald Graves left recently to go to school. We know you'll make out OK and our Good Wishes go with you and we hope you'll be back here after your course is completed.

T/5 Alzilphia A. Foster, (Zip to her friends) is now attending WAC OCS. We know you'll make a fine officer and hope you'll be assigned here when you get your "Bars."

Cpl. Meety Lefko and myself have been transferred also and as soon as I get through with this column will be leaving this field also, for the same destination. We'll drop you a line when we get there.

I hope someone in the Signal Corps will take over the duties of reporting for our outfit, because this is your column and it would be a shame if it should be omitted. Any volunteers?

So it is with a heavy heart that I take leave of my Buddies. Some day we'll meet again "When the lights go on again all over the world."

Till then remember to "Get on the Ball" and "Keep 'Em Flying." So long.

here in Bangor, Maine. What a Furlough.

The party last Sunday turned out OK. Even if Cpl. Corle—did have chills. There was lots of fun for all. Pvt. Hagan says Oh! Boys!

HERE IS YOUR RIDDLE CALL 338. ASK FOR MRS. CONNORS. WHAT THINGS GROW LARGER THE MORE YOU CONTRACT THEM?

Boys our Menu is at the left as you enter the Chow Line so look for yourself.

News is short so boys help me out and bring in the news. Any news or advice give it to me.

The prize is something SPECIAL this week for the right answer.

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



No matter where you go you will always find a certain few persons who criticize everything. This does not only apply to the Army, but at the same time the Army has its share of fault-finders, and since the column is primarily for you in the service, we'll stick to that angle.

You are familiar with the type. They are constantly complaining about the weather, the food, their job, Maine, Dow Field, their hours, their bosses, the WACs (if they are males), and the men, if they are WACs. The PX isn't run right, the theater doesn't have good pictures, and all forms of recreation and entertainment are impossible.

It's a strange thing, but those who do this type of complaining usually mention another camp that to them was Utopia. After criticizing their present environment, they will usually add, "Now at Camp Blank we had . . ."

Well, as a matter of fact, "Camp Blank" was probably no better than their present location, and while there they most likely said the same thing about it that they now say about Dow Field.

I know this is true in at least one case because a soldier who was stationed here and never said a word of praise about the Base and its activities sent me a letter from the base to which he was shipped. In the letter he complained about his new location and said how much better things were at Dow.

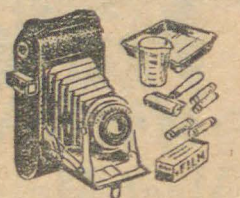
I don't pretend to know anything about psychology, but it would seem to me that this constant complaining is done for some reason. Perhaps it is to cover up a complex and try to make others think that he is used to better things. Or perhaps the complainer thinks that this method will in some way make things easier for him, or that someone will notice his complaints and do something to rectify the situation.

Well, whatever the motive, it's all wrong. The only thing a constant complainer does is make himself disagreeable and disliked by all. You'll never become a "big shot" by finding fault. But you do stand a chance of being better liked by occasionally having a good word for things.

By that I don't mean flattery or the Pollyanna type of thing. But if something really is worth while, usually it is because someone put some effort into it. And anyone, from the Commander-in-Chief, down to the newest buck private, likes to know that his efforts are appreciated. If you get a chance to say a good word about something a person has done, by all means say it. It will make him feel good and it will make you more popular.

But if you don't like something, think twice before you openly criticize it. You'll only be getting another person down in the dumps and making yourself less popular.

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The Chapel Spire

1st. Lt. Mark A. Smith

Base Chaplain

SUNDAY SERVICES

9:00 A. M. Communion Service; 10:00 A. M. Morning Service; 11:00 A. M. Hospital Service

WEEKDAYS

5:45 P. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings, Vespers

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 BoardRepresentative
Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Capt. Alfred J. Carmody

Catholic Chaplain

MASSES

7:30 and 11:30 A. M. Sunday
7:30 A. M., Monday, Tuesday and Saturday
12:05 P. M. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

Catholic Confessions at 4:00 to 6:00 P. M. and 7:30 to 8:30 P. M. Saturday, and before each Mass.

OTHER SERVICES

Evening Devotions 5:45 P. M. Sunday
Novena Service 5:30 P. M. Tuesday

OLD MAIL BAGS

By Cpl. Theodore "Chink" Toombs

A block dance was given by the Socialites Wednesday night on the bridge near Franklin street. The affair was staged in a most appropriate setting, with a background of water and trees. Music was furnished by the Squadron band, with the "Mighty" Johnson crooning such numbers as: My Buddy, Basin Street Blues, and his theme song, Baby, Baby Blues. Members of the committee distributed cigarettes, candies, and nuts to the pleasure seekers. From where I sat every one was having a wonderful time.

My friend "Tom" Chieves is very happy, and he has every right to be for he's anticipating the arrival of his better half, and little image!!!

"Kinda" like that poor excuse for a hat that "Corn Bread" Hayes is sporting around the company streets these days. (He looks like a typical hipster from the Main drag.)

Could "Joe" Cooper be wearing that "Lip Stick" for services rendered??

Where did Booker Halsey and the young lady with the glasses disappear to the night of the dance?? ("Ain't love grand chum?")

