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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

8-16-1943

August 16, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
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OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, AUG. 16, 1943

Vol. No. 64



HARVEST TIME AT BOMBER STATION—War and peace activities merge at a Halifax bomber station in England as hay is gathered in the shadow of a big bomber. Now if we can turn them loose on picking peas—it might take care of Maine too!

Air Base Sqdn. Wins First Game In Playoffs

Thursday evening the championship playoffs in softball were started when Finance, the winner of the first half, met the Air Base Sqdn., winner of the second half. Finance was hardly a match for the smooth working Air Base team who won by the score of 9 to 0. Corp Maidlow, the league's all star pitcher, was on the mound for the Air Base while Tony Correia, star shortstop of the "Dow Bombers," toed the mound for Finance. Maidlow was never in trouble throughout the game, while his opponent Correia was always in a tough spot. Two big innings were the deciding factors of the game. The Air Base got six runs in the second and three more on a home run with two men on by Chaplain Smith in the fourth inning.

In the second inning with one down, Shortlidge started the ball rolling with a screaming triple to left field and was followed up by five more hits that inning by Bieima, Zufall, McInnis, Uegener and Quinto to account for six tallies. Things looked bad for Finance in the third when the Air Base loaded the bases with one out, but Correia bore down to escape unscathed upon.

The final tallies found Maidlow striking out six men and issuing three bases on balls. The score:

Air Base Sqdn., 9 runs, 12 hits, 1 error.

Finance, 0 runs, 3 hits, 4 errors.

The second game will be played Friday evening, Aug. 13, 1943. S/Sgt. McInnis will send his other mound ace, S/Sgt. Zufall, out to keep the Air Base winning. This made the eleventh straight victory for the Air Base team.

Limerick Winner Gets Five Bucks

Sgt. Nicholas Federoff of the Air Base Squadron was the winner of five bucks offered in the contest on Servicemen Salute over WLBZ. He successfully completed a limerick. Listen in, fellows. You too can collect those crisp folding lettuce with a little thought. Program is on Monday through Friday from 5:00 to 5:15 p. m.

Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

MONDAY

"Is our 'Face red Dept.'—our front page story. The lead runs upside down. See what happens when we get good conduct medals—oh, well, we had our ups and downs getting it so maybe it is prophetic or sumpin'.

Just because this column starts on Monday—that doesn't mean that we don't have anything to do on Sunday—we do—tying up the loose ends of the week—trying to whip up front page items. A Newspaperman's work is never done—but it's fun.

TUESDAY

One of the Waacs in our office received a letter from her heart throb in the Flying Tigers. He also enclosed a mimeographed paper called The China Weekly, with a column of his own that's got real human interest. He tells about seeing movies in China with his own

Diary

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Slavic Songs and Spearing Fruit At U. S. O. Show

Yugoslavia came to Dow Field last Tuesday in the lively peppy personality of Ferris Robbins who was accompanied by his pretty Scotch wife, headlining the USO Show unit at T-6.

Ferris, dressed in his native costume, crooned a few Chetnik love songs. If the Yugoslavs put as much energy in their fighting as they do in their wooing—Hitler is certainly on the skids. He jumped, danced and raced all over the stage, apparently all part of putting the song across (our Slavic education is extremely limited. We couldn't understand a word of it.)—but it was full of color and snap. As a variation, he whistled a Scotch melody while Trixie, dainty as a thistle, sprang into a high-land fling.

Ferris explained that they had only been in America for a year—but both he and his wife had caught the spirit and their American expressions weren't far behind.

To give you an idea, he explained, "First we saw the skyscrapers, then the Statue of Liberty, but when we felt chewing

U. S. O. Show

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Mrs. Marcus Tells Why She Became A War Worker

A woman in war was interviewed on the broadcast from Dow Field last Thursday night over WLBZ.

Mrs. Genevieve R. Marcus, Dow Field woman mechanic was selected as a good example of the part women are playing on the home front.

Her husband is a sergeant in the Marines and was stationed there at the time of the "sneak attack" on Pearl Harbor. Her two brothers are in the armed forces and she has a son, Jimmy, at home. She has been referred to as "the first full fledged female mechanic" on Dow Field.

"I'm gonna write my own play," stated Pvt. Mike Moronovitch, in an exclusive interview and so he started his play. Sgt. George Edwards (as Moronovitch) soon learned what he couldn't say on the air. S-Sgt. Geden was behind the whistle.

The Nitwit Newsreel brought a new voice to the air—the voice you hear over the Base P. A. system, Pvt. Rosalie Lief. Both she and Betty Earney handled character parts with plenty of character.

Sgt. Bob Scott in his best Hepburn style gave a poem about the great outdoors. Maybe the poem should have been left outdoors, too.

Betty Earney did a swiny job

Broadcast

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Q. M. Boys Make Biggest Stride In Physical Fitness

Not only did the Quartermaster outfit take top place on the last week's physical fitness tests but they also made the biggest improvement.

Another surprise was the showing of the officers. Their physical fitness average nosed out the enlisted men by a narrow margin.

Below is a complete listing of the averages group by group and a comparison with the old score. You will notice, however, that the previous test was figured in round numbers so that a sharp comparison

Physical Fitness

Please Turn to Page 2

Gas Course Has Chemical Magic Molotov Cocktails To Mickey Mouse

"Funny thing," Lt. Tanner began, "about this gas course starting today—at first the fellows shy away from it—but two days of it and they're all enthused."

After taking a look around we can see why this should be a darn interesting subject. There's nothing "dry as dust" about the way they get the story across. For instance—over on the wall, hanging on a blackboard is one of those tank busting Mickey Finns—The Molotov Cocktail. That's what the Russians are serving Hitler's henchmen on the fighting front. Now, over there is an incendiary bomb. Yessir, the stuff Jimmy Doolittle dropped on the Japanese paper houses. Now do you begin to see some of the up to the minute drama that can be packed into a course on gas instruction?

To go even further—the instructors have worked out a series of sessions—some in classrooms, with charts, pictures and actual cross sections to show you what makes the gadgets tick. Then you go outdoors and actually sniff the gases so you will know what it's all about.

One side of the building is lined with models of various types of gas masks, making the place resemble somewhat a Coney Island Wax Works show. There's even a model for a child designed to simulate Mickey Mouse, and keep the child amused.

Motion pictures, visual charts of all kinds, demonstrations whenever possible, are all put into play to help make the subject live. So that you can actually see, feel, and hear all phases—and make you feel that you can get to know the dangers and what to do.

On one of the tables is a miniature reproduction of Dow Field showing the locations of the gas alarms, built entirely by the chemical department. They've even tried to get a mascot—you've guessed it, a skunk.

Now that you have the general idea of it, here's the dope on the course itself.

It is open to commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The course starts today (16 August 1943) and will run for 8 hours a day for a total of 42 hours. The last day will be devoted to exams. A certificate will be awarded.

A quick glance at the line-up reveals such subjects as hand grenades, defense against chemical warfare attack—first aid to gas casualties—protective clothing and decontamination.

The officers instructing this course are Lt. Mills, Base Chemical Officer, Lt. Hollifield, Lt. Tanner, and Lt. Lose.

Eng. Hold Party at Bombing Range

Company "A," Engineers took over the bombing range a week ago to entertain about 80 Dow Field girls from Bangor.

The guests under the guidance of Mrs. Shaw were a bit surprised to see a large horse shoe shaped table loaded down with fried chicken, French fried potatoes, salads, various drinks and just about everything that goes to make a party a success.

Dancing to the Dow Field Troubadours and a juke box followed and believe it or not the bashful Engineers didn't need any coaxing. A little local talent was discovered in Pvt. 1c Pife on the piano and Pvt. "Koko" Kaminski handling the vocals and MC duties.

Guests of the evening were Major Goodwin, Capt. McLure, Lt. Nash, Lt. Price, and wives.

We wish to thank Mrs. Madeline Shaw, her USO hostesses, Capt. McMurren and officers of Co. "A," and all those who participated in making the party a huge success.

House of Magic Shows You Can't Believe Your Eyes

"I'm going to show you something you can't see," calmly announced William Gluesing at the General Electric House of Magic show last Wednesday. "I am going



WILLIAM A. GLUESING

to show you ultra-violet rays. Now when I turn this box around, don't look at the rays; instead bare your teeth and then look at your neighbor's." The entire theatre was thrown in darkness. We all looked at each other, and the room was filled with grinning teeth glowing in the darkness—positively weird. "If you can't see your neighbor's teeth, it is because he hasn't got any—of his own. The light rays never lie."

Mr. Gluesing darkened the stage. He unfolded a white screen, then stood before it letting his shadow fall on the screen. He stepped away and the shadow was still there. He walked to the other side and leaning over actually shook hands with his own shadow . . . incredible!

"House of Magic"

Please Turn to Page 2

Bombers To Have Return Match With Colby Cadets

Next Saturday the Bombers will have their revenge. At the Skowhegan Fair they will go gunning for the Colby Cadets. You may remember, in the first game at Waterville the Cadets won a hotly contested battle 2-1. The game was played under protest due to poor officiating.

Major Wriston has been appointed as base umpire so that the game will be "according to Hoyle."

Comm. Men Awarded Good Conduct Medal

The following men of the Communications Squadron Detachment, having honorably served one year in the Army are entitled to wear the Good Conduct Medal:

T-Sgt. George V. Steinburg.
Sgt. Frank H. Chamberlain.
Sgt. John J. Donaghue.
Sgt. Carroll F. Haislip.
Cpl. Alfred Potente.
Cpl. Albert Uhryniak.
Cpl. Robert J. Welch.
Pfc. Robert K. Ahearn.
Pvt. Frederic J. Clark.
Pvt. Evaristo Garcia.
Pvt. Harvey M. Hamilton.
Pvt. Quenton Randall.
Pvt. Henry A. Trussell.

"House of Magic"

Continued from the First Page

TRAIN CONTROLLED BY VOICE

Making a train stop with the human voice was another startling stunt. Mr. Gluesing picked up a mike and said "Now please go ahead" and the train promptly ran forward. "Stop," Mr. Gluesing commanded. Immediately the train came to a stop. "Back up," was the next order and the locomotive went backward. He explained, however, that the actual words meant nothing, but that the amount of words did the trick.

"You will now see sound," Mr. Gluesing continued, "actually see the sound waves and just how a long sound looks from a short one, etc. The Electric Eye was turned loose and a series of almost unbelievable demonstrations took place.

First a record playing a popular number was started. The sound waves were transposed into light waves and beamed across the stage. The Electric Eye picked up the light waves and transposed them back into sound—out of loud speakers. If this hasn't been described scientifically—we know you will just have to take our impressions. To make it even more dramatic—a screen recorded the sound waves of the playing record. You could hear the sound as well as see the peculiar waves they made. Mr. Gluesing shut off the amplifier and asked the audience to whistle the melody using the visual waves as a guide.

FIRE-FLY DEBUNKING

He then exploded the theory of "what makes a firefly light up". He took a chemical solution and mixed up a batch, remarking that it cost many, many times the expense of ordinary electric bulbs. As he poured the glowing liquid out, he commented, "If you ever drank a cocktail of this—you would really be lit up."

