

Bangor Public Library

Bangor Community: Digital Commons@bpl

Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

8-30-1943

August 30, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digicom.bpl.lib.me.us/dowfieldobserver>

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. 30, 1943

Vol. No. 66

CAMEL CARAVAN AT DOW WEDNESDAY

New, Snappy U. S. O. Show For Dow Field

Tommy Tucker, expert magician, who delves into the weird and mystic spirit world, in a comic vein, to perform his tricks of magic will appear here on Tuesday at T-6 with four beautiful girls to entertain the men.

Appearing with Tommy Tucker is Lucille Rich, a very attractive brunette, whose twinkling toes have danced their way into the hearts of the country by way of the Schubert Operettas and in films for the Warner Brothers studio.

Ann Sharon, an extremely clever puppeteer, works lots of mimicry and subtle satire into her routine.

Then there is petite and lovely Frances Carroll whose singing has been featured all over the country with name bands.

Nellie Jay, the clever accordionist, has been featured in night clubs and theatres all over the country. She provides the music for the show, works her own spot and leads the community singing.

The Camp Show will have two performances on Tuesday night in T-6. First show at 7, second performance at 9.

On Wednesday the troop will entertain the men out on the Bombing Range.

Engineers' Dance Great Success

Special commendations go to the officers and enlisted men who did such a splendid job of turning a hangar into a grand setting for the broadcast and dance on Thursday night. A huge stage was built with a back elevation, attractively set against a colorful background, enlivened with cartoons and company banners. All around the hangar were pictures, cartoons and decorations, giving to the place a festive air.

The occasion was formal and Mrs. Shaw worked very hard to help make it the success it was. She provided about two hundred hostesses, each one attractively gowned in her best, and wearing lovely corsages contributed by all the Bangor florists.

An appetizing supper was served and there again the Engineers outdid themselves, serving a very attractive and tempting plate supper, composed of salad, cold ham, tomatoes and pickles. Iced punch was there for the thirsty.

The officers to be complimented for handling the party were Lt. Smith, chairman of the committee, and Lt. Zoglin, Lt. Nollen and Lt. Funderburk.

The Dow Field Troubadors contributed the music for dancing and we pronounce it excellent. All had a lot of fun.

Company C Hold Final Picnic

Company C of the Engineers held the final picnic of the season yesterday at Pushaw pond. Under the direction of S-Sgt. Bill Weeks it was a bang-up affair. Assisting him were M-Sgt. Hugh Adams, Sgt. Quartrio, Sgt. Farrah. First Sgt. Joseph David handled the transportation problem. Lt. Rachford was on hand to keep things moving. Mrs. Shaw provided the hostesses.



A powerhouse of talent is compressed in the group above which is part of the Camel Caravan visiting camps and bases of the armed forces to give the utmost in free entertainment. Mike Harmon, master of ceremonies, has his arms around two of the three Morgan Sisters, sweet-singing harmony group, and on his right is Florence Robinson, popular dancer. The blonde on the left is a Camelette who hands out free cigarettes to the uniformed audience after each show.

Bishop, Sheirer And Geden In "Funs Apoppin'"

Before and after the broadcast a pep-up show was presented at the Engineers party with Cpl. Gerald Sheirer from the Medics confounding his audience with feats of magic. Cpl. Kenneth Bishop and Sgt. Paul Geden put on a mind reading act that created great amusement. "Herr" Bishop, as Svengali, robed in a long raincoat and pate bedecked with a pair of

Run's Apoppin'

Please Turn to Page 4

Com. Center Holds Birthday Party

The birthday party held on Tuesday of last week at the Community Center provided a good time for all. Miss Mariam Landon was in charge of the affair. Cpl. Kenneth Bishop was present to amuse the guests with impersonations of famous people and later assisted in passing out free cigarettes to the men whose birthday occurred in August. Mrs. Smallwood it was who contributed a huge cake, without which no birthday party is complete.

Sgt. Joseph Cappell of the Engineers won the door prize which was a free dinner for himself and his girl friend at the Brass Rail.

Norman Lambert and his orchestra provided music for dancing. A great deal of fun was derived from a balloon dance held during the course of the evening. Wonder how many G. I. boots may have crushed petite feminine toes? It's rough but a lot of fun.

Dow Field Thanks Bangor Florists

One of the outstanding things we are most appreciative of here at Dow Field is the wonderful spirit of cooperation we receive from the citizens of Bangor. We have on various occasions timidly approached people or organizations requesting help only to be received with open arms.

At this particular time we wish to extend our gratitude to the florists of Bangor, who very generously contributed four hundred corsages for the hostesses that were guests of the Dow Field Engineers upon the occasion of their party and dance on last Thursday evening. The flowers were lovely and very tastefully made up.

Rather than be general in our appreciation we wish to thank you individually. Those who contributed were: the Brockway Flower Shoppe, Bangor Floral Company, Bangor Nursery Flower Shop, O'Loughlin's Greenhouses, Broadway Art Floral Shop, Seavey's Greenhouses and the Sunnyside Greenhouses.

Hill Billy Band "Wows" Audience

The broadcast show this week hit a new high level with men from the Engineers contributing most to the entertainment.

The Dow Field Troubadors had Irving Hunter guessing for a while as they alternately imitated Freddie Martin, Clyde McCoy and Tommy Dorsey. Irving soon saw through their masquerade and the show was off to a grand start with "Put Your Arms Around Me"

Radio Show

Please Turn to Page 2

Two Shows At T-6 To Be Given By Caravan Of Fun And Music

Attention All N. C. O.'s

Election of permanent officers for N. C. O. Club, Monday, Sept. 6, 1943. Cast your ballot for president and vice-president.

Eminent Speakers Present Forum At Dow Field

The personnel of Dow Field were present at a two day forum held in the Base Theatre on Tuesday, August 24, and Wednesday, August 25. Sessions were held both in the morning and afternoon. Chaplain Mark A. Smith and Chaplain Brogan were present at the forum meetings and introduced the speakers.

The topic of the lectures were, "What Are We Fighting For," and was based around the words of General Eisenhower's United Nations Day message.

The speakers were: the Reverend J. J. Redden, O. M. I. of Buffalo, N. Y., professor of Religion and Public Speaking at the Holy Angels Collegiate Institute in Buffalo, and also professor of Religion at Mount Mercy Academy.

Another speaker was Rabbi Norman Gerstenfeld, A. B., Rabbi of the Washington Hebrew Congregation, a member of the Committee on Religion in Washington, D. C., and a member of the Executive Committee of the American Council for Judaism.

The Reverend Robert W. Searle, D. D., General Secretary of the Greater New York Federation of Churches arranged for the trio of speakers through General Royce, to tour the bases and camps in the First Service Command and arranged acceptance of the program

Speakers

Please Turn to Page 2

Promotions

TO BE TECHNICIAN 4th. GRADE

T-5 Agnas C. Gustafson
T-5 Marie J. I. Dusseault
T-5 Earline L. Beasley

TO BE CORPORAL

Pvt. Sarah H. Colsher
Pvt. Muriel I. Haines

TO BE TECHNICIAN 5th. GRADE

Pfc. Marion E. Carley
Pfc. Ruth M. Deming
Pfc. Eva NMI Hill
Pfc. Fannie J. Hardin
Pfc. Margaret E. James
Pfc. Marjorie L. Stephenson
Pfc. Martha E. Chandler
Pvt. Katherine NMI Levy
Pfc. Jean A. Walker
Pfc. Johanna I. Compitello
Pfc. Rosalie B. Lief
Pfc. Esther NMI Mielman
Pfc. Clara H. Nowakowski

TO BE PRIVATES FIRST CLASS

Pvt. Bertha NMI Kaufer
Pvt. Margaret G. Flanagan
Pvt. Frances J. Martin
Pvt. Ruth H. Sedam
Pvt. Muriel E. Enderes
Pvt. Pauline NMI Chubinsky
Pvt. Thelma M. Miller
Pvt. Elizabeth A. Reichart
Pvt. Dorothea E. Reasinger
Pvt. Thelma E. Justice
Pvt. Esther L. Downing
Pvt. Elizabeth J. LeClair
Pvt. Clara C. Lammers
Pvt. Mildred M. Naiman
Pvt. Angeline M. Puccio.

After being on the alert all day, soldier, we don't blame you for not wanting to give up that feeling of "at ease" when your official duties are done, but you'll certainly want to come to attention when the Camel Caravan, with a load of talent aboard, comes to Dow Field on Sept. 1st.

Every buck private in the camp will want to present arms for the charms of the Morgan Sisters, a trio of topnotch tunesters, who are always in harmony whether it be in looks or vocally. The Morgan Sisters have been featured in many stage shows but say their greatest kick always comes when they sing out for the boys and girls in the services.

You can't help but salute the novelties in song and dance on the Camel Caravan and you'll never beat a hasty retreat when you hear the music.

This is no latrine-o-gram. Believe us, you're in for a hectic time when dashing, daring and delightful Florence Robinson lets go with her dance routines. She's a whirlwind on her feet and she'll whirl right into your affections.

Bobby Kuhn and his Rhythm Boys, a compact orchestra, can do anything in the way of music. Ballads, torch tunes, jive and boogie-woogie . . . nothing has them stopped. They play your favorite songs in your favorite manner.

Clyde Hager, who does a take-off on a pitchman's spiel, will have you holding your sides because of laughter and there's also some fancy drum beating by Charlie Masters.

Master of ceremonies of Camel Caravan is handsome Michael Harmon, a baritone.

The topper is that it's all free, courtesy of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, whose idea is that shucks, we can have a heck of a time right here in camp if we get the chance. So here's the chance.

P. S.—After the show, a couple of professional models called Camelettes will pass free Camels to everyone in the audience.

Dow Field Diary

By Sgt. George Edwards

MONDAY

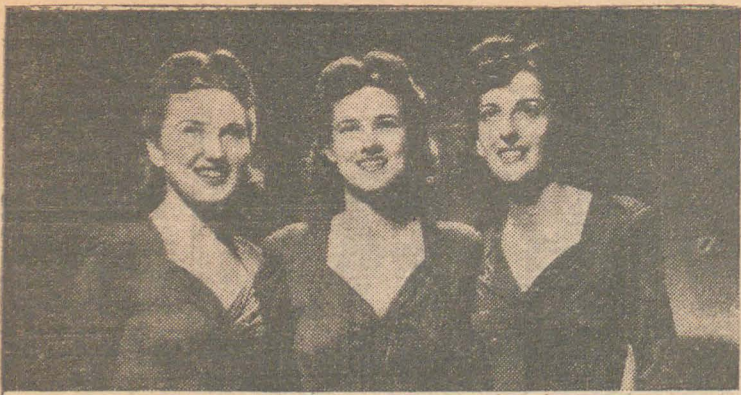
My first day as relief editor while your gallant scribe, S/Sgt. Paul Geden joins the ranks of those to have their minds and muscles renovated, a la basic training, in a refresher course that bring back good old rookie days, when the only thing we worried about was K. P. Tsh, tsh! What a far cry this is! Saw, "Heaven Can Wait," at the base theatre this week and did chortle with glee at the antics of Charles Coburn.

