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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

12-20-1944

December 20, 1944

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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Base Completes Extensive Yule Plans

'Mud-Gutter Gazette' 6 Months Old

'Anniversary' Of Nutty Paper Set for Today

Dow Field's "Mud-Gutter Gazette"—known to some as the "Chair Corps Weekly"—is celebrating its first anniversary today. Don't ask why. Its first issue appeared 16 June of this year. Also, don't ask why its first issue appeared—period. Holding an anniversary when it is only six months old is just one of the many eccentricities of the "Gazette."

Circles the Globe

The paper was founded and is run by the "Chair Corps" workers of the Processing Center here. Although its circulation is limited, the fantastic characters and situations it depicts have become world famous. This statement is not "fantasy." The "Gazette" is mailed to former Dow Field GIs who now are stationed at ATC bases the world over; and aircrewmen passing through here today may be chuckling at the "Gazette" items with buddies in Scotland, Paris, Bermuda, or the Azores, tomorrow.

No Praise Was Theirs

Last June the personnel of the
(Continued on Three)

Five Squadrons Top 100 Percent In Bond Buying

Five out of the seven squadrons are well over the 100 per cent top in the dollar quota in the War Bond drive. Heading the list is Squadron F with 297 per cent of quota. Right behind them are the officers with 240 per cent of their quota. Then, in order come Squadrons G with 150 per cent, B with 102 per cent, and A with 96 per cent. Trailing, is Squadron E with 43 per cent. Here is the complete roster:

Squadron A	\$3150	96%
Squadron B	3858	139
Squadron C	4203	105
Squadron D	144.75	102
Squadron E	673	43
Squadron F	1785	297
Squadron G	782.75	150
Officers	22058.25	240
Total	38,789.50	169%

So, with the exception of one squadron, we have licked our dollar quotas. But that doesn't mean that we are stopping buying bonds—far from it. We want to knock our quota for the biggest

(Continued on Six)



This, the first edition of THE MUD-GUTTER GAZETTE, is dedicated to the Officers and Men of the Transient Service Processing Center. Its Mission is to serve as a Voice for all members of the organization and, perhaps, to stand as a record of the things we, as a unit, have accomplished, the trials and tribulations which oftentimes beset us, the laughs we've enjoyed and the friends we've made. In short, it is a paper for the Men, by the Men and of the Men.

THE EDITORS

In a series of interviews with prominent figures about the "Campus", your GUTTER GAZETTE reporter discovered much enthusiasm over the publication of this newspaper.

S/Sgt George Brady, master expediter of the outfit, was quoted as saying: "I think it's a good idea to have our own news sheet."

Sgt Agnew said: "Damn'the torpedoes! — Full speed ahead with the publication."

see GAZETTE LAUDED (page 2)



S/Sgt JOHN DEVIN TELLS RADIC
AUDIENCE OF NECESSITY OF
NEWSPAPERS IN WARTIME

FIRST EDITION of the "Mud-Gutter Gazette" as it appeared on 17 June 1944. This screwy newspaper has since become world famous and from this single sheet has grown to fourteen pages.

A Yule Greeting



PERSONNEL of the Base Photo Lab, who have cooperated 100 per cent with the "Observer," join the rest of the staff in wishing you all a Merry Christmas.

Copy for Next Issue Must Be In Early

Because next Monday will be Christmas, all copy for the next issue of the "Observer" must be submitted not later than Friday night. Printers and editors—believe it or not—also like to celebrate.

The cooperation given the "Observer" has been greatly appreciated. Greetings to all!