Stroboscopic rays were demonstrated. These enable you to see a fast moving object just as though it was standing still. For instance he had a plate with a drawing of a gear. This was whirled around until it fades into a blur. Then he turned on the stroboscopic rays and you could see the gear pattern plainly—in spite of the plate spinning at terrific speed. He tried other patterns and the illusions were both amusing and instructive.

Truly a "House of Magic"!

Broadcast

Continued From the First Page

on "Amapola," while Louisa Buckinger "took a vocal solo flight on 'I Didn't Know What Time It Was.'" Then they blended voices in a rhythmic "Hawaiian War Chant."

Al Jerusavice turned in a smooth tenor on "Take it from there."

Sgt. Shorty Delorme of Finance counted up his vocal notes and arrived at the conclusion that "It Can't Be Wrong."

In the opener, Fred Waring's Baseball Salute came in for a kidding with a few local angles substituted.

The "American Patrol" started the program with plenty of pep and the Troubadours marched off with "Blues on Parade."

Cpl. Jack Eaves directed the Troubadours.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

witty asides—and we quote.

"During a rotten show (four star stinker we call them) some of our artists take this opportunity to practice their handshadows of rabbits, birds, etc., as the beam of light is just above the heads of the audience. They are pretty good at it too. It is particularly interesting to see right in the middle of a love scene a pair of ducks flying around the heads of the movie stars.

Another advantage we have over the movies in the States is the special privilege of demanding that they show a certain part over again.

222,249
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Usually as in the case of a new song in a musical comedy. Just a few minutes to back up the machine and then we have a repetition of the song. In Bob Hope pictures we go back and hear the jokes that were missed by continuous laughter.

Chinese swarm to the show like flies to a pie. They will crowd around the windows and stand in the back for hours just to see a few minutes of any show. Most of them don't know a word of English but got a tremendous kick out of the action. Anyone getting shot, an automobile accident, or airplane crash is considered sufficient reward for their inconvenience. After the First Western Thriller we had, all the Americans went up 100 per cent in the estimation of several Chinese. Through an interpreter we learned that they thought it was pretty decent of us to help fight the war in China when the Indians back in the States were shooting burning arrows into our unprotected homes. Oh well, who are we to make a liar out of Hollywood?

Well so long for now. Write to Washington in your spare time and ask them to send us some WAAC's.

Signed Greg Carpenter

He also added his own special P. S.—like this with an arrow pointing to the sentence.) Send us some WAAC's" "and I do mean you, honey." Aaah, Romance is wonderful.

WEDNESDAY

We never realized before, how many old jokes are getting a new face-lifting in "War Humor" Apparently, good old Joe Miller has become a best seller—with all the old minstrel jokes being turned into Army Comedy.

Take for instance Sambo, who says to the interlocutor—"Boss, do you know I was up to my gal's house and her mother says—'Young man, do you think you can stay here all night?' Then I says—'I don't know—I'll have to call my mother first.' Then all you do is change the word 'mother' into C.O. and you have an Army joke. Probably that's why current jokes are called C-O-R-N. They get them from a M-I-L-L-E-R. (A pun is the lowest form of corn).

THURSDAY

Again we tried to get some audience participation stunts going—but none of the Dow Field hostesses would come up to the platform. After the roll of tissue we awarded last week perhaps they are getting wary.

The battle of perfume that we had waiting would have torn the nostrils off a horse. Phew—

Sounds incredible, but we just read of a soldier sleeping in a zipper type sleeping bag—a storm came up and a bolt of lightning dive-bombed his bag, completely welding the zipper, sealing him inside. Wonder how he got out. The article says he was uninjured, but it must have left him confined to his bed.

Our regular broadcast went off without too much of a hitch. It was Rosalie Lief's first appearance and she did a swell job.

FRIDAY

A lieutenant in a southern camp, reading about a radio show in the Army Times, has asked for an exchange of scripts. Maybe we can get in a National hook-up—

"Hitler rumor of the week dept." Adolph they say is happy only when in the company of children. (Guess they must be the only people who still drool when he talks).

While we're on the job of gagging up the Axis—here's a ton mot from the Baer Field paper. We quote, "looks like he's a has-Benito."

SATURDAY

Too much to do today to do much "off the cuff" writing. Why does everything happen on week-ends? Just finished making arrangements for Sgt. Frank Chamberlin to sing at The University of Maine, on Monday. Darn god sport—Frank. We're tossing in a chalk talk.

U. S. O. Show

Continued from the First Page

gum under seats we knew we were in America." Another gag—"We wanted to entertain boys in far away places—so we came to a very lonely spot, at the end of the world—Dow Field." With Trixie on the accordion and he singing, they really gave.

Bert Redford had an act that was full of surprises—from con-



"He got this idea for sentry duty while spending a furlough at Atlantic City!"

Tsk Tsk Dept.

It tickles! Yank soldiers are learning strange customs in different parts of the world. For instance, one lad wrote that when he dates a certain Eskimo girl in Alaska they don't kiss good night—they rub noses.

Another must have met some dusky maidens in a part of the Pacific, for he sent his girl friend a pair of nose rings with this note: "Try these for size, Gertrude."

Another encountered some cannibal tribes, also in the Pacific, and wrote his mother: "Is Uncle Henry still so fat? Gee, some friends I made here would love to eat him."

A young lad in Canada winged a paper plane out a 6th floor window. The paper plane smacked in the nose a horse which was pulling a wagon. The horse—with the wagon rattling behind him—dashed through eight city blocks before he was stopped. On his way he upset a cart of vegetables, knocked down two cops, busted a plate glass window, frightened a child into swallowing two sticks of chewing gum, and upset a sign advertising chocolate bars. (Great oaks from little acorns grow. Let's turn him loose on Hitler.)

A certain Nazi Colonel picked up in North Africa isn't doing any sun bathing this summer, thank you. He has Adolf Hitler tattooed on his chest.

A man was having dinner in Paducah, Kentucky, when the phone rang. A voice on the other end asked: "Are you going out this evening?"

The gentleman answered: "Yes, I am. Say—who is this?"

At that point the party on the other end hung up. The gentleman shrugged his shoulders and went back to his ration points. After dinner he went out—just like he said.

When he came home the gentleman found that his house had been thoroughly ransacked and that \$20 in cash was missing. (Look before you leap.)

7. Price, C.—Aviation 42
8. Houghton—Air Base 42
9. Toomey—Air Base 42
10. Horodysky—Signal 42
11. Britnall—Quartermaster 42
12. Jones, Wm.—Quartermaster 42
13. Gregory—Quartermaster 42

HIGH MEN IN CHIN UP
NAME ORGANIZATION SCORE
1. Surles—Air Base 15
2. Kelleschl—Medics 15
3. McMullen—Aviation 14
4. Luther—Aviation 14
5. Baysmore—Aviation 13
6. Deysmond—Quartermaster 13
7. Kilcoyne—Quartermaster 13
8. Emilburger—Quartermaster 13

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET

STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

South Sea Sgt. Writes Own Guide For Return to U.S.

Impressed by the great value of the little pocket guide books issued by the War Department to soldiers going on duty in foreign lands, Sgt. Leon D. Held, on duty somewhere in the Southwest Pacific, has been struck with the idea that soldiers so long away from their own homeland will be in need of a similar guide book to reintroduce them to the United States when they return.

"When they return," Sergeant Held says, "accustomed as they are to behavior governed by the printed page, they may not find it easy to adapt themselves to our quaint ways." Accordingly the Sergeant has drafted some do's and don'ts, which Associated Press dispatches this week reported as follows:

"Americans usually open a conversation by asking 'well, what's new?' It is not necessary to reply to this except by saying, 'well, what's new with you?'"

"The monetary system is rather confusing. Regardless of the denomination, five, 10 and 20 dollar bills are all the same size. A nickel (worth only five cents) is almost twice as large as a dime (worth 10 cents). Two-dollar bills are tabu and the natives are extremely superstitious about them.

"Listen patiently when the veterans of the First World War tell you how much tougher things were in their day. Remember they had to listen to the Spanish-American war veterans, who in turn had to listen to the Civil War veterans.

"In some parts of the United States eggs in powdered form are unobtainable, and you will have no choice but to eat them directly from the shell. However, it is always advisable to boil them first. In the rural districts it is also difficult to get dried vegetables owing to a lack of dehydrating equipment.

"You may be shocked to see beets, turnips and potatoes displayed in the market in their natural state, with bits of garden soil still clinging to them. Yet when mashed and properly prepared, these vegetables can be quite palatable. The natives seem to thrive on them.

"In churches and auditoriums and other public places you will often see women surreptitiously slipping their feet out of their shoes and wiggling their toes. This is strictly a feminine prerogative, and has no religious significance. Do not attempt to imitate them. Always be tactful. If, for example, you notice that your Aunt Beulah has had her extra chin removed by plastic surgery, don't congratulate her. This operation is known as "losing face" and the natives are very sensitive about it.

"But after all, the best way to understand the Americans is to settle down and actually live with them. They are really a very friendly people in spite of the apparent ferocity of their handshakes and their violent backslapping. They mean well. Remember their civilization is much younger than that of Europe and Asia. They are just great, big overgrown children at heart and should be treated as such.

In fact, any woman under 35 may safely be addressed as "baby," and when you can do that buddy, you know you are home again."

SNAKE HUNTER

CAMP BEALE, Calif.—Pvt. Freeman Swenson probably has the strangest assignment in the 13th Armored (Black Cats) Division. He's the division's official snake hunter.

Swenson has been detailed by G-1 to make a collection of snakes for display to all units of the Black Cats. And after he finishes his lectures on snake habits, soldiers will know whether to move over and make room for friendly snakes, or to scam, but quick.

So far Swenson has caught five snakes on the reservation, and has been bitten once.

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	Seconds
1. Norman—Aviation	39
2. Johnson—Aviation	41
3. Garth—Aviation	41
4. Halsy—Aviation	41
5. Miller—Aviation	41
6. Wilder—Aviation	42

Guard Squadron

Pfc. MORRIS POLLECK
"Hainit Like"

How does one go about writing a column for a squadron? You have a week in between columns, you don't take notes, and a day before the deadline you realize that you haven't gathered any news whatsoever. So with twenty-four hours to go you get on edge, news, happenings, what's what, whose who, becomes the item to contend with. So as a last resort you use the roving method.

You walk into the mess hall for dinner, there's a spot where you ought to get a line on some doings, so you think you're standing in line waiting to be served, when this enters your ears, Cpl. Patterson to Pvt. Sunseri, "quit shoving, what's your hurry. You receive your victuals, sit down at the table, and Pvt. Henderson says to you, "Yanko is looking for you. "What's the matter", I ask, "He says in your last column you had Pvt. before his name, and you know he's a Pfc, he wants an apology." "Well," I says, it's just a mistake." "I know," he says, but he's looking for you." So I hurry up the meal, I'm really on edge now, he's looking for me.

In walks Pvt. Hoffman, "Hoffman," I says, listen I've got to have some news for the column, how about some leads, you go to Brewer once in awhile, how about it." "Big deal", he says, "but don't say I told you, it's secret, Pfc. Toomey beat Pvts. Petan, Cybulski, and Whalen in a game of golf the other evening." "What's the secret," I ask. "Toomey did it with a score of 194 for the nine holes."