TUESDAY

Looks like rain and here I sit, vacant of mind, chewing pencils, mentally begging for an idea for Thursday's Radio Show. Had some coffee in the P.X. this A. M. with T/Sgt. Bunnell and Sgt. Fred Neumann. The former your current scribe here does elect as the most expressive gent at Dow Field. In his delivery of lines, his use of G. I. language soars to the artistic. It leaves little to the imagination, and is strong as spirits of ammonia. Lt. Smith from the Engineers herded his brood of aspiring radio artists over to T-16 to audition for Thursday's program. Comes a visit from Cpl. Wright at my request and enjoyed some spicy chit-chat with

Diary

Please Turn to Page 2



Richer in voice than their namesake, J. P. Morgan was in money, are the attractive Morgan Sisters, pictured here, whose harmonious rhythms enhance the CAMEL CARAVAN, a star-studded show playing to SRO for men and women in the armed forces.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

that great wag, while stalking an interview.

WEDNESDAY

Up early and feeling fine and in due course took up biting pencils where I left off yesterday. Held a reading of the Broadcast scripts this A. M. Mr. Reardon of the U.S.O. dropped in for a chat and to leave some news. The lectures at the Base Theatre packing them in and all agree that the speakers are tops. By the way, I hope you didn't miss the double feature at the Theatre this week. The antics of Sgts Doubleday and Ames caused the audience to react so gleefully I thought the roof would fly off.

P. S. The reason Sgt. McAvey's typewriter looks so squatty is that he uses the hunt and peck system. One fist at a time.

THURSDAY

Much to do about arrangements for tonight's broadcast for the Engineers. Lt. Smith beating around Bangor to hunt a P. A. system; ours having expired for the time being. The Engineers boys up bright and early and me still dreaming over my coffee, to get chairs, lights, etc., to make the hangar into a dance hall.

Rehearsals very sketchy in the A. M., and feared the worst for the show. However, the afternoon rehearsal showed promise and we were content. S-Sgt. Geden popped in and out giving us words of cheer and encouragement.

Comes 7:15 and loaded into trucks the band boys and yours truly were whisked over to the Engineers. Show going fine and comes 9:30 everything still fine. Show went over well, so silently folding my scripts, I stole away to write letters and then to bed.

FRIDAY

Wonder what Sgt. Al DeVencentis was doing over to the party last night wearing an Engineers hat. Met Sgt. Al Jarusevice in the P. X. this A. M. He in fatigues and telling me of a picnic he is agoin' on. W. L. B. Z. is tendering the affair to the band boys. I hope that you have a good time.

Radio Show

Continued from the First Page

Honey", Cpl. Jack Eaves interpreting the vocals.

Sgts. DeFazio and Kepps sang and whistled the ever beautiful, "You'll Never Know."

Nuttier than ever, The Nit Wit Newsreel, snapped along at a lively pace. The audience appreciating this bit of nonsense.

The story of Robinson Caruso

came in for a G.I. renovating, providing some fun for all with T/5 Rosalie Lief and Sgt. G. R. Edwards enacting the roles, and Sgt. Paul Geden doing the spot announcing on the script.

What program would be complete if Sgt. Al Jarusevice didn't do something especially nice to a song. This time it was, "Wait For Me Mary." Very nice!

The high spot of the show occurred when the Hill Billy Band took over. And I mean they took over! Audience reaction was terrific! Pfc. Sepessy and Pvts. Beaury, Benjamin and Alred, tore off some snappy high-jinks that set feet atapping and brought forth gales of laughter.

Pfc. Charles S. Fleck was presented on the Dow Field Personality Parade, and it is amazing to behold his musical knowledge and song writing ability when you consider he has never in his life had a musical lesson. He writes songs that sell too. In fact, one song, "Merrily Love Rolls Along", will be introduced in the near future by the Andrews Sisters. He closed the interview by playing, "Deep Purple". Nicely done, Charlie.

"Thank Your Lucky Stars and Stripes", was the closing number of the program. The Troubadors worked very hard over the whole program and we pronounce their work excellent.

Speakers

Continued from the First Page

for this base from Colonel Valentine.

The Reverend Searle is a veteran of the first World War, having served with the ambulance services and later overseas as Battalion Sergeant Major with the 303rd. Field Artillery.

While the trio was composed of clergymen the program did not have religion as a basis save only as it effects the vast struggle we are now involved in. The aim more was to strengthen the morale of the men to face the future with confidence because, "we are one in purpose and action; that through unity the forces of freedom will bring forth from this war a triumphant peace.

Each session lasted approximately an hour. An hour that fled by swiftly, so excellent was the manner and method of presenting these lectures. I'm sure many men left the forum with a feeling of being definitely uplifted and strengthened.

Fun's Apoppin'

Continued from the First Page

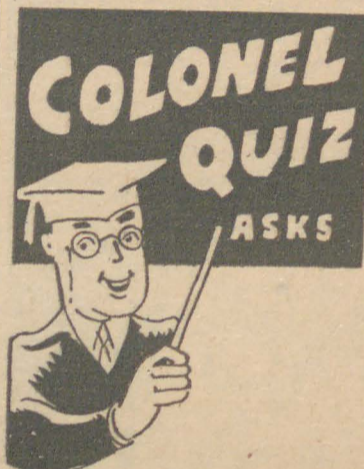
G. I. drawers as a turban, panicked the place. Sgt. Geden was the man, working the audience while Bishop, knowing all the answers, held forth on the stage. We think he might have cheated as occasionally he consulted, oh so furtively, a small card concealed in the palm of his hand.

We find Cpl. Bishop popping up again as Dr. Kildare later in the evening. Where does he get those outfits? They are honeys. He came out screaming for a patient. He was in the mood for an appendectomy. Sgt. DeFazio was finally persuaded to lose his appendix and "Bish" tore into him with a bayonet, while the crowd howled.

Hardly given sufficient time to recover from that bit of horse-play, the folks were treated to another laugh-maker, as Cpl. Elrod, daintily costumed for the act, did a "Gypsy Rose Lee", exposing his manly form to the glee of all.



BACKSTAGE PARTY—Mary Martin, Margaret Lindsay and Paula Stone (left to right) are guests of soldier cast of "The Army Play by Play" at backstage party in New York.



1. You find honey bees in a hive and bumble bees in a nest. Where would you find sea bees?
2. Which one of these actors was born in the United States: Cary Grant, Melvyn Douglas, George Brent?
3. For what purpose would a person be apt to go into a "tonsorial parlor?"
4. If someone gave you a poncho, would you ride it, wear it or eat it?
5. What's the difference between a hassock and a Cossack?
6. In the Walt Disney pictures, Dumbo is an elephant and Bambi is a deer. What is Pedro?

ANSWERS

1. In the Navy. On any front. They are the men in the construction battalion who build the advance mobile bases.
2. Melvyn Douglas; he was born in Macon, Georgia. Cary Grant was born in England, and George Brent in Ireland.
3. To get a hair cut. It's just a fancy name for a barber shop.
4. Wear it. It is a Spanish-American cloak like a blanket, with a slit in the middle for the head.
5. Hassock: A seat or stuffed cushion. Cossack: a Russian (they live in the Steppes—renowned as great fighters and cavalry men).
6. An aeroplane. (From "Saludos Amigos").

WHAT'S IN A NAME DEPT.

A private was standing inspection at Camp Wheeler, Ga., when the inspecting officer asked him his name, "Sir, Pvt. Sir Clark," was the reply. The officer hesitated, then asked, "What's your first name?" "Sir, sir," said Clark. The officer shook his head sadly and moved on. . . . Cpls. James Monroe and William McKinley are stationed at Kelley, Field, Tex. . . . Drill Sgt. Charlie Marsiglia, San Bernardino Air Base, Calif., is nicknamed Kerosene because "I just burn up whenever I see a guy out of line in formation." . . . The most negative

New Army Guide Book Tells All--From Jungle Travel to Fresh Meat

His flight togs hung in ribbons where the kunai grass had sliced through. He was sunburned like a native and he wore a five weeks' beard. He might have been passed up as a native—a poorly dressed one. Yet the lieutenant's bars on his shoulders glistened proudly when they picked him up. He had a right to wear them. By his own unaided efforts he had wrested shelter and food from the jungle and hacked his way a hundred miles to the seacoast. He even had fresh meat and fish at the time of his rescue—which was more than his rescuers could offer.

"How did you do it?" a newsreel man asked.

"It was easy," he said. "I had a book."

The "book" is a comprehensive guide to jungle and desert survival, issued by the Army Air Forces through their Flight Control Command. In words and pictures, crisply and concisely, it tells the ground-ed flyer what to do and what not to do until rescue comes. This 88-page lifesaver reads better than a letter from home.

Leave it to your Uncle Samuel to think of the tremendous little things that count. Long before Pearl Harbor, much of the exhaustive and exhausting research for jungle and desert emergency had already been done. Reports filed by the medical missionaries who gathered this information make Baedeker seem tame in comparison. Every word in the Army's guide is a sifting of first-hand knowledge.

The physical book itself has a bright red cover—which gaudiness is premeditated but not for aesthetic reasons. Airplane crack-ups sometimes strew objects over a mile-wide landscape. The bright red book, if thrown clear, is readily distinguishable. A strip of cloth ripped from its covers and impaled on a fish hook also makes good artificial bait. Moreover, dunking won't destroy the Army guide book. Its pages are made of waterproof paper. Neither will tropical insects attack it. The glue used in the binding contains insect-repellent powder.

Inside the book the same painstaking preparedness is evident. With

name in the Army is owned by A/C Nix Nix, Nashville (Tenn.) Army Air Center. . . . Cpl. and Mrs. E. S. Duck, Sheppard Field, Tex., have a brand new son. His name is Donald Duck.

FREE!

Fluid for Your Lighter
DROP IN, SOLDIER
Fill Your Lighter and Look Us
Over
OPEN EVERY NIGHT
YOUNGS
26 STATE ST.
Tobacconists Extraordinary

a copy in your pocket in darkest Africa you are as safe as in your own back yard.

The Army Textbook for amateur Tarzans is packed in the bail-out kit. Along with it go emergency "K" rations, medical needs, signal flares, waterproof matches, mosquito netting and an all inclusive etcetera.

Shrewd psychology is apparent on every page of the book. A man can live for weeks in the jungle if he avoids panic and uses his head, and follows to the letter the advice contained in the little "book." (Esquire Magazine).

It's a funny thing about life—if you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it.



7-22
COPY. 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Guard this message with your life—and on the way back stop and buy me a nickel's worth of jelly beans!"

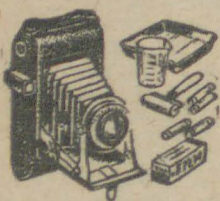
How to be sure about her diamond

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

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.

SEND YOUR "SWEETIE" A SNAPSHOT



Cameras and Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Amateur and Professional Films.

DAKIN'S
Sporting Goods Co.
23 CENTRAL ST.

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET

STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



To be a constant complainer is something that I've always shied away from. Many soldiers, yes, and WACs, too, come to me with their problems. Some are real and others are purely imaginary. However, I try to do my best to solve their problems and get them adjusted to circumstances. The transition from civilian status to military life for some is a shock which takes time to adjust itself.

A hostess job it is to endeavor to make your free time as pleasant as possible. To see to it that you have the kind of recreation and diversion you would seek were you still at home.

A hostess tries to have you come in contact with the sort of companions you would choose in your home town.