Festivity Starts At Party Today For Children

The Yule season will be ushered in at Dow Field today with a Christmas party for the children of Base Personnel starting at 1030 in the Gymnasium. This is only the beginning of the festivities. Other plans include:

1. Half the military and civilian personnel will be off duty on Christmas and half on New Year's.
2. An elaborate feast will be held in all mess halls.
3. A Catholic High Midnight Mass will be sung in the Base Chapel on Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day masses will be said in the Chapel at 1100 and 1700.
4. In addition to the regular Sunday Protestant service at the chapel and hospital, a Candlelight Vesper service will be held in the chapel at 1800 on Christmas Eve.
5. A choir from the Base Band will sing carols in all the squadron areas on Christmas morning.
6. In the Hospital, the Red Cross

(Continued on Two)

Winter Harbor Meets 'Bombers' In Gym Tonight

Winter Harbor Naval Station meets with the "Bombers" in a return basketball game tonight in the Base Gym at 2000. Cpl. Lee Dalecky, coach of the Bombers, is confident that the Dow Field team will turn the tables on the 52-49 defeat received from the Winter Harbor cagers several weeks ago. He said:

"That was our second game of the season. Since then we have had more experience and the way the Bombers have been playing during the past week convinces me that we'll show Winter Harbor a real game. Last time we played on their court—a pint sized floor. This time it's a home game and that makes all the difference in the world."

During the past week the Bombers won two non-schedule games at the Gym. On Wednesday night they beat Old Town High School in a practice game by 62-33. The following night they took over the Len's Electric Company team of Bangor by 58 to 29.

The next game scheduled after tonight's is at Bates College on 10 January.

On 15 January they will travel to Presque Isle to play a return game with the team they handed a 41-33 licking here a week ago yesterday.

Greetings from the Commanding Officer

Another Christmas is upon us; another year has passed; another year of War. George Washington wrote in his letter to his lovely wife on June 18, 1775, three days after his taking command of the Army, the following: "... But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon the service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. ..."

Often you must wonder how the particular job assignment given you serves any purpose, especially in the furtherance of the war effort. Every job can be traced through, no matter how insignificant the job, to show its connection with the prosecution of this war. Some jobs, yes, will be far removed but nevertheless important. It's like the smallest working part in the carburetor, if it fails the powerful engine in an aircraft will start sputtering or will even stop running, and so it is with us.

So, in behalf of all the officers in this command, to you, you who have done such an excellent job in the past year, I extend a most hearty Merry Christmas and Happy New Year and may these few words make your job a little more pleasant in 1945. I am

Your Commanding Officer,

JAMES C. JENSEN
Colonel, Air Corps

A Psychological Study of Lamb Stew and the Fighting Man

PROLOGUE:

"OH, Sergeant-of-the-mess, perchance what have we for chow today?"

"We have, good Fighting Man, a rare mixture not virgin to your palate. We have in stew form, meat of that gentle beast LAMB!"

Whereupon I visited the place of confinement and from that unnerved man of battle found the basis for my study.

BODY OF STUDY:

The unquestionably reliable Mr. Webster in his New International Dictionary of the English Language, Second Edition, Copyright 1934, defines lamb in a very concise and to the point manner:

LAMB (lam) n. 2. a. The flesh of a sheep less than a year old, when slaughtered and dressed for food."