Who should I see at one of the tables, none other than Cpl. Downing, just returned from physical training school, "come here," he says, I want to tell you about some new methods of calisthenics I've brushed up on." I'm out for news, he comes in with calisthenics, don't finish my desert and make for the supply room.

Now there's a place where Pvt. Jewell has really developed his voice, he bawls me out in a sort of a soprano like tone now. "Jewell," I says, "bawling me out is one thing, helping me out is another, I've got to have some news for the column." "Now, let me see," he says, tonight I'll bring her flowers, no, don't you think a box of chocolates would be much better." I wonder is he that way about a certain party?

In walks Sgt. Oleson, "Oleson" I says, I remember when you drove a tank, you've got to give me a steer on some news." "Eoy have I got something that will knock you off your feet," he says, "Cpls. Shepherd and Williams were looking for their slippers yesterday, they found them over at the base theatre." "How did that happen?" I asked. "They saw the picture 'Behind the Rising Sun'." The actors took off their slippers so much, they followed suit." How can any one walk out of a theatre that way, and since when did they start going to the movies?

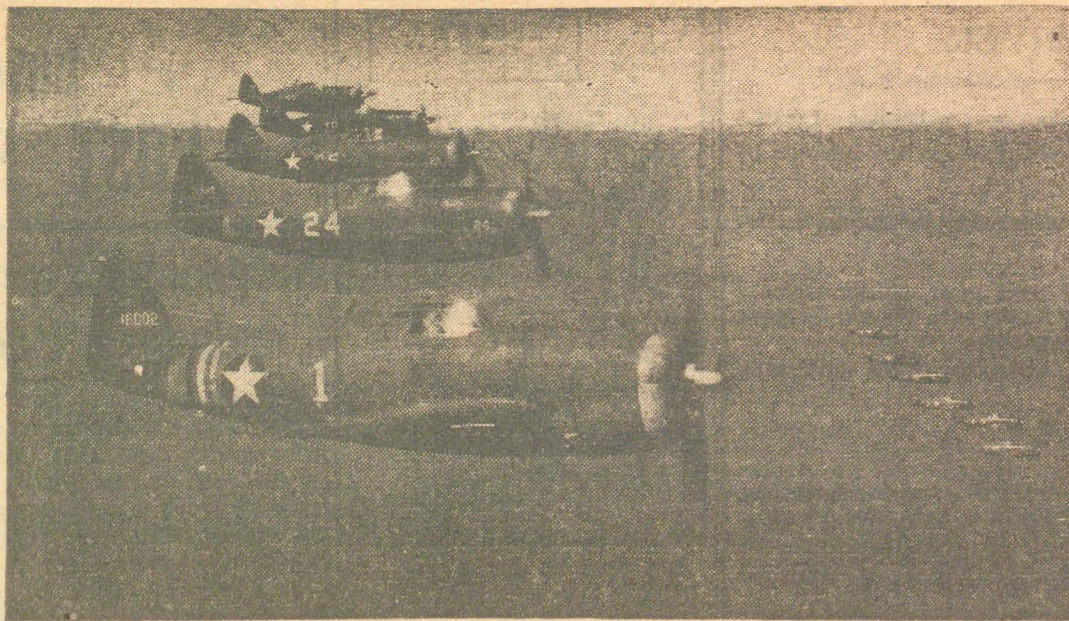
Those two soldiers who keep following each other around, if you saw the picture "Man Hunt", where the Gestapo agent is right on the heels of the one who is being pursued would give you an idea. Pfc. Renaud and Pvt. Schwarz, walk in. "Say, I've got some news," says Renaud, I'll whisper it in your ear, I don't want Schwarz to hear it." "What is it?" I ask in a hushed

How to be sure
about her
diamond

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

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POISON FOR THE AXIS—All over the world's battlefronts these P-47 Thunderbolts, the Air Forces newest fighter planes, are making combat history. Armed with eight .50 calibre machine guns, the P-47's are as deadly as any fighter plane in action today. Newspapermen from Bangor to Washington saw evidences of their fire power during tests at the Suffolk Gunnery School at Long Island during General Ralph Royce's tour of First Fighter Command bases.

tone. "Langfelder, he says, it's about him, he went on sick call again yesterday." "Renaud, I says, you mean to tell me Schwarz doesn't know about it, who doesn't its no longer news, and he just can't stand to lose a game."

Oh! Oh! Physical fitness test, if I can only get a story between grunts, who should I see doing sit ups, Pvt. Chopick with Pvt. Bever holding his ankles down. "Chopick, how about a story for the column," I says as his elbow met his knee, "wait till I finish counting," he says, and he went on counting, 1,122, 1,123, 1,124. The soldier in charge called out, "How many sit ups, for Chopick?" Bever shouted back, "put him down for 45." I didn't wait for the story.

Coming up from T-6 who should I meet but Cpl. Young, "Say," he says, what's this I hear about Pfc. Minnie Giblin calling you up to get even with me because I told you about the boner she pulled at M. P. headquarters. She and Pvt. Lola May have been ribbing me ever since, I always get even with Miss May, kid her about Pfc. Scogin, you'll have to help me out with Giblin." It's wonderful when you have an M. P. talking with you, but when he starts talking against you, what a feeling.

Into the day room I go where the fellows sit around with hats off, Pvt. Duarte "Eddie" Viveiros is singing to the accompaniment of the victrola, and Pvt. Wertz saying something about raising five bucks, it would pep "Ellie" up. Pvt. Castriños shooting pool and saying "things have changed," to Pvt. Bryja, Fingerhoot, answers the phone with "Cpl. Fingerhoot speaking." Pfc. Morrison throwing darts and mumbling, to Pvt. Fisher, "let's hurry the game up, I got to get ready to go on duty to-night." That is news. Pvt. Blue walks up to you, the reason for that being, he generally rides a jeep, and a jeep would look silly in a day room. "Did you hear about Pvt. Stevenson shaving up at the lake without a mirror, shaved by watching the reflection of his face in the water, and now he thinks he can do it without a razor."

You leave the day room and start typing the column, you just about finish it, and are thinking of re-writing it when Pvt. Briggs comes in and asks you what you're doing, you tell him, he reads what you've written, then he asks you where he can empty the ashes in his pipe. "You wouldn't mind if I did it in the column," he says. I wonder if that was a hint to rewrite it?

Well, we ought to have some news next week with another outing coming up, there is going to be girls there this time, and when they are around and you don't hear anything then, brother, you're slipping. Sam, where did you put those aspirins?

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

Farewells, given by the Finance Detachment, have dominated the activities of the office the past few weeks. Last to be given a send-off were Lt. R. L. Wirth, Sgt. Frank Deery, Sgt. Frank Bertrand, Sgt. Dominic Simeone, Cpl. Stan Thomas, and Franklin Wallace. A dinner at the Penobscot Exchange Hotel Thursday, with music and singing, highlighted the evening. Everyone had a grand time and the detach-

Medical Corps

By T.-Cpl. Robert V. Howard

Here it is again! The column that appears and disappears. We'll try to keep it under control in the future.

And what's happening lately in the hospital area? Well—for one thing the boys are planning on hiking across the fields and through the Maine woods in the near future. We all remember the swell hikes we had last fall and so we know just what to expect! Some will actually have lots of fun—others will complain of sore and aching feet—and some will slip and fall in puddles, cricks, and mudholes whereas the more flighty ones will jump over them. What do we get out of these hikes? A few of the things these hikes are really for are to strengthen our leg muscles, develop better lungs (clear out the stale beer fumes) and to get us back in condition after a long period of little exercise. Cheer up fellers! These hikes are gonna be OK!

One of our boys, Aage Holk by name, is on Ward 3 recuperating from a leg operation. Why not drop by in your spare hours, fellows, and see how he's doing.

Sgt. Marcus! Those tomatoes are really growing aren't they? We can hardly wait until they're ready to eat. Some of the boys are actually carrying salt shakers around with them already! Guard them close Jack!

Cpl. Nick Montabiano wanted on

ment will feel the loss of the men who left. We wish each and every one of them the best of luck.

Back from furlough and looking all the better for it is Pfc. Elmer Wyatt. Elmer visited Indianapolis, Ind., and seemed right on the ball the first day back.

We welcome our new Assist. Finance Officer Ernest R. Koss W/O j.g., who will become a member of the Finance Detachment. The organization gives you its heartiest cooperation and hope you enjoy your assignment here.

Touch football seems to enliven the physical training hour. Tuesday's class flashes some stay ball toters and passers. In fact confidence has been built so high they have challenged the Monday class to a game. No definite acceptance has yet been received.

A picnic lunch and dance, to the rhythmic tunes of the Aviation Sqd. was held at Hermon Pond. Much credit, for one of the most successful parties held by the Finance Detachment, is due Mrs. Shaw, who made the arrangements. Her capable management has provided many enjoyable parties and outings for the base.

Due to leave on furlough is Cpl. Ford Lewis, who is about due to head south for Atlanta, Georgia.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor
House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St.

Bangor

Headquarters

By Sgt. Freddie Neumann

News this week is as scarce as a meat ration coupon. M-Sgt. Paul Bolden left for a furlough and is now back in Pennsylvania. T-4 Sally Neary is tearing her hair out; having a swell time; wishing he were here. But—who is the lonesome one? One guess!

Sgt. "Red" Roy of Distribution seems lost without "Mother" Cray. He claims no one will pick on him. If that's what you want, Red, I can fix that up. Poor boy!

Did you see Sgt. Vin Duff pacing the corridor last week. You'd think he was enacting the role of the expectant father. When I asked him to explain his apparent concern, he said "I'm sweating out guard mount." You see, he's subbing for the Sgt. Major at Formal Guard Mount during his absence. How did it go, Vin? You sure did look worried.

Now that the other members of the Legal Dept. brought up the question, I'll ask it. Who is the "mystery woman" Cpl. Berkson goes down to meet every night at the main gate? Any information leading to her identification will probably lead to disaster.

We hear that S-Sgt. Andy Zuffall has been receiving notes from one of the girls in Personnel And he answers them, too. Let's get together, children. And careful one of those missives doesn't fall into the wrong hands.

T-4 Beatrice Goldstein seems unusually happy. Someone told me that they saw her with two very attentive admirers the other night. Now, Goldy, which one gets the deciding nod.

Since Davis left Personnel, Sgt. Arvin Wood has had to pursue an even course. One of the girls tells me that he has his eye on someone else, now. Those fellows from New Mexico let no grass grow under their feet. And by the way, when you corner "Woody", ask him to give forth about the women down in "good old New Mexico." Mark my words, you'll be stuck for many hours.

The Passing Parade: T-4 Dene Besser making sure each office is running smoothly; T-5 Gert Kingston (and everyone else in S-4) checking each day to make sure a desk didn't "walk" away during the night; T-5 Earline Besley remodeling the File Room and everything else in sight; Afc. Diana Ellsworth arranging tea parties; Sgt. Vin Duff shuttling between headquarters and the new Publication Section across the way; S-Sgt. Ralph Vaughn running to the dictionary to double check his brain work; T-4 Sally Neary cornering everyone to autograph her seal—yes I said seal.