The Special Service Department here has made it possible for you to enjoy a comfortable and fully equipped Recreation Hall. A Library well stocked with good books to read and other facilities are made available for your entertainment while on this Base. However, here is the complaint. What sort of entertainment do the men and women here want? Various artists who have appeared here, although they may go over big in other places, few will bother to attend these performances here. U. S. O. shows have proved somewhat of a failure. Men will not turn out for them. Last but not least, the attendance has fallen off considerably at the Thursday night broadcasts and dance.

Won't someone please tell me what you would like.

One word of advice, and this is something I have hesitated to mention until it was brought to my attention a few times. When dining in town or indoors and in the company of women especially, remove your hat. Such lack of proper etiquette reflects upon other soldiers as well as yourself and shows a lack of respect for your companion.

Signal Corps

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

My Dear S-Sgt. Paul Geden:

This is your old pal Sammy Profeta, that persistent little buck-private from the Signal Service. Of course you remember me? You should, unless you have completely recovered from all those headaches and worries that I once gave you in trying to over-shadow your better judgement that I had talent to offer for your Radio Shows here in camp. Yes, then were the good old days when I used to follow you around like a blood hound and finally have you give in to play my music and recite those nursery poems over the air. Now I'm just satisfied in being a reporter for your grand newspaper as I think it's darn interesting, especially the stuff you pen so skillfully within. All and all, it's a lot of fun although my sense of humor should fall short these days to repeatedly see those brain-child articles of mine published without anyone giving me the proper credit or perhaps discredit for my efforts. You may ask, "What's in a name?" Well, I could answer that one for you Paul, if only I was drawing your monthly salary in comparison to mine of a



ALLIED AIR LEADERS—Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris (left) and Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, USAAF, shown at presentation of 29 medals to Allied airmen at U. S. Army Eighth Air Force headquarters in Britain.

private. Now please don't get mad at me for saying such things. I'm not envious or conceited. Remember, I'm just a grammar school student learning the ropes the hard way with hopes of some future reward in life. Incidentally, in closing this friendly missive, I sincerely wish you receive that much deserved chance for O. C. S. and live happily ever after. Yours Truly always . . .

We had just said "Hello" and "Welcome" to our buddy, Cpl. Nelson Lieber when soon as our backs were turned he was picking up his suit case again and off on another mission. This time official business somewhere in Mitchel Field, N. Y.

I smell garlic in the air! No, we're not having spaghetti for supper, it's Mustard Gas! If you don't believe me then ask our S-Sgt. Joseph Harrington who has just completed a course in chemical Warfare and is keeping his nose to the ground these days in detecting it's presence being now a qualified authority on the subject.

All of us are eagerly awaiting that thrilling, exciting moment when wedding bells will toll for one of our beloved members, Pfc. Raymond Johnson. The date is set for this coming Sept. 1st, with ceremonies slated at the base chapel here. Yes, for months we have scanned with deep approval that gorgeous picture of feminine beauty resting beside his bunk and breathing a hope to someday witness her exotic presence. Her name is Miss Barbara Forsberg of Jamestown, N. Y. A fine couple indeed, consisting of two swell people in love. The gang and your many friends shall be there to clasp your hand in warm congratulations and extend best wishes for happiness.

When Pfc. Robert Lux was overheard in his sleep the other night, we couldn't make out the exact words he was mumbling unaware, but we have a good idea that this strange conversation held with himself went something like this. "When am I going to school?" "Good-bye, Furlough!"

Cpl. John Kowalczyk, our efficient expert in radio and electricity has spent a total of five years in the infantry. He likes the new change now in the Air Corps. His duties always keep this quiet, pleasing fellow well occupied and there is no limit to the amount of stuff he really knows in his work. Also, congratulations John on your wonderful shooting performance this past week on the range.

Pvt. Raling, will you please stop calling Pvt. Owens, "Sherlock." Yes, I know he's from the South but what's the story here, Boys? Who stole whose gal away and what's her name?

With all consideration given to our present standing which shows you to be ahead of me by 15 games to my nothing, let it be known Cpl. John Bryant that this writer still believes he can beat you in the

game of ping-pong. (P. S.—I've been staying in nights by request and practicing on my own time.)

Pfc. Kenneth Sealy, our ace line-man has been pacing the upper-barracks lately with a far away look in his eyes and appearing jubilant at intervals. His darling wife from Jamestown, N. Y., is expected to join him shortly and reside in Bangor permanently.

You'll never know why Cpl. "Jo" Wagner, that likeable personality of the Message Center is using up so much stationery these empty nights. Yes, it's another case of "Miss You."

Pretty Arline Furrow, that office girl with the pleasing smile is taking her new duties as telephone operator with great interest and satisfaction.

If you ever want to hear a lovely sounding voice, we recommend you listen to another of our favorite telephone operators, Mrs. Margaret

General Mess

SGT. D. F. McAVEY

Dear Giggles:

By far the most humorous event of the kitchen this week is Andrews' valuable and expressive tirade to the Mess Officer concerning the baking ovens. (Expression punctuated and emphasized with the poker swung periously close to the Major's face.)

It seems that Andrew had worked several hours trying to get the temperature to rise in the ovens so that he could bake his pies; but to no avail. Nothing would come out of the oven but a lot of smoke. The temperature remained zero in the oven but I can't say the same for Andrew. It sure did soar in him. He sputtered and fumed as only Andy can, all the morning. He finally had to bake the pies in the range. When dinner time came he was just ripe for the major. He held the major fully spellbound for ten minutes, all the time swinging that wicked poker. His punch line was that if the government could spend all that money on a gym it could at least spend a little on an oven. Needless to say the Major took it good-humoredly and promised to see what he could do about a new oven.

The picnic should also share a bit of prominence in this letter because plenty happened out there at Pushaw Lake. Teddy Crow was the little (?) boy in charge of the food. He came back swearing—that he would never go to another one. A

Rybalowski as she politely calls, "Number Please."

I'll close my little work room with the following bit of inspiration and don't forget folks to be watching my column for all the news you not expecting. So Long, now . . . "Keep 'em Flying and Smiling."

"REVIVAL"

When the morning Sun is greeted, We hear the bugle call.

A tired C. Q. seated, Waiting to yell, "Roll Call!"



4-29

COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"What I want to know is what are you doing tonight?"

few of the boys had some regrets concerning the picnic, but on the whole everyone had a good time.

We are sorry to see Pealeg leave the kitchen as everyone always had a lot of fun with him, mostly at his expense. As I understand it, he has a much better job and also a more remunerative one.

Basic Training has claimed its toll from the kitchen personnel. Everyone that has been on it claim that it is fun and that they are glad of the respite from kitchen drudgery.

Tommy Dowell is quite disgusted with his car and wants to see the guy that sold it to him again—to congratulate the fellow that could put anything over on him.

And so with that, I calls it quits.

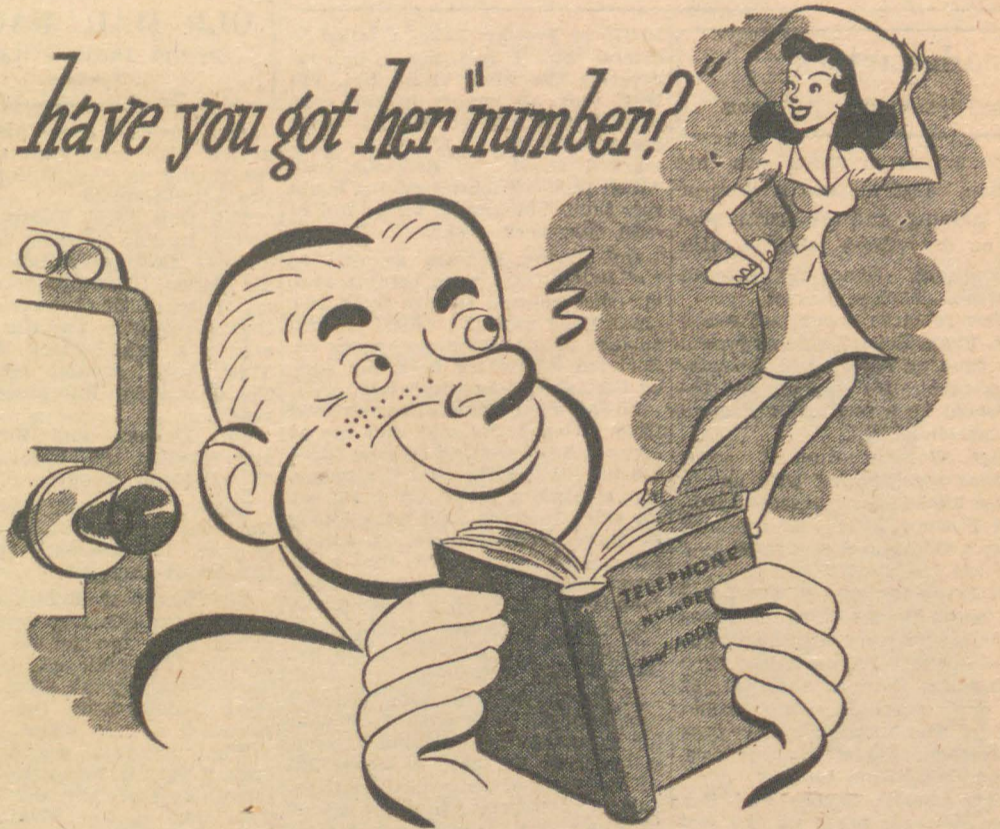
Love and kisses,
Mother

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

have you got her "number?"



If you do have her telephone number when you step into a booth you'll find that long distance calls by number are likely to go through faster.

If there's a delay on the line, you know the reason: we have to choose between shooting and talking these days. There just aren't enough long distance circuits to handle all the calls all the time without delay—and more can't be built right now. So please be patient.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

What's Play-
ing at the

OLYMPIA This Week

MONDAY-TUESDAY

GENE AUTRY in GAUCHO SERENADE

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

WARNER BAXTER in CRIME DOCTOR

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

KING OF THE STALLIONS

SUNDAY ONLY—SPY TRAIN

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

Printed by the Bangor Publishing Company, publishers of "THE BANGOR DAILY NEWS," a civilian enterprise, in the interests of the personnel of Dow Field.

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

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

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

Distributed free to all military personnel.

Five cents per copy to others.

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

Editorial

Illiterates Saved For Army

Camp McCain, one of the many in the deep south is doing a tremendous job, in that they have created the so called Opportunity School that offer classes to teach illiterates to read and write, as well as instruction in arithmetic, history and current events.

The graduates of this course will have received the equivalent to four years of schooling; which is the minimum requirement to become a member of the United States Army. This means that thousands of men who will make excellent soldiers are now available for military training and at the same time equipping themselves to become better citizens. There are literally thousands of men like these who cannot read or write who are inducted into the army. Any soldier wants to be capable of writing home to his folks.

So I say, hats off, to Camp McCain and if other camps throughout the country could follow their example we will gain thousands of better citizens, not only to serve their country better now, but to better assist in the post war reconstruction to bring our country back to the normal well being and prosperity that we all so earnestly desire, and are fighting for.

Headquarters

By Sgt. Freddie Neumann

Even a reporter must have his vacation. Just finished a week of basic training, and the orders read that no duty must interfere with this training. Hence no column last week. Excuse, please!

A few remarks about last week: S-Sgt. Ernie Baker held his breath every time we reported to the parade grounds. He thought the result would be a few turns around the obstacle course.

