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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

8-23-1943

August 23, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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For Late
Changes
See Your
Daily
Bulletin

THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
CALL BASE
OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, AUG. 23, 1943

Vol. No. 65



SOFTBALL CHAMPS—Here's the winners in the Dow Field Softball League. The Air Base Squadron, rear row: Sergt. Mascia, Sergt. Bierma, Pvt. Wagner, Pvt. Thompson, Corp. Maidlow, S/Sergt. Zuffall, Corp. Wagner. Front row: Corp. O'Connor, Corp. Komoroski, Lieut. Fowler, S/Sergt. McInnis, S/Sergt. Shortlidge, Pvt. Quinto. Absent from this picture are Lieut. Smith and Sergt. Cottier.

Community Center To Have Birthday Party Tonight

Even if your birthday isn't in August you are welcome to join in the fun at this party. Special prizes, however will be given to those having a natal celebration during this month. There will be dancing to the music of Norman Lambert's Band.

Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

MONDAY

This is a good time to clear up our position on the Non-Com Club situation of Dow Field. First, let us go on record that we are for a Non-Com Club—100 percent—as a matter of fact more than five months ago we wrote to several Camps with whom we exchange papers, asking for ideas on by-laws etc. Our own activities sort of ganged up on us so we let it rest.

The first we heard of the new development was on our return from a furlough and we heard occasional discussions of it.

At first we were interested in giving it all possible publicity, but since we have talked it over with several officers of the club we realized that all arrangements were not yet complete so we held off.

So if potential members are wondering if we have a grudge or antagonism against the Club—this should clear up any doubts.

Our only wonder is why they suddenly raised the initiation fee before it was properly publicized and give everybody a chance at low price membership—but before we go off the deep end, we'd like to know more about it. But the idea sounds swell—let's have a lively, friendly Non-Com Club.

TUESDAY

Corporal Ken Bishop and yours truly appeared at the University of Maine 4-H Club meeting for a brief performance. While we caricatured Winston Churchill, Ken brought him to life with his nimble larynx. When we sketched Hitler, Bishop tore down the house with his Schichleginder satire. Ken ranted and raved in Nazi gibberish while the whole room shook with delighted applause and appreciation.

According to a writer in the *Tor-
Diary*

Please Turn to Page 2

Hats Off to the Bangor and Brewer Lions Club

Just outside of the main gate is a serviceman's "Pick Up" shelter. Many a motorist going right by the camp likes to give the "boy in uniform" a lift. This very thoughtful stopping place gives the soldier a place to wait particularly if it rains. So we say, hats off to the Bangor Lion's Club.

WATCH THAT ADDRESS, SOLDIER

Many of the men living down town have been getting into the habit of putting their HOME address in the upper left corner. The Post Office department says that you are supposed to put your organization and field address. Next time, check this angle and make sure that it's according to regulations. Otherwise you don't rate the "FREE" privilege.

Miss Sylvia Smith Featured Soloist, On Thurs. Show

When Dow Field went on the air Thursday night over WLBZ, the entire Army Air Force band took over. As guest soloist, Miss Sylvia Smith of Bangor sang the familiar notes of *Il Bacio* (The Kiss). There is no doubt about Miss Smith's vocal ability. It was an excellent performance. She seemed to just take the tricky notes in stride.

Apparently the boys in the band weren't satisfied with a musical osculation so they brought Victor Herbert to the rescue with "Kiss Me Again" from *Mdle. Modiste*.

A special tribute to the nurses of Dow Field was handled deftly by Irving Berlin's "Angels of Mercy."

There's an ancient legend that tells about a continent that has since been lost under the sea. "Atlantis" it was known as in them days. An imaginative composer tried to visualize what had finally happened to it. In the fourth movement he decides to destroy the whole business—and does he do it. The band really gave it the works—from crashing waves to drumbeats that were solid (this whole write-up should be very formal, but somehow we don't feel formal and besides it's what we feel.) The boys not only went under the sea—but they seemed to come up around South America. To go even further they got a gleam in their eyes—playing the "Gaucho Serenade."

Two stirring marches bracketed the program. The lively "Life and Liberty" starting the show, and the "Father of Victory" closed down the curtain.

Thursday's Show To Originate From Engineers Bldg.

Instead of the usual Thursday night broadcast from T-6, the entire show will move to the Engineers Building T-478. A formal dance will follow the program with plenty of glamorous gals in their dazzling gowns.

The hall will be decorated in night club style with a buffet luncheon served.

Present plans include a "Hellzapoppin'" show before the broadcast with prizes galore.

There will be no dance or broadcast from T-6 this week.

Code Experts Foil G. I.'s Secret Clue

NORTH AFRICA—Military censors are becoming expert at detecting and decoding enigmatic codes, cyphers and amateur "secret" messages which soldiers write in their letters to let the folks back home know where they are stationed.

Disclosures of locations of military units here is strictly taboo but soldiers writing home have tried ways of informing their families of their whereabouts. One man tried to spell out "Tunis" by writing five consecutive letters to his mother and giving her five different middle initials. Unfortunately the five letters arrived out of sequence, the initials spelled "Nuts!" and the bewildered parents wrote that they could find no name like that on their map of North Africa.

Payoff letter was from a soldier who wanted his folks to know he was stationed in Casablanca. He wrote that for months he had been singing "As Time Goes By." His mother didn't get it. She wrote back that she was sending her son some new phonograph records so that he could sing another song for a while.

Camel Caravan To Appear Here Next Week

If you hear the noise of wild cheering and applause from the Base Theater on September 1 at 7 p. m. and 9 p. m. it's not because the war is over or that the paymaster has decreed an extra month's pay or that every man in the company has been given a ten-day furlough. The real reason is that the Camel Caravan has stopped there to give a typical Broadway show free of charge for the entire personnel.

Girls, music and comedy are in this merry melange which the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco company is sponsoring to bring smiles of joy to those in the services.

Dashing, delightful and daring is the dancing of Florence Robinson, a powerful attraction on this star-filled show. Her feet have more sense in them than many people have in their heads.

Harmony in beauty and voice is supplied by the vocalizing Morgan Sisters, a trio which will make your pulses beat faster when they go into action.

Comedy relief comes from Clyde Hager, funny man to look at and even funnier to hear as he verbally caricatures a pitch-man. You listen to Clyde and get a stitch in your side from laughing so hard.

Charlie Masters is a man with a drum and he'll drum up your interest when he manipulates his sticks. He's a solid sender whose every beat is a treat that can't be beat.

Michael Harmon, handsome baritone, is master of ceremonies for the star-spangled Camel Caravan and music is supplied by Bobby Kuhn and his Rhythm Boys.

When the show comes to a glorious finale there's an additional attraction with everyone in the audience getting free Camels from professional models known as the Camelettes.

Communications Lose Their C. O.

This week the Comm. Sqdn. very regrettably bids 1st. Lt. Allan E. Boerker "Adieu" as he leaves for other duties and a new assignment. Lt. Boerker has been the Comm.'s C. C. since last October and was promoted to 1st. Lt. in April. While assigned here Lt. Boerker has made many friends, not the least of which was every man in his outfit. He's always had a sympathetic ear for all problems of the men and has gained everyone's respect for his capable handling of the Comm. Detachment. The Comm.'s loss is certainly another outfit's gain and he leaves with the sincere best wishes, for future success, of the personnel who have served under him. It's so long and good luck to a swell guy.

Promotions

TO BE TECHNICAL SERGEANT

Staff Sergeant Arthur E. Fisher
TO BE STAFF SERGEANT
Sergeant Carl L. White

TO BE SERGEANT

Corporal Raymond E. Oakes
Corporal George C. Pullen
Corporal Aloizy P. Krasiewski

TO BE CORPORAL

Pfc. Clifford E. Abram
Pfc. John Holick
Pfc. Donald G. DeChant
Pvt. Hayden Wright

TO BE ACTING CORPORAL

Pvt. Clifford G. Nimz
Pvt. Warren E. Ribblett



Lovely Florence Robinson, dancer pictured here, is featured with the Camel Caravan, touring show for men and women in the armed forces. Miss Robinson, a young veteran in show business, adds her talent and beauty to an all-star lineup which includes top flight artists in the entertainment field.



Clyde Hager, whose pet phrase is "Get away from me, boys—you bother me," is probably the best known pitch-man in the world. His "That's all, brother" produces laughs from everybody who has ever heard him, including audiences for two solid years at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe on Broadway. He brings the exact routine with him.

Air Base Party Provides Fun For Everybody

Plenty of food, cool drinks and a lake to swim in, added up to an exciting time for the Air Base Squadron.

The officers that turned out reads like the "Who's Who of the Dow Field, Major Bargamin, Major deKay, Lt. Smith, Lt. Bresky, Lt. Carter, to name only a few.

Cpl. Ken Hughes directed the band through a hilarious marching routine. Several of the boys holding long brown bottles apparently were hitting the high notes successfully.

Mrs. Madeline Shaw, our base hostess, in her expert manner supplied charming hostesses to brighten up the affair and make the party more complete.

Hot roasted "Dogs" with plenty of mustard, hot buttered corn and liquid refreshment took care of hungry appetites.

In charge of the goings-on were Corporal Wagner and Sergeant "Dutch" Kromm, other brain trusters were: Sgt. Krug, Sgt. Roy, Sgt. Mulusky, Cpl. Switenko, Cpl. McEllen, Ladona, Sgt. Conrad, Cpl. De Cola, Sgt. Macia, Doyle, Wlkins, Cpl. Lavery, and Pfc. Ormond.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

onto Star Weekly—guess who the deadliest enemies to the Japanese are. "The British?" "The Chinese?" "The Americans?" No sir, The arch enemies of the Sons of Heaven are the Koreans.

He further claims that the weakest spot in Japan's Empire is long narrow Peninsula of Korea. 37 years ago the gangsters of Japan muscled in and their muscles have been sore ever since. Koreans sit up nights thinking of ways and means of searing the living daylight out of the Squatty squealers. Secret societies nightly descend on Jap sentries and the sentries are silenced. Korea has been described as a "dagger painted right at heart of Nippon"—Nice chummy neighbors huh!

WEDNESDAY

Did you ever stop to wonder what would happen if one of our bombers dropped a block buster smack into the mouth of a volcano—Mt. Etna—for example before we took over Sicily. Or even sneaked one into the sacred Jap volcano Fuji-yama. Would it go boom—and create a modern Pompei. Would it release the terrific underground pressure—like a plug pulled out or would it set fire to the gases compressed inside. It's worth thinking about anyway—or so thought Cornell university when it was brought up in a class recently. Dr. Gerald T. Loughlin, Chief Geologist of the U. S. Geological Survey has come through with a scientific approach. We quote—"The earth forces are so enormous that in comparison any that man can bring to bear are wholly inconsequential and ineffective either in controlling or inducing earthquakes or volcanic action."