Roxie Peters was all present and accounted for at the dance Wednesday night. Her hair was done up in pig tail style, looking completely like a elfin with a profound air of innocence about her.

Via the Bangor Grape Vine news has reached these ears that Charles Monroe is shopping for a nest. Could it be that he's expecting company soon??

Tuckahoe Norman says that the ring he sent home was the right size!!! (Who is to be best man pal?)

Is it true that Reggie Pinn cramped Mitchell Strange's style the other dim?? (Seems as if the young lady switched G. I. wolfs in the middle of the dance!!!)

Pvt. Donnel Kinnson please note. You are sitting on a keg of powder!!!!

Pushaw Lake. He claims Lt. Hoofstittler helped him into a truck, and the result was the injury. However you can draw your own conclusions. One thing is certain, this explanation and any other he might give can be disregarded.

Cpl. Irving Berkson made quite a hit with the girls in the water. Oh yes, and out of the water too. He gave everybody a treat by bringing his super-powered contraption which he calls an automobile. It must have been "duddy" riding without a top in the rain. It's a roadster, you see. They come without tops now to conserve material for the war effort.

T/Sgt. Lubich, our personnel Sgt. Major, let his hair down and had a corking good time for himself. He paraded around our little group to make sure all from personnel were well-fed.

As you now gather, my report has been confined to our doings at the outing. If I failed to report anyone's presence at the gala affair, please excuse my negligence, but so much happened, I couldn't see everything—or could I? I was there primarily to enjoy myself, and I did. Of course I did make it a point to note what different people were doing.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

You can see that Cpl. Conway's folks at home are interested in his health, on rainy days he must carry a nice green umbrella and he looks very cute trudging along to the day's duties.

I hear that a party that went fishing at the picnic did not get any fish to bite, but he solemnly swears that the worms he used for bait, did.

There are many red faces and backs the past week and plenty of groaning during the night. Perhaps the boys will not forget that old Sol burns on and on, in the future.

Cpl. Schartz has been talking in his sleep regularly the past few days, he even wakes up and blames it on the next bunk mate, stop talking in your sleep Pvt. Morgan he says. There were plenty of witnesses Cpl. so don't try to pass the buck next time.

Cpls. McGuinness and Roy have gone to special training schools, one to be a Physical instructor and the other to be a typewriter mechanic, success is wished to both men.

Cpl. Oakes went to Waterville last week, kitty car fashion. He claims the reason was that Cpls. Payne and Johns was a heavy load in the rear, the whole truth is, that the little man that wasn't there. WAS. He also tried to pull a fast one and claim that the occupants of the car after duty hours had to pay for the meals, it just didn't work.

If you want to see some alert soldiers go to Waterville, they're out waiting to salute passing officers, by the way did you know they can't smoke while on the street in that city? On your next three day pass it would pay to visit there, the scenery is very nice, ask Cpls. Oakes and Payne.

With all the warm weather, sleigh rides are still given in the supply room. Once again Pfc. Lussier is the target and as usual a direct hit was made, at any rate we hope he has done away with his tormentor, a certain Mr. John Hitchcock.

Last week three men accepted the challenge of your reporter to write this week's column. I was hoping that the famed clam act would not be performed. But it happened. No copy and a lot of talk, these clam boys are playing hard to get and at times clams are just that way. Maybe they will come meekly forward for the next issue. May I expect you? S/Sgt. Goyette, Cpls. Kempton and Schwartz?

Well, the Physical tests are coming up this week and it is hoped

the most of you have taken the benefits of the preliminary training the past few weeks. The qualifying mark that you must make is as follows: Eight chins, thirty-one situps and the shuttle run of three hundred yards in less than fifty-six seconds, good luck to all.

I see that the Air Base Sqd. claims to have put on the best picnic the Base has ever seen, with S/Sgt. MacInnis and Cpl. Wagner as the chairmen. It seems that these men do not get around much or their statement is in the over-rated class. Personally, I believe the first picnic our own Q. M. put on (incidentally the first on the Base) was and will remain second to none.

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

Leaving us is Joe Miller, W/O j.g.: who is going to Finance OCS. Joe has been with the Finance Detachment for quite some time. Monday evening in his honor down to Mr. Parkers on Lake Phillips, a lobster outing was held. It being a farewell to Joe. Later in the evening, singing, fairwells, ala—"for he is a jolly good fellow," led by the inimitable, M.C. Sgt. Frank Deery wound up the evening. Good luck Joe, we sure hate to see you go. Except for searching for Mackay's glasses at the bottom of the lake there were no accidents.

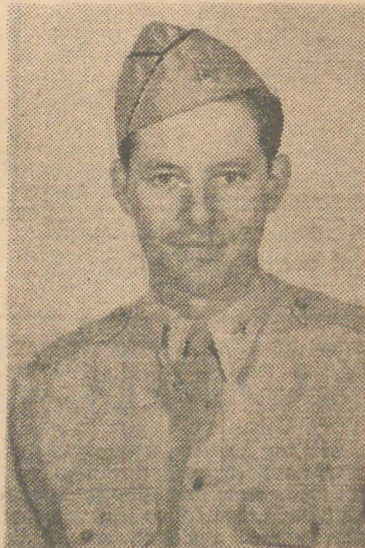
Back from Little Scandinavia is Pvt. Don Wallin; who just returned from Minnesota. Don came back all full of pep and ready for the job to assist his co-worker Cpl. Turski, who has been plugging it alone since Don has been gone. Says Don "being home was really grand" and as if to prove it he shows the columnist pictures taken of cute nurses out his way. (No addresses available men.)