T-Sgt. Gordon Bunnell spent the week conditioning with us to prepare himself for the second battle of Pushaw Lake. He did look "fit as a fiddle and ready for 1-1." What am I saying!

Pvt. Leroy Rodman of the Legal Dept. spent breaks between classes entertaining a very attractive woman—his wife. He wasted no time clearing the Base at the end of each day's schedule. One would think he was running a new type of marathon, but after all, fellows, you couldn't blame him.

S-Sgt. Charles Stubbs and Sgt. George Edwards made up the rest of the headquarters group on training that week. Oh, I'm sorry, we can't forget Sgt. "Red" Roy from Distribution. He was very much there all week, and particularly did I find that out the last day at the firing range. Darn my luck.

Sunday dawned and the Air Base Squadron rode on to the second

battle of Pushaw Lake. I failed to attend, but I had my "Gestapo" covering the whole front. Sgt. Vin Duff took all honors in the corn eaters' class. What was it—three dozen ears—Vin? Everybody remarked about the delicious corn which replaced lobster on the menu this time. You should all be full of corn this week—folks.

Cpl. Irving Berkson as well as T-4 Sally Neary were present also, but they refused to give forth any news. Sally says she wasn't around enough to note what was going on. Sounded interesting until she added that she had arrived late.

M-Sgt. Paul Bolden has returned from furlough. He said that life at home is uninteresting because there are too many girls. Now if someone can give me a better story, I'll eat my shirt. Imagine Paul being lonely in those circumstances. (I can't). But, on second thought, that loneliness might have had another foundation. Have you noticed the young lady with that certain adorable smile. Yes, it's back again after a 15-day rest.

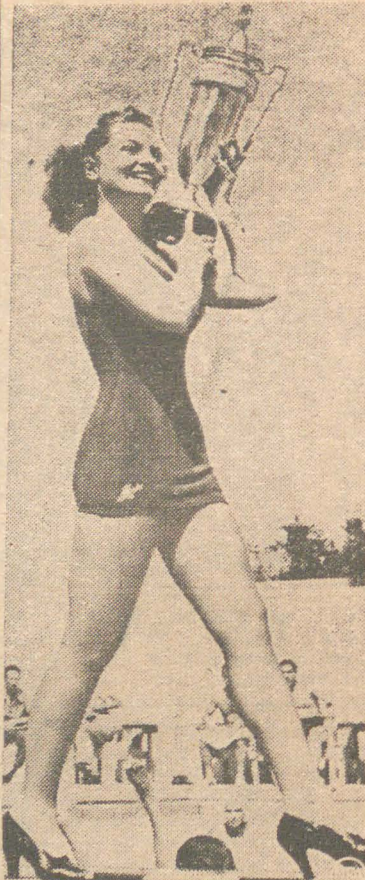
If anyone will invent a snorer's mask, they'll be doing a great deal for humanity. S-Sgt. Ralph Vaughn is honoring the boys in upper 219 with a series of concerts these days. Last night's program consisted of Vaughn's own composition, "Symphony at a Saw Mill," and a few other major works. Say, Ralph, where's your southern hospitality?

T-5 Esther Mielman pulled a fast one this morning at roll call. She was ordered to fall out in her Utility Coat but instead reported in her bathrobe. Now, Esther, let's get on the ball.

Two of our physical instructors, Pvt. Lee Delecky and Pvt. Jack Lowther, spend part of every evening writing that ten-page sugar report. For your information, Jack is married and Lee might as well be. Say, how do you boys manage it when you take those trips with the Bombers.

Sgt. Arvin Wood came rushing in to me the other night when I was on CQ. He showed me the card he

Sun Sweet



Maybe the Chamber of Commerce prompted her, but Jean Bartel, crowned "Miss California," insists on giving Old Sol all the credit for her lovely face and figure.

had received from "Dixie." My, was he beaming!

Congratulations to all who received their promotions recently. Letters from Lt. Bill Love, S-Sgt. Frank Spurr, and Sgt. Sam Lyon all included greetings to all who knew them. Lt. Marshall Clark visited us this week and it was swell seeing him. We congratulate him, and wish him the best of luck in his new assignment.

OLD MAIL BAGS

By Cpl. Theodore "Chink" Toombs

The broadcast show this week hit a new high level with men from the Engineers contributing most to the entertainment.

The Dow Field Troubadors had Irving Hunter guessing for awhile as they alternately imitated Freddie Martin, Clyde McCoy and Tommy Dorsey. Irving soon saw through their masquerade and the show was off to a grand start with "Put Your Arms Around Me Honey," Cpl. Jack Eaves interpreting the vocals.

Sgt. DeFazio and Kepps sang and whistled the ever beautiful, "You'll Never Know."

Nuttier than ever, The Nit Wit Newsreel, snapped along at a lively pace. The audience appreciated this bit of nonsense.

The story of Robinson Crusoe came in for a G. I. renovating, providing some fun for all with T-5 Rosalie Lief and Sgt. G. R. Edwards enacting the roles, and Sgt. Paul Geden doing the spot announcing on the script.

What program would be complete if Sgt. Al Jarusevich didn't do something especially nice to a song. This time it was "Wait For Me Mary." Very nice!

The high spot of the show occurred when the Hill Billy Band took over. And I mean they took over! Audience reaction was terrific! Pfc. Sepessy and Pvts. Beaury, Benjamin and Alred tore off some snappy high jinks that set feet a-tapping and brought forth gales of laughter.

Pfc. Charles S. Fleck was presented on the Dow Field Personality Parade, and it is amazing to behold his musical knowledge and song writing ability when you consider that he has never in his life had a musical lesson. He writes songs that sell, too. In fact, one song, "Merrily Love Rolls Along," will be introduced in the near future by the Andrews Sisters. He closed the interview by playing,

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

Army Institute Courses:

In a few more weeks the schools will be reopened for the year and once again the students will start in studying. It is a good time for you men in the army to do the same thing. How can you do it? Just come to the library and I will explain all about it. We have the application blanks and all the information on the two types of education through the medium of correspondence. There is a wide variety of courses offered and I believe that any subject you are interested in will be given. The Army Institute Courses only cost you \$2.00 and the University Extension courses vary in price but whatever that is the Government will pay half. In other words if a course cost six dollars you would only have to pay three and Uncle Sam will pay up as high as twenty dollars. So in your spare time take advantage of the wonderful opportunities offered you men of the Armed Forces and further your education. There is lots more I could write about these studies but if you will come into the library I will answer all your questions.

There is plenty of paper, pens, envelopes and cards to do all your writing on in the library. All the latest magazines are here and waiting for you to read.

Second Lieutenants Handbook:

This small but complete book imparts a wealth of information to a Second Lieutenant or other Officers. Military courtesies, what uniforms to buy, transportation expenses and many other helpful hints.

A place in the Sun by Frank Fenton

The story of Rob Andrews, who had the misfortune to lose the use of his legs when he was a child and this is the story of his attempt to find for himself a "Place in the sun."

Basic Mathematics for Aviation by Frank Ayres, Jr.

This covers the practical mathematics that a young pilot must know. It starts at the first fundamental arithmetic, next the algebra, picking the essentials that are most helpful and then plane and spherical trigonometry. The explanations are easy and in simple English.

Air Base Squadron

Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

"Another glass of beer or bust"—the theme of Sunday's Beer Bust and many a man almost did . . . but the A. B. Sq. acquitted itself nobly . . . scenes from the sidelines . . . Cpl. Steve Switenko doing the boogie-woogie, czardas, Russian sailors dance, and rumba all at the same time . . . Cpl. Bob Wexler defending his purity . . . S-Sgt. Duran sober as a church-mouse and twice as wise . . . Pvt. Rodman with his lovely wife . . . Cpl. Monroe Smith using his head, for a yo-yo . . . S-Sgt. McInnis learning quickly that Rome wasn't made in a day—and neither was that wench he was with . . . a loaf of bread, a glass of wine, and thou—all we got was the bread and wine . . . We hardly got a chance to catch our breath—when T-Sgt. Bill Whitney took off—lots of luck feller—wherever you go . . . Pvt. Joseph Nymé wants us to remind you that he has a few of his masterpieces on exhibit in Bangor—so if you want to satisfy your artistic temperament don't miss them . . . Military Secret of the Week—Who stole Sammy Brown's teeth from under his very nose? we don't know . . . We wish that the U. of Maine were nearer to Dow Field—it's a very fine institution of higher learning—and besides we know the cutest little blond co-ed who has lots to learn—she can still teach us a thing or two . . . Gruesome Twosome this week goes to Pvts. Galante and Martin—they even share dog-tags . . . We wish that Butch of Penobscot fame would stay out of this column—she gets us into more darn trouble . . . We wuz robbed—sez McInnis—the Guard Sq nabbed us on the football game—but wait 'till next time—we're waitin' . . . Cpl. Hazle telling an unsuspecting private the difference between a diplomat and a lady—we would have given our eye teeth to have seen Hazle at the Non-com club Monday night—S-Sgt. Milano is starting to sing a new tune, titled "Those 3.2 Blues" and we do means blues . . . if fratricide is killing a brother, and patricide is killing a father—would the elimination of

Herr Hitler be rightly termed—"insecticide"—how about that . . . Anyone notice Pvt. McCloskey holding the fort at the Day Room during the last alert—not an enemy penetrated his lines either . . . O Lord, who put Casey on basic this week . . . And remember success is like alcohol—but are allright unless they go to the head . . . so long

S. Sgt. Geded—please excuse but I'm so damn busy this week that I have no time to do any better.

Stan.

Soldiers In North Africa Plan Football Season

No coonskin coats or bright freshman caps will brighten the bleachers, and the absence of cheering co-eds will be conspicuous, but nevertheless G.I.'s over there in North Africa are going ahead with plans for the football season. For the American soldier, no matter where he is wants to play his favorite game in season. A full complement of football equipment has been shipped upon the request of Capt. M. G. Gamage, athletic director in the North African theatre of war, formerly head coach at the University of Kentucky.

Although baseball weather prevails through all the seasons in North Africa, the cycle of sports follow closely the home pattern. As a result the demand for baseball equipment, heavy in the summer, has fallen off, and the need for football equipment and togs are to the fore.

Boxing is also a year round sport there and there is a steady demand for gloves, togs and other like equipment which is being supplied.

When you define liberty, you limit it; and when you limit it you destroy it.

Said Abraham Lincoln: "To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own."

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)

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR

222,249 Books

Soldiers May Borrow Free From The

Bangor Public Library

145 Harlow St.

9 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Daily Except Sundays



Buy A
WEEKLY PASS
50¢

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

REGULAR SERVICE

Dow Field to Downtown

PENOBSCOT TRANSPORTATION CO.

A WAACY VIEW

(A diary of doings on the
WAAC Reservation)

A. F. C. SHIRLEY HIRSCHHAUT

Ever since the WAC bill was presented in Congress in April 1942, the Women's Army Corps has been the butt of a good many jokes—some funny, others not so funny. Two of the best ones that have come to my attention are as follows.

In a small, barren Army Air Base the word went around that a company of WACs had arrived and settled down. One of the higher ranking officers asked one of the girls for a date. She refused, and he promptly held another ballot. This time the decision was naturally—no dating. The joke is on the officer because even if the girl had wanted to date him she couldn't as it is against regulations.