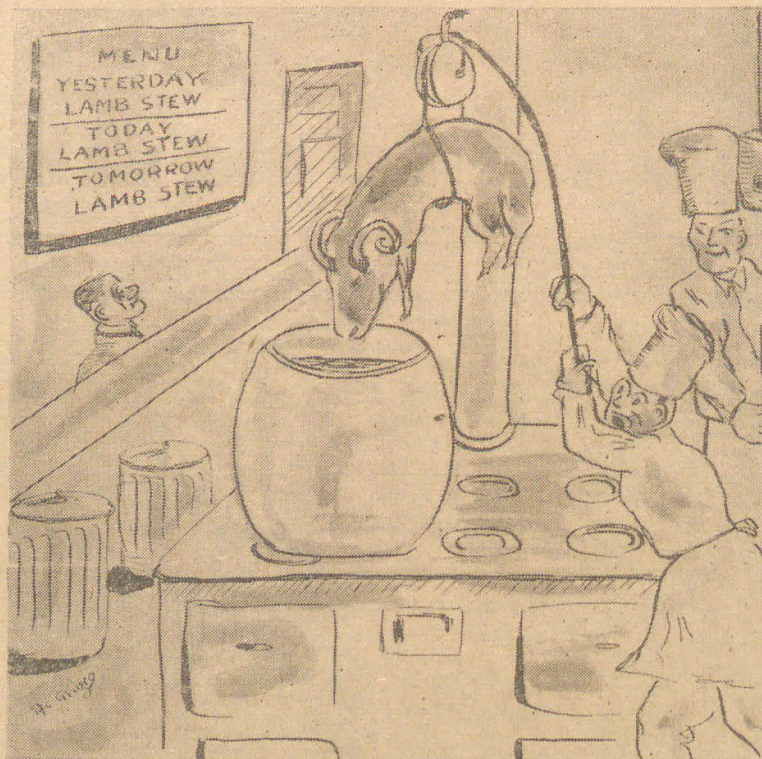
Ah, Mr. Webster, the virtue of simplicity. Yet I feel compelled to question your source for the statement "... and dressed for food."

The lamb as we know it is an abbreviated, flighty, Roman-nosed beast with an appalling bray and a bit too much meat on its frame for its own comfort or that of its consumer. To my limited knowledge it has always existed in its comparatively humble way until some unspeakable scoundrel discovered, in probably the same manner as was found that a length of sharp stone or metal thrust into the human chest or stomach would cause violent bleeding and possibly death, that the flesh of a lamb after a considerable period of becoming accustomed to it could be accepted by the gastric juices. Perhaps this came about in a prehistoric version of man bites dog in vengeance. After biting the lamb, as is so in this case, the prehistoric man presented the passers-by with an indeterminable look of shock and delight and fell screaming to the ground to die without stating what his reaction was to tasting the raw biceps of this premature flying suit.

How the lamb came in contact with flame to present humble mankind with another version of his sinews, and how the single, persistent adventurer (whoever he was) brought the seared substance in contact with his mouth with any idea of sustaining life I could never start to record. But it happened and over the great of time in which the gastric juices made their supreme readjustment, man acquired the habit of registering delight on his face while he ate and was able to hold it for more than an instant.

In our present disrupted, violent world, the lamb has become extremely popular in feeding armies. Many new manners of preparation have been discovered through the medium of chance and through hate by one individual for another, wherein his food is singled out for attack. This came into concrete form by chopping the anatomy of the lamb into many small pieces and discarding them into a large pot with water and many bits of equally mutilated substance from the vegetable family. After the habitual seasoning, flame is applied and the water proceeds to change color as does the lamb and the helpless vegetables. The flame is left against the pot until the entire mixture resembles the heaving, bubbling lava in the pits of King Solomon's Mines. And then to be factual rather than bitter, when the brew reaches its dubious state of perfection it is placed on trays in equal measure for consumption by armies.

Mental reaction on the part of the armies is an entirely new subject, but the physical reaction can be stated briefly. This substance



"LAMB (lam) n. 2. a. The flesh of a sheep less than a year old, when slaughtered and dressed for food."—D. Webster.

—Picture by Pfc. Pasquale Grosso.

is relayed by hand and spoon from the tray to the interior of the mouth where it is met with silence and odd cocking of the head which present studying psychologists proclaim to be the birth of an entirely new emotion. The sense of taste, upon contact, starts a reflex simultaneously in the balls and heels of the feet which surges upward until the very tips of the hair, which by then is standing upright, are reached, and then vanishes as the substance plunges into the gastric juices. The process from then on is also something unique in medical research being entirely unlike the normal digestive processes. It has been found a common practice to serve this substance at the end of the consumer's day so that he may retire to his place of repose and there lie in complete physical bewilderment and mental lapse, for today the little, Roman-nosed beast has become an internal threat to human survival.

—Sgt. J. F. A.