On the ball in the officer's pay department is S-Sgt., Walter Koppel, just returned from NCO school at Wake Forrest. Kep states its mighty good to be back, one doesn't know how much he misses Dow Field, until he has to leave for a period of time.

Seen at the Coca Cola broadcast dance Tuesday night was practically the entire Finance Detachment; accompanied by wives and guests. It seems only a few of the boys from the outfit went stag. Pvt. Beals Snyder and guest with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Youngdahl formed one of the happy finance groups of the evening. Also on hand was Sgt. Tony Correa, Cpl. Kenny Mecum, and guests. Cutting in on Sgt. Carl R. Carlson and his beautiful wife (and who wouldn't) for dances a big part of the evening, were those two men about town Sgts. Deery and Bertrand. Swinging it fast and furious like a student from Bangor High, was the Illinois cow boy, Cpl. Charles Wendt. On the sidelines giving the dance that serene appraising look was Sgts. Harry (you couldn't get me out there) Johnson and Howard (come on boys break it up) Cornwell. With Al Donahue giving out with the swing and no one worrying about the morrow, the Finance clan stayed until the last.

If this Bouquet of the Week contest keeps up for the first column

Know Your Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Lt. Warren Smith

Although born in New York State, Lt. Warren Smith of the Guard Squadron is a native of Connecticut. His home is in Higganum, about twenty miles south of Hartford, on the Connecticut River. He had a varied business career prior to his induction into the Army in June of 1941.

His first job was as an assistant comptroller in a finance company. After a year of writing figures up one side of a page and down the next, (with "nary" a balance), he went to work for Edward L. Bernays, the Public Relations Counsel, in New York City. Here he wrote copy and assisted in the organization of the United Brewers Industrial Foundation, the Bernays Campaign to clean up beer.

His next chance for experience came with an opportunity to teach in a boys' preparatory school near Poughkeepsie, in Highland, New York. In June of the following year, convinced that teaching was not his future, he returned to New York and joined the organization of Remington Rand to study business systems and salesmanship.

After almost two years with Remington Rand he enlisted in the Naval Reserve. The Navy didn't think that his chest expansion was enough to qualify him for duty so he was discharged and one month later inducted into the Army. After a short stay at Fort Devens, he was transferred to Dow Field. In September of 1942, he was ordered to Miami Beach, and in December was graduated and commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the AUS.

in; editor Sgt. Geden will be faced with the dilemma of getting next weeks column before last weeks. What with columns in on Sunday due Wednesday the afore-said phenomena is possible The Finance news, being last each week, is just keeping up with an old tradition of coming through on the last—the last day of the month. However, Geden, we think the contest is a good idea.

Fishing on the lake last Monday was Sgt. Dick Lewis and Sgt. Tony Correa. (We wonder if they have a license—game wardens please take note.) Try as they might they had no luck, the fish just didn't seem sociable that evening. Correction! Kibiters over my shoulder just state the able anglers above caught a ten (10) inch bass. Our humble apologies are offered.

Those shipping lists and wedding bells (the boys have to get home too early) are breaking up that old Finance ball club. Never the less the boys intend to give a good account of themselves in that final play off for the championship.

Headquarters

By Sgt. Freddie Neumann

There was a large representation of Headquarters personnel at the Air Base Squadron's outing at Pushaw Lake last Sunday. Despite a few showers during the day, the intended program was carried out to the letter. Let's recall what some of us did.

I arrived as the first shower temporarily dampened the outing. Of course I had foresight and made my entrance proudly wearing a raincoat. In the pavilion I spied almost immediately, Dottie Bates in a cute little outfit. She was really having a time for herself.

Over in a corner I saw the "Unholy Four," for your information, Cpl. Jean Musgrave, T/5 Gert Kingston, T/5 Ruth Biddinger, and Aux. Franny Martin with their attached member, Afc. Ann Caldwell. As far as I can make out, that group must be renamed since Ann, that "bit of sugar" from the Southland, has become inseparable from them. I hereby assign, Ann, as a member of the group, and furthermore I do christen the fivesome the "Winsome Quints." How about that girls?

T/4 Sally Neary was there with bells on. And maybe you don't think they were ringing. Well, she managed to have a "bell ringer" around to keep her tingling.

Surprise of the outing as far as we're concerned was the arrival of our Sgt. Major unescorted. Went in for a statement, today, but he was so busy. Before the evening was too old, he was being well taken care of.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the wrestling match between T/4 Vicki Novinski and our own Afc. Clara Nowakowski. At times you couldn't tell who was who. They will be rematched at a later date. Oh yes, the outcome—they ended by taking off each others' shoes. Weren't they polite ones.

Sgt. Vin Duff had a great time for himself eating lobster tails and clams. He sure does go for the seafood. Did anybody manage to get some? If not, you have the answer. Later he was outside in the rain playing football of all things.