In spite of the good doctor's learned opinion—it would be fun dropping one in—just for the HEL-UVIT.

THURSDAY

Checked in with the Band to get an idea of the music to write a script and there was T-Sgt. Erwin following every note like a bloodhound tracking down a rabbit on Meatless Tuesday. Precise, keen-eared he carefully listened to every measure until he had it just right. A craftsman to the nth degree.

During the program Lt. Bresky had an idea that the music would run short. To make sure it didn't we gave Irving Hunter a note with a suggestion of an extra number. The Thunder and Lightning Polka—but Erwin skillfully maneuvered the theme song of the Air Corps in place—to finish on the nose.

FRIDAY

The advance man for Camel Caravan was in today, suggested several publicity angles—sounds as though the show should be right in the groove.

"Bring the Whole Family along department." Over in North Africa a lieutenant was struggling with French. "I had a cute little French girl named Marie," he wrote his parents in Kansas City. "When I invited her to dinner she observed an old French custom and brought her whole family along—eight persons. I took them all to dinner. But, as much as I believe in 'good will among nations' I can hardly afford to feed France by myself." We know just how you feel, lieutenant.

SATURDAY

"Do you have any nice fresh WOBBIES today?" might well be a question to ask the market man of the future. The WOBIE has just been developed in Holland. A cross between a carrot and a beet containing four times more Vitamin C than either. We'd like to know how they arrived at that name. But if you have a victory garden and your hobby is gardening, maybe you can specialize in them. A sort of hobby WOBIE.

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

Laid up with a game leg is Sgt. Dick Lewis. Accidentally receiving a little roughing up in a football game gave him the injury. We hope he is back with us soon, as those mileages and per diems are waiting. Lost, strayed or strolling. Who? Tony Correa. He either gets in late or gets up early.

Swinging buckaroos, any night in the finance barracks (except when our wolfing it) are Sgt. Dickie (Shorty) Delorme on the sax; Pfc. Duke (I Got Talent) Lilley, on the banjo; Pvt. Alfred (Montana) Mac-kay, on the guitar, and Pvt. Beals Snyder, on the piano. A strumming and a humming these boys can really give out.

The opening round of the touch football league opened last Tuesday, with the Finance team swing-

ing into action against the Guard Squadron. Accounting for the one Finance goal for six points was a long pass by Carlson to Harry Johnson, who caught it on the run to take it over the goal line for a goal. The boys all played a good game, but lost to a better team, namely the Guard Squadron, by a score of 13 to 6.

One of the neatest and flashiest dressers in the Finance Department is Cpl. Kenny Mecum. With a press as sharp as a razor and a military press in his shirt (he irons his own). He looks the part of a walking military ad.

The NCO Club is open now men. This type of club has long been needed at Dow Field. Now that we have it, let's get behind it 100 per cent. Patronize our own club men and make a large success of it.

Two of the officers of the NCO Club are Tech. Sgt. Joe Belasco, secretary, and S/Sgt. Carl Carlson, treasury of the Finance Detachment. On the board of governors is Sgt. Cornwell with Cpl. Hessing as alternate.

With the bowling season drawing near those who want to make the team had better get in a little of that well known practice. A hint to those western 10 pin bowlers: in candle pins you have less to aim at and less to aim with.

News from distant land and distant places: from former Dow Field Finance men, has come from Capt. J. B. Tatem, Lt. Robert Ruesche, and Lt. Randell Wirth. Lt. Randell J. Wirth being down south and both Capt. J. B. Tatem and Lt. Robert Ruesche overseas; any news from Dow Field will be welcome. Their addresses can be secured from T/Sgt. Joe Belasco.

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

Here's a scoop. . . Frank Chammerlain, who up until now has managed to remain out of this column, has at long last opened himself for comment. We would like to know where those daintily scented, lipstick imprinted letters come from?

Last week we saw a notice tacked to the floor of the orderly room giving very explicit instructions on the cleaning of same. Certainly a novel way to inform anyone concerned. It even went into elaborate details on the placing of the mop when through.

Did you know that we now have a "WYZZB Jr." Lt. Hamel is the proud poppa. Not to be misconstrued. We're speaking in radio terms strictly.

We've always wondered how Niles has managed to live all these years and still continue to smoke that "odiferous" corncob of his. The secret of his miraculous survival is the fact that he owns not one but several of the "divorce stimulators" and he changes every day thus working on a seven day cycle. For the info of any interested passers-by he airs the other six on the windowsill near his bunk. Comes winter either Brother Niles will be eliminated or his "buddies" will suffer horrible deaths by asphyxiation. . . His romance with a certain WAC is progressing well. She apparently has a rugged constitution.

Anyone desiring to learn the finer points of pool apply to "Pittsburg" McLiesh. He intends to commence nightly classes shortly at the day-room. He will, however, only handle advanced players as his time is valuable and the elementary parts of the game are out of his line. Apply early and avoid the rush. One of his old pupils, Willie Hoppe, is a well known current player (???)

Unbelievable sight. . . Jackson being escorted downtown to a prayer meeting last week by "Brother" Courtwright. At last some one has taken an interest in "The Head."

There were numerous complaints last week on the length of this column. The consensus of opinion was that it was much too short. It's nice to know that it's being read and we are only too glad to listen to all comments and criti-



BEAUTY—Blue-eyed Frances Virginia Eakes (above), 18, of Chattanooga, will represent Tennessee in the 1943 Miss America pageant.

cisms but there's a lot of things we miss that ought to be "aired" via The Observer. As we have said before and will continue to say, "again and again," to quote the President and "Ach Ach" Moore, give us the info and we'll be only too happy to insert same. Bet if we offered half a buck an item we'd be swamped.

For the sake of public safety something has got to be done about Donaghue's nose.

If you figure on going out of an evening and are looking for a companion to "do the town" with, don't pick on "Red" Dunham. Just when you figure you're "making time" with some smooth little number she spots that red hair and before you can say it she's running her fingers through it and cooing sweetly at "Red" and you may as well be laying in your bunk back in the barracks for all the good it's doing you. Other than the hair, we'd like to know what fatal charm he uses.

Potente and Link are back from their "modified pass" and looking mighty happy about the whole matter.

If anyone catches Joe Caron smiling, let us know. We'd have to see for ourselves to believe it.

Show us a happier guy than Lt. Boerker after passing his aviation cadet exam.

Heard from Walt Bouck the other day and he and the boys he shipped with seem quite satisfied where they are, which we are glad to hear.

So long until next time.

LITERARY NOTE

CAMP POLK, La.—While browsing through the post library, Pvt. Louis Maken picked up a book entitled "Army Talk," written by one Elbridge Colby. After reading the book Maken decided the author didn't know what he was talking about and he wrote a letter to the publishers suggesting that the next time they print a book about the Army they hire an author who knows the Army. A week later he received this reply from the author: "I am grateful that you have taken the trouble to write me. If my absence overseas does not prevent me from making changes in the next edition, I shall be glad to incorporate the changes you have suggested." The letter was signed by "Elbridge Colby, Colonel, Infantry, U. S. Army."

It is always hard to find a job for a man who doesn't want one.

What Happened to the Dance Attendance?

During the past few weeks the G. I. attendance at T-6 for the dance after the broadcast has been way off.

Where do the fellows go? Is there something wrong with the way it is run? We'd like to know.

Every week more than 50 girls are brought from downtown to be your partners. These girls are giving their free time to help you enjoy your off hours. Then what happens—they sit around—a handful of fellows get up to dance—but where's the bulk of the fellows. Frankly we don't know.

Then there's the Troubadours, everyone giving his entire evening to add to your dancing pleasure. They are rated as the finest dance band in this section.

What more can we do to provide a good time? You tell us—we'd sincerely like to know.

Artillery Buck Private Overseas Tips Off Brother, Officer, How To Win Respect

Below is printed a letter from an enlisted man in a Pacific combat area written to his brother who recently became an officer. Lessons in leadership, the vital quality which makes officers, are plentiful throughout the letter. Every officer and enlisted man in service can profit by reading this note.

Dear "Ole" Tom,
Your letter of Feb. 27 came this afternoon and it did me good to hear from you.

One would think that one would have a great deal to say, after having had the experiences I have had, but when I sit down to write I feel lost because there is so much, yet so little a man can say from a place like this. I mean by that, that the whole letter must be generalized so its contents would be of no value to the enemy if he should get his hands on it.

You will be an officer soon, Tom, and will therefore have a much greater responsibility than you have ever had before, so let me, as your brother, put in my two cents worth before the ordeal starts.

It will be impossible, to make all of your men like you, but you can make almost all of them like you, and that is one of the most important things an officer must do.

If you should be asked a question to which you do not know a definite answer, don't "beat around the bush" with long and involved explanations, or try to evade the issue, or make the subordinate seem foolish for asking it, but simply say, "I am not sure of it, so I will look it up and let you know as soon as possible."

Never neglect to do anything you say you will do, even for the most stupid-looking private.

The most popular officers we have here are the men who will sit down with an enlisted man and teach him anything he happens to say he would like to learn about field artillery and survey. Never feel as though your time is wasted in doing such things because even though some of the men are incapable of learning, you will be giving the men who are capable concrete proof of the fact that you are the one who will help them.

HOLD THAT TEMPER

Never lose your temper, or your patience with anyone for anything,

yet stand firm and don't let anyone run over you. Remember, when you lose your temper, the men lose their respect.

Never try to impress the men with your rank (they know you have it). Some of our best officers come into the C. P. at night and carry on friendly conversation with enlisted personnel for hours at a time, and have no trouble maintaining discipline and respect the next day, or even that night if the occasion calls for it.

I don't know what sort of things you will have to do when you reach the war zone, but just for an example of the sort of attitude an officer should have toward the enlisted man, let us say you are flying a plane.

The rear gunner (who may be a corporal or sergeant or something) is depending on you for his life, but so are you depending on him for your life.

Just being a "good fellow" is not enough to hold the respect of an enlisted man because with all of his poor grammar and apparent lukewarm attitude towards things military, he is a close observer and he wants his officers to be flawless.

You must know your job because you will have to take an examination every day and your grades will not be put down, but will be carried around in the hearts and minds of your subordinates throughout your entire career.

I know you do not need my advice Tom, because your past record as far as I can see has been exemplary, but I am writing this because all of your friends and companions from now on will be officers, and enlisted men are bound to lose their individual personalities and become simply a class in your eyes, so, never forget that your own brother is serving as a private in the Field Artillery.

Love,
Bill.

Manhattan Taxi

Telephone 9241

Park Theatre Building

Telephone 9241, Bangor, Maine

for Neatness—
OFFICERS & PRIVATES
Wear

Spiffy
COLLAR STAYS.