R. C. WILLISTON

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OPTICIAN18 Central St., Bangor, Me.
EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES
FITTED, LENSES GRIND
WHILE YOU WAITSAFETY-TOE
WORK SHOESBOTH
HIGH SHOES
AND
OXFORDSATTENTION
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.

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BANGOR SHOE STORE
29 Mercantile Sq. Next to Merchants Bank

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Editorial

JOBS FOR SOLDIERS

"Jobs for soldiers after the war? Hell, we've got a job now. Maybe we won't need a job later! One at a time is enough, anyway!"

That's what we say, but only in our more pessimistic moments.

Although it may look dim, the future, our future, is there, constantly looming in the distance. And we cling to the idea of that future. It is what makes bearable the present and anything the present may bring. In our dreams is the fragrant kitchen with Mom in her apron; the front porch swing; the corner movies; the house down the street where Jane lives; the old job—is it still waiting?

That's why we buy War Bonds now. They mean security and jobs for us later. Having bonds, we'll have money to buy the things we need—new clothes, perhaps a down payment on a new home. There will be more jobs open to makers and sellers of those new clothes; more jobs open to real estate men, carpenters, lumbermen, plumbers, painters, electricians, for those new homes.

Money brings money. Money opens up new jobs, reopens old plants. The original money that we are going to see multiplied is the cash we save now through our Pay Allotments for War Bonds.

We save it today that we may have it tomorrow!

THE ATTACK IS ON!

The attack is on! American soldiers are gaining ground rapidly in enemy territory.

The Allies have taken the offensive, from Oran to Bizerte, from Tunis to Pantelleria, from Sicily to Rome, from Guadalcanal to New Georgia.

The toll is men and ships and planes and guns and bombs and bullets.

We are buying that gained ground dearly.

The soldiers and sailors, marines and commandos, pilots and bombardiers are paying for it. We at home, training at First Service Command installations or working in depots, ordnance plants or War Department offices, we must pay too.

It's up to us to keep supplies and ammunition rolling to our forces. We must support them at any cost.

We've got to back the attack with bonds.

It's our small part in the actual invasion of Europe, in the ultimate victory of Democracy.

Survey Shows What Typical G. I. Is Made Of

"Sugar and Spice" is what little girls are supposed to be made of, but what do you suppose Joe G. I. is made up of. Uncle Sam wanted to find out. Questions were thrown at new recruits, data sheets were scanned and after a going over the facts boil down to this and we quote:

"Enlisted men represent an accurate cross section of young healthy, male Americans.

Half of them are under 25 years of age, and less than one in five has reached the age of 30.

Three out of five come from towns and cities.

Two-thirds are single.

They form by far the best-educated Army the world has ever seen. Two-thirds have been to high school, and more than an eighth have been to college. This compares with the four-fifths of the 1917-18 Army who had never gone beyond grammar school.

Despite their high educational level the great majority of the men are poorly informed about important current events.

In a typical four-week period, almost half the men attend church at least once.

On an average off-duty night, most enlisted men don't drink—and most of those who do stick to beer.

Writing letters home is one of their most frequent off-duty activities.

Movies are the favorite type of organized entertainment.

And there was the draftee who thought the harder he pulled the trigger the farther the bullet would go.



"I'll have a putter, please—I seem to have left mine at home!"

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Congratulations are in order in different ways, so we shall start off by wishing two members of our company and the new additions to their families loads and loads of everything that is good. Lt. and Mrs. Martin B. Mahoney, one baby boy. Sgt. and Mrs. Solomon also a baby boy.

In the marriage column none other than our old friend T-Sgt. Joseph Mollica to Miss Kelly of the Quartermaster Office, on behalf of the company best wishes are expressed for both of you.

I hear that S-Sgt. Goyette has been bowling with one of the commissary girls and that he has been trying to hush up his near defeat.

Pfc. Cooky Adams missed his pay last month, and the way some of the dogs have been digging up things around the area, the boys are inclined to think Cooky has some buried around the lot.

That goat that paid us a visit last week was a genial old fellow, he was especially fond of Sgt. Deyermund by paying him a personal call letting him know that it was time to get up for the day's work.

Received a card from Cpl. McGuinness at Miami and he says the going is tough and wished that yours truly had been the victim. He said that I am taking time out from sweating to send my regards along to the boys and that he would like to hear from you.

The P. T. tests are over for a while and from all indications we shall be near if not on the top. The next tests will arrive on or about November, in the meantime classes shall go on. Touch football and other running games shall be introduced, so start planning your team, inter-barrack competition should be keen rivalry.

The pool table has been in constant use by men with names beginning with R. One evening the following were playing all at once, Roe, Reyes, Reed, Real and Randolph.

Pfc. Gilmore said he could have 50 setups if he did not have his false molars in, as it was he performed forty-eight, second highest man in the company who was Sgt. Deyermund with fifty. Gilmore says he is completely satisfied since he beat out Pvt. Hickey, better known as Charles Atlas by the boys in 211.

M-Sgt. Skypok is on a belated honeymoon, no doubt they will enjoy themselves if they visit all the places planned.

By the time this is at press, some of our friends shall be well on their way to one of the various flying schools, our best wishes go along with Sgt. Deyermund, Cpl. Thompson, Cpl. Brintnall and Pfc. Boland.

Cpl. Tom Mollica Kilcoyne has been a very quiet boy while his pal T-Sgt. Joseph Kilcoyne Mollica was away getting married, it seems that he will have to find a new friend as the Sgt. has promised to cleave to his wife and no man shall interfere, that is not the correct words, but since I am not the official chaplain it is not necessary to abide by the book, how about that Thomas?

Pvt. Courville is learning his new duties in 202 as no other person has. He has a WAC showing him the ropes and he seems to be part of her or I should say her shadow.

Did you know if your record is good and you have been in the service over one year you are entitled to wear the good conduct ribbon. If in doubt see your First Sgt.

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Sergeant Erwin Has Big Moment Conducting Band For Roosevelt

"Tonight the entire Dow Field Army Band will give a concert of light classics. T-Sergeant Raymond Erwin will conduct." You have probably heard that announcement either over WLBZ or at T-6 where the show originates.

Now let's take a look behind the baton and get the lowdown on the sergeant.

For one thing, Erwin has without doubt more years in the service than many of the boys in the band put together. All together they add up to 24 years. Sixteen years in the Artillery, six years in the Infantry, and now it's two years in the Air Corps.

"It was back in 1919," Sgt. Erwin reflected "that I first got into the army. A mere stripling of a kid—17 years old in fact—and boy, the army was different in those days. Why, do you know, that I didn't even see the supply sergeant for the first six months. You just stepped up to a cubby-hole—and woosh—your clothing came to you (no matter what size) and you wore it." (Somehow that sounds like our

first days too).

Erwin decided pretty early in his army life to study music. He had big ambitions—so he studied big things—the tuba for instance.

Not content with keeping the morale up with the music—he went in for pistol shooting. Keen-eyes and steady aim had him hitting the bull's eye with amazing accuracy. When the top-notch pistol experts were put into world championship he was selected as his regimental champ.

Gosh, we almost forgot our lead angle. Sergeant Erwin has conducted bands while Marshal Foch listened. General Pershing personally commended his playing, and in top place he conducted the band for a celebration in Canada—with President Roosevelt as a guest.

"Do you have any particular musical favorite?" we asked in our quest for information.

"It seems to me that the "Wedding of the Winds" would place high in my all-time hit parade," he replied, "with anything by Victor Herbert sharing honors—and do I go for Spanish music. They've got plenty of rhythm."

He waved his baton and suggested, "I like music with plenty of full melody". We were fascinated by his precise detail—perspiration poured down his face and as the full band hit their stride—so did we—thankful that we didn't have to carry a tuba.

Hitler has had more trouble training sub crews than building subs. In the last war, turning point of sea war came when German sub crews began to give up the fight. The American's sense of humor makes him a better sub man than the German who cracks under the strain.

Commendations For Guard Duty

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

Sunday: Pvt. P. Harmon, Guard Squadron; Pvt. E. Green, Aviation; Pfc. V. Ramsey, Air Base Squadron; and Pvt. B. G. Morrison, Engineers.

Monday: Pvt. A. Boyd, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. E. Woodard, Guard Squadron; and Pvt. G. Van Patton, Air Base Squadron.

Tuesday: Pvt. L. Jackson, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. R. Barbour, Guard Squadron.

Wednesday: Pvt. Wallace Garvel, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Virgil Ramay, Air Base Squadron; and Pvt. Edward Rose, Engineers.

Thursday: Pfc. Proyer, Engineers; Pvt. Ciavatta, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Galante, Air Base Squadron; and Pvt. Johnson, Aviation Squadron.

Friday: Pvt. Sam Sunsari, Guard; Pvt. David C. Davis, Aviation; Pvt. Russell J. Richey, Air Base.

WHEN NATURE FORGETS...REMEMBER

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✓ not too mild!
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BANGOR, ME.

POST THEATRE

WEEK OF AUGUST 16th

Monday—HI DIDDLE DIDDLE—Martha Scott, Adolphe Menjou

Tuesday—ARABIAN NIGHTS—Jon Hall, Maria Montez, Sabu

Wednesday—THE FALCON IN DANGER—Tom Conway, Jean Brooks

Thursday—THAT NAZTY NUISANCE—Bobby Watson, Joe Devlin

Friday—DUBARRY WAS A LADY—Red Skelton, Lucille Ball, Tommy Dorsey

Saturday—SPOTLIGHT SCANDALS—Billy Gilbert, Frank Fay, Bonnie Baker

Sunday—HEAVEN CAN WAIT—Don Ameche, Gene Tierney

2 Showings Daily—6 P. M. and 8 P. M.—Sun. Extra Mat. at 2:30

A WAACY VIEW

(A diary of doings on the WAAC Reservation)



PFC. SHIRLEY F. HIRSCHAUT

The sun, crossing the sky on the afternoon of August 9, 1943, hovered over Dow Field as in tribute to the rows of girls who raised their right hands and took the oath that made them part of "The Army of the United States." At the end of the ceremony the band roared forth into "You're In the Army Now," and "This Is the Army Mr. Jones."

The oath had been administered by Major Duby and the band had played the National Anthem, while cameras of all sizes and shapes clicked over and over. (I wish they would tell me where they got film.)

During the rest of the afternoon the newly-made soldiers were treated to cokes by their non-coms and officers. Now that we are privates and such, I wonder who will be pulling rank on whom.

Those that missed the excitement were on, I imagine, a much deserved furlough. They included: AFC Armiento, T-5 R. Biddinger, AFC Caldwell, AFC Cray, AFC Fraunfelder, T-5 L. Haley, Aux. Kyle, AFC McMillen, Aux. Naiman, Aux. Puecio, and T-5-R Thompson.