Sgt. "Red" Roy was busy taking snaps. He did manage to get four rolls of rare specimens. How long did you go about making folks pose without any films to register the result, "Red"?

T/5 Erlene Besley proved to us that the sweater girl is here to stay. Did you see her at the outing, fellas, sporting that yellow creation. With that net around her coiffure, I expected to see her fishing. Well, I was fooled, but she did wear it when she went swimming.

Aux. Nancy Gallo went to another picnic. In one breath she went to great lengths to tell us what fine gentlemen the fellows were. In another she said she was at times ready to push them off a cliff. Explain this, Nancy. It doesn't make sense.

S/Sgt. Gordon Bunnell has been "injured in action." The injury: a pretty bruise across the forehead. The action: the battle of

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CIVILIAN SLANTS

(This is the first in a series of "bird's-eye" sketches dealing with the past and present experiences of key civilians employed at Dow Field. This series is being published with an eye toward acquainting all hands and the cook with fellow employees. Keep an eye on this column—because you may learn a few things about yourself in next week's edition.)

Michael F. Quinn, as Irish as the keeper of a Dublin pub, is the Chief Clerk for the Quartermaster Corps of Dow Field. Mike joined the civilian ranks of Dow Field April 23, 1943. Quinn's previous government experience dates back to 1935 at which time he was employed as Acting Educational Adviser for the Department of Interior at Army Base, Boston, Mass. Later he was employed by the Treasury Procurement Division, Boston, Mass., and most recently, previous to coming to Dow Field, Quinn was Chief Clerk for the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, Worcester, Mass.

Quinn's numerous past experiences include a wide circle of memorable incidents. For instance, from 1923 to 1925 he was a Spanish correspondent for the Dennison Manufacturing company of Framingham, Mass. Having a thorough working knowledge of the Romance language he supervised the correspondence to the Senors and Senoritas of South America. From 1925 to 1929, Quinn was the Export Sales Manager and Assistant General Sales Manager for the Hodgman Rubber Company of Framingham, Mass., travelling to Mexico, Cuba and over the eastern sector of the United States. During 1929 to 1931 Quinn was employed by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., of South America, being in charge of Warehouse and sales branch in Bahia, Brazil.

He possesses an easy smile and blessed with hair-trigger wit. Mike's likable manner has caught on here at Dow Field.

Quinn's main hobby is discussing Joe Cronin and his Boston Red Sox. His knowledge of baseball is unquestioned, having followed the Boston Red Sox and Braves back in the days when the boys waxed the tips of their handlebar mustaches. Since accepting his assignment here at Dow Field he has kept busy evenings playing softball and trying to outrun the weeds in his Victory Garden.

Quinn is married and the father of four husky young children and makes his home at 34 Wiley street. Mike extends a welcome to all his friends—providing they come prepared to help weed the garden!

As we appear in print for the first time the Sub-Depot is pleased to take its place in the "Observer" not only for the fun of seeing ourselves in black and white but also because we'd like an opportunity to say some of the things we have no other way of saying—although we haven't editorial aspirations.

While we think of it, we'd like to thank the two boys who were seen at their Army Post in Bucksport for raising the flag early last Monday morning with all the dignity of a full dress review although it was raining and the street was deserted. And, in thanking them, we civilians are thanking all the boys everywhere who are doing their jobs with the Armed Forces and keeping up the traditions whether we see them or not.

ADMINISTRATION

Lieutenant Colonel Robert V. Dunn and Captain L. G. Milspaw paid the Sub-Depot a visit this week and a few days later Lieutenant Colonel James R. Williams and Captain M. J. Koblitz were here for a technical inspection.

If we can judge from Mrs. Spangler's nice note and the Chief's big boxes of candy the Spanglers liked Lucibelle's shopping too.

Mr. Royal's pleased expression

this week isn't entirely from the extra vitamins he gets from the sunshine at his camp—some credit goes to the new office arrangement of headquarters. We like it too!

Didn't know it was so difficult to get fish stories from fishermen but have you heard about the one Lieutenant Dyke caught while traversing the face of a gorge and hanging on with finger and toe nails? Or that BOH did catch a nice lot of Rainbow Trout, and Lieutenant Simons wouldn't take time out to eat? As for the place, it was "along the Appalachian Trail somewhere" and down a beautiful but difficult gorge.

Starting the first of August vaccinations for smallpox will be given to civilians here in the Sub-Depot's own Dispensary.

Thomas E. Adams, Chief Clerk of the Air Freight Terminal, is vacationing with Mrs. Adams and young daughter Eleanor Gail at a sporting camp in Jackman, Maine.

We liked Annette's package from Iceland and hope to see it worn someday.

Tables turned on Carmen this week. She's not laughing at other people's sunburns any more.

CIVILIAN GUARD

Civilian Guard Chief, Clyde E. Spangler, and Grace E. Blackford of Harrisburg, Pa., were united in marriage July 20th by the Rev. Earle B. Grundy, pastor of the Grace Methodist church, Bangor, Maine. The Spanglers received many beautiful and useful gifts from their friends in Bangor and at Sub-Depot. Mrs. Spangler will be in Bangor until after Labor Day.