HOLDS COLLAR POINTS DOWN



The Stay with the
Self-Adjusting Spring

Prevents collar curl. Makes uniforms look crisper, snappier, smarter. Spiffy eliminates starching and saves laundering. Makes your shirts last longer. Easy on—easy off. Stays put. Officers and privates in all branches of the service wear the adjustable SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS. Don't forget! In military as well as in civilian life—NEATNESS COUNTS!

BEFORE



COSTS BUT A FEW CENTS

SPIFFY
INVISIBLE COLLAR STAY

AT ARMY AND PX STORES

AFTER



What's Playing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MON., TUES.—FREDRIC MARCH—VERONICA LAKE
in I MARRIED A WITCH

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

THE BUMSTEDS in IT'S A GREAT LIFE

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

RANGE BUSTERS in COWBOY COMMANDOS

SUNDAY—DEAD MEN WALK

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



In reading a novel recently by Lloyd C. Douglas, I came across an interesting bit of advice. The good doctor (who tells the story) made a few observations regarding the conduct of patients in a hospital, which seem to me well worth thinking about.

"In the normal ways of an uneventful life, people do not often have a chance to find out how much pain they can endure, or how long they can wait. Here in a hospital they can take their own measure, and discover their strengths. Many a man, in peacetime, has wondered how stalwart he might be on a battle-field, racing danger, risking agonies. Circumstances may provide him a chance to learn, in the hospital, whether he has what it takes to be a good soldier. The doctors do not conduct these examinations. The patient examines himself, and marks his own grade. Ever afterward he will be pleased and proud if he passes with credit. No matter what may happen to him, in the future, he will always know exactly how much disappointment, anxiety, inconvenience and pain he can stand. It's worth something to a man to find that out. So—if you have been informed that the doctor is taking out your stitches tomorrow, you can do yourself a good turn—that will last you all your life—if you face up to this in the morning without flinching. You have always wondered, when you saw others in trouble, whether you could take it. Now you know. It's a very gratifying thing; almost everybody finds out that he is braver than he thought he was. It's worth going through a lot of perplexity and pain—just to be assured on that matter.

"Sometimes people who hadn't succeeded in making anything very important of themselves—either inside or outside of themselves—have discovered, during the enforced leisure of a convalescence, certain neglected gifts which they have thereafter exercised to their immeasurable satisfaction.

"In many instances, this self-discovery has resulted in such a marked expansion of interest and success in after-life that the beneficiary has wondered whether Destiny had not shunted him off his course in order to let him take stock of his resources.

"We suggest, therefore, that you give a little thought to this subject while you are in the hospital. Was it an accident? Was it a misfortune? Was it a mishap that brought you here? Think this over."

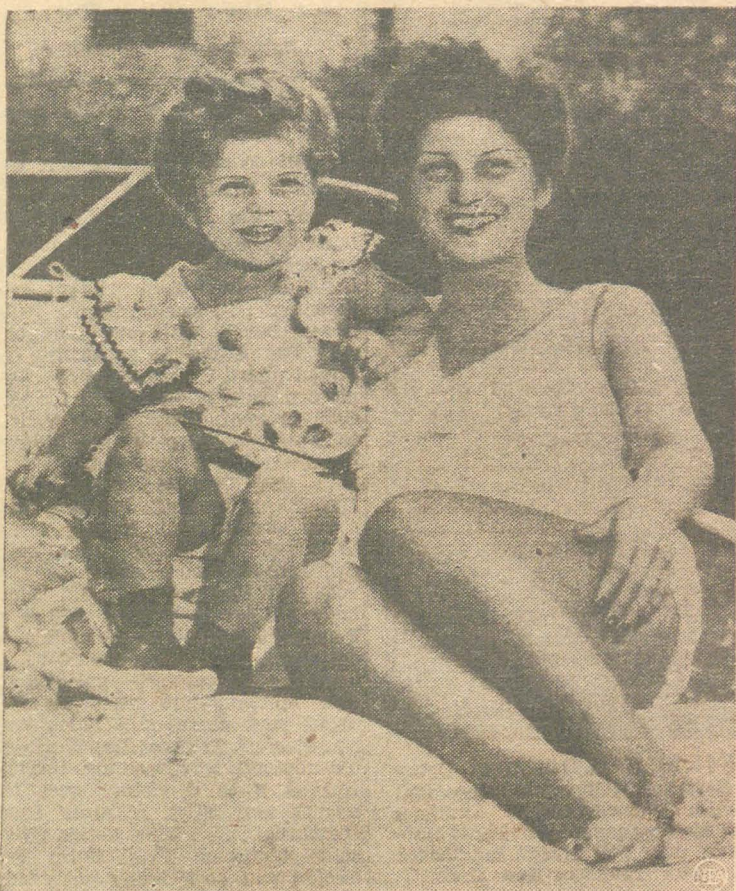
Advisory Service For Army Pilots Now In Operation

The Pilots' Advisory Service, the new Army Air Forces System of control for point-to-point flights of military aircraft in the United States, went into operation recently in four more areas, the War Department announced.

The service is provided by the AAF Flight Control Domestic Wing, commanded by Colonel Edgar A. Sirmeyer, Jr., to promote the principles of flying safety and efficiency of the wing's parent organization, the Flight Control Command.

Four more centers will be activated August 15 at Atlanta, Georgia, Memphis, Tennessee, Kansas City, Missouri and Jacksonville, Florida. By January, 1944, the entire continental United States will be serviced by a network of 23 of the centers.

Swoon Singer's Family



Enjoying a vacation from the spotlight of popularity are Mrs. Frank Sinatra and their daughter Nancy, who are at their Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., home while the swoon singer makes a movie out in Hollywood.

NURSES NEWS

Lt. Helen Clark

After much time and effort, I have finally whipped up what might be called a column, our first to appear in this paper.

Perhaps it might be a good idea to introduce ourselves, as our column will appear every now and then in the future. Of course you all know that A. N. C. means Army Nurse Corps. at least we thought that everyone knew. Those of you who don't know, will, when you see us in the formal parade (if we make the parade grounds) one of these Saturdays. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to just how good we are, but we know we're quite unique, and anyway who wants to march straight all the time?

The M. A. C.'s started a training program to toughen the nurses, and said that we must go on hikes. The first one was Tuesday. We walked four miles. Lt. Levine got discouraged, but we didn't. Lt. Dorf had the audacity to follow up with a truck, firmly believing that he would have to take us back to quarters. We surprised everyone, however, and still had the energy to jitter-bug after our return. The exhausted M. A. C.'s went to bed. They need exercise.

Does anyone remember what Lt. Manrow used to look like before he attempted to make a prize winning platoon out of the Army Nurse Corps? Are we responsible for this haggard and forlorn look? Lt. Manrow, we know that we are never in step with you, but remember majority rules.

Wanted: One fox hole for Pfc. Bailey. Can it be that he is bashful, or is he weary of teaching the nurses how to pivot?

Lt. Bea Meyers left us recently, expressing her opinion of drill and calisthenics in the following poem:

A. N. C.'S LAMENT

The Army is a man's place
But this I fail to see
If you have any doubts about the thing
Just ask the A. N. C.

A woman should be slim and neat
Her ankles delicately turning
Her curves just rounded to the point
To set a man's heart a yearning.

The M. A. C.'s are clever
And know just everything
But somehow they all object
To marching with a swing.

Now column right and column left
And jump, hut two three four
Is very good for discipline
But builds muscles we all abhor.

If exercise we all must do

And there is a rumor that it's so
Why can't they teach us certain things
To set our charms aglow?

Now there's a woman's waist and such
That makes for a fine figure
To get it down to the proper size
We'd work with vim and vigor.

Teach us rhythm, teach us grace
But—oh, my G. I. back
Deliver us from pickups
And carrying a pack.

I'll end my little tale of woe
I'll end it with a plea:
Please remember I'm not a soldier strong
But just a little A. N. C.

ORDNANCE

CPL. BERT GAWLEY

Most popular Ordnance news item is the promotion of First Lieut. Griffin to captain. Captain Griffin is one of the well liked Ordnance officers. We men of Ordnance tender our whole hearted congratulations to him.

A group of Ordnance men almost went on a hayride Saturday last. They claim the reason for not going was the intrusion of a thundershower. Inside information reveals that one of the horses was reluctant.

The engagement of Miss Patricia Browning of South Brewer to T-Sgt. Wallace Nowak has just been announced. No date for the wedding has been set, however.

The M. P. Goat wandered into the Ordnance barracks T-2.5 the other morning. There was a malicious rumor that he was in, nevertheless, he strutted into S-Sgt. Shortlidge's room and treed "Bob" and proceeded to try to lick the hair off his legs. It took the combined efforts of three men to pull him out of the room. The Goat then went over to Cpl. Devenny's bed, and "Jim" had just returned from his furlough and probably thought it was a pink elephant. S-Sgt. Shortlidge incidentally is thinking of suing the M. P.'s for marring his fatal beauty.

Sgt. Colson is leaving for a week's course in Camouflage at Mitchel Field.

Sgt. Linnane just back from furlough has announced that he found very little amiss in Wall Street, however he has corrected existing slightly tax conditions.

Our sincere condolences to Pvt. Kaitanowski whose brother was killed in action in the European theatre of the war.

Welcome to "Smitty" our new Pfc. who has been dubbed the above because of his unpronounceable name.

Your correspondent's wife is visiting Bangor, next week, so he will depart from his usual verbosity and sign off, awaiting further orders.

Tsk Tsk Dept.

THERE'S ALWAYS A STRING

A few years ago a Philadelphia firm insured an \$18,000 violin belonging to one Joe Knitzer. A clause in the policy read: "Keep this in your possession at all times." Now Joe is in the Army, and in order to live up to the terms of the policy, he keeps his instrument in a locker at the foot of his bed.

Wonder how he works it on maneuvers?

KEEP MUM, CHUM

The following sign now hangs on the bulletin board of an infantry barracks in Georgia:

MARRIED MAN * * * Please don't bore people with pictures of your children unless asked.

SINGLE MEN—Please don't bore people with pictures of your girl friends unless asked.

AND DON'T FORGET THE MUSTARD

Two gentlemen were sitting on a rubber raft one morning in the Atlantic Ocean. The night before the ship on which they were employed was torpedoed and sunk. They were far from desperate, though because the U-boat had performed its act very near shore and they had high hopes of being rescued before noon. However, a comforting world would have been appreciated.

While they were scanning the horizon, a pigeon circled their raft several times and made a neat landing. They were planning to eat the bird, which they stunned with a shoe, when they discovered that he was of the carrier family, and had a message tucked under his leg.

Frantically the men opened the capsule which held the message and read it. It said:

"Come to dinner tonight. Mama has lamb chops."