Squadron E

By Sgt. Joseph C. Cooper

There should be little reason for loneliness this Christmas season. For one thing, there was the usual allotment of furloughs granted mid-month to allow a number of fellows to spend the Christmas season at home. Then, there is that fortunate segment of the Squadron whose wives, and in many instances, families are here with them. In addition to that, rumor has it that a number of wives and sweethearts will spend the holiday season in the city. Morale should be quite high, huh? Mrs. Robert L. Jackson of Illinois is one of the first arrivals in the city for the holidays.

Dropped in the USO several nights last week, and enjoyed the evening on each occasion. Say, they've got a darned nice program. Each night sees the execution of several new and interesting activities. Excellent entertainment, too. Suppose you investigate for yourself. Refreshments are served nightly.

Incidentally, the USO is employing the artistic talents of Cpl. Bowser, Pfc. John Tanner, Pvs. James Hopkins, Luther McLean, and James C. Armstrong in decorating its halls for the holiday season. These fellows are proving (again) that we have skilled ornamental artists among us.

While we're on the subject of Christmas, let us mention that the Squadron will play its usual role as host to a number of civilians. Entertainment plans, at this writing, are not complete. Your first sergeant will gladly outline them to you, however, if you're interested.

Sympathy is extended to S-Sgt. and Mrs. Jesse L. Everette in the loss of their son. It is hoped that Mrs. Everette will be victimized by a complete and speedy recovery.

And now, fellows, we have another newlywed in our presence. Private Edward Tyler of St. Louis, Mo., was married recently to Miss Josephine Mayo of Philadelphia, Pa. Congratulations! It has been well said that the few misunderstandings witnessed in early matrimony are but stepping stones to perfect understanding which is the basis of true happiness.

We wish for each of you a happy and prosperous holiday season. And now, goodbye to you, you and ESPECIALLY to you.

Time Element Set On EM Ratings By Regulation

Day dreamers needn't expect to be made master sergeants for Christmas (or for any other occasion) unless they also wear at least one hash mark. Under provisions of a recently-issued AAF Regulation, enlisted men and women must have sufficient time in the service, and sufficient time in grade before being eligible for promotion.

The minimum requirements before being eligible for the grade to which recommended, total service, and minimum service in grade, are listed below in that order:

Private First Class, 2 months, 2 months as private.

Corporal, 5 months, 3 months as private or private first class.

Sergeant, 9 months, 4 months as corporal.

Staff Sergeant, 15 months, 6 months as sergeant.

Technical Sergeant, 24 months, 9 months as staff sergeant.

Master Sergeant, 36 months, 12 months as technical sergeant.

Service outside the continental limits of the United States or in Alaska will be computed as time and a half for time in grade purposes.

Exceptions to the above can be made only by the commanding general of the AAF or the CG of the command.

Full information is contained in AAF Regulation No. 35-54, dated 30 October 1944.

Red Cross volunteers have packed approximately 1,250,000 Christmas boxes for shipment to servicemen in overseas hospitals and front line areas.

Extensive Plans Completed For Yule Season at Dow Field

(Continued from One)

has made plans for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day programs for the patients.

7. A matinee will be held at the Base Theater on Christmas Day.

8. Special programs have been planned for the entire week by the downtown USO Club.

Children's Party

Approximately 115 children, of Base military personnel whose names have been submitted, will receive gifts and be entertained in this morning's party at the Gym. Santa Claus will be met on the Hangar Line by the Base Band and marched to the festivities. This party is jointly sponsored by members of the Officers' and NCO Clubs. The committee consists of Capt. George H. Stone, chairman; Capt. Elbert S. Stallard, Jr.; Capt. James M. Rodgers, 1st Sgt. William H. Kelley, S-Sgt. Herman J. Aakre, and S-Sgt. Earle M. Fennimore.