The other incident happened to some friends of mine that were stationed in New York city with me. New York is a playground for the services and much stress was put on military customs and courtesy for the WACs stationed there. These girls and some civilians were walking along 5th Ave. when two officers approached them. The girls presented snappy salutes which were promptly returned. The friends thereupon asked the WACs, "Do you salute all officers and second lieutenants, too?"

We on the hill bade farewell to the girls that left last week. It was grand knowing them all, and we are sure they will do a good job in civilian life as they did here.

The biggest question on the hill last week was: Who is Jo Hepburn? It seems as if Jo received a commendation on the daily GIG sheet for washing a window. Jo is the niece of Mess Sergeant Boone. She has been spending some time with us.

A familiar sight on the base is Jimmy Niles of the Comm. Sqdn. with his corn cob pipe. Sunny Munter finally persuaded Jimmy to give her a pipe. Sunny loaned it to Kay Levy who says she smoked it. If you did Kay, how did it taste?

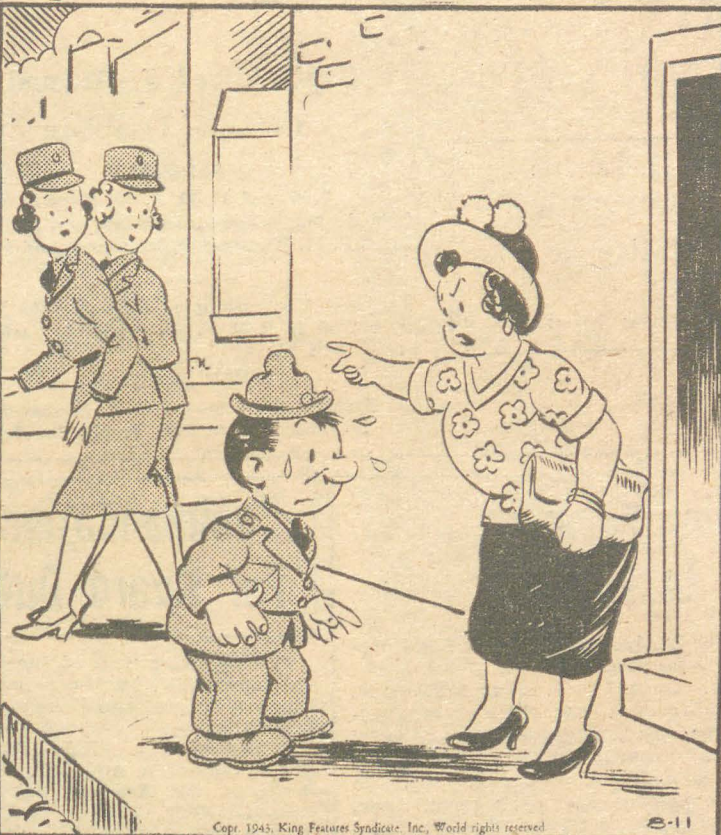
We girls had a party last week. They called it the WAC Welcome. The girls spent the afternoon decorating the dayroom in green and yellow which are the WAC colors. They did a grand job of waxing the floors as we found out later. Refreshments were served buffet style, and were plentiful. The music was furnished by Cpl. Jack Eaves and the boys in the band. Jack gave us his version of "Anne Boleyn", as she "walks the bloody tower". Our own Bucky sang a solo. I'm sure a grand time was had by all, especially those of us who did the polka and the bumps-a-daisy.

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

For the sake of "brother" Brewer's reputation which he naturally wants to keep unblemished in view of the fact that religious pursuits and hoosegows don't mix, we would like to inform all interested parties that our hero was not confined as a guest of the city in the local "brig" as was formally believed, while he was on furlough, but merely had a slight misunderstanding with a G. I. cop. We who know

PRIVATE BUCK .: By Clyde Lewis



"—and don't try to tell me they were calling you by your Indian name, when they called you, 'Little Fat Wolf!'"

KHAKI KOMICS

If you are invited to a Chinese home, follow your host's lead: If he is modern and informal, you may be informal. If he is old fashioned and stiff, then you can get plastered, too!

Visitor: Are you the executive officer? I'm Mrs. Stone. I have a grandson serving in your army.

Army Exec: Yes, Madam. He's away on leave just now, attending your funeral.

him didn't really think it of him anyway. Now that justice has been done we can continue... we know, that's what you were afraid of.

Comm. Capers... Niles receiving a letter commencing, "Dear Wonder Eyes"; "Snorky" provin's claim that a B-17 is powered by Pratt and Whiskey engines; the haste with which the barracks empties in the mornings of late; "G. I." Jones' ever increasing popularity, which is attributed in part to that fascinating, persistent, authoritative, and inescapable whistle of his; Libby's collection of pills and "curealls", for every known disease from Athlete's foot to hay fever, grows day by day. Not long ago in supply we found ourselves making out a requisition for "two tablets every three hours"; "Butch" Kelly's continual bragging about Pittsburgh—sure it's a great place or so we've heard but how can anyone be sure if you can't see two feet ahead of you for the smoke? Jy's subtle touch for a little pre-payday cabbage, "and how much would you like me to save for you till the 1st"; it appears that Paul Pascher pulled a sneaker on us. We have always prided ourselves on congratulating the guys on their birthdays, marriages etc. (so far we've had no births to report) but here we are three weeks late on telling Paul we hope he is very happy with his bride; while we're on this subject, our congratulations to "Mac" McLiesh on his (???) birthday which was last Wednesday. He's modest about his age; due to a telephone conversation with an anonymous "Capt. Sweetwater" Jackson (the head) has decided to mend his ways. "The head" got a verbal working over by a doubtful "Capt." whom we suspect to be just another Comm. character but whom Jackson isn't quite sure about, consequently he has decided to become a good soldier.

We hear that the Bangor cops didn't show up for a game scheduled with the Comm. boys. We knew our team was hot and had a formidable line up but we had no idea we even frightened the Bangor police force.

It was a bit of a blow to say the least, to lose Lt. Boerker. He sure was one swell guy and a top Coo, and we figure that everyone in the outfit will miss him and hopes he'll have "happy landings".

One way to cover up a bad past is to build a big future over it.

Almost any conceivable conversation can be carried on with a vocabulary of about 800 words.

A sergeant was recently home on furlough to see his wife who was expecting a baby. One morning on his way to the ward where she was confined he passed the babies' ward. Stopping to have a loko he overheard this conversation between two newly arrived babies.

First Baby: "I'm a girl. What are you?"

Second B: "I'm a boy."

First B: "You look like a girl to me."

Second B: "Well, I'm a boy. Wait till the nurse leaves and I'll show you."

The nurse did leave and the boy lifted the covers: "See—blue booties."

Some wag of a G.I. has started a chain letter for married men that costs you no money. You simply send a copy of the letter to five sailor friends, then bundle your wife up and send her to the one who heads the list. When your name reaches the top you will in turn receive 15, 176 gorgeous girls. Have faith they say and do not break the chain. One man broke the chain and got his own wife back!

Note to G.I.'s taking basic this week:

Granny smelled geranium, started feeling kind of bum.

Thought she found a garden blight; what she found was Lewisite.

Never take a chance, my friend, if some garlic's on the wind.

Don't think Mussolini's passed, Man you're being Mustard gassed!

Mrs. Colpaugh was having trouble getting junior, aged 10, to eat his supper.

Finally she said, "Oh, come now, Junior, eat your supper like a soldier."

"Okay," said junior, "past the &c*&X mess."

She: (In a parked car) "If you do I'll scream."

He: (Startled) "What ails you?"

She: "Well, for heaven sake, weren't you going to do something?"

She: "If wishes came true, what would you wish for?"

He: "Gosh, I'm afraid to tell you."

And then there's the one about a soldier who called a spade a spade until he hit his foot with one.

And then there is the one about a buck private who tells his sweetie-pie, "I'm afraid we can't have very much fun tonight. All I have left of my pay is some small change." To which the sweet thing replied, "How much do you think it takes to send my brother to the movies—a five dollar bill?"

Now we come to the one that goes, Mary had a little watch.

She swallowed it!

It's gone! Now every time that Mary walks, TIME MARCHES ON.

DOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITYDruggist, Dramatist and Mechanic
Claims To Be No Personality

Born into the world thirty years ago was one Hayden Wright, the only mistake, so he says, that ever got away from the family doctor. Saybrooke, in southern Connecticut, was his home during the tender years. At the advanced age of twelve he was given the choice of a scout uniform or a trip to Maine. Maine won out, and here he remained for some time. P. S. He finally had to buy the scout uniform when he was 25, and in order to wear it, became a scoutmaster.

Mount Herman school in Massachusetts added to his education, but soon he was back in Maine to attend Colby college. When asked about hobbies he replied that his hobby was hobbies. He is keenly interested in everything. We did manage to dig the information from him that while attending Colby college he got in with the drama group, lending his technical knowledge to assist with stage lighting, scenery, and direction. We wouldn't tell a soul but you, but we have a suspicion he writes, too. Modest fellow, this Wright. Wish I had the right gadget. I'd like to see what makes him tick. He won't tell.

During a summer vacation he admits casting his lot with the Ivory-ton Players in Connecticut as a general handy man to learn all he could about the "Dramah." I'll bet he could do a great Hamlet as Robert Benchley might write it, but don't quote me.

His matriculation at Colby coincided with the depth of the depression and not being capable of starving gracefully he took a job in a drug store, jerking sodas, but being the ambitious type, this was only a starter for he soon took a course in pharmacy with an eye to the future.

We're not quite sure just where this does come in but Kents Hill school in Maine used his services for a time as a teacher, from which he or the school have never recovered, so he says.

Borrowing a couple of shoe strings, Wright and a friend be-

took themselves to Portland, there to enter the publishing business. This endeavor was more cultural than lucrative because as author starved, so did publisher. Soon after this noble experiment had expired, Wright fortunes must have been on the mend as he bought himself into the drug business from which the Army tore him in August of 1942. It was Fort Devens that stripped all civilian semblance from the Wright form and Atlantic City got him to train. There he entertained the illusions that a classification clerk he would be, but fate willed it not so and soon at Curtis-Wright he discovered himself with other G. I.'s learning all about the innards of an airplane, disregarding the fact that he had applied for the medical corps on the foundation of his pharmacist training. Uncle Sam willed it otherwise. So still a druggist at heart, Cpl. Wright can be found any day administering first aid to airplane engines.

WHO PLANTED THE RED
CABBAGE?

If the victory garden neighbors of Chaplain David W. Barclay at Camp Grant, Ill., were both lazy and smart, they would plant the same crops as the chaplain, and then say nothing while he did the work. Chaplain Barclay became so intent on his job one day that he cultivated two entire gardens. Then he came to a row of red cabbage, and stopped there, because he knew he had never planted any such vegetable. Forty-nine officers and enlisted men at Camp Grant grow their own vegetables in a 10 and a half acre patch.

Manhattan Taxi

Telephone 9241

Park Theatre Building

Telephone 9241, Bangor, Maine

SHE WORKS ON
THUNDERBOLTS!

Lunch—and then a Camel for SHIRLEY JORDAN, detail drafts-woman at Republic Aviation Corp., where the Army's famous P-47 Thunderbolts are rolling off the assembly line.