A short while later they were picked up and turned the revived pigeon over to the police. It seems the bird resided in a coop atop a city roof and that the owner, a pigeon fancier, had dispatched him to the house of his brother, another pigeon fancier, with the message listed above.

how to "man a telephone"



Operating a coin box telephone is somewhat like firing a gun — to get the best results you've got to know how it works before you "load up and fire away!"

that's why

it's so important before you deposit any money to read the instructions on a coin box telephone — they're right above the mouthpiece. You see, coin box telephones work differently in different sections of the country. So if you're not familiar with the telephones here in camp, read the instructions first — they'll help you reach your party faster!

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET
STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Editorial

ON KEEPING INFORMED

In a recent quiz test of the American people 12% never heard of Winston Churchill, 34% never heard of Stimson and only 5% could name the Four Freedoms.

How do you stack up on current affairs. Radios, magazines, books, training films are all at your fingertips to give you the latest dope.

In Tokyo you only hear what Tojo wants you to hear. In Rome the radio is silenced by internal problems and of course Berlin is getting its information in a bomb by bomb directive.

It is a special privilege to be able to know what's going on. Even on the Sicilian front the boys know less about the world picture, than we at home.

It's time you make full use of the facilities to keep posted.

Signal Corps

By CPL. REINHOLD HERZOG

Hello my friends! . . . From out of retirement, yours truly once again resumes the responsibilities of writing this weekly column. To those kind readers who have constantly besieged this writer to carry on for the dear old Signal Corps, I say thank you and hope to always prove myself worthy of all those nice bouquets handed out to me in verbal praise for my reporting.

A belated tribute goes to Cpl. Reinhold Herzog, my pal and everybody's friend here who was taken from us recently via the transfer route to another base in South Carolina. Cpl. Herzog was one of our oldest members to leave this company and he will long be remembered for his fine outstanding articles published in the Observer. He had tolerance with understanding ways of judgment. His quiet manner and cheerful disposition combined with an ever readiness to help, were all attributing factors to the foundation of his magnetic personality. Nominated manager of our softball team, under his guidance it achieved great results with the aid of Cpl. Nelson Lieber, captain of the club. A truly efficient, tireless worker of this great Army. We all extend best wishes for his success and good luck wherever you are soldier.

Congratulations are in order for Cpl. John Horodysky and Pfc. Raymond Johnson in completing their course in Life Saving and receiving certificates of merit.

We welcome to our fold the smiling faces of Cpl. Nelson Lieber and Pfc. Ernest Giguere after saying

hello to their Ma and Pa back home on furlough. (What's new and how's the ration situation?)

With the exception of only a few members in the company everyone else displayed excellent wares of skill on the Sub-Machine gun range this past week. Notables who were credited with super-shooting were, Capt. Amos Carr, 1st Lieut. Carl J. Bloom, W. O. Arthur G. Sprague, W. O. Irvin Markham, Pfc. Armond Rosini, Cpl. John Bryant, and Pvt. Francis Rousell.

On special Orders Sgt. Merle Hodgins, Cpl. Garry Graves, and Sgt. Bronislaus Solowiei are away on temporary leave of absence in acquiring specialized training.

We greet all those new men who have recently arrived in our company and trust that they will accept both their work and our friendly atmosphere with approval and satisfaction. Pvt. Gerald Raling, Pfc. Elmer Renne and Pvt. James Lane.

Pfc. Armond Rosini has gathered up his suitcase and has left for Rochester, N. Y., on furlough. His buddy and partner to all he owns, is Pfc. Ciminera, who now is so-so lonesome without him. (I heard you cry last night and so did I). Incidentally, Pfc. Louis Ciminera should be commented for his fine showing in the 300 yard dash. 42 seconds was the recorded time.

Question for Pvt. Gerald Raling. Will you please tell this writer what's that strange power that you have over women? (Could I walk you home, dear . . . is certainly not up to par in vamping the fair sex. Maybe it's your voice that sounds so beautiful over the midnight phone.)

Gang Away! Block that man! Let-er go! Yes, we're talking about touch football that popular, exciting sport. A strong playing squad representing the Signal Corps will soon start its first League game of the season. In the past we produced a great Softball team and now it's time to form another winning combination ready to stand challenge from any opposition. One and all, support the team fellows! We did it before and we can do it again. Good Bye now . . . I'll be seeing you.



FILM FIND—Anita Colby (left) of Hollywood is credited with "discovering" Kathleen O'Malley, daughter of Pat O'Malley, who will invade the "cover girl" ranks in New York.

ENGINEERS

By Pvt. EUGENE DAWSON

If at first you don't succeed call the Post Engineers. "Bernie" "No-No" Noden can fix it. Some day some one is going to walk in without a request and "Bernie the Bountiful" is going to faint.

Speaking of bountiful—many of these Victory gardens are just that. If you can't use all your vegetables, etc., don't let it go to waste—give it away. If you need help, refer to the Post Engineers—perhaps a swap can be arranged satisfactory to all concerned.

Drop in on the blacksmith shop some noon. Bradbury's Bureaucrats are in full session. Crockett can snowplop to Berlin if—. Nate Dyer could but—, Charlie White stops the conquest with the words, "Come on, boys, time to go to work."

"Syke" Barton won't say who put his elbow in the paint pail the other noon. Was it "Ike" Graves? Huskins?

Wonder how Elwood Morse and his blueberries are doing about now?

We were telling about the family of skunks that inhabit this neck of the woods the other day. Capt. Woolford asked, "Four legged ones?" What did he mean by that?

Kind of odd saying "Mrs. Lewis" after calling her "Miss Guptill" so long. Her "Old Sarge" is back going to school at the U. of M. We are all just as pleased too, Alice. What Engineer in the 1906th calls his jeep "Barbara"?

Now that "Cookie" has a new pass—both he and Eleanor should be happy again—that is, if his heavy schedule will allow it!

Why does "Chet" Henry spend so much time on a job in the WAC section? There is a beauty parlor

Air Base Squadron

Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—will somebody please tell Cpl. Maidlow what season this is—we haven't the heart to break the news to the poor boy . . . Bouquets to Melvin's fine pitching with the All Stars—he looked brilliant even in defeat . . . Basic training really raised havoc with our non-coms and Pvt. Stone is requesting an armed guard . . . Happy days—no more private of the guard for now Cpl. Hayden Wright—get Wright to show you the picture of his son, then watch his face beam. . . . Hats Off Dept.—to S/Sgt. Casey Duran for coming through with some swell pinch hitting . . . Welcome home to Cpl. Steve Switenko—we sure did miss that volley of Russian. . . . Did somebody tell us they knew Butch of Penobscot Fame—we shouldn't be surprised. . . . Repercussions of last week's column—apologies to Cpl. Martino—but what we said about your cigars still holds true. . . . Neatest Trick of the Week—ye old football team coming through with a 2 to 0 victory over the medics and S/Sgt. McInnis' super coaching. . . . This week's Gruesome Twosome—Pvts Hahn and Ebeldo you boys really go steady. . . . Heard at the physical fitness tests—Believe me T/5 Hazle is such a bad athlete that he can hardly clear his throat with ease. . . . Mascia has been detailed as permanent Sgt. of the guard for Post No. 1—and that's not a bad job. . . . Fare thee well to the lasses who are getting their persons out of the Army. . . . When is Sgt. Maluskey going to come in the office in the morning looking as though he's actually had a good night's sleep . . . Pvt. Shepard is going to have a civvie for a wife within the month. . . . All Or Nothing At All—S/Sgt. Carl Witte's theme song—and believe us he's been getting plenty of all. . . . We want to know about that pretty little thing whom Cpl. LeDonne has been talking about in his sleep—we understand that it's strictly G. I. . . . Pvt. McCloskey has been keeping the pool table at the Day Room plenty busy—and has contributed plenty to the Squadron Fund. . . . A real G. I. Guy—S/Sgt. Caesar cutting his own grass on Sunday—Little Caesar really keeps things humming around that Supply Room. . . . The Captain wanted to know if we had a barnyard in the Orderly Room when he heard us calling out for our Pigeon and Chicken—if he only knew. . . . One good thing must come to an end—so "so long" until next week.

up there—Chet—did you know? Wonder if the plumbers struck oil yet? They were still digging at last reports!



DATE—Personnel of Bergstrom Army air field at Austin, Tex., chose Marguerite Chapman (above), movie star, as the girl with whom they'd like to keep a date in Berlin.

OFFICIAL

Soldiers' deposit system—AR 35-2600. Any enlisted man may deposit his savings, in sums of not less than \$5.00 monthly, at any army finance office. This money will draw four per cent interest and shall not be permitted to be paid until final payment on discharge.

Fishing license—All members of the armed forces of the U. S. who, at the time of applying for a fishing license, are stationed in this state are classified as residents for the purpose of obtaining a fishing license. Fee \$1.15. Members of the armed forces who were residents of the state of Maine at the time of enlistment or induction may procure from any city or town clerk in the state, a resident fishing license good for the year in which applied for, free of charge, upon payment of the clerk's fee of 15 cents. The provisions of this shall be in effect only for the duration of the war.

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonys, also popular.

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HAMBURGERS - - -
HOT DOGS - - -

ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT

POST OFFICE SQ.

POST THEATRE

WEEK OF AUGUST 22nd

Monday—HEAVEN CAN WAIT—Don Ameche, Gene Tierney
Tuesday—CASABLANCA—Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman
Wednesday—FALL IN—William Tracy, Joe Sawyer
MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S BLESSED EVENT—Lupe Velez, Leon Errol
Thursday-Friday—THE SKY'S THE LIMIT—Fred Astaire,
Joan Leslie

Two Showings Daily—6 P. M. and 8 P. M.—Sunday, Extra Matinee

A WAACY VIEW

(A diary of doings on the
WAAC Reservation)

PFC. SHIRLEY F. HIRSCHAUT

I am the most dejected person on the whole of Dow Field. Someone said that they didn't like last week's column. She said it didn't send her. Not being (as she said) hep to the jive I wouldn't know how to send something or one. Won't someone please help me and get me in the mood? Just a card . . .

Friend I would be soooooo grateful. It's a bad thing when you have to hear from outside sources that your Company Commander is in the hospital. We hear you are better, Lt. Polanski, keep up the good work. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilbert (our Green Lake friends) on the birth of a son. If the Gilberts don't mind, we would like him for a godson.

When T/5 Ruth Biddinger came back from furlough, she had some time to spare, so she and the three musketeers, Kingston, F. Martin, and Musgrave, ambulated to the New Non-Comm's Club. The jackpot Ruth hit was a very pleasant surprise.

T/5 Beasley has been raising a lot of dust in the File Room at Headquarters. Summer house cleaning I guess you would call it.

Aux. Himmelsbach and Aux. Eaders attended a farewell party last Sunday, and are still in ecstasy over being in a home with curtains and everything. Aux. Himmelsbach had her first taste of champagne, bubbles and all.

Remember Mildred Barham "hepard our first bride. Well, her band has been seen here of late are a bandaged hand. He says it's a scratch that got infected. She doesn't say anything—just smiles sweetly.