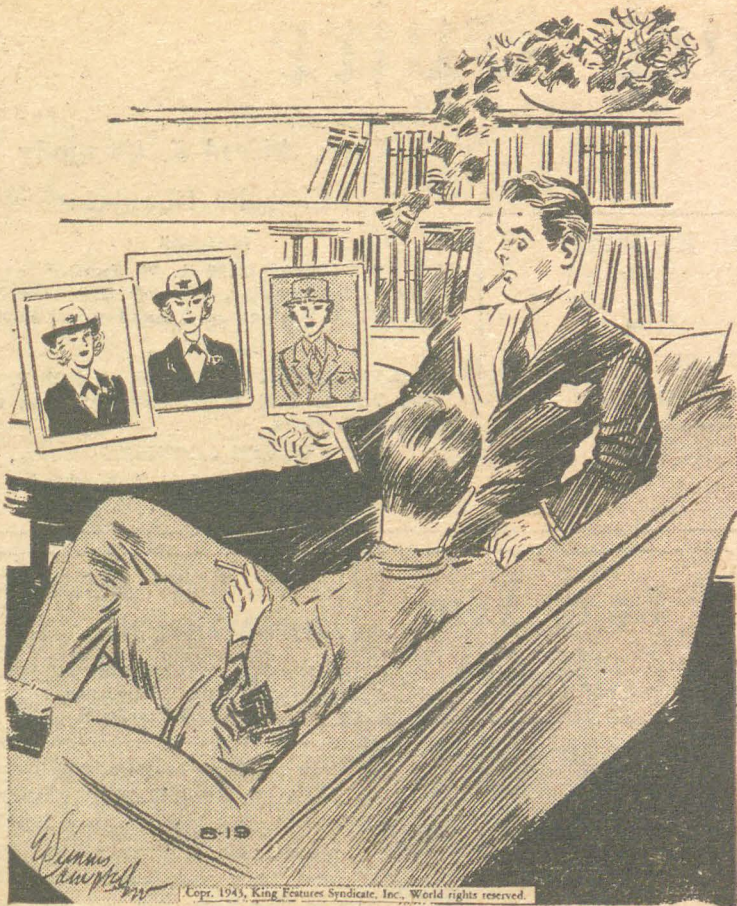
The only civilians we have up on the hill are Gladys, our hairdresser, and Marie, our sooper-doooper PX lady. Gladys insists that instead of taking a vacation this year she will take a furlough.

I will have to admit I was the height of laziness Sunday when I let the Medics row me around Green Lake in a canoe. Even from the lake I couldn't miss seeing Aux. Wanda Cannon push Lt. Cornwall into the lake and then tumble into it herself with the able assistance of Aux. Colsher from behind.

Aux. Chubinsky and Gladys made plans last week to spend last Sunday bicycling to a lake and have a picnic. As an afterthought Gladys decided to take her two small sisters. She called them on the phone to tell them and they asked who else was going. Gladys answered that CHUBBY was. Little sister wanted to know if she was, well shall we say . . . plump. Chubby is a nickname not a . . . figure of speech.

At the USO this past week one couldn't help noticing the fact that the Weather girls and boys seem to be getting along better than expected.

Margie Taylor and Edith Delaney of the USO camp shows had the misfortune to sleep in the first platoon while they were with us. (Misfortune because I live there.) About 10 o'clock in the morning after a show in the bivouac area they were aroused to hear Sgt. Godin saying, "I've never seen such a dirty inspection." (Yes boys, she is still inspecting). At which remark both girls piped up with reasons as to why their things weren't neat by inspection time. I stuck my head out from between the sheets



"They're old girls of mine. Two of them went to sea and the other ran away and joined the army!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Heard on the radio: Col. Stoopnagle to society woman.

Col.: Did you know we were mentioned in the columns last week?

Society Lady: Oh, were we? I didn't notice.

Col.: Sure, it said—which glamour girl was seen with which radio comedian, at which cafe, at which hour.

Society Lady: How thrilling! You mean I am the glamour girl!

Col.: Oh no, you are the witch.

She: "Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

He: "Thanks."

Best definition we've ever heard of a GI haircut: "A patch of hair with white sidewalls."

Sergeant: "Ah, what a beautiful girl she is. She wears those Biblical gowns, too."

Corporal: "Biblical gowns?"

Sergeant: "Yeah, you know, low and behold."

A Pullman porter who had started out on an all-night train trip found his run cancelled unexpectedly. Returning home, he took a look around and then began to strop his razor vigorously.

"What are you doin', Sam?" asked his wife.

"If dem shoes stickin' out from under the bed ain't got no feet in 'em, ah is gonna shave!"

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little

and said, "There is no excuse in the Army," and promptly went to sleep again while Sgt. Godin went out. The girls found out later that she was kidding them, but they certainly were worried that they spoiled inspection for us girls. Good Sports.

I keep wondering why all the girls have been going to Bar Harbor for their three day passes. Could it be the sailors?

When Aux. Colsher's friend went on furlough Sara worried until she heard from him and then promptly lost his address on the way to the picnic. We're sure everything will be all right.

All things, good and bad, as the saying goes, must come to an end and so does this. Tally-ho.

dinner in a private room at a roadhouse. As the meal neared its finish, he cleared his throat and said, "Er-er, how about a little demi-tasse now, dear?"

"I knew it, I knew it," exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing!"

"If I threw you a kiss across the dance floor, would you consider it bold?"

"Nope, just lazy!"

Best rookie story we've heard in a long time comes to us via Camp Croft. Seems the rookie was pacing up and down the highway in front of the main gate for almost an hour. Finally the sentry of the guard became curious. He called an extra guard who went out to the highway. The next time the rookie passed he challenged him. "Halt," he said, "who goes there?" "Private Smith, Barracks 410," came the answer. "Advance and be recognized." The rookie advanced with his pass in his hand.

"Look," he said to the guard, "this pass says I can stay out to midnight but it's only 11:30 and I'm tired as hell. Would it be all right to let me in now?"

The corporal picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "Hello, baby," he said, "this is Gideon."

"Who?" said the girl.

"Gideon," he said.

"I can't understand you very well," she said, "the wire is so noisy."

"Look," said the corporal. "It's Gideon. G for gin, I for ice, D for drinking, E for excess, O for off duty and N for nothing to do. Get that?"

"Well," said the girl, "not all of it, but come on over anyway."

Nine Men Made Instructors In Water Safety Course

During the past week—a dozen men have been going through a vigorous course in water safety. Among the conditioning tests were such stunts as these: Jumping with full equipment, including helmet and pack. Then treading water and removing shoes. Next is a jump into fire with clothes on. This is followed by a jump plus removing pants and

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

Donaghue and Link had quite a time for themselves while on "detached service" and taking daily lessons on the finer points of aquatic locomotion, and how to be "water commandos." "Don" has been exhibiting his Weismueller build all week. Those white eyebrows of his seem a little out of place with the Charles Atlas stance.

Our sympathy to T/Sgt. Steinberg and "Corn Cob" Niles on their acquisition of cases of the Hives. Niles has his in a very annoying spot or should we say embarrassing spot.

Last week a bunch of the boys were discussing the relative merits of the German planes. Some claimed the Focke-Wulf was the best and others liked the Messerschmitt but Jackson (the head) claimed that the Luftwaffe was the best ship they had! The AAF is one of the best too! or better still far superior to the Luftwaffe in fire, power and speed. Must we go any further?

"Tex" Clark overheard complaining about the price of a hamburger, "why down home we could raise a bull for that much."

"Flip" Fosburg let himself in for something when he started getting fancy with his shootin' iron the other day. He was seen last week instructing a class in rifle nomenclature and has apparently gotten a steady job. We figure a guy would simply have to be an expert to maneuver a "piece" around that Proboscis.

Sorry about the bad news. "Marty," we don't like it any better than you do.

"Ach, Ach" Moore prefixes and ends all conversation with the word "Hey." Must be tough to have a one word vocabulary.

Scenes here and there:—McLiesh buying a Superman book, shyly explaining it was for the kid brother back home—must be they don't sell 'em in Pittsburgh. . . . "Tex" Clark imbibing an orange soda in a popular downtown spot—we couldn't believe our eyes either. . . . K. P. bringing Niles a glass of water and napkin during one of his late meal sessions.—They wanted him to feel at home seeing as how he practically lives there. Even the cooks have adopted the reading—while-you-eat habit. . . . Zombie expert Cunningham experimenting with his favorite hobby Saturday night. . . . Harry Mortenson on his second "tour of duty" at the kitchen. Personally we'd rather remain passless. . . . Haughney having his molars remodeled by an unknown assailant. JY is a good man to have around in certain situations, don't you think Emmett? . . . "Snorky" Provin escorting something special in the female line, attired in an evening gown, down the thoroughfare and looking mighty proud about it—He should, boy what taste!

We hate to write "FINIS" to this master piece but to those kindly souls who have read this far we must say "adieu."

floating for five to 10 minutes. Then you float with a barracks bag.

If you haven't drowned by that time, you try the business of rescuing people. For instance, a front head lock carried on a cross chest fashion, and there's the rear head lock carried by the hair. Added to this is a double grip—carried by the head. Number four is a tired swimmer carrying. A final test, is swimming a side stroke 400 yards—and a breast stroke—another 400 yards.

Here's the fellows who have completed the above with the title of—Water Safety and Instructions in Swimming. Sgts. John Donahue, Al Jarusevice, Corporal John Horodysky, Pfc. Oren Doyle, Marlin Heitner, Thomas Ormond, and Pfts. Arthur Garth, Joseph Lee and Warren Ribblett.

Those qualifying as senior life savers are Pfts. Alfred Paulini, Hayward Bardliving, and Booker Halsey.

On the surface, a sub is propelled by Diesels. Newest models can travel at a sustained speed of 20 knots. Below, the sub runs on its batteries.

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



SNAP OUT OF IT SOLDIER!

Once there was a rich man to whom life had become only a weariness and vexation of spirit. He had so much more than he wanted that he had lost the incentive to further acquisition. His business ventures were a monotonous series of successes. In consequence, he became tired of life, and bored with daily routine. He no longer found pleasure in his business affairs. He became moody, morose, introspective, and presently developed a set of alarming symptoms of vital disorders which sent him scurrying in fear to a medical specialist.

Now, this doctor was wise enough to diagnose the case correctly, and knew that the hypochondriacal millionaire had none of the diseases he fancied were clutching at his vitals. As a part of the treatment prescribed, the doctor ordered the patient to learn to play a flute!

"Preposterous; Ridiculous!" the patient declared, but he began taking lessons. Progress was slow, because the man had no previous musical education. But from the very first day his health began to improve. After a few months' tutelage under an expert tutor, he was practically normal again. But he did not give up practicing on the flute. He was now determined to master the fool thing, or die in the attempt. He had been given something difficult to achieve—something to conquer—and the old-time zest was coming back to him.

The very uncertainty of human existence makes it the grandest adventure the human mind is capable of conceiving. The most thrilling tales invented by imaginative genius are but approximations of the experiences, opportunities, and possibilities which life holds, no matter how humdrum and prosaic the grooves in which we seem to be rolling. And therein lies the fun of waiting for the tomorrow, preparing for it, resolving to meet it bravely and hopefully, and trying to do the very best we can with it. There would be few rooters in the grandstands, or players in the field, if all knew beforehand just how the game would go.

The first paratrooper is reported to be a French captain who jumped in the spring of 1918, with an assistant and a load of explosives, to blow up German communications behind the lines.

FOR SOLDIERS FOOT PALS AND FLORSHEIM SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST.

BANGOR



Meet Me at LARRY'S

FOR DELICIOUS
HAMBURGERS
HOT DOGS

ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT
POST OFFICE SQ.