Sergeant Earl G. Burke is on leave visiting his son, Pfc. Ernest Burke, at Gulfport, Mississippi.

Patrolman William Redpath is enjoying annual leave too.

Patrolman J. Norman Cary is taking orders for fresh water salmon, immediate delivery guaranteed—No Ration Coupons Needed!

SIGNAL SECTION

No news is good news with Signal Section where everyone is too busy even for vacations.

Glad to hear that James L. Harris' five-year-old son, Stanley, is due home soon from his recent appendectomy.

MAINTENANCE

Assistant Maintenance Officer Lieutenant John H. Simons, is back from Inspection School, Air Service Command, Oklahoma City.

Alice Lytikainen, recent bride, was guest at a delightful shower given for her by Jeanne Breslin, Muriel Young, Alta Edgecomb, Pauline Trask, Marion Moore, Cecilia Riley, Mary Cookson, and Ellen Drummey were there from Maintenance and others present were Janet Higgins, AFC Sonya A. Munter and Corporal Rose M. Bodner.

Betty Cody was operated on Monday for appendicitis and is at the Stinson Private Hospital.

Marise Smythe has been visiting her husband who is with the Navy stationed at Newport, R. I. Stuart is a former employee of the Sub-Depot.

Practically the entire Maintenance Department personnel have become intimately acquainted with Sgt. Ludger Pelletier, better known as "Polly" and we all feel sorry that he is being transferred from this Base. Good luck to you "Polly." We'll miss you.

Maintenance has lost four more boys to the Armed Forces—Maurice Benoit, Haskel Kase, Dominick Pernice, and John Schreiner.

Carolyn Daley of the Brewer High School faculty, temporarily employed in Planning and Production, leaves us to accept an appointment with the American Red Cross Field Service at the Army Air Base in Presque Isle from which she will probably continue her duties at an overseas location. Good luck to you "Kay."

Sadie Ladd, back from a recent appendectomy, was pleasantly surprised to find that her brother, Corporal Fred Ladd, is now stationed at the Base Hospital as a dentist. He transferred to Dow

Field from Indiana and Sadie is a transfer to the Sub-Depot from the Provost Marshal's office in Washington which just goes to show that this is a small world after all.

Raymond Sherwood of the Armament Branch is to be congratulated on his splendid cooperation in the War Bond Drive. Mr. Sherwood is subscribing to a bond a week!

Glad to see "Trudie" Bonnell, the "cheerful little earful" of the Sheet Metal Branch, back on-deck again after visiting her parents in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

See Bud's comments for the outcome of the game Wednesday when the "Gremlins" matched bats and wits with the "Wolves." Good clean game anyway.

Glad to hear that Deane Hayden, Electrical Branch, is recovering from his recent operation.

Cards from the boys in Rome say they like the change but are anxious to return to their Alma Mater.

Good to see Tommie Russell of the Machine Shop looking so well after a prolonged absence because of illness and we're looking for his return to his old post very shortly.

Have you heard about the expedition Jim Mutty of the Electrical Branch talked his running mate, Eddie Miara into taking at the break of day recently—thumbing their lift both ways to Rockland and back and returning with two bushels of clams, like which Eddie has to admit Pennsylvania boasts no such delicacy!

George Wilson of the Electrical Branch was seen flying low last Thursday morning in his 1931 Ford TOPLESS roadster—period. Heard it whispered that Mr. Wilson expressed a desire for a Dow Field pass to save his No. 18 coupon.

What's this we hear about Leon Bull's nag, "Seabiscuit III?"

We're going to miss Margery Murray's crisp and chatty notes from the Machine Shop for this column while she is out on sick leave and hope she comes back soon.

Harry Robinson and John Sullivan have just returned from Chicago where they took a refresher course in Stewart-Warner heaters.

More Victory Farm News:—Frank Crymble has added twenty-five chickens to his flock. . . Vinal Lobley is still looking for an individual who will buy his goat's milk. . . Clyde Sheets was heard inquiring if anyone wished to buy a concession to a roadside vegetable stand just outside his garden.

Walter Sczurko and Curtis Hart have left to spend their vacations in New Jersey and New York respectively.

Bror Hultgren has acquired a new title in the Hangar—the WAC's little helper—since the day he was seen doing his good deed and holding the cover of an ash can while the WAC lifted the can and emptied it!

Of course you know that the first ice cream soda was born in 1879 when a Philadelphia druggist accidentally dropped a hunk of ice cream into a plain soda—and bingo!

Another famous discovery is that

TOW line is released over desired landing field. Gliders swoop down, flying free.

READY as soon as glider lands, men pour out, prepare to knock out enemy positions.

What's Doing This Week For Service Men In Bangor

A Weekly Calendar of Events for the personnel of Dow Field prepared by the Bangor-Brewer Servicemen's Committee.

U. S. O. CLUB, 81 Park street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. Facilities: Reception lounge and information desk, check room, reading and writing room, library, newspapers, magazines, books, social recreation room, snack bar and refreshment lounge, music room, recording studio, classical records, game room, pool, ping-pong, arts and crafts room, hobby workshop, photographic dark room, radio, showers and shaving facilities, sewing kit, self-valet, first-aid kit.