Isn't the second platoon getting a little tired of finding their beds short-sheeted, and not finding their beds at all. Just where do the beds go to, that disappear between lights out and bed check? Also, who is the T/5 that spends so much time shushing the girls at night?

The heart of a certain Medic is pumping rapidly now that little Marion Carley is back in our mess hall.

My thanks to Corporal Ted Johns of the Quartermaster column. And speaking of goats in your column, you remind me of the morning last week that Mr. Goat paid a visit to us in Base Operations at the wee small hour of 6 a. m. The guard at the gate insists he must have sneaked in the hangar line as no pass was presented. I wonder if they have ever had a court martial for an animal?

We understand that autumn was in like a lion here in Maine. "Bea" pose these girls that are on Depot are resting up so they can grapple it when it comes in. The strong and mighty are: Aux. Colsher, Afc. Chandler, Afc. Daniels, Afc. Davis, T-5 Mary Fogg, Aux. Justice, Aux. Kennon, and T-5 Matlack.

What prompted Afc. Walker to help with inventory at hospital?

Suffice to say, we will all miss the WACs who aren't with us any more.

I quote from the Dow Field Control Tower. Now I put my pen in the rack. Don't go too far I'll be back. Unquote. They come through with hits and misses like that sometimes. This is such a miss I'm sure you won't miss any more. If you got this far.

Cocktail Lounge
Dining Room
We Welcome the
Boys in the Service
Penobscot
Exchange Hotel
139 Exchange St. Dial 4501



WAR FACTORY QUEENS—Fellow workers at a Salt Lake City war plant selected these beauty queens for "their ability to get along with fellow workers" as well as for shapeliness. L. to r. are Pat Young, Helen McDermaid and Doll Lee Chandler.

KHAKI KOMICS

An MP also claims he heard a civilian ask a soldier in what battle he won his medal (Good Conduct), to which the soldier replied: "The battle with the draft board. I lost."

Recruit: "Yes, I intended to join the Navy, but . . ."

Second Rookie: "But what?"

First: "Well, you see, my old man's an Army veteran, and he whaled the tar out of me."

Proud mother, waving a letter: "Just look at this. They've promoted our boy for hitting a sergeant. They've made him a court marshal."

"What we need in this town," said the theatrical producer, "is something to stir up the public."

"Fine, let's have a woman ride down Broadway on a white horse like Lady Godiva did."

"Boy, that's just the thing—I haven't seen a white horse on Broadway for years and years."

Bus conductor, calling from the upper deck: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

Voice from below: "No, but there is a MacPherson that's willing to try."

At a very, very ultra college, a 300 lb. co-ed waddled to the stables, picked out a pint-sized horse, and, after much effort managed to clamber aboard. She picked up the reins and began to wiggle uncomfortably.

"Say, Mister," says she to the riding master, "Where is the saddle?"

The master studied the mountain of womanhood, stepped closer to get a better look, said:

"Never mind the saddle; where's the horse?"

There's a story about the soldier who was planning to cash in his War Bonds and make a trip. He changed his mind after a dream.

It seemed he was in a foxhole, picking off Japs in large and satisfying quantities. Suddenly, a sergeant tapped him on the shoulder and took his rifle away from him.

"What's the idea, Sarge?"

"The guy who lent us the money for this rifle wants it back."

He gazed admiringly at the beautiful dress of the leading chorine.

"Who made her dress? he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."

QUESTION BOX

Dear Q. E.:

I convinced my girl that I'm a big shot in the Air Forces, and now she wants to go flying. What shall I do?

Your Pal Joey.

Dear Joey:

If it's the girl I saw you with

last night buy her a broom.
Your Pal Box.

"I don't want to make any rash statements," the medical officer told the soldier, "but I think you have measles."

An officer approached the young man in the neatly fitting uniform and asked:

"What's the eighth general order?"

"I don't know," the fellow admitted.

"Have you ever been on guard duty?"

"Nope."

"Don't you even know enough to say 'sir'? What outfit are you in?"

"I'm the Coca-Cola man."

Then there's the private who pastes pictures of Judy Garland on all his one dollar bills so he won't mind kissing his money good-bye.

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

(Tough Sledding Division)
(From "This Curious World," in The Bangor Daily News)

Male silkmoths will fly in a direct line to meet a mate that has just emerged from a cocoon, even though she is several blocks away, downwind, and inside a building that has no open windows.

—New Yorker

Typewriter Hints
Number Three

CORPORAL TED JOHNS

No. 11—Center headings: Crease the letterhead or other paper to find the exact center. Place this in the machine at the writing position. Set a tabulator stop at this position. Move side guide to touch paper. Insert succeeding sheets into machine with left hand edge against side guide and depress the tabulator key in order to center the paper every time. By back spacing one space for each two characters

222,249
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Daily Except Sundays

DOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITYCpl. Gerald Sheier Weaves Magic
Spell Over Meals For Medics Mess

Imagine being able to toss off magic and dish up meals. You are short of meat, so you reach into a G. I. hat and—rabbit stew. Of course, we're only kidding but that magic angle has possibilities. So if you come behind the curtains we'll see Sheier—The Man.

Gerry is a Brooklyn lad. "Brooklyn born and Brooklyn bred—when I die, I'll be Brooklyn dead—I hope" Sheier recited proudly. We could see a longing mist gathering in his eyes as he recalled fond memories of yelling his head off for the Dodgers.

"How did you start this magic stuff?" we inquired very business-like.

"Well, all children like magic—I guess I must have gone overboard on it myself. But it just got me. I used to stand for hours in Max Holden's Magic Shop in New York open-mouthed at the stories of the masters of the art. Now this guy wowed them in Paducah and this fellow had 'em rolling in the aisles in St. Louis. Gee, it had everything."

Even in high school it got in my blood and I was elected president of the Magic Club at the James Madison High school," he added with his chest visibly swelling.

"I suppose you had visions of a skyrocketing career in Thurston's footsteps?" we asked.

"Yeah, I guess we all have big hopes," he agreed, but vaudeville was getting deadlier than Nazi morale—it was in tough shape. "So, I took a job as a salesman for a wholesale dress goods company."

"And when you needed polka dots

instead of straight blue—you simply ran the cloth through your hand and . . . presto—polka dots," we suggested brightly.

"Wait a minute," Sheier chimed in. "It's not as simple as that, sometimes I wish it were. I did get a chance to get some beautiful silks. Say, that stuff is great to handle. When you buy it in a regular-magic store it runs into money—but I could get it wholesale." (Somehow that has a familiar ring.)

"To get back to performances," Sheier continued. "My best bets were social clubs, dances and any affair or small gathering . . . one time I was giving two shows at different places—I rushed from one, and when I got to the other my equipment was not quite ready. I reached for a set of thimbles—and they weren't there. The clasps were—but no thimbles. Gosh, was it embarrassing. That was one time I wished I had more tricks at my fingertips."

Gerry's little black bag has gotten him into a few troubles. "I was coming home from a performance about 3 o'clock in the morning," Gerry related. A couple of cops pulled up beside me and demanded to know what I had in the bag. Even the gadgets that fell out—especially cards and silks didn't convince them. There was nothing to do but put on a show—right in the street. One fellow slightly cockeyed ambled up the street—stared goggle-eyed at the stream of colored silks pouring from the little black bag and was ready to take the pledge."

"One other time it almost got me a beating," Sheier ruefully admitted. I gave a show at a hospital and was all set to leave when suddenly a woman mistaking me for a doctor started telling me off about the slowness of her boy's cure. What could I do—maybe I should have hypnotized her," he suggested with a shrug.

We can remember too, that Sheier gave a show before the Dow Field Broadcast and then went on the air in Mental Magic.

"Here's a simple sleight-of-hand trick," he concluded. "Let me take your pencil." So help us—it disappeared. Then the paper suddenly wished into nowhere. This was getting to be too much. We fixed our eyes determinedly on him—but he was about to practice on the chairs . . . so we disappeared.

FOR SOLDIERS

FOOT PALS

AND

FLORSHEIM

SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST.

BANGOR

FURLOUGHING?



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The Chapel Spire

1st. Lt. Mark A. Smith

Base Chaplain

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

WEEKDAYS

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

Consultation Hours for Protestant Men: Week-day afternoons from 1:00 to 5:30, and Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings from 7:00 to 9:00 in the Chaplain's Office.

Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Capt. Alfred J. Carmody

Catholic Chaplain

MASSES

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

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

OTHER SERVICES

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

Know Your Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Capt. Michael R. Labat

After receiving a B. S. degree, he attended the Georgetown University Medical school in Washington, D. C., and graduated in 1937, following which he had four years of hospital training specializing in General Surgery.

Inducted into the Army at Langley Field, Virginia, and was then transferred to Charleston, South Carolina.

He attended the Randolph School of Aviation Medicine in San Antonio, Texas, and the A. A. F. C. C., at Nashville, Tennessee, graduating as an aviation Medical Examiner.

He then went to Mitchell Field and was reassigned to his present station at the Base hospital, Dow Field where he is assigned to the Flight Surgeon's office and the hospital surgical service.

Guard Squadron

Pfc. MORRIS POLLECK
"Hainit Like"

About Face: Sam goes to the out-
ing to bring back news or doings
at Pushaw lake. Since no one asked
him what he was doing he made
off like he was a sea
shovel and went around pick-
ing up the dirt. From his ob-
servations he thinks the girls edged
out the fellows in the conversation.
This is what he overheard and
saw.

Pvt. Erickson getting off the
truck and telling his 85-lb. heart
throb to carry a case of pop. "If I
carry it," he said, "the fellows will
think we're married." Pvt. "Pretty
Boy" Manski suggesting that a soft-
ball game be played between a
girls' team and the fellows, and Pvt.
Soares cutting in with, "No, let's
play touch football." Pvt. Barger's
date suggesting they play spin the
bottle and Sgt. Ritter saying, "That
is for those who are in the puppy
love stage, I'm really not over it
myself, every time I kiss a girl my
stomach growls." His girl cut him
short with, "That's too bad. If you
ever have an operation have them
sew you up with cat gut."

Pvt. McCloskey's girl telling him
she was 21, and Pvt. Holler's girl
edging in with, "It couldn't be pos-
sible. If I'm not mistaken I blew out
32 candles at her last birthday par-
ty." Cpl. Fingerfoot betting Pvt.
Woodhall he could beat him in a
swimming race. Woodhall taking
him up on his bragging,
Fingerfoot lost of course. He was
standing out in the sun and one
of the girls said, "Look, he's drying
up a funny color."

One of the girls looking at Pvt.
Fisher and saying, "Hm, I thought
that destiny shaped our ends, but
with him it's different destiny ends
his shape." Pvt. Roddy finishing his
fourth Dagwood style sandwich,
one of the girls asked him how he
does it. "Stick around," he said.
"You haven't seen anything yet." Pvt.
Henderson talking to his girl
for two hours in the recon car on
how to shift gears. She shifted the
conversation and got even with him.
Spoke for three hours about her
operation.