THE "T-ZONE"

—WHERE CIGARETTES ARE JUDGED

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



Camel

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St. Bangor

The Chapel Spire

1st. Lt. Mark A. Smith

Base Chaplain

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

WEEKDAYS

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

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

Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative
Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Capt. Alfred J. Carmody

Catholic Chaplain

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. Robert L. Hamilton,
M. C.

Capt. Hamilton, assigned to the surgical services at the Station hospital, in charge of ear, nose and throat, is a native of Oklahoma. His pre-med training occurred at the Oklahoma Baptist university, but received his M. D. at the University of Oklahoma. He went into practice there and continued for five years before joining the Army Medical Corps in September, 1942. He was assigned to the Station hospital at the Oklahoma City Air Depot where he remained on duty for eight months. In May of 1943 he was sent to Mitchel Field for re-assignment and was sent for duty to the Army Air Base at Richmond, Va. Dow Field received his services in July of this year when he was assigned here for duty.

Capt. Hamilton's hobbies are hunting and fishing. He hopes to be able to explore Maine's lakes and woods in the future in pursuit of his hobbies.

ONE THIRD OF DONALD DUCK

You've probably been entertained by the voice of Pvt. Theodore Gurner, but the movie sound track made you believe it was the voice of Donald Duck. Pvt. Gurner produced the quacky sounds for "Donald Duck Flies His First Plane," "Donald Duck's Victory Garden," "Donald Duck's Farm" and other movie shorts. Now he is with the Army Air Forces at Keesler Field, Miss., but he didn't leave Mr. Duck speechless. He was only one of three men retained by Walt Disney as Donald's voices.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK

Staff Sgt. Harry Lonky, aerial engineer and gunner on a Flying Fortress, wears two rows of campaign ribbons and three stars denoting major engagements in the Asiatic campaign. When he arrived in California to begin a furlough, he and an officer who had seen 18 months of solid action, stopped in one of the large hotels for dinner. They had in mind a big steak with all the trimmings. When they gave the waitress their order, she replied:

"What's the matter with you birds, don't you know there's a question?"

"Don't part with your illusions. When they have gone, you may still exist, but you have ceased to live."



Meet Me at
LARRY'S

FOR DELICIOUS
HAMBURGERS - - - -
HOT DOGS - - - -

ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT

POST OFFICE SQ.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Instead of barrack news the column should read range news as half of the company have been taking their final examinations in marksmanship. The majority have learned their lessons well under the talented direction of Mr. Pozzi, Warrant Officer j. g.

The first group to go on the range made a fine showing in the preliminary fire. All mistakes were pointed out and on the record fire, many of the men picked up as many as twenty points over their trial shooting. Seventy per cent of the first group has qualified and the results of the second group we are sure will equal that mark.

Target no. twelve did not see much action with Pfc. Gilmore doing the shooting. It has been rumored that the telephone man out on the tracks had to take cover during that period.

Cpl. Ramsdell had difficulty manipulating the bolt, he said; with an automatic rifle his score could have been much higher.

One of the better marksmen, namely M/Sgt. Skypek, nearly tore his hair out when all the deuces came up. As an old trooper it took him some time to find out the boys were working on him. Before he had a chance to go mad completely, we let him in on the secret.

Cpl. (Dark meat) Sharpe would say, Ah had that thar shot on the bull and when they showed that red it makes me mad. Finally when advised he was shooting on the wrong target he settled down to better shooting.

Cpl. Rosenbaum heard that if you get hurt while shooting your score will be up among the leaders. He took this advice too late by getting his lip in the way on his very last shot of the day, the result is that he is carrying around an extra supply of meat on the upper lip.

T/Sgt. Mollica can be seen trimming his nails since he stabbed himself several times. He said that is my sacrifice of blood wasted, had the medic man been on the job, I would have had a certificate for the donation.

Cooky Adams and DeMuele were having a private contest between themselves as to whom should shower the boys in the pit with most dirt. After each such session, they would call out, mark targets 3 and 4. The answer would be, why should we? Your kicking enough stone and gravel through the target and your over doing the marking.

We all found out that T/Sgt. Gregory was not ready for the big time yet, when he put on that solo of rapid fire, he acted just like a high strung race horse. In this case he reminded us of the Crosby stable.

Did you know that Lt. Mahoney

What's Doing This Week For Service Men In Bangor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You are always welcome, no red tape to borrow books, just a simple matter of registering and the book is yours, until the time limit.

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

USO Activities

Monday, August 30th—Informal Dancing . . . 8:00-11:30 . . . USO Hostesses . . . Dance Class . . . Expert on hand

Tuesday, August 31st—Cabaret Night . . . Tables, hats, noise-makers, etc. . . . Dancing . . . 8:00-11:30 . . . USO Hostesses. Letters-on-a-record made.

Wednesday, September 1st. —Broadcast Night . . . Dancing . . . Dow Field Troubadours . . . 8:15-11:30 . . . USO Hostesses. Broadcast 10:30-11:00.

Thursday, September 2nd—Movie Night . . . Full length feature movie, 9:00 p. m. . . . Informal dancing, 8:00-11:00 p. m. . . . USO Hostesses.

Friday, September 3rd—Games Night . . . Opening USO Pool Tournament, 8:30 p. m. . . . Ping Pong, Checkers, Parlor Games, Informal Dancing, 8:00-11:00 . . . USO Hostesses. Letters-on-a-record made.

Saturday, September 4th—Maine University Night . . . Dancing, Dow Field Troubadours . . . USO Hostesses.

Sunday, September 5th—Special Letter Writing Day . . . Tea Dance, 3:15 p. m. . . . Informal Dancing, 8:00-11:00 . . . USO Hostesses. Letters-on-a-record made.

sent down 12 bars of chocolate to the pits (they were big ones) and each man was to receive half and there were two men on the target. Well, to make a long story short, Sgt. Solomon took nearly one-half hour to figure out how to divide the bars. It should have been easy Sgt., twelve targets, one bar to each target, and just one minute to distribute them, the explanation is just in case you have not found the quick way to do it.

S/Sgt. Russo, the Casanova of the Q. M., had his troubles, according to him, the pictures received and the drawings on the bulletin board upset him so that it affected his aim. Most of the boys don't believe that, they say he does most of his real shooting in the supply room. True or False, Sgt.?

What happened to Johns, he was picked to be among the first five. He finished tenth and Lt. Mahoney said, Johns looks like something dragged in from Bagdad. Wonder what he meant.

One could go on and on with the

many comic and tragic antics of some of the boys. But far be it from me to remember all of them, perhaps I may dig up some choicy bits from the second group.

Some of the boys have an idea that a bowling alley installed on the Base would be good tonic for the majority. There is no doubt that it would pay for itself in a very short space of time. Perhaps with enough rooting for it we can find a way to place the idea in the proper minds for consideration.

Our touch football team put up a very good showing in the first game without any practice. After our range duties we can concentrate on the team and as in everything there is no reason why we cannot be up there with the leaders. So all you players or those who think they can play turn out for practice and if you have the stuff you will be in.

Here are the first group scores of the record fire taken last week:

Hodges	182
Cauthorn	171*
Courville	171
Mollica	169
W. Jones	168*
Morgan	168
Solomon	164
Schwartz	163
A. Jones	162*
Johns	162
Olson	161
Heenan	159
Sullivan	158
Oakes	156
Leidecker	152

Commendations For Guard Duty

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

Saturday—Pvt. Sol Burnett, Guard Squadron, and Pvt. Walter Burke of the Aviation Squadron.

Sunday—Pvt. Robert Blakeman of the Guard Squadron, Pvt. T. Chunko of the Air Base Squadron and Pvt. M. Handcock of the Aviation Squadron.

Monday—Pvt. Herbert J. Allar of the Guard Squadron, Pvt. LeVerne P. Sullivan and Pvt. Edward L. Collier of the Aviation Squadron.

Tuesday—Pvt. W. Carvel of the Guard Squadron, Pvt. I. Williams of the Aviation Squadron and Pvt. Mtezanich of the Air Base Squadron.

Wednesday—Pfc. Manthe of the Engineers, Pfc. R. Sarabia of the Air Base Squadron, Pvt. Sunseri of the Guard Squadron and Pvt. Pompey of the Aviation Squadron.

Thursday—Pvt. E. Linenschmidt of the Guard Squadron, Pvt. R. Johnson of the Aviation Squadron and Pvt. L. Rodman of the Air Base Squadron.

Friday—Pvt. D. Horner of the Guard Squadron, Pvt. E. Collier of the Aviation Squadron and Pvt. V. Galante of the Air Base Squadron.

Sharpe	151*
Blake	151
Hicks W.	147
Bushey	147*
Meyers	146
Cunningham	145*
Payne	145
Demuele	145
Stover	144
L'Heureux	143*
Reed	143
Cappello	140*
Daniels	140
Brewer	139*
Burdette	139
Rosenbaum	138*
Russo	138
Dobbs	135
Fraccola	134
Schneider	130
Clarke	127
Carlen	124
Mulledy	123
Gregory	117
Duncan	115*
Adams	115
Real	105
Ramsdell	89
Cosgrove	53

* Indicates high man in tie, determined from off hand score. 134 to 167, qualifying for marksman; 168 to 178, Sharpshooter; 179 and up, Expert.

If you lived in Aurora, Neb., and had a relative on the draft board, the chances are a hundred to none that you're in the Army now. Local Board No. 1 of Hamilton County reported that "every son, step-son, grandson and brother of military age of all past and present board members, clerks and assistant clerks connected with this board is now in service." Joe E. Gunnerson, clerk, said that the relatives in the armed forces total 20 men.

Cocktail Lounge
Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service

Penobscot
Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St. Dial 4501

FOR SOLDIERS
FOOT PALS

AND

FLORSHEIM
SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST. BANGOR

R. C. WILLISTON
OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN

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

CIVILIAN SLANTS

Post Engineers

We see Royce Allen's chair vacant. Is he catching up with the corn borers? Do you eat corn harmonica style, Royce?

Wasn't the air raid drill calm Tuesday? No one seemed to rush around, but somehow things got done smoothly.

"Junior" McAllister did a hitch in the hospital last week—something minor. He's still kicking anyway—ain't it quiet, boys?

The name Pfc. Arthur LeBeau may not mean anything to you, but to the Fire Department—well, we loved that homely mug!

Good luck to "Art"—he's our No. 1 volunteer.

We know that coal is ammunition—but, Kimball, do you have to count the lumps?

By the way, have you looked at your department's record on Bond deductions as listed on the Post Engineer's chart? The Paint Shop is ahead now. So—

It's about the time the Fire House "Basin Streeters" gave a public audition, isn't it, Chief? How's for putting on a show for the boys in T-6?

Is John Mullaney a fisherman? We'll all know soon. Don't bring back cod or we won't believe it! But we'll all settle for a good feed of the well known Penobscot River salmon—how about it?

What is that new "gimmick" that Hutch has to set telephone poles? Looks as though it might work too!

'Tis rumored that certain officers of the Post Engineer Department had a wonderful time at Pushaw!

Is Sargent on a vacation? It's very quiet in the stock room lately!

Ask Joe Watson why he took up smoking again. . . . I don't believe it!

Medical

Miss Eleanor Higgins of the Sergeant Major's office has set her wedding date, plans for which are keeping her too busy to write this column. Her marriage will be among the fall weddings.