Services: Information service, room and apartment registry, bundle wrapping, mailing service, stamps, checking service—free lockers, USO Service stationery, typewriter, local phone calls, letters-on-a-record service, religious literature, individual personal services.

Y.M.C.A., 127 Hammond street. Open 24 hours. Services: Game room, lobby, writing materials, information, showers, swimming pool. BANGOR HEBREW COMMUNITY CENTER, corner French and Somerset Streets. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:00 p. m. Services: Pool, ping pong, dancing, library, room service, individual service.

USO CENTER, 81 Columbia street. Open 4:00 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. Facilities: Lounge, check room, game room, pool, ping pong, writing materials, dancing.

Y.W.C.A., 174 Union street. Open house every day for service men and women, 2:00 p. m. to 10:00 p. m.

Bangor Public Library, free for reading and lending for service men and women and their families. Central Library, 145 Harlow street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m. daily; 2:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m. on Sunday.

Music Branch, 166 Union street. Open Monday through Friday, 9:00 a. m. to noon; 2:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. On Saturday, 9:00 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.

Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) Services are held in Bangor at 159 Union street each Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

U S O ACTIVITIES

USO Club

Monday, Aug. 2—Cabaret dancing, USO Hostesses.

Tuesday, Aug. 3—Entertainment by Smiling Ernie's Jamboree. Dancing.

Wednesday, Aug. 4—Dance with music by Dow Field Troubadours. Broadcast of dance music, 10:30-11 p. m. USO Hostesses.

Thursday, Aug. 5—Dancing, USO Hostesses. Letters-on-a-Record Night.

Friday, Aug. 6—Movies on the Roof. Deanna Durbin, Herbert Marshall and Gail Patrick in "MAD ABOUT MUSIC." Community Singing. Dancing with USO Hostesses.

Saturday, Aug. 7—University Chorus. Informal singing directed by James Gordon Selwood, department of music, U. of M. To be broadcast from 8 to 8:30 p. m. Dance with Dow Field Troubadours, USO Hostesses 9-11:30 p. m. Letters-on-a-Record.

Sunday, Aug. 8—Tea Dance in the afternoon. USO Hostesses—3:15 p. m. Informal dancing in the evening.

USO Community Center

Monday, Aug. 2—Weinie Roast and Dancing. Meet at Center at 8 p. m. for transportation.

Tuesday, Aug. 3—Music Hour, 8-9, Dancing, 9-11.

Dow Field Activities

MONDAY, AUGUST 2

Music hour at T-33—Enjoy your favorite symphonies.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3

Medics head for Hermon Pond for a picnic.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5

Regular broadcast and dance at T-6—aired over WLBZ, originating from Dow Field. Troubadours play for dancing afterwards.

you'd better get your G. I. insurance before you discover it's too

late. August 10th is the deadline—without a physical exam.

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PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR

Air Base Team Rolls Up 204 Runs In Eleven Games

Steam rolling through the second half of the softball league the Air Base Squadron team stepped into the undisputed top place. Incredible scoring showed the runaway ability of this combination. A glance at the figures shows you the comparison.

Air Base 15	Fighter Control 0
Air Base 23	Signal 6
Air Base 28	Guard Squad 6
Air Base 16	Finance 6
Air Base 2	Aviation 4
Air Base 16	Quartermaster 4
Air Base 27	Fighter Control 4
Air Base 11	Signal 6
Air Base 7	Guard Squad 1
Air Base 34	Finance 0
Air Base 25	Aviation Squad 4

Noteworthy are the comparative scores of the first game with the Aviation Squadron with a loss (the only game lost) and the shellacking the Air Base team gave them in the second game 25-4 (for the Air Base).

Not included in the above scores are two games won on a forfeit. In three practice games they also scored heavily, particularly against the champs of the Sub Depot. The Gremelins 22-1. A closer look at these league leaders look like this. Sgt. Andy Zufall and Sgt. Biema took on the brunt of the pitching in the early games. Both turned in swell jobs of mound magic. Cpl. Maidlow took on from there, cutting the batting opposition to ribbons, averaging ten strikeouts in a game.

The team's regulars are Sgt. Cotter, 1st base; Pvt. Thompson, 2nd base; Cpl. Komohski, S. S.; Cpl. O'Connor, 3rd; Pvt. Quinto lf; S-Sgt. Shortledge, cf; Sgt. Biema sf; Sgt. MacInnis, catcher (also the manager), and a surprise—Chaplain Smith, rf. Wiggomer and Zufall alternated in various positions as members were absent.

Brain trust in the coaching department were Lt. Russell Foster, FlSgt. Paul Heiger, Cpl. Wagner, and Sgt. Mascia.

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

BIJOU Theatre TEL. 5307

ENTIRE WEEK

MR. LUCKY

Cary Grant, Laraine Day

OPERA HOUSE BANGOR TEL. 5308

ENTIRE WEEK

HERS TO HOLD

Deanna Durbin, Joseph Cotton
Charles Winninger

PARK THEATRE BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today-Tues.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN

—Plus—

BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE

Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake

Wed.-Thurs.