Pvt. "Dusty" Feison making so
much noise drinking pop out of the
bottle in the dance hall, five cou-
ples got up to dance. Sam says that
was one time when "Dusty" got
misty.

Pvt. Stevenson dancing and com-
plaining to the girl he didn't catch
any fish. It's hard catching them
here. Where you really can catch
them is where you see a sign which
says, "Private, no trespassing al-
lowed," she answered. Sam says

What's Doing This Week For Service Men In Bangor

A Weekly Calendar of Events for the personnel of Dow Field pre-
pared 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, read-
ing 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.

MONDAY, AUG. 23

Birthday party and dance. Every-
body is invited, but those having a
birthday in the month of August

will be given special prizes.

TUESDAY, AUG. 24

Open house. Come in and make
yourself right at home.

when you meet a woman for the
first time let her speak first.

Among the wives of the fellows
at the affair this got Sam: Pvt.
Brown's wife telling him she want-
ed to go swimming. "I want you
to keep an eye on our little son,
watch him carefully and if any-
thing turns up, spank it."

Sgt. Wilson walking up to Cpl.
Wesdyke and saying, "May I pre-
sent my wife." Wesdyke answering
with, "No, thanks, I have one."

The affair was enjoyed by all
those who attended and we wish
to thank Mrs. Shaw for bringing
along the USO hostesses, with one
exception Mrs. Shaw, one of the
hostesses said she had her name in
the social register. The reason for
that she said was if a wolf came
to her door, he wouldn't be able
to read her name. There are no
"wolves" in our squadron, Mrs.
Shaw, only the foxes.

Double Wing: The grid season is
on and in the first game of the
year, the squadron beat the Fi-
nance Dept. by the score of 13 to
6 with Pfc. Toomey starring in the
quarterback position, and Sgt.
Miller outstanding in the line.
S-Sgt. McGinnis of the Air Base

Squadron be prepared, for we're
out to make up for the softball
season.

For Whom the Wedding Bells
Have Told: Lt. Yancey, our sup-
ply officer who went deep into the
heart of Texas to get lassoed.
Pvt. Onufrak, who finally got
hitched, and we thought he was
kidding.

Counter Attack in the Supply
Room: Pvt. Lindsey coming in and
saying he was in a hurry and
wanting to know if his britches
came back from the cleaners. Sgt.
"Rocky" Streeter asking for a
piece of string he wanted to tie up
a wire from somewhere. Pvt. Crow-
der asking for a knife says he was
fixin' to whittle some link chains
out of wood again.

Off to school: Pvts. Rasmussen,
Beson, Yanko, Roy, Castello, Mc-
Cabe, Berlinger, and Glowaski.
Returned from school: Pvt. Ben-
singer and Pfc. Merrill.

A welcome to: Pvt. Blakeman
who played with Mickey Rooney
in the picture "Boys' Town."

Sam, the make up.
Parting of the ways: Good-bye
to S-Sgt. Fairfield, our supply ser-
geant, who has left our squadron.
The boys are surely going to miss
you, Sarge. It's good-bye to Pfc.
Britt, whose shrill voice will linger
in our memory a long while. Time
waits for no man.

T15

Something new has been
added at T15.

We now have an electric
iron and an ironing board.

When in a hurry and your
pants need pressing, stop in
and spruce up.

Any of you nimble fingered
G. I.'s come in and give your
pants a quick going over.

Just plug in the iron, the
heat is on, and that's all!

A wig store in New York em-
ploys three bald-headed clerks to
exhibit wigs and toupees to pros-
pective customers.

Commendations For Guard Duty

The following named privates of
the guard received special com-
mendation for their knowledge of
their duties.

Sunday—Pvt. Katz, Air Base
Squadron, Pvt. McClellen, Air Base
Squadron, Pvt. F. Broadway Aviation
Squadron, Cpl. Guthrie, Eng.

Monday—Pvt. E. Woodard Guard
Squadron, Pvt. R. Gordon, Aviation
Squadron.

Tuesday—Pvt. L. Sullivan, Guard
Squadron, Pvt. H. Hancock, Avia-
tion Squadron, Pvt. T. Galliday,
Air Base Squadron.

Wednesday—Pvt. Furr, Aviation
Squadron, Pvt. Eulich, Air Base
Squadron, Pvt. Vigneault, Guard
Squadron.

Thursday—Pvt. Alcorn, Engineers,
Pvt. Gaskin, Aviation Squadron,
Pvt. Walden, Guard Squadron.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Last week our friend that uses
the powder puff regularly, namely
Cpl. William Payne, took on one
of the leading Bangor bowlers. The
game rolled was ten pins, and he
made an admirable showing even
though defeated, by only 14 pins.

S-Sgt. Orioli, the new member to
the warehouse has been working
with Pvt. Meyers for several days
and just found out that the latter
was a Q. M. man. Better get to
know your neighbors Sgt.

It is a good thing that M-Sgt.
Skypek has returned from fur-
lough, or he would have lost the
complete affections of his dog,
Major. Pvt. Zasloff has been the
culprit, by feeding the dog and con-
stantly petting him, he has been
the only man to make any headway
with this dog. To this day the is-
sue is still in doubt, as to whom the
affection is strongest.

Did you know that Pvt. Cunning-
ham went on a fishing cruise in
civilian life with a friend. When
he returned he was a captain and
the proud processor of a fish-
ing license. In order to get the full
story of this escapade, it is suggest-
ed that you ask the captain about
it.

Did you know that Pvt. Morgan
will wager anybody that he can
drive anything on wheels? In a
heated debate a few days ago, he
got so excited that he made up his
bunk backwards and on the second
attempt he duplicated the same
feat.

It seems that there is a certain
party by the name of Rusty work-
ing at the motor pool, and said
party shows great affection for Pvt.
Purser a member of the same unit.
I could go on and mention some of
these out signs, but I believe that
the boy from Mississippi would
rather relate the story himself.

The G is for Joe Mollica delights
in teasing his friend Kilcoyne by
taking the largest half of whatever
Tom has in this case it was the
cantalope. And to top it off, he
wanted to slam the bus window on
his arm, now that is a friendly
gesture, no?

That miniature copy of Dow
Field, that Cpl. Alves is finishing
up is really a masterpiece. Every-

thing is included from grass to the
largest buildings. The corporal is
being praised by everyone who sees
it and the Q. M. is glad to have
such a talented man in their midst.

Does anyone in this compar-
know when the official opening
the NCO club is going to be held?
When some activities are going to
be held and what is actually going
on? We have a bulletin board to
post notices and some of the boys
would like to get on the inside of
things. Will someone answer the
few questions or get the answers?

The bowling season is now ap-
proaching and it is the desire of
the Q. M. to put out another
championship team. All members
who are bowlers are invited to try
out for the team. Arrangements
are being made for two teams and
at least 16 men are needed. The
tryout dates will be put on the bul-
letin board, so now is the time to
put your names in, not later.

How to be sure about her diamond

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

We suggest that you
drop in and have a talk
with our Diamond expert,
Mr. Bryant, Jr. There's no
obligation. He'll be glad to
give you the facts and
help you in every possible
way.

W.C. BRYANT & SON, INC.
JEWELERS
Over a century of fair
and honest dealing at
the same location.

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

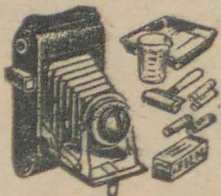
AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

PICKERING ST.

BANGOR

SEND YOUR "SWEETIE" A SNAPSHOT



Cameras and
Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Ama-
teur and Professional
Films.

DAKIN'S

Sporting Goods Co.

25 CENTRAL ST.

SOLDIER REMEMBER?

—the folks back home
would like a souvenir of
Maine... so would you...
Come in and make your
selection.

PHOTOS - GIFTS
JEWELRY - SILVER
COMPLETE LINE OF
GREETING CARDS

BOYD & NOYES

25 Hammond St.

(Next to Bus Station)

CIVILIAN SLANTS

"Petite And Fiery" Foster Recalls Early Troubles In Supplying Tools

Mrs. Mary Louise Foster is a real, dyed-in-the-wool American whose greatest ambition at the moment is to have the war end within the next hour. She's a hard-hitting woman whose knowledge of supply problems is truly amazing. Employed by the Supply Division of the Sub-Depot, Mrs. Foster has watched the expansion of Dow Field since June 4, 1941.

One would never venture to assume that this petite and fiery "little woman" happens to be the mother of two boys, both in Uncle Sam's Armed Forces and a daughter who will soon graduate from the University of Maine. Her oldest son, Carl, has been somewhere in the South Pacific for well over a year.

Her initial employment at Dow Field was with the Air Corp Supply Department. Being one of the first civilians employed by Air Corp Supply her initial duty was to outfit a cadre of civilian mechanics with complete tool boxes. Asked to complete this assignment in accordance with Technical Order specifications, she admits at that stage of the game she didn't recognize the difference between a T. O. and a Sears

Roebuck catalog. That being one of her first assignments with Air Corp Supply and the most memorable one, she has often remarked that the experience attained from that duty has been invaluable.

At present her duties with supply consist mainly of Inventory Inspection. She is responsible to Major Kenneth K. Mackey, Chief of the Supply Division, for making certain that no overages or shortages exist on the records. Previous to her present duties she was responsible for the smooth operation of four Stock Record Units.

Typical of millions of American women she's a great baseball fan and admits she likes the horse races. The Boston Red Sox is her favorite ball team and allows that should the Beantowners ever win the American League pennant she would be one of the first to apply for a seat to the World Series.

Mrs. Foster says that she has enjoyed her employment here at Dow Field but is living for the day her sons come back home. Her home is in Cooper's Mills, Maine. Her husband is employed by the State of Maine Fish and Game Department as a game warden.

HEADQUARTERS

Recent visitors included Captain W. H. Loftus of the Air Corps and Lieutenant J. R. Cohen of the Signal Corps, both from RASC.

Notes from the C. O.'s office: Congratulations to our commanding officer, Major Fennell, on his promotion this week from Major AUS-AC to Major AUS. Major Fennell and Lieutenant Van Laethem are practicing diligently on sub-machine guns. There is now a fine picture of General Kane prominently displayed in the C. O.'s office.

A speedy and complete recovery are our wishes for Captain Talbot, who is in the hospital due to blood poisoning from a recent hand injury.

The fairer sex of our Sub-Depot are organizing their own softball team, and we hope final arrangements will soon be made so that we may all attend the first game.

There has been a great deal of "buzzing" since the small-pox vaccination was administered to all Sub-Depot employees last week. Many have had lame arms—others have complained of being ill—while some are sputtering because "Mine didn't take at all"—and still others fairly beam when they say "Have I told you about my operation? Oh, I mean vaccination."