JOIN LIBERTY IN CARRYING TORCH FOR FREEDOM

"The wholehearted support of the voluntary system of pay-roll savings by employees of the Federal Government will have a most stimulating effect on our soldiers, sailors, and marines, as well as the millions of war workers in private industry; while our indifference seriously affects the support of those who look to us for guidance.

"It would please me very much if the employees of the Federal Government should lead the way in the development of the systematic method of sustained savings through the pay-roll allotment plan."

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR

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 Board

Representative
Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Capt. Alfred J. Carmody

Catholic Chaplain

MASSSES

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

Air Base Squadron

Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

Perhaps we're a little late—but we would like to put out the welcome mat to T-5 Duane Hazle—the new side kick of Joe Maluskey . . . they both get that gleam in their eye when they see a private on the loose . . . they get our vote as this week's Gruesome Twosome . . . Bouquets to the boys who worked so hard to get the Non-Com Club on its feet . . . Hear ye—Hear ye Joseph Joseph is hereby—with a flourish of trumpets and roll of drums—re-named Joseph Nyme . . . "Wait For Me Mary"—Sgt. Casey Duran's theme song and nightly prayer—and that gal we saw Casey waltzing with was no strawberry blond either . . . Please let George Wagner get his glasses—every night that I don't get any mail I'm sure it's because George overlooked it . . . Married life sure must be wonderful—look what it did to T-Sgt. Bill Whitney—he's so darn respectable it hurts—by the way Bill we're still waiting for the cigars from a certain proud poppa . . . The men in T-223 hope that they're going to be able to sleep night again—Pvt. Cornacchia is leaving . . . By the way, we hear it's quite a sad ceremony when Sgt. Caesar outfits a man for that long boat ride . . . What this country needs is a good 5 cent cigar—not the cornweeds that Martello, Sgt. Maschia, Cpl. Switlenko—and other members of Post No. 1 smoke . . . We think that a lot of boys are happy now that the pea season is over—but there's still potatoes and beans—so stiff upper lip fellows . . . We thought we were seeing double when Pvt. George Reid and his brother walked into the orderly room—George's twin brother is still a civilian but getting ready to don the khaki . . . The way we feel about it, George should take every other week off—working double shift with his brother . . . We still wonder if Butch of Penobscot fame is still on the mind of a certain adjutant—how about that Lt. Foster . . . Sad-Sack Potts is back with us again . . . M-Sgt. Bolden wants to know when the next Beer Bust is coming off—funds run kind of low around the 15th of the month—eh Paul . . . And we'll be darned if M-Sgt. Stitham wasn't red-lined on the supplementary . . . Was anybody around to hear S-Sgt. McInnis air his views on the "Gremlins" when he learned that he was red-lined . . . even our face was red . . . Well—somebody wants a new pair of shoes—so back to work we go—so keep smiling—let a smile be your umbrella—and smile darn you smile.

Those who don't read good books have no advantage over those who can't read them.

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

RECREATION HALL Open 09:00-22:00

Your favorite books and magazines invite you to relax and catch up on your reading. Writing tables suggest that letter you forgot to write.

Listen to your favorite radio programs. Join the baseball listeners group.

Ping-pong leads as an indoor sport at T15. Come try your skill. Other games are available.

Bring your friends and dance to the juke box.

You and your friends are always welcome in the homey atmosphere at T15.

ORDNANCE

CPL. BERT GAWLEY

On a recent Sunday afternoon the Ordnance held their summer picnic. The affair was a success. Beer and a buffet lunch of cold cuts were served, proportionate quantities of both were consumed with the beer having the slight lead in disappearance.

Swimming and rowing held full sway, with some of our more venturesome lads and lassies canoeing and a select few got a ride in a "Shh don't tell the Ration Board," rowboat with a kicker run with real gasoline.

The picnic was held at Pleasant Lake near Stetson, dancing was enjoyed in a large hall at the lake's edge, with music furnished from our own Victrola and a juke box.

The real merit and success of the party was measured in head sizes around the barracks the following day, quite a few of the boys complaining about their hats having shrunk.

Pfc. Diehl and Pfc. George are on D. S. at Westover Field for a three weeks' Army Specialty Training Course.

Pfc. J. Touler is a recent addition to Ordnance, John hails from Brooklyn over the Gowanus Canal, and is proud of it. Why? We don't know. His feet are dead ringers for Charlie Chaplins and his comedy and mimicry are reminiscent of that exponent of the pantomime. He is the only man of Ordnance who starts sliding for home when only half way from third base.

Sgt. Gantt made us a flying visit from D. S. at Bar Harbor looking as fit as a fiddle and saying that he will return to the fold in about three weeks and bring back our star soft ball pitcher, Pfc. Hammond.

Cpl. Devenney is on his furlough and has gone back to Mauch Chunk to thrill the homesters, incidentally to look up all the girls he has been faithful to. Have a good time Jim, but remember that you can't marry them all.

Pfc. Shea is our newest pool and billiard sensation supplanting none other than S/Sgt. Robert Shortridge the Pennsylvania Phenom.

Sgt. Linnane is on furlough, probably transacting some big deal like moving the Atlantic to the Pacific. However he will probably finish the project and be back S. A. P.—Soon as Possible.

OLD MAIL BAGS

By Cpl. Theodore "Chink" Toombs

During the past week I have bid adieu to many fine fellows, although many of the fellows have just transferred to another part of the field, I miss them very much.

No longer will I listen to the ravings of Cpl. Battey during chow time! Also to top it all off no longer will I be plagued with P.F.C. Henry Norman's ejaculations about that thriving metropolis Tuckahoe, N. Y.

The place doesn't seem the same without that heavy basso voice of M-Sgt. Randall when he says: "Well son it's like this"—

Cpl. "Les" Wilson I wish you would tell me what picture was playing at the Olympia theatre last Wednesday???? (That camouflage you used was a complete bust.)

A couple of birds have dropped a hype on yours truly, about this budding romance between Edward Tyler and Marjorie.

That combination of L. Jackson and D. Kinnison are really the smoothest chaps on Dow Field, at least those young ladies who were at the P. X. with them the other night thought so.

Pvt. Clyde Johnson's wife and the wives of Revels and John S. White are to be complimented on the fine job they did on the recreation hall furniture.

Frank Reiss is looking very sad these days and he constantly humms that tune of bygone days: "Somebody stole my gal." (I think the trouble is that he took that smooth "Red" Walton by his girls flat and she pulled a royal switch, now "Home" boy is back on the turf again!)

Reggie Pinn really looked sharp in his new sun tan outfit, but to walk all the way out to M. R.'s house just to let her see it is a little far fetched don't you think chum?

Where was Cpl. Nelson running to the other day during officers call? (I told him no longer ago than last week that non-coms do not make officers call, now I am under the impression that he doesn't believe me so I wish somebody would break it to him gently!!!!)

Who is the queen that Antonio Strong has been seen with?? they say her name is "M".

C. P.'s days off has been a thing of mystery, no one ever sees him during the day, although he leaves the base just before chow time every day. The last report I've had on him is that he disappears somewhere near Harlow street.

Can't see Tom Chieves any more since he has settled in the valley, could it be that he has reformed?

I think I'll use this space to congratulate Sgt. Trott and Sgt. Caywood on their recent promotion! Lots of luck fellows.

Hear that S-Sgt. Bingham is expecting his heart throb in the very near future!

Only the United States and Russia have allowed their civilians to fly in wartime; other belligerents grounded their amateurs as soon as war was declared.

Know Your Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Captain Stuart Heard Quartermaster

Captain Heard is a New Englander from away back, Center Sandwich, New Hampshire, claims him as a native son.

For awhile he gathered education in other parts of the state, graduating from prep school in Holderness he added the Institute of Arts and Crafts in Manchester to his background.

From there he returned to his home town, accepting the temporary position of acting postmaster of Center Sandwich. This was in 1933. In June of 1934 he stepped in the regular position via Civil Service and he was seven and one half years as post master.

In January 1934 he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Quartermaster Corp then volunteering for active duty in the fall of 1940. His first post was Grenier Field in March 27, 1941, as assistant base adjutant. In addition he also had charge of housing facilities. For a brief time he became the supply officer for the 45th Bombardment group. In June 1942 he

THE DOW FOUND CHOWHOUND

(As Seen at the Officers' Mess
By an Anonymous
Correspondent)

In response to numerous inquiries as to Dow Field's champion chow-hound, your author has inspected the archives of the Officers' Mess and found several interesting facts. For instance, what officer consumes the most grub? For a long time, Lt. Francis E. Morrison, Asst. Rail Transportation Officer, led the field, but a dark horse, Lt. Charles "Big Moose" Harris, a QMC student officer, has been worrying him a little for the past several weeks. Morrison employs what is known as the "Epstein" technique—arriving "fustest" and eating the longest, whereas Harris is more of the voracious type. Cpl. Stow, custodian of the official statistics, tells us that Lt. Morrison has been first at breakfast for 93 of the last 97 mornings, an enviable record indeed.

Most loyal member of the Officers' Mess is Major Collett, Base S-2, who braves all sorts of weather and other obstacles to avoid missing a meal. The best soup consumer is Lt. Eddie Graham, of the Air Base Squadron, his favorite being the Moya-designated "puree of bean." Most fastidious of all eaters is the "Legal Eagle," Lt. Hurowitz, who barely touches his noon and evening meals. Lt. Bresky is the most grumbling of customers saying that "I would transfer my patronage to the PX if it weren't for the lovely rice custards and bread puddings we have." Last but not least to be mentioned is Maj. Wriston, Base Mess Officer, who very seldom objects to anything on the menu—we wonder why?

was called back to the Quartermaster and placed in charge of activating the present Quartermaster detachment when it first saw the light of day in Dover, Delaware. He received his second silver bar in December 30, 1942.

Being a New Hampshire man his hobbies run to winter sports especially skiing. Fishing comes next on his list. He is now living in Bangor with his charming wife Mrs. Lillian Heard and two daughters, Pauline and Wendy.

IN THE ARMY

they say:

"CHEST HARDWARE"
for medals

"NAPPY"
for company barber

"WIND-JAMMER"
for bugler

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

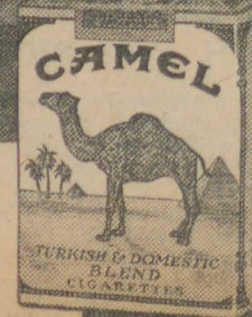
* FIRST *
IN THE SERVICE

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

FOR STEADY PLEASURE—
CAMELS HAVE GOT WHAT
IT TAKES!



YOU BET! CAN'T BEAT
THAT CAMEL FLAVOR
AND MILDNESS



Camel

What's Playing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MON.-TUES.—JOAN DAVIS, JINX FALKENBURG in
TWO SENORITAS FROM CHICAGO

WED.-THURS.—A MERRY MUSICAL TREAT
SWING YOUR PARTNER

FRI.-SAT.—THE TEXAS RANGERS in
BAD MEN OF THUNDER GAP

SUNDAY ONLY—ALIBI

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

CIVILIAN SLANTS

Bernie Noden Rates As Quiz Kid On Engineering And Maintenance

Thirty-one-year-old Bernard J. Noden is a very deceiving looking individual. He's slight of stature and bronzed by hours of sunlight. You wouldn't select Bernie out of a crowd and bet he would be the fellow who knows all the answers relative to leaky ceilings; poor drainage; building dams; construction and performing the general duties of maintenance as required by the corp. of Engineers. Nevertheless, Bernie's tenure with the Post Engineers of Dow Field has been interesting and today he assumes the responsible berth of Associate Engineer and Superintendent of Construction.