HIS GIRL FRIDAY

Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell

—Plus—

MR. V

Leslie Howard, Mary Morris

Fri.-Sat.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

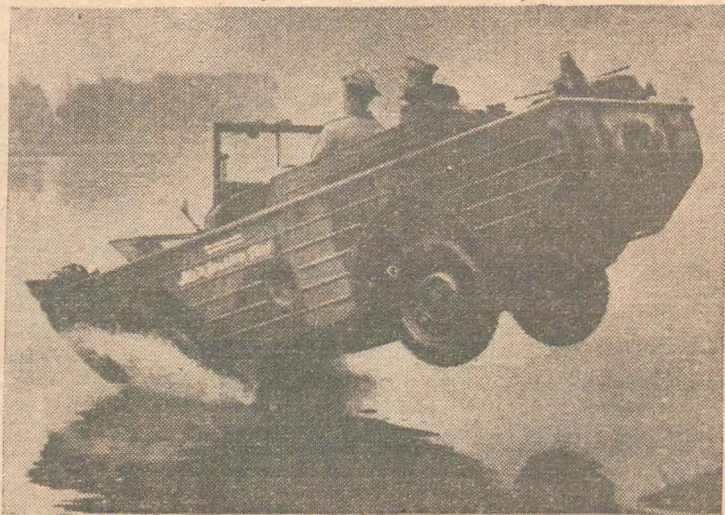
Pierre Aumont, Susan Peters

—Also—

AIR RAID WARDENS

Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy

Jeeps in the Deep



The amphibious jeep has a rival in its older brother, the original blitz buggy. Here one of the sea-going jeeps shoots off a dock and into the water at Philadelphia's League Island Lake at 50 miles an hour in a Ford speed test. One of the regular Willys-Overland land jeeps chugs through the waters of the Maumee river at Toledo, equipped with a special exhaust pipe (arrow) to prevent stalling.

Air Base Squadron

Everybody will agree that our outing of last Sunday at Pushaw lake was a real super-duper affair. Once more, we wish to express our deep gratitude to Major Bargamin for making this outing possible. S-Sgt. Don McInnis and Cpl. George Wagner, co-chairmen, are to be congratulated for their work in putting the affair across in such grand style.

Our first sergeant did all right for himself. He took T-5 Ruth Biddinger in hand and escorted her for the afternoon and evening.

The dance floor presented a curious collection of what is fashionable to wear. Some danced in their bathing suits, some in slacks and fatigues, and others in their best-dress.

The soft drink bar did a land office business. At times it was closed to await a new supply. However, everyone satisfied their thirst and then some.

At the food bar everyone had their chance at filling themselves with lobster, steamers, sandwiches, etc. Lt. Hoofstetter and Lt. Wanders for the first time admitted they had their fill of lobster.

Other officers and their wives were there. Among them I saw Major Berman, Major Collett, Major Lindsey, Major Theobald, wife and daughter, Capt. Peale, Lt. Dick and wife, Lt. Graham, Lt. Sheard, and of course our own Major Bargamin.

Dancing continued until the trucks arrived to take us back home. The rain failed to put the skids on our funmaking, and Monday dawned with many of us talking of the good time we enjoyed.

Here are a few tidbits which wandered into my office. Ever since S-Sgt. Don McInnis returned from his furlough, he doesn't give forth with his usual amount of pep. Now,

Mac, one of your pals would like to know if it was too much swimming at the beach.

Pfc. Philip Gordon is the live wire at 219 now. You can always hear him making some wise crack. Ed. note: I agree. But just the other day he received orders transferring him elsewhere. Now we miss him.

Sgt. "Dutch" "Dimples" Krom gets more bunk fatigue than anyone around these parts. Yes, one authority goes so far as to say "Dutch" even beats Frank Rowe, a former bunkmate.

Does everyone know "Happy"? He's none other than Cpl. Stanley Schaffer, who works at Squadron Headquarters. I've yet to see him without that broad smile.

Was on C. Q. the other night and received a call from a "mysterious woman." She had me guessing for a long time, but I managed to outwit her. Here's a hint, future CQs., her first name is Marie and she works at Squadron Headquarters. That ought to do it.

Our baseball team is right on top. This past week we dusted off the Aviation Squadron team and one from Sub-Depot. Now we play the Finance for the Army championship. So, fellas, let's cheer them on to victory. Best of luck to you, boys.

Do we know our planes? The Wednesday group for machinegun instruction was out at the range. During a lull in activities, some of the fellows were discussing the type of plane which at that moment was traversing the sky. One was heard to say, "That's a B-24". At this point Major Bargamin looked up and remarked, "If that's a B-24, then the pilot is in a hellava fix as far as his tail goes." After that remark, the boys changed their minds. Of course I know my planes, but say, fellows, did you really decide what kind of a plane it was.

Among others at the dance Tuesday night in the auditorium was M-Sgt. Paul Bolden. His partner was "the lady in red." Paul's face was a perfect match for his part-

Loaded Gliders Make Flight Of 1243 Miles

A record-breaking non-stop glider flight of 1,243 miles in which two large tow-gliders, loaded to capacity, transported special maintenance equipment from Sheppard Field, Texas, to Maxton Army Air Base at Laurinburg-Maxton, N. C., has been announced by the War Department.