The Headquarters Personnel unit looks lonely this week, due to the absence of Cynthia Jones, who is spending a week's vacation at her camp at Buck's Harbor, Maine.

Lorraine Phillips and husband are vacating at the seashore this week and are certainly having wonderful weather.

We are pleased to know that "Bea" Morrett, a former Sub-Depot employee, is coming along after her recent operation.

Patita O'Neill, also a former em-

ployee, and her husband, John, are receiving congratulations on the first addition to their family, a son, John, Jr.

The "Saturday crew" enjoyed "Jo" Profita's visit recently while she was in Bangor visiting her family. "Jo" worked in the Sub-Depot Headquarters before her transfer to RASC.

Fishing query: If Lieutenant Dyke brought a six-pound, three-ounce salmon back from Moosehead, what did his two conferees bring back?

When news is scarce and spirits low, there is always Peggy ready and willing to keep us up to date on the latest "Moron Stories."

Civilian Guards

We are sorry to report Lt. Lehr confined to his home by illness, and hope to see him back on the job soon. We also hope Patrolman Fitzgerald who has been ill will soon be with us again.

Patrolman Cary suggests that someone call Patrolman Buckley and Sergeant Burke aside and explain to them that if they want to raise a pig for pork to get a different breed than a Guinea pig.

Patrolman Frank Simmons is enjoying a vacation at his camp at Green Lake, and it is expected he will do plenty of fishing.

Chief Spangler has given the Guard a lot of instructions on dry firing. Now, if some member of the force will come to his rescue and instruct him in dry casting it will help to clear up quite a situation, as we understand he is making a mess of things around his home.

Sergeant Thompson beware on a three way match with Lieutenant Hoffman and Corporal Stuart, odd man pays for the cokes. They have educated coins, and practice makes perfect.

Q. M. Queries

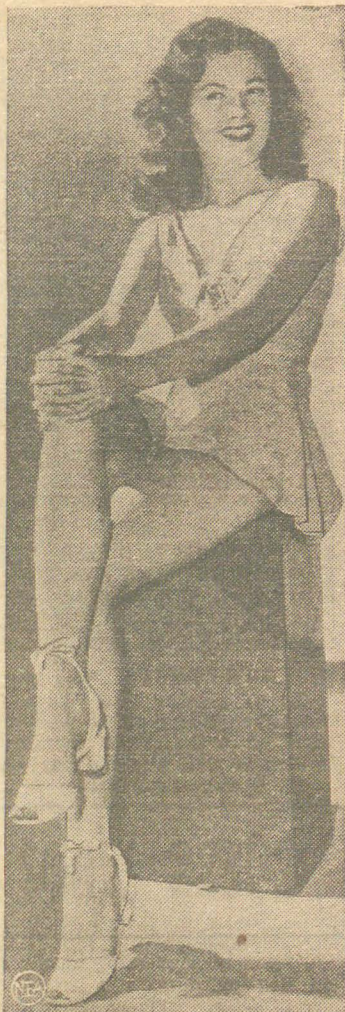
Did you know, but how could you help it, that there was a packard, town car, parked on Second street, the steering wheel dripping with parking tags, and all six cylinders dead? Yes Cosgrove's QUEEN MARY lies at the mooring. Could it be that it is out for the duration Eddie?

Did you know that Betts Dolan and three gentlemen were rained out one Sunday not so long ago at Meadowbrook in the fourth?

Now it can be told! We now have the facts on Margie. Yep, she has definitely changed from Engineers to, why yes, it looked like the Quartermaster Corps on a Friday night not so long ago. Any comments Margie.

The first of August found many of the civilians from the Quartermaster office out sunning themselves, at some of the nearby beaches, as the result of one particular party we know about there are three girls in the QM office who still look rather "well done". How about this Lynn, Dottie and Pat? Do you remember the air raid

She'll Swoon



Envy of a million girls is Barbara Hale, one-time Chicago model, who will play Frank Sinatra's sweetheart in a forthcoming film musical.

and gas attack Monday, 2 August 1943? We wonder what would have happened had this been the real McCoy? It seems that we civilians are thought to be "able to take it", for we were not evacuated, we were not given gas masks, and we never have been told what to do. What would have happened? We wonder!

CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER TO: Technical Sergeant and Mrs. Joe Mollica who were married 7 August 1943. Mrs. Mollica is the former Lucille Kelley of the Property Section.

Sergeant and Mrs. Sidney Solomon on the birth of a son on Sunday, 8 August 1943.

Technical Sergeant Joseph Sain on his promotion to Master Sergeant.

Sergeant Nathan Sucher on his promotion to Technical Sergeant.

Staff Sergeant Ernest Gregory on his promotion to Technical Sergeant.

Corporal Jimmy Oakes on his promotion to Sergeant.

Medical

Miss Pearson has returned from her vacation looking as "fresh as a daisy." Welcome home, Peg!

Bertha Walker got back to work in the kitchen to see "what was cookin'" sooner than we thought she would. Glad to see you back.

Lena Grindle of South Penobscot has joined the Hospital Staff as Assistant X-ray Technician. We hope you'll enjoy working with us.

Tommy Hardy, that well-known messenger boy we miss so much around here, dropped in to see us last week. He's in the Navy now and likes it very much. His first trip out to sea must have been something! It doesn't bother him now, too. He's a grand boy and we wish him the best of luck. He'll be an Admiral before we know it.

WHO was waiting at the gate for that Staff Sergeant about 8:30 p. m., on August 17th????? We can't blame him, of course.

Miss Lillian Parker has "joined our ranks". She's a Dental Assistant and is getting along fine.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St.

Bangor

USO Activities

MONDAY, AUGUST 23

Cabaret night. Noise makers, horns, USO hostesses, 8:30-11:30 p. m. Also pool, ping pong, cards, checkers, monopoly, etc.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24

Informal dance night, USO hostesses, 8:30-11:30. Special service to "Letter-on-Record" makers. Send home a greeting in your own voice.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25

Dance, Dow Field Troubadours, USO hostesses, 8:15-11:30. Broadcast dance music and songs from 10:30-11:00.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26

Movie night. Full length feature,

"East Side of Heaven," 9:00 p. m. Dancing. Latest records over sound amplification system. USO hostesses.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27

Game night. Pool, ping pong, parlor games. Informal dancing. USO hostesses.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28

Dance, Libbey's orchestra, USO hostesses.

Sunday, Aug. 29, Letter writing day—Snack bar now opens at 10 a. m.—Tea dance, 3:15 p. m. Dancing to music from new recordings 8-11:30, U. S. O. hostesses. Make a letter on a record. Expert attendant on hand 8-10 p. m.

Dow Field Activities

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1943

Dinner dance for the Headquarters of the Eng. Penobscot hotel is the place. A full course chicken dinner will be served at 7:30. The Troubadours will play for the dance, a grand time is anticipated by all.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1943

Broadcast and dance, 1905 Eng.

Battalion will sponsor and give the broadcast. The broadcast will be held in T-478, the dance will be formal.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29, 1943

Co. C. 1905 Eng. outing at Fushaw pond, swimming, boating, dancing to the Troubadours, and a picnic will constitute the program. We will leave the YWCA at 3:30.

OLD MAIL BAGS

By Cpl. Theodore "Chink" Toombs

The dance given at the building t-6 Tuesday night, by Mrs. Madeline Shaw and the special service office was a huge success. Music was furnished by Cpl. "Les" Wilson's boys and members of the Dow field band, Miss Barbara Cromwell sang that popular song of yesterday: "You Made Me Love You", and I think the whole thing was for "Booker" T. Halsey's benefit. (Lucky chap).

Many of the married couples spent the majority of the evening in the G. I. "Stork club" (P. X.) sipping beer.

The Baysmores and the Had-docks seemed to be having a wonderful time talking over old times. Pvt. Mitchell Strange drifted in about the latter part of the evening with that very charming young lady from points unknown. (How about an intro chum?)

S. Sgt. Grant and the Mrs. shared a booth with the Westley Johnson's. Seems as if all of G. I. SOCIETY was present and accounted for, the Atkin's, the Joe Barnes, and the McMullens all seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely.

Pfc. Reggie Pinn and that very charming M. R. both seemed to be in a melancholy mood Tuesday night, they sat holding hands the majority of the evening.

Pfc. Henry "Tuckahoe" Norman and Miss Nettie Johnson were married at the base chapel Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. M. Sgt. Sam Randall was the best man and Pfc. Alfred Samuel officiated the act of giving the bride away. Mrs. M. Samules was maid of honor.

The new game of touch football has really gone over in a big way with the fellows. Outside of the sports value of the game the fellows seem to enjoy it more because they have a chance to tackle their favor-

ite non-com without fear of punishment.

Yours truly ran an article on a certain Cpl. last week and via the Bangor grape vine news has reached these ears that the Cpl. in question was afraid to let his spouse see this column. To make certain that she didn't see it he made up the excuse that he forgot to bring the paper home, also he went to the different tenants in the house begging them not to show the paper to his wife and above all not to discuss the subject with her at any time. But it seems as if his wife did get to see the column and now she wants him to explain what he was doing on the night mentioned by yours truly. (Did you find an alibi as yet Cpl. F. W. B.???)

Pvt. Johnnie R. Griffen and Miss Irene Bernard tripped the light fantastic to the delight of the pleasure seekers. At the rate he dancers he'll need more than one shoe ration stamp 18!!!

Pfc. Jim Massey walks around in a perpetual fog. I think he hears the melodious notes of church bells playing the wedding march!!! (When is she coming up chum?)

Cpl. Spurgeon "sultan of the ivories" Illery had everything on the ball Tuesday night. His style of "boogie-woogie" piano is really tops in my world, and I think everyone who was at the dance was thinking along the same lines. Incidentally Cpl. Illery also celebrated his birthday Tuesday. Many happy returns of the day chum.

R. C. WILLISTON

OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN

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



SAFETY-TOE WORK SHOES

BOTH
HIGH SHOES
AND
OXFORDS

ATTENTION CIVILIAN PERSONNEL

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

Schire's
BANGOR SHOE STORE

29 Mercantile Sq. Next to Merchants Bank



REGULAR SERVICE

7:30 A. M. to 12 M.

DOW FIELD
TO
DOWNTOWN
BANGOR

PENOBSCOT
TRANSPORTATION
COMPANY

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

Yes, the Base Library is still in action. The only reason that this column has failed to appear in the last two weeks is that it was inadvertently left out. That is what S-Sgt. Geden tells me anyway.

We have lots of technical books for you boys though so be sure and ask to see them the next time you are in.

GOING TO O. C. S.

A complete and authentic guide to every Officer Candidate School. Tells how to apply for OCS, how candidates are judged and the schools and programs of instruction.