Noden's background and previous experience qualifies him as a competent Civil Engineer. He acquired his B. S. degree in Civil Engineering from Northeastern university, Boston, Mass., in 1935. Following graduation Noden accepted employment with the J. H. O'Brien Contractors of Arlington, Mass., surveying walk construction and excavation. In 1936 he went to work for the U. S. Engineers as instrument man on dredging and surveying. With the completion of this project, Noden assumed the responsibilities of Superintendent of Engineers for the Bianchi Construction company of Dorchester, Mass., during the erection of the South Boston Housing Project.

Typical of members of the engineering craft, Noden got the urge to work outside the continental limits of the United States. So in 1938 an opportunity existed in South America and he accepted a position with the United Fruit company of Agricola De Tiquisate Central America as an engineer constructing railroads, dams, buildings and general maintenance. Bernie came back to the states in 1938 and went to work for the Lighthouse Service in Chelsea, Mass., as engineering and inspector of wharf construction and lighthouse breakers. In 1939 he was reemployed by the U. S. Engineers of Boston, Mass., and traveled throughout New England as an inspector. He came to Bangor in January 1941 with the U. S. Engineers as Assistant Resident Engineer during the construction of Dow Field. In August 1941 he transferred to the Quartermaster corps of Dow Field and later to his present position with the Post Engineers.

Since being assigned to Dow Field Bernie has taken advantage of scenic Maine and its hunting and fishing. Although his spare time is limited, Bernie doesn't let an idle minute pass by if he can possibly get in a little fishing or hunting time.

Noden is married and has two healthy looking youngsters who reside at 391 College road, Orono.

And no young lady pushes a gentleman through a car window without first opening it, Miss Day!

Post Engineers

Well! The Fire Department had their outing last weekend. Rather nice to have Bert in the outfit. Swell place—Swan Lake, "Pop" has one string left on his "Pick Fiddle." What a hungry bunch when it comes to lobster.

We are all glad to see George Gardner back on the job. Missed you too, George.

Look at the sunburn on McKinon! Where did you get that, Roy—haying in Kenduskeag? A certain firefighter would like to borrow your new drill press, to open a can of milk.

Say—speaking of milk—brings to mind a milkmaid in Machlas—a red-headed one, too. Keep away from that green house, you wood butchers! Have a nice trip to Camden, boys?

How did that knuckle buster lose that front tooth, Jim? Cracking hex nuts?

We see "Hutch" has his "What's it?" all organized. All it needs is a striped awning and a peanut whistle to go on the circuit of Maine fairs.

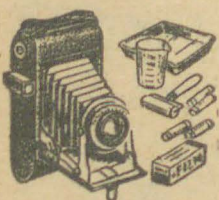
"Pop" Nason says "Johnny the one" is still in the same place. M. P. now, though. Walter used to be a pretty good electrician too—remember?

Anyone heard from Joe Staples lately? Seabee now you know.

Anyone noticed the accident record lately? Just ain't none. Let's keep it that way. Shall we?

Oh! Oh! What did you do, Joyce? Was that a semi-private air raid drill? With sound effects? Anyone clock that sprint? No gentleman would hook a whistling bomb to a young lady's car—now would they?

SEND YOUR "SWEETIE" A SNAPSHOT



Cameras and Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Amateur and Professional Films.

DAKIN'S
Sporting Goods Co.
25 CENTRAL ST.



"I'm so proud of you since you became a corporal—let's see you give that soldier an order!"

dent of the Employees' Welfare Association! Also vice president Earl King, treasurer, Kay Trickey, secretary, Beulah Bowden. Remainder of the standing committees appointed are: finance, Harold Royal, Justin Stuckey, John Finnigan; athletic, Earl Parkhurst, Justin Stuckey, Harriette McKinnon; welfare, James Mutty, Barbara Aieta, William MacDonald; counselor, Bror Hultgren, Jr., Ulmer Davis, Edward Long.

Mr. Royal is a member of the Suggestion Committee of the Air Base.

Welcome to the new messenger, Francis Silver.

Bobbie Curran's off on her vacation and Annette is back from Boston.

Fuller Explanation Department: Lieutenant Simons and Lieutenant Dyke caught about forty (40-40-40-40) trout on "that trip." And, as we go to press, we are told Captain Eckhardt is having chicken for dinner today, not fish.

Civilian Guards

Corporal Arthur Blackman and Patrolman John Lamson are enjoying annual leave.

Patrolman John Buckley certainly has been smoking plenty of good cigars. How come, John?

Supply

Major Kenneth K. Mackey, Supply Officer, returned Sunday from a supply conference at Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Conn.

Hostess Harriett Clement served delicious refreshments at a farewell party held for Edna Black, Elizabeth Moore, Maida Rinkaus, and Mary Rostzinko recently. Ruthie Glidden's contribution was a lovely cake decorated with the A.S.C. insignia.

ROME is a familiar word to all of us but add a few letters and it takes on new meaning—ROME-ance. Not so, Barb and Murphy?

Vacation News: Gladys Taylor to Cambridge, Mass., to visit her son. Julia McCann to Hampton Beach, with Corporal Ed Smith for company as far as Portland after a furlough in Bangor.

Speaking of furloughs, Bunny Meath's husband, Robert, Ship's Cook, U. S. Maritime Service, was home for three whole days.

Alice Matheson's son, Pfc. Neal Matheson was at home last week from basic training in Engineering at Clemson college, S. C.

Has the new office decoration influenced that "exterior decoration" beginning to appear over Johnny Finnigan's upper lip?

Shift No. 3 enjoyed its cooperative supper of baked beans and the fixings so much it will probably be repeated.

"Pop" Spaulding is relaxing on his first real vacation in two years

Dow Field Activities

TUESDAY, AUG. 17, 1943

Aviation Dance.

The Rhythmairs will give forth with hot five from 8:30 to 11:30.

Tasty refreshments will be served to fill the empty spot than dancing creates.

THURSDAY, AUG. 19, 1943

Broadcast and Dance at T6.

Dow Field Hostesses will arrive at 8:30.

Broadcast at 9. At 9:30 all will swing and sway to the music of the Troubadours.

The dance will be sponsored by Engineer Aviation Bat.

SUNDAY, AUG. 22, 1943

Air Base outdoor party—Pushaw Pond is the place. Swimming, boating, dancing, and a picnic are all on the schedule, plus games for

those in the mood. Dow Field hostesses will be on hand for those without a date.

Cocktail Lounge Dining Room

We Welcome the Boys in the Service

Penobscot Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St.

Dial 4501

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.

USO Activities

Monday, August 16, Square Dancing—USO Hostesses.

Tuesday, August 17, Cabaret Night, USO Hostesses—Letter-on-a-Record Night.

Wednesday, August 18, Dance—Dow Field Troubadours; USO Hostesses, 8:15 p. m.

Thursday, August 19, Informal Dancing, USO Hostesses.

Friday, August 20, Community Singing, USO Hostesses—Letter-on-a-Record Night.

Saturday, August 21, Informal Dancing, USO Hostesses—Letter-on-a-Record Night.

Sunday, August 22, Tea Dancing 3:15 to 5:00 p. m., USO Hostesses—Informal Dancing in the evening.

COMMUNITY CENTER

Monday, August 16: Around the piano with Norman Lambert 8-9. Dancing afterward 9-11:30.

Tuesday, August 17: Open House. Come and make yourself at home.

at his camp deep in the Maine woods.

Virginia McKenney's many friends will be glad to hear that she's convalescing and would be grateful for "fan mail."

A hand to Ray Torrey for bringing the fine music of Hal MacIntyre's band to Bangor recently.

Sorry to hear about Henry A. Matthews, Assistant Clerk of Air Freight Terminal, who is undergoing surgery at the EMGH and we're hoping for a speedy recovery.

MAINTENANCE

Captain Eckhardt went to AA FTTC, Yale university, New Haven, Conn., last week on business and Lieutenant Dyke flew to Bradley Field, Conn.

Harvey Black and wife are entertaining his mother who is visiting from Vermont.

Walter Pearson has returned from Magneto school in Springfield, Mass.

Welcome Charlotte Beatham, transfer to Engine from Houlton.

Speaking of vacations—Alice Libby is back from Old Orchard, Mae Beaulieu too; Harry Millward from a weekend in Houlton; and Evelyn Spencer from a visit with her brother in Presque Isle. Genevieve Marcus went to Old Orchard and had plenty of luck at the races she claims—witness Thursday night when she broadcasts on the Dow Field program commemorating "Women at War" week, interviewed by Staff Sergeant Paul Geden of the Observer.

Frank P. Kassimatis, airplane repair, left this week to join the Armed Forces. We'd like to know who the "White Horse" kid was at the farewell party for him.

Alta Edgcomb has been visiting

her sister, an Army nurse, at Grenier Field.

Bill LaFountain has left us for the Merchant Marine—good luck!

We'd like to hear the true story about Olin Brown and his bull calf. We don't know which one did the biting but "Brownie" bears the scars.



Buy A
WEEKLY PASS
50¢

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

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Dow Field to Downtown

PENOBSCOT
TRANSPORTATION CO.

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

BUY QUALITY

BUY AT FRENCH'S

M. L. FRENCH & SON CO.

110 EXCHANGE STREET

TOUCH FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

August 16—Air Base vs. Medical
 August 17—Finance vs. Guard Squadron
 August 18—Quartermaster vs. Aviation
 August 19—Signal vs. Weather
 August 20—Band vs. Ordnance
 August 23—Air Base vs. Guard
 August 24—Medical vs. Aviation
 August 25—Finance vs. Weather
 August 26—Quartermaster vs. Ordnance
 August 27—Signal vs. Band
 August 30—Air Base vs. Aviation
 August 31—Guard vs. Weather

RULES AND REGULATIONS
FOR TOUCH FOOTBALL

LINEUPS

Only members of an organization are eligible to compete on that organization's team. One officer of that organization may play.

TIME

All teams must be ready to play not later than fifteen (15) minutes after the scheduled hour of contest. Failure to comply with this ruling is reason for forfeiture.

The athletic officer of each organization, or captain of the team is responsible for the appearance of players for scheduled games, dates and time of play.

POSTPONEMENT OF GAMES

No game will be postponed because a player or players cannot be present due to sickness, transfer, or any other reason.

If a majority of players on a team are absent due to a specific duty, maneuvers, or any exceptional unavoidable circumstance, a postponement may be made.

PROTESTS

All protests must be submitted in writing to a base physical director not later than twenty-four (24) hours after the game in question has been played. Protests will be decided by referees in charge and the base physical director.

No game shall be left unfinished in view of a pending protest brought about by a disputed decision.

OFFICIALS

The necessary officials will be provided.

Any matter not covered by the preceding paragraphs is left to the counsel of the base physical director. All games will be played on the base parade grounds.