Miss Barbara Rideout of Medical Supply has her eye on North Carolina now. Getting near vacation time. When Barbara goes all might be extra nice to Rose Lavoott, the other half of this Damon-and-Pythias combination.

Miss Mary O'Connell, Civilian Chief Clerk, has done great work helping her many charges fill out the Position Description Questionnaire. The stenosis, naturally, formed the largest part of those requiring no typing assistance.

Cornellum Golden has had his last fling "doing" Boston, at least over a week-end, unless it is surrounded by vacation time.

The Penobscot Transportation Company's clientele has increased somewhat with Miss Ruth McConkey's absence on vacation. Others besides the Laboratory Personnel will welcome her back with open arms, although Miss Margaret Pearson is taking over in a spirit of friendly cooperation.

Outside of Miss O'Connell it would seem Bill Thompson in charge of the hospital branch of the PX is the one person with extensive contacts throughout the hospital.

The WAC, Mail Clerk Angeline Puccio, not only performs her work in a manner satisfactory to her Army clientele but also does many favors for her civilian friends.

T-4th Gr. Gabriel E. Katz when on furlough in Baltimore, Md., recently mailed post cards to some of his civilian friends, the unusual aspect of the matter being that the view was of a West Coast Army camp and the card was mailed in Omaha, Nebraska. The mystery was explained with his arrival when he spoke of his brother, home from duty with post cards showing scenes of that particular camp. Sgt.

Katz appropriated the cards, addressed them with messages about his travels and had his brother mail them en route back to the west coast. Until his return and explanation there was considerable speculation.

SIGNAL SECTION

Frances Barnes has left our midst to join her husband in New York who has been overseas for the past several months with Uncle Sam's Navy.

Robert Tooley recently visited his home in the State of Michigan.

Lester Simpson is leaving soon on his vacation and is planning a cruise along the coast of Maine on his own boat.

Welcome to our new co-worker, Elaine Caron.

SUPPLY

Tell us "Gliddy", could it be Bar Harbor moonlight or love that makes a person unconscious of the tide coming in?

The painter, perched precariously on a shaky ladder, kept Sophie Gass sitting on the edge of her seat while he dexterously balanced a can of cream paint over her head.

Arline Ford had her hair style changed so she could get her name in Vox Pop or the Dow Observer.

"Getting your goat" became more than a mere figure of speech to Forrest Smith, Aqua System engineer, recently. "Smitty" was pursued into the Civilian Guard Headquarters by "Billy," the M. P. mascot, and it was necessary to "Call out the Guard" to extract the villainous "Billy" forcibly from the building.

Mary Rostzinko, who is entering training at the Mercy Hospital in Portland, Maine, was honored at a dinner party at the Penobscot Exchange Saturday evening. Maxine Powers was in charge of the entertainment, and during the evening "Colonel" Pucker McKeen and Elsie Bonneau entertained with their famed Apache dance and Arlene King did a barefoot specialty through the lobby. Those present at the affair were: The guest of honor, Mary Rostzinko, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Keegan, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Anselm Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Al Lancaster, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Whalen, Arlene King, Pvt. Beals Snyder, Sgt. and Mrs. Youngdal, Ann Fisher, Roy Day, Maxine Powers, Sgt. Al Devincintis, John Finnegan, Cleone Silsby, Vincent Viola, Elsie Bonneau, Bernice Meath, Hugh O'Hear, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip McKeen.

Bowling afforded an evening of fun last Wednesday to several office employees. Most of us were new at using duck pins and the big balls and were almost "bowled over" on several occasions. Participants were: Mr. and Mrs. Al Lancaster, Elsie Bonneau, Bertha Collison, Joan Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Day, Lew Gould, Arlene King, Beulah Norris, and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bowden.

After a vacation trip to Washington, D. C., Madeline Parkhurst has returned to her duties in the Receiving Unit. John Finnegan has also returned to his duties as assistant warehouse superintendent after a week's vacation at Surry, Maine. Anselm Johnson, another assistant superintendent has returned after a trip to Atlantic City.

Clifford Wetmore, storekeeper, will visit in Houlton, Maine, and Frederickton, N. B., this week. Louise Philbrick and husband spent their vacation in Boston. Mary Mullett spent four days at Brewer Lake. Lew Gould, inspector of aircraft supplies, spent the weekend at Lake Sebasticook.

The Warehouse extends heartfelt sympathy to Regina Bartlett in the death of her mother, Delia



ARTIST MODELS POSTER — Artist Elliot Means, dressed in a Red Army uniform, shows Henry C. Alexander of Russian War Relief how, using a mirror, he posed as his own model for the figure of the wounded Russian soldier in the poster. It will be used in the National War Fund drive.

Welch.

Monday evening the Supply Softballers take on the Administrators in the last game for Supply. At present Supply is in second place.

A fresh paint job in the office of Stock Record Unit 4 brought forth the hidden talents of a black-face comedian in gracious mannered Margaret Anderson.

We of the Warehouse want to give credit to our Coordinator Reporter, Harold Shepley. He sure has a nose for news.

Orrin Page spent his vacation at home berrying and entertaining. He got so lonesome for Supply that he threw a big supper party for fellow employees and it certainly was quite a supper, with 17 sitting down to the feast. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Day, John Finnegan and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Leen, Lew Gould and family, and Francis Jordan and family.

MAINTENANCE

Edmund Law, Seaman 1st Class, son of Henry Law, Chief Inspector of airplanes, is home on a furlough from Portsmouth, Virginia, having returned recently from foreign service.

Ed Staines spent three days in Greenville fishing but didn't get a bite. Now he is called "Zeror Staines."

What is the matter with Charlie Gilmore's will power when he has to resort to tobacco cure pills in order to give up smoking? It is said that since taking these ten dollar pills he smokes three packages of cigarettes a day—more than he ever smoked before.

Marion Moore spent her vacation with her folks at Pushaw Pond. A terrific thundershower sent them scurrying back to Bangor—and Marion doesn't frighten easily!

Is it true that the speed cops are after "Swede" Nelson?

ENGINEERING SHOPS

The Machine Shop Gremlins softball team lost to the Administrators on Hayford Field by the score of 9-4. It was the second loss in league competition for the champions.

Wedding bells rang for Dolores Parady, that little bright-eyed girl in the Armament branch, and now she has an army of her own.

We barely had time to say "hello"

to our friends of the Sheet Metal branch on their return from detached service in Rome, before they were off again for another thirty days in the same place.

Leola St. Germaine of the Electrical branch has taken over the duties in Ed Long's office and by all reports is doing a swell job.

Mr. Edgerly of the Machine Shop office had a nose on collision with a hornet some time ago and after the smoke had cleared away "Edge" had to walk sideways to see past the spot where the hornet had dug his fox hole.

"Dave" Douglass of Paint & Dope intended to go swimming with a bunch of the boys, but at the last moment found the moths had eaten a hole in his swimming suit just below the knee. A work order has been issued for our Parachute branch to patch "Dave's" suit.

Tsk Tsk Dept.

You can shoot an owl in Schenectady, New York, if he dive bombs at you. Permission to do this has been granted by the State Conservation Department as a result of the following incidents:

For some reason or other the owls in Schenectady have been waging war against the humans. They have been zooming down at passing citizens and gashing them with their beaks. One woman was cut near the eye.

A night watchman had to defend himself with a club when twenty owls played RAF over Berlin on him.

Gulp . . . We have just received a report about a sword swallower who is afraid of going out of business because he can't get any more swords to swallow—shortages, and all that. He said that if he doesn't get special priorities, he will have to take to swallowing wooden sticks labeled sword. This is very reminiscent of the early days of America's war training when soldiers maneuvered with wooden crates labeled tank.

"WORSE THAN DEATH"

The man's eyes were bloodshot, his hair was disheveled, and he looked as if he had just witnessed a horrible tragedy.

He raced into a Boston police station, pounded on the desk and told the veteran Sergeant on duty there:

"You must do something—my wife just left home with all the ration points."

Dow Field Activities

Tuesday, Aug. 31—Outing for the men of General Mess at Hermon Pond. A four-piece orchestra will play for dancing. Boating, swimming and dancing will be enjoyed. Refreshments will be served.

Wednesday, Sept. 1—The Camel Caravan at T-6. Two shows at 7:00 and 9:00 o'clock.

Thursday, Sept. 2—Dance and broadcast at T-6, 9:00. Phillip Mor-

ris will present Johnnie on the Base during the day and evening. Johnnie will appear in the Post Exchange, and then appear later at the hospital. After the broadcast he will come over to T-6 to sign autographs.

Sunday, Sept. 5—Informal dance for the Air Base Squadron at T-6. Music by the Troubadors. Dancing, 8:30 to 11:30.

One on Parky: Patrolman Parkhurst, looking at the roster, saw he was on Post No. 2 with his friend, Patrolman Wilcox. Turning to Charlie, Parkhurst said, "Did you ask to work with me?" Quick as a flash Wilcox replied, "You don't think I would be that foolish, do you?"

Sears CATALOG SALES DEPT.

HAS EVERYTHING

for the
Service-
man
and His
Family



IT'S
SO EASY!

TO SHOP AT SEARS
BIG CATALOG DESK



SAVES MONEY!
SAVES EFFORT!

A department created to make available to you the tens of thousands of items in Sears big Catalog. Select your fall and winter merchandise now, from Sears new 1943 fall and winter general catalog, which is available now for your inspection at Sears Mail Order Desk.

Remember, you save money, time, energy and you're being patriotic, too, because this one-stop shopping saves gasoline and tires also!



For Added
Convenience

PHONE 8271

and your order will be courteously and promptly filled!

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

Bangor, Me.

POST THEATRE

WEEK OF AUGUST 30

Monday—LET'S FACE IT—Bob Hope, Betty Hutton

Tuesday—KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Spencer Tracy, Katherine Hepburn.

Wednesday—TO BE ANNOUNCED

Thursday and Friday—SO PROUDLY WE HAIL—Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, Veronica Lake, Walter Abel.

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

TOUCH FOOTBALL LEAGUE OPENS SECOND WEEK

By SGT. EDDIE THOMAS

The touch football league opened its second week of play Monday night with the Guard Squadron meeting the Air Base Squadron. The Guard Squadron "Hill Billies" with the passing of Lt. Bill "Shoeless" Yancy and John "Barefoot" Toomey was too much for the boys from the Air Base Squadron. The Guards won 7-0 on a long forty-yard pass from "Hill Billy" Yancy to Russ Westdyke over the goal line. Then Sgt. Wilson kicked a perfect placement for the extra point. The Guards outplayed the Air Base Squadron from start to finish. The Guard Squadron should be hard to beat from where I sit in winning the first two games by the score of 13-6, 7-0, though the loss of John Toomey will not help matters any. John is on his way to N.C.O. school in Miami Beach for the next eight weeks. Having just returned from there myself I feel for him, but know he will get through with flying colors.

On Tuesday the Medics were to play the Aviation Squadron. The game was just two plays along when the alert signal sounded so it was all men to their posts and the game will be played at a later date. The Dow Field Bombers, post baseball team, lost their second close game to the cadets from Colby College at the fair last Saturday. Score 4-2. The Bombers under the leadership of Lt. "Bill" Orrit have had a very successful season, both financial and in the matter of runs and losses.

The new gym is going up fast and should be ready to move into around the end of next month at the latest. It will be equipped with any and all a person could think of in the

athletic department. We sure hope a lot more men will be over there then there has been at the former gym.