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

By Charles Spalding and Otis Carney

This story was written by two former aviation cadets, now officers in the aviation corps. It is humorously told and you should chuckle over the adventures of these two from the time they tried to enlist up to the day they first soloed. A very amusing book for an evening's reading.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

By Captain Ted Lawson

Written by one of the men who flew with Doolittle over Tokyo, crashed in the China Sea and traveled all over the world to get finally home to his wife in Washington. Capt. Lawson tells a poignant story of these brave men who bombed Tokyo.

VALIANT DUST

By Margaret Mackay

An historical novel written about the early 80s in Tientsin China. Elsie sails from Scotland to China to marry a young Scotch trader and strives to make a life as much as can be like her own in Britain. There is always the fear of uprisings of the Chinese against the foreigners, as they call the white settlers, and the climax is the Boxer Rebellion when all feared for their life.

New Technical Books

Wings for Offense—Capt. Burr Leyson.

Air Navigation—Herbert Zim.

Airplane Maintenance—Hurbert Lesley.

Fighting Planes of the World—Major Bernard Law.

Basic Mathematics for Aviation—Frank Ayres.



CHAIRMAN — Bea Wain (above), singing star, has been named chairman of the women's division of the music committee aiding in the waste paper salvage campaign.

GUESS WHO?

Are you in a guessing mood? Are you floating down the stream of current events without a compass? Then it's time we took you in hand and guided you through the personalities who are in the limelight. Follow this column and we'll probably follow you—with the white coats—but seriously, fellows—see where you stand on this week's guess star—Guess Who—

1

In his youth he was known as TOOEY—which was around 1891—and soon annexed the crown of the youngest linotype operator in Pennsylvania. He was also hot stuff on guitar. Any idea yet—neither did we—but Guess Who—

2

His father was a state senator and in 1910 he was appointed to West Point, lugging along his beloved guitar. One day Tooley caught a glimpse of Glen Curtis making his record breaking flight from Albany to New York and then and there he decided that was for him. Guess Who—

3

He was sent to Mexico with Pershing and the only development was a composition on his guitar called the Punitive Rag. World War I found him teaching pilots instead of fighting. However, he did get a few licks in and gathered in the Distinguished Service Medal. His last name was so frequently mispronounced that he actually changed the spelling. Guess Who—

4

To give you a further clue the name is pronounced as if it were spelled "SPOTS". 1942 he was serving as chief of the Air Force Combat Command, when he was suddenly yanked out and sent to England. There his job was to train the Eighth Army Air Force. His job also was to organize the Thunderbolt that was to get the Air control of the Mediterranean. Tough weather, beaten grizzled—he roared as the Nazi planes, aim was wild. "The darn fools are setting air power back 20 years." His initials are C. S. Guess Who—

The Answer

Lieutenant General Carl (Tooley) SPAATZ

The Kind Of A Guy You Are Fighting Described In September "Air Force"

THIS IS YOUR ENEMY

The nature of the enemy we're fighting—his strength, his cunning and his weaknesses—forms the basis of an informative feature, "This Is Your Enemy," appearing in the September issue of AIR FORCE. Many tricks of the Axis, such as stringing cables across ravines to snag low-flying planes, attempting to camouflage warships with palm trees, throwing up multi-colored flak to distract bombardiers, trapping planes left on airfields in retreat and concealing remote-control firearms, are described in the article. Items indicating the psychological makeup of enemy soldiers also are included.

AVIATION ENGINEERS IN NORTH AFRICA

How the aggressive aviation engineers in the North African campaign slapped down forward airdromes with utmost speed despite enemy resistance and weather handicaps is related in the September issue of AIR FORCE, official service journal. Brig. Gen. D. A. Davison, Chief Engineer for the Northwest African Air Forces, is the author of the feature.

Brig. Gen. S. C. Godfrey, the Air Engineer, terms the article "the best evidence yet presented on rapid airdrome construction for a large air force in a new theatre."

THE AAF'S WOMEN PILOTS

Gal pilots now are flying AAF combat planes. The story of the expanding nature of the work of the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, whose members are now breezing from factory to airfield at the controls of fighters, medium bombers and transports as well as trainers and liaison aircraft, is told in the September issue of AIR FORCE.

AIR FORCE OPERATIONS IN THE BATTLE OF ATTU

The employment of air power in the Battle of Attu is described in the September issue of AIR FORCE by Brig. Gen. William E. Lynd, who, as Army Air Officer on the Staff of the Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet, was on hand for that operation. General Lynd has recently been named Commanding General of the 4th Air Force.

HOW THE AIR SERVICE COMMAND OPERATES

Because its activities were "more closely related to those of busi-

ness management than of military operation," the Air Service Command was reorganized on a business basis last December. Improvements noted in the operation of the command under this reorganization are described in an article in the September issue of AIR FORCE. Author of the story is the ASC's Commanding General, Maj. Gen. Walter H. Frank.

THE WORLD IS THEIR OYSTER
To pilots of a "special mission" group of the Air Transport Command, Chungking is just a spot on the map where the weather officer owes him six bucks; Cairo, where a British nurse has promised him a date on his next visit; Melbourne, where he has to pick up last week's laundry.

An article on these pilots and the tough, serious work they have in getting cargo to all points on the globe in record time is told in an interesting article in the September issue of AIR FORCE. RIDING THE MESSERSCHMITT MAYTAG

How it feels to wash out in primary is told in a straightforward account by Private Charles M. Macko in the September issue of AIR FORCE. Private Mack has been reclassified at a basic training center after flunking his final check ride at Thunderbird Field.

"Disappointed as I am, I can appreciate the Army's aim. It wants the cream of the crop to make the best pilots in the world," he writes. His experiences should prove of interest to pilots and prospective cadets alike.

PREPARE FOR INSPECTION

"Inspection concerns every man in the AAF from the private who pours gasoline into the plane to the general who ordered its flight."

Thus Brig. Gen. Junius W. Jones, the Air Inspector, explains the need for a medium to circulate AAF inspection information to the field. AIR FORCE fills this need with the inauguration in the September issue of a regular monthly department of timely tips of interest both to inspectors and inspectees.

THAT AIN'T HAY, BROTHER

The apple-pie bed was too tame for soldiers at Camp Roberts, Calif. They favored the firecracker bed. You hit the hay, and the hay goes bang. Fortunately, that kind of thing happened only on the stage of the recreation hall, where a series of skits showed Nazi soldiers planting booby traps, untrained American soldiers barging around so as to explode them, and trained Americans doing everything right. The idea for the bangup drama came from Lt. Charles B. Clemenson, and the details were worked out by Col. Ben Moonitz, with firecrackers instead of bombs.

Flying blind. Lots of Japs are very nearsighted, you know. Now a report tells us that they're having trouble replacing broken glasses because of certain missing materials. (Imagine Hirohito's men advancing behind a small army of Seeing Eye Dogs!)

Aviation Squadron

If one turned on the radio last week they would have heard on the air-waves the singing voices of Cpls. Lester Wilson, S. Wilson, Pfc. Joe Barnes, Pfts. A. Johnson, J. Snyder, and J. Thompson. The magic fingers of Cpl. Joseph Cooper also afforded all music lovers the pleasure of classic and semi-classic music. "Congratulations, fellows, here's luck to you."

The news has gone all over town that the 4th St. boys have a new game called follow the leader. We all would like to play the game. How about letting us in on it?

The pool tournament got under way last night in the "Rec. Hall."

We offer congratulations to Pvt. Mitchell Strange, Pfc. H. Waldy, Pfc. L. McGalker, Pfc. H. T. Miller, and Pfc. Dave Clark who were awarded Safety Drivers Medals. Keep up the good work and safe driving.

We are proud of our new 1st Sgt. Henry Trott and Mess Sgt. Caywood. Congratulations to you. We

are all behind you and will work with you like the soldiers we are. We regret the loss of M.-Sgt. Randall and his cadre. However, we are glad that they are close enough for frequent visits.

The beautiful southern voice of Mrs. Chas. Monroe intrigues all the administrative workers in T-44. We enjoy your visits. Let us see you more often. Advice to the Squadron IF YOU PICK UP, PLEASE POLICE UP!

General Mess

SGT. D. F. McAVEY

Dear Giggles:

Here I am again trying to type a letter off to you, but all that dirt that I had stored up seemed to have vanished. But don't you worry, before I get through somebody's ears are going to burn.

I wish that I could show you some of Andrew's latest paintings; perhaps I can persuade him to give an exhibition down at the library some day soon. He really swings a mean brush and I'm not just 'cat-yowling'.

The other day Allred was promoted to corporal, so to celebrate we put him in the shower—clothes and all. He knew that it was useless to resist as we were very determined. I carried his feet. (That last sounds as though his feet were detached from his body, but they were not, I assure you.) As 'Lady Luck' would have it I was wearing a pair of sneakers and the minute that they hit the duck boards I slipped. It was a sorry looking mess that emerged from the shower room that night.

The month of August is a very, very important month; two very smart people were in it; the mess sergeant and myself. Perhaps I should modify that last a little—only one smart person. WE both had parties, but mine was, by far, the most insignificant. Ray had his out at the club with Tommy Dowell as the master of ceremonies. The highlight of the party was Bill Geotzke's representation of a 'burly' queen. His costume and his acting were superb; he didn't omit a single detail, and you know just what I mean.

All praise and thanksgiving goes to Major Wriston for changing the meal hours. That extra hour's sleep in the morning is like manna from heaven and it gives us that certain impetus that is needed to start the day off right.

Besides being a cook one also has

to be a super-sleuth in order to locate some people—and I do mean that Charlie Wells person.

It seems that several of the boys put four, (and if you don't think that four can make plenty of noise you are wrong) auto bombs on Ray Stow's car. After the first one went off he flew out of the car—slightly green, and ripped the rest out. Too bad, it would have been so much fun to watch him put the motor back!

And so, Giggles, darling, I have to go to bed. YOU know the old saying, 'Early to bed, early to rise makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise'—except in the Army...

With love and kisses,
"Mother"

BANGOR'S M.&P. THEATERS

HITS FOR THIS WEEK

BIJOU Theatre

ENTIRE WEEK

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

GARY COOPER
Teresa Wright, Babe Ruth

OPERA HOUSE

Today, Tues., Wed.

FRONTIER BADMAN

Robert Paige, Anne Gwynne
Diana Barrymore

Thurs., Fri., Sat.

HENRY ALDRICH SWINGS IT

Jimmy Lydon

PARK THEATRE

Today and Tues.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER

Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth
—Also—

MY FRIEND FLICKA

Boddy McDowall
Preston Foster, Rita Johnson

Wed.-Thurs.

REAP THE WILD WINDS

Ray Milland, John Wayne
Paulette Goddard
—Also—

YOUTH ON PARADE

John Hubbard, Ruth Terry

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For OFFICERS and ENLISTED MEN

BLOUSES, SLACKS, SHIRTS, SHOES
METAL and EMBROIDERED INSIGNIA

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WEB BELTS with Solid Brass Buckles or Solid Brass
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