Comm. Men Take
"Hangar Wolves"

The "Hangar Wolves," as the civilian Hangar Employees call themselves, were defeated in a double header at Bass Park by the score of 4-3 and 5-3 by a hot Comm. team.

The Comm. men had most of their old standbys in the lineup with a couple of capable ringers, namely Carnevale and Violette from weather filling in at left field and third respectively. "Snorky" Provin of the Comm. held the opposition to a hitless six innings in the first of the pair and accounted for a homer and some fancy hitting. The clouting dept. was also bolstered by Macgowan's and "Red" Lewis' bats. Flashy at short was Jim Clark as were Cannon at right field, Randall at center field and "Flip" Fosburg at first along with Donaghue behind the plate for the Comm. The hangar boys furnished some stiff opposition and played a nice game but they were bucking a little too much.

TYPEWRITING HINTS
Number Two

No. 6—Guiding paper: If your typewriter is not equipped with an indicator, set your paper guide so that a slight edge of the paper protrudes beyond the end of the cylinder, and you will be able to see end of sheet in time to gauge the stopping point of your work.

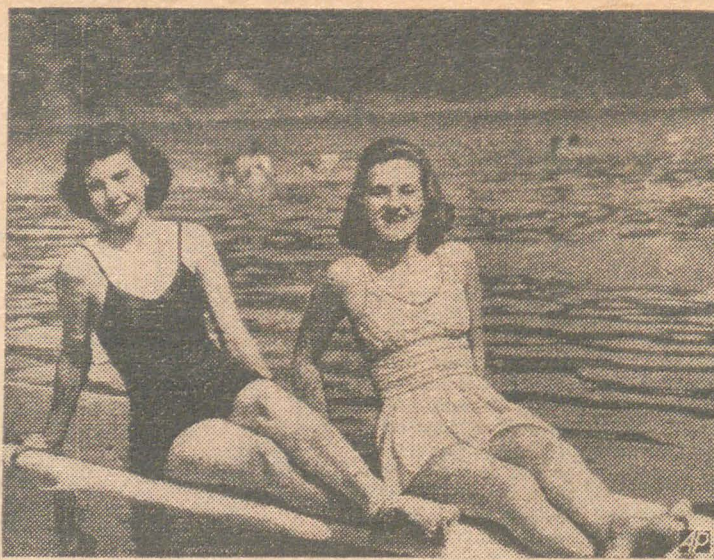
No. 7—Feeding small cards: Frequently you may have work to do which involves feeding small cards into the machine. If your machine is equipped with a card cylinder then your task is simple. If, however, it is not equipped with a card cylinder, you can facilitate your work considerably by following this procedure: Crease a pleat across a larger sheet of paper to form a pocket for the card. Insert the pleated sheet into the machine and leave there permanently. Drop cards into the pleat and feed backwards. The larger sheet will be gripped by the feed rolls, and it in turn will hold the card or label steady. Increases speed of feeding because platen only needs quarter turn.

No. 8—Feeding carbon pack: A smaller strip of paper folded over the top of a pack of stationery and carbon sheets helps to feed a heavy pack into the machine evenly, and saves a good deal of jockeying to get the numerous sheets all in alignment. Remove it after the pack is adjusted to writing position. In feeding a single carbon, insert original and second sheet, turn into the platen about an inch, then insert the carbon paper between. When finished the paper will remove the carbon paper automatically.

No. 9—Chain feeding: Much time can be saved in writing cards or form letters, or addressing envelopes by "Chain feeding." To "chain feed," insert the next piece to be typed into the machine before removing the first. Thus, a single twirl of the platen knob to remove one paper automatically turns the next into position to be typed. In the case of envelopes, prepare a chain of three, before typing the first.

No. 10—Ribbon uniformity: Most all government work is done with black ink, when your ribbon starts to fade in color, take your ribbon out and turn it over so the lower half can be used. Do not shift ribbon key to red indicator, as this will retard speed and cause quick fatigue to the hands. By using this method, color will be uniform throughout.

Putting your best foot forward doesn't always mean to kick about everything.



REWARD—Privates Barbara Ward (left) of Brooklyn and Julia Stoy of Clifton, N. J., enjoy bathing in the lake at Spring Mill state park, Ind., as a reward for excellence in training in the Marine Corps' Women's Reserve.

PRESQUE ISLE COPS
DOUBLE HEADER

Defeats Bombers 5 to 1 and
2 to 1; Softballers Also Win 2 to 0

It was a gala day for Uncle Sam's boys from the Presque Isle Air Base at Brewer Sunday where they made a clean sweep of a doubleheader baseball menu from the Dow Field Bombers and a softball game from the Bangor All Stars.

The visitors from Aroostook collected the opener 5 to 1 and grabbed the nightcap by a 2 to 1 count. In the softball game the Presque Isle Transport Group Squadron blanked the Bangor All Stars 2 to 0.

So far as the fans in this section are concerned the double victory of the Presque Isle team over the powerful Bombers was a big upset.

Both games were bitterly contested and there was plenty of good baseball for the fans who rimmed the Brewer Athletic Field to witness the contests between the two classy soldier teams.

Trout did a fine job of holding down the Bombers in the opener, allowing only six scattered hits. George was on the mound for the visitors in the second contest and held the Bombers to only two bingles.

SOFTBALL GAME

The Presque Isle Transport Group Squadron softball team kept their long string of victories intact, when they handed the Bangor All Stars a 2 to 0 beating in a well played nine-inning game. The winners' streak now stands at 18 straight games and with this record they claim the Northern Maine softball championship. They are ready and willing to meet any service team in the 1st Service Command if there remains any doubt to their claim to the mythical championship. In Tomasek they have a fine pitcher who has rung up 9 wins which includes one no-hitter and several one hitters. The batteries for yesterday's game were Tomasek and Vogt for Presque Isle and Maidlow and McInnis for the Bangor All Stars.

Carl's of the Presque Isle team led the stickers with two of the three hits made off Maidlow's delivery.

Bombers 001 000 000—1 6 5
 Presque Isle 010 001 111—5 10 1

David and Mitchell; Trout and Tighe.

Bombers 100 000 0—1 2 3
 Presque Isle 000 020 0—2 2 0

Orrt and Mitchell and McNamara; George and Tighe.

(Softball)

Presque Isle 110 000 000—2 3 1
 All Stars 000 000 000—0 3 2

The man who starts to borrow trouble usually finds his credit good.

FREE!

Fluid for Your Lighter
DROP IN, SOLDIER

Fill Your Lighter and Look Us Over

OPEN EVERY NIGHT

YOUNGS

26 STATE ST.

Tobacconists Extraordinary

B-17 Crew Bombs
Rome 19 Hours
After Sea Rescue

Shot down by Italian anti-aircraft fire, a United States Army Air Forces B-17 Flying Fortress crew paid off the score with interest 19 hours later when they bombed railroad marshalling yards at Rome, the War Department has been informed.

"Intense anti-aircraft fire smashed three engines of our B-17 when we were over San Giovanni just after bombing the ferry terminus," Second Lieutenant Jacob J. Shell, the pilot said.

"We were forced down about 35 miles east of Catania, Sicily. The plane remained afloat about 90 seconds after pancaking into the sea, which gave the crew ample time to scramble out and board the life raft.

"We were in the water about 30 minutes when we saw a British destroyer heading in our direction. They picked us up, treated us royally and landed us at Malta. We were flown to Tunis and then to our base."

Lieutenant Colonel Leroy A. Rainey, commanding officer of the bomber group, of 230 North Drive, San Antonio, Texas, congratulated the men on their return to the base and told them to be ready to go out the next day. The crew carried out the mission over Rome without any of them suffering a scratch.

speed, but of late he has been sporting a blonde.

Well, the Air Corps is getting another pilot and General Mess is losing another cook. Bob Dawkins is leaving and we sure hate to see him go. Speaking of pilots, Paul Tarantino, a former General messenger, has made the grade and is now a looney out in Boise, Idaho.

I think that the dentists up at the hospital will agree with me when I say that Bill Goetzke is a mountain of courage. Ah yes, well at least they will agree that he is a mountain.

Ray Weeks just arrived back from his emergency furlough and has a grin on his face from ear to ear. He informed me that the baby is a junior; the middle initial is surrounded with mystery, which only Ray can explain. It seems that when his service record was made out they put an 'O' on it instead of a 'C' and so it remained. It's silly, but fun.

Didyano that Joe Burkhalter, Bob Messier, and three other cooks left? Gee, Moe, I hate to see the old gang break up, but this is the Army and so it goes.

There are numerous ways of swimming fully clothed is a new one on me probably on Dickson. Ask him the next time you see him.

Well, dearie, I think that I have given you all the local dirt and scandal and so I'll close.

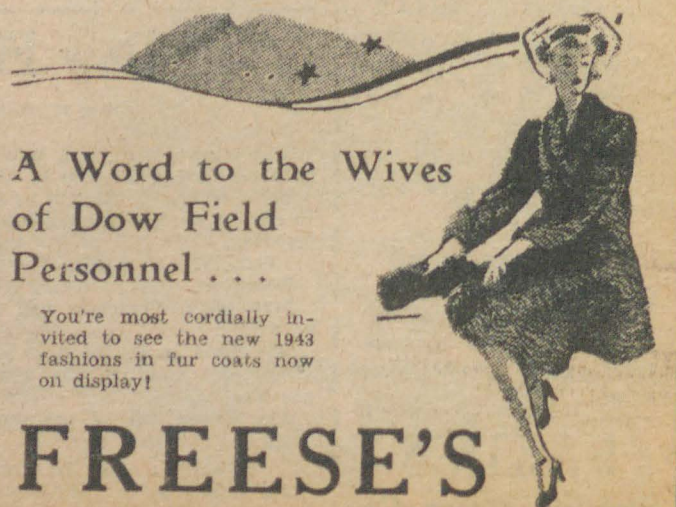
with love and kisses
'Mom' Mack

FENCING LESSONS

All men and WACs who are interested in fencing or taking fencing lessons, call the Base Library or Dial 388 and leave your name.

Soldiers! Make Yourselves
at Home at Freese's!

Drop in for a bit of refreshment at the luncheonette; use the store as a short cut to Pickering Square; meet your friends at Freese's; and whether it's a paper of pins or something bigger, look for it at Freese's because it's doubtless somewhere among the 88 departments!



A Word to the Wives
of Dow Field
Personnel...

You're most cordially invited to see the new 1943 fashions in fur coats now on display!

FREESE'S

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

BIJOU Theatre
BANGOR TEL. 5307

Today-Tues.

BACKGROUND TO
DANGER

George Raft, Sydney Greenstreet

Wed., Thurs., Fri.

SALUTE FOR THREE

MacDonald Carey, Betty Rhodes

Saturday

THE PRIDE OF THE
YANKEES

PERA HOUSE
BANGOR TEL. 5308

Today, Tues., Wed.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH

George Byer, Joan Fontaine

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT

Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews

PARK THEATRE
BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today-Tues.

THIS LAND IS MINE

Charles Laughton

Maureen O'Hara

Wed.-Thurs.

THE MOON IS DOWN

Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Dorris Bowden

Fri-Sat.

HIT PARADE OF 1943

John Carroll, Susan Hayward