The flight, which was performed in nine hours and forty-five minutes under adverse weather conditions, may have far-reaching implications in solving maintenance problems for Army Air Forces fighter and bombardment units in theaters of operations.

In addition to bad weather, other difficulties were encountered during the flight. Each tow plane carried six 100-gallon gas tanks in the cabin, in addition to its normal gas supply. As the flight approached Montgomery, Ala., it was found that the two rear tanks in one of the tow planes were not feeding properly. It was therefore necessary to carry two of the 600-pound tanks to the forward part of the cabin and syphon their gasoline into the forward tanks. This was successfully accomplished.

The flight represented a three-way cooperative effort between the Army Air Forces Training Command at Fort Worth, Texas, the Troop Carrier Command, and the Air Service Command.

ner's outfit. Must have been the sun after that afternoon at the range, hey Paul.

Signing off. See you at the retreat parade, Saturday.

The editor adds some notes . . . Dutch Kromm having the best job at the picnic escorting some 30 glamour gals to the lake. Dutch made sure each one had his own special care. Dutch's big dimple almost turned inside out with excitement.

"Saving on words dept." S-Sgt. Lubitch received a letter from a WAC this week. The opening, the body of the letter and the closing were all summed up in three little words in an otherwise blank page. We quote: "Ain'tcha gonna write?" Give her a break, Sarge.

"Neatest trick of the week." We nominate Cpl. Ken Bishop as the first man in the barracks to take a shower without taking his pipe out of his mouth. At first we thought it was steam from the hot water—but no—Ken was puffing away on his brier—maybe he had a sort of invisible umbrella or sun-pip! It's a good trick.

	W	L
Air Base Squadron	10	1
Medical Det.	9	2
Quartermaster	Forfeits games	
Aviation Sq.	6	5
Finance Det.	3	8
Guard Squadron	7	4
Signal Serv. Co.	6	5

Let's make it a double date, fella. Instead of \$5000 worth of insurance, make it \$10,000 before August 10th.

Bombers In Twin Victory Over Dexter

DEXTER, Aug. 1—The strong Dow Field Bombers blasted out two more victories here today, taking both ends of a double header from Dexter. The Bombers took the opener 11 to 3 and the nightcap 18 to 6.

Roe held the Dexter team to six hits in the opener and Ortt allowed nine bingles in the nightcap. In addition to pitching a good brand of ball, Ortt also sparkled at the bat, belting out a homer and a triple.

Bombers	400	020	230—11	13	2
Dexter	000	000	012—3	6	3

Roe and Mitchell; Higgins and Doble.

Bombers	050	305	041—18	18	4
Dexter	000	010	302—6	9	5

Ortt and McNamarra; Pollack and Doble.

Sub-Depot Sports

Hanging out the sport's laundry: No, McGinnis, we didn't forget the score of the Airbase-Administrator game, we just don't want it mentioned publicly.—Frank Doughty gets the box of 'lollypops' this week for refusing to play with the Hangar Wolves because Manager McKenney didn't use him the previous game.—C-2 Wrecking Truck Hatt swings the willow with the same fury he employs driving a truck.—Bob Raber and Mulholland were the stars of the week in the fielding department. And, speaking of infielders, don't ever pass Eddie Miara when considering sparkling softballers—he's no dud.—C. M. Sheets distinguished himself this week by umpiring and taking full command of the situation when the Administrators tangled with the Bangor Police Department.—This week's softball schedule includes the following games: Monday, August 2, Supply vs. Administrators; Tuesday, Aug. 3, Coast Guard vs. Administrators; Wednesday, Aug. 4, Hangar Thunderbolts vs. Supply; Friday, Aug. 6, Hangar Wolves vs. Machine Shop.

LEAGUE STANDINGS

	W	L
Machine Shop	7	1
Supply	4	3
Administrators	4	3
Hangar Wolves	3	5
Hangar Thunderbolts	1	7

CO. A SOFTBALL WILL TAKE ON ALL CHALLENGERS

Sgt. James M. Jackson of Company A Engineers declares that he's got an unbeatable softball team that will take on all comers.

Any organization, civilian or military, which is ready for action can get in touch with Sgt. Jackson in the Special Service Division. Any takers?

FREESE'S

Suggestions
for Your
Leisure



BOOKS

All of the very latest and finest of books in Fiction, Non-Fiction, Mystery and Western. Including Military Secrets by Hoff!

STATIONERY

Air Corps writing paper in 2 designs with Gold Embossed Insignia. A wide selection of other papers.

Also Buddy Postals—200 for 1.00

His Service Records—1.00

Air Force Handbooks—1.00

OTHER NEEDS

Old Spice Shaving Bowls 1.00 Lotion 1.00 Talcum 75c
Seaforth Hair Dressing 1.00 Shaving Bowls 1.00

UNIFORMS and EQUIPMENT

For OFFICERS and ENLISTED MEN

BLOUSES, SLACKS, SHIRTS, SHOES
METAL and EMBROIDERED INSIGNIA

SERVICE CAPS, GARRISON CAPS
TIES, SOX, BELTS

WEB BELTS with Solid Brass Buckles or Solid Brass
Buckles with 24-k. Gold Plate

SPECIAL: SUN TAN or O. D. SHADE ANKLET SOX
With Elastic Garter Tops

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