On Wednesday the Aviation Squadron continued on to victory by clipping the Finance by the score of 18-0. The Aviation and the Guard Squadron look like the teams to beat in the league, but may be the best team win.

The Bombers baseball team did play two games at Dover-Foxcroft on Saturday. The first game was at 10:00 a. m.; the second at 3:00 p. m. They also played in Brewer on Sunday. Lt. Orrit's boys had a good year in the wins and losses, winning a lot of hard fought games from the best teams in the State of Maine.

DOW FIELD INTER-POST TOUCH FOOTBALL LEAGUE			
Date	Game	Date	Game
Aug. 16	1-2	Sept. 3	4-5
17	3-4	6	2-3
18	5-6	7	1-7
19	7-B	8	B-5
23	1-4	9	4-2
24	2-6	10	1-5
25	3-8	13	7-3
27	5-7	14	B-2 6-4
30	1-6	15	1-3
31	4-B	16	5-2
Sept. 1	3-5	17	7-4
2	1-B 6-7	20	B-6

2ND ROUND			
Date	Game	Date	Game
Sept. 20	1-2	Oct. 5	2-3
21	3-4	6	1-7
22	5-6	7	B-5 6-3
23	7-B 1-4	8	4-2
24	2-6	11	1-5
27	3-B 5-7	12	7-3
28	1-6	13	B-2 6-4
29	4-B 2-7	14	1-3
30	3-5	15	5-2
Oct. 1	1-B 6-7	18	7-4
4	4-5	19	B-6

B-Bye.			
Scores at end of second week of play:			
	Won	Lost	
Aviation Squadron	2	0	
Guard Squadron	2	0	
Signal Company	1	0	
Air Base Squadron	1	1	
Medical Detachment	0	1	
Quartermaster	0	2	
Finance	0	2	

Medical Corps

By T.-Cpl. Robert V. Howard

Back Again! The Medic's column read by Medics if no one else!

The Medical Detachment was well represented at the party and dance sponsored by the WACs. We all had a "peachy" time that evening. The Troubadors were good and the refreshments were good.

Cpl. Wheeler! I've found out! She's a redhead! Mighty nice one too, but watch out for those green eyes, Cpl.

We understand our good bowler, Pfc. Carpenter, was stabbed in the back the other night when his supposedly best friend bowled slightly higher than he. This other fellow would like to challenge you to a game of ping-pong in the near future, George. Incidentally George, do you pitch horse-shoes?

To Lt. Levine, Capt. Feinschil, and Capt. Kaminester, we extend our heartiest congratulations on their promotions.

We deeply regret having to say "Goodbye" to Capt. Weimer of the Dental Corp. who was also promoted recently. "Good Luck" Capt. Weimer!

Oh! Those morning calisthenics! How we love 'em! Ouch! Who said that?

We can't help but notice that a certain S-Sgt. in the Medics is in a Marion mood over a cute little number in the WAC Mess Hall.

Here it is the latter part of August and good old warm sunny summer is all shot to—the devil! However there is one consolation left to the boys. A lot of us are football minded and although we have no equipment to play regular "rough and tackle" football, we

do plan to have a flashy touch-football team. The boys have been practicing already and it looks like it'll take the place of Softball—that is for the time being and until the basketball season opens. In spite of the absence of bright jerseys and bulging shoulder pads, this "Touch-football" is a fast game to watch and sometimes even Gruesome as Cpl. Nicky Montalbano can already tell you. He suffered an injured leg the other day while some of the team prospects were "mauling the pigskin." What fun! Nick however, will be back in shape soon, tossing laterals and ducking fast—We hope!

Guess that's all for this time. FIRST, remember fellows, this is your column and if you've anything that ought to be in print, now's your chance. How's about a scoop?

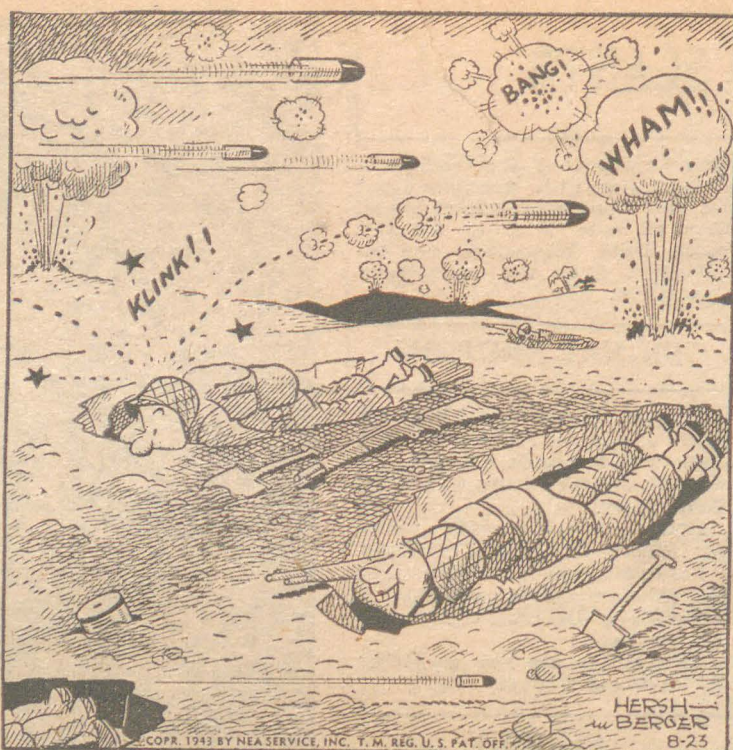
Your reporter,
"Bob" Howard.

Sub Depot Sports

The Sub-Depot Softball League came to a rip-roaring finish last week with the white-hot Administrators toppling Joe Rolland's Supply charges 12-10 to firmly establish themselves in second place behind the pace-setting Machine Shop Gremlins.

The playoff between Supply and the Administrators was the year's outstanding game in the eyes of the large crowd who attended. Going into this game both teams were deadlocked for the runner-up slot with records of six won against four setbacks. Both teams had previously taken an account of their assets and an enticing \$50 wager was the reward to the winner of the tussle.

Supply practically iced the ball game in the fifth inning by rallying



"But think of the fun we can have attending American Legion conventions when the war's over!"

a total of six runs on two hits. The Administrators would have driven the Brooklyn Dodgers to cover in a cloud of shame had Leo Durocher's clan witnessed this frame. The Ads did everything in this standza but catch the ball and get the side out. In spite of the Hallowe'en performance on the part of the winners they finally put out the fire after six fat runs had crossed the dish.

Going into the sixth Supply had visions of a gala standing with the rewards of victory. The Administrators chilled their hopes temporarily by pushing across three runs after two were out. Supply was unable to solve Vanderbeck's offerings in the seventh. The scrapping Administrators brought the crowd to its feet in their half of the seventh by jamming the guns and scoring four runs to go out front 7-6. The eighth was a Pier Eight brawl with Supply tallying a pair of markers to momentarily take a 9-6 lead only to see this margin go up in smoke in the final half of the inning when the winners rammed across six runs to start the ninth off with a 12-9 lead. The losers nearly tore the Ads' hopes at the seams in the first half of the first half of the ninth by talling one run and putting two men on base after the first pair of hitters had gone for outs. Vanderbeck climaxed the dogfight by whiffing Big Billy Nelligan for the final out of the inning.

There have been six wilder softball games, according to the greybeards, but the large crowd in attendance will settle for another replica of this tussle.

Following is how the league completed the season:

	W	L
Machine Shop	8	2
Administrators	7	4
Supply	6	5
Hangar Wolves	3	7
Hangar Thunderbolts	1	9

The span of an adult's outstretched arms is approximately the same as the height of his body.

Are You Ready For Gas Attack?

By PVT. A. BINDEROW
Engr. Avn. Bn.

Next to our rifle, our gas mask is our most precious possession. Little do we realize its importance to us, when the time when our enemies will loosen their deadly gases within our midst and how our gas mask will be the only barrier between life and death.

Right now, most of us take our mask as a matter of fact. Poison gases and their destructive powers are far away from our thoughts. But the time is near, when this may become a reality, and then it may be too late to realize, that a minute of attention in the past would have prevented hours of pain.

Let's wake up men. Let's take good care of our gas masks and learn how to use them properly. Life is dear to us all, and we owe it to ourselves to try and prolong life as long as possible, especially if we can do things within our power, that requires so little effort.

When Germany first attacked with poison gases in World War I, the Allies were caught completely by surprise. When those yellow fumes first appeared over Allied lines, the men were helpless and thousands died because they were unprepared.

In this war we are not going to suffer the same consequences. Through American ingenuity we are fortunate to have been provided with the best gas mask in the world. We have been trained as to its proper care and use, only through our own carelessness can we play into the enemy's hands. Therefore, let's take care of our gas masks, keep them clean and



SWIMMER — Mary Gladstone of Seattle, University of Washington co-ed, rests from Red Cross and Army Intelligence work at a Los Angeles pool.

PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME

Forty-eight stars 'gainst a blanket of blue,
Thirteen bars, wrought there by people like you.
Swirl there majestically by the rushing breeze,
Defying our enemies across the seas.

Remember the men who so bravely gave
Their homes and their lives, this country to save.
They didn't hesitate they didn't swerve,
Thus our glorious flag to preserve.

It isn't its looks, though pretty it be,
It's what it symbolizes to you and to me.
Democracy, liberty, freedom of press,
Freedom of worship, and happiness.
Freedom of speech, the right to choose,
Our standards of living, which we'll never lose.

So keep this in mind and do your share,
Remember, America will always be there.
As long as there are people who wish to be free,
As long as there are people like you and like me.

Miss Gloria Beane.

test them often for any defects.
It's better to be careful now than sorry later.

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

BIJOU Theatre TEL. 5307

TODAY and TUESDAY
SALUTE TO THE MARINES
WALLACE BEERY
Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen

Wed., Thurs., Fri.
HITLER'S MADMAN
John Carradine, Patricia Morison

TEL. 5308
OPERA HOUSE BANGOR

ENTIRE WEEK
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL
Claudette Colbert
Paulette Goddard, Veronica Lake

PARK THEATRE BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today and Tues.
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM
Fred MacMurray
Rosalind Russell
Herbert Marshall
—Also—
SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

Don Ameche, Janet Blair
Wed.-Thurs.
THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA
Cary Grant, Martha Scott
—Also—
HARRIGAN'S KID
Bobby Readick, Frank Craven

UNIFORMS and EQUIPMENT

For OFFICERS and ENLISTED MEN

BLOUSES, SLACKS, SHIRTS, SHOES
METAL and EMBROIDERED INSIGNIA

SERVICE CAPS, GARRISON CAPS
TIES, SOX, BELTS

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

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

BUY QUALITY

BUY AT FRENCH'S

M. L. FRENCH & SON CO.

110 EXCHANGE STREET

"Write Often!"

Mail is Important to You in
Camp and so is it to those
BACK HOME
You'll find all of your
Stationery Needs
at

FREESE'S

- ★ Engraved Paper, with Military Insignia. Extra thin! 50 sheets, 36 envelopes. . . . 1.50
- ★ Victory Vellum by Hampshire. . . . 1.00
- ★ Portfolio Wilt Stationery.25
- ★ Buddy Postab.1.00

STATIONERY — — — STREET FLOOR