At the Mess Halls

Those eating Christmas dinner in the Base mess halls will feast on:

Roast Turkey with Sage Dressing
Giblet Gravy and Cranberry Sauce
Snowflake Potatoes and
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Green Peas and Cauliflower
Fresh Fruit Salad with Mayonnaise
Celery, Pickles and Olives
Hot Mincemeat Pie and Ice Cream
Candy, Nuts and Assorted Fruit
Coffee, Cigars, and Cigarettes

Catholic Masses

Assisting in the Midnight Mass will be a choir from Bangor. Low masses will be said at 1100 and 1700. No Christmas Day mass will be held in the hospital.

Protestant Service

The All-Girl Choir of Grace Methodist Church of Bangor, and

a girls' trio from the Columbia Street Baptist Church of Bangor, will sing at the Protestant Candlelight Service at 1800 on Christmas Eve.

Band Choir

The Base Band Carolers have been practicing daily under the direction of Lt. Joseph J. Marshall, and should bring the Yule spirit to the Field when they make the rounds on Christmas morning.

Hospital Program

On Christmas Eve the All Souls' Church Choir of Bangor will sing carols in the Hospital wards and in the auditorium of the Red Cross Recreation Building where distribution of presents will be made under the large tree and refreshments will be served.

Christmas afternoon eggnog will be served, and music will be furnished to the patients. In the evening movies will be shown in the auditorium.

The Hospital program is directed by Mrs. Margaret Dunn, assistant Red Cross field director, who is assisted by the Grey Ladies.

Base Theater

Playing at the Base Theater Christmas Eve and for the matinee and evening performances on Christmas Day will be "Guest in the House," starring Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy and Ruth Warrick.

USO Clubs

Programs scheduled at the USO Clubs in Bangor are so extensive that they are carried in a separate story.

Officers' and NCO Clubs

No special plans have been made for the Officers' Club or the NCO Club for Christmas Eve or night, but extensive plans are underway for New Year's.

Service Facilities Open In Boston

Two new facilities have been made available in Boston for military personnel, it was announced last week.

A new USO club for enlisted men—the USO-Newbury Club—opened just above Clarendon St. near Copley Square, at 117 Newbury Street.

The other facility is for male officers only. While staying in Boston they may now find rooms at the Massachusetts School of Physiotherapy, in the school's "Dorm," located at 328 Dartmouth Street, near Beacon Street and not far from Copley Square.

The Wolf

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"He has a peculiar hold on women!"

by Sansone

Who's Who of Enlisted Men

"Chair-Corps-Minded" Tarien Edits "Mud-Gutter Gazette"

By Cpl. Leo Stein

"Where would the Air Corps be without the Chair Corps?" asked Cpl. Leon Tarien, Editor-in-Chief of the "Chair Corps Weekly," more popularly known as the Mud-Gutter Gazette. Where indeed? So upon our invitation, Editor Tarien, complete with pencils, pens, erasers, staples and all the other vital material of this bloody war, dropped in for a short visit. With keen observation like a campaigning general at the front line, Cpl. Tarien surveyed this office and issued these curt memos:

"All pencils should be sharpened to a fine point. Energy expended due to blunt points is a serious drain upon the strength and stamina of this fighting unit." His blue eyes blazed and his clipped, military mustache bristled.

"Erasers," he continued, his voice crackling, "should be on the right side of the typewriter within five inches of the carriage base, with the brush facing the soldier, thus stretching, turning, and hunting will be kept at a minimum."

"Paper clips should be opened at a forty-five degree angle thereby..."

Finally he was ready to sit down. He eyed the chair we offered him like a lover of horses looks at a thoroughbred, lovingly, tenderly, yet critically. He tested the chair for spring, he felt its wooden sides for splinters, he twirled the casters for speed and at last sat down. Then up he sprang, as though he had rested upon cinders, and a can of oil appeared in his hand like magic and with swift efficiency he oiled the shaft of the swivel. "There must be no squeaks," he said and spun the chair on its swivel. Satisfied, he sat down, once more.

"The 'Chair Corps' must be on its toes," he remarked.

Background

What could be the background of a man like this? Where his birthplace? Who his friends?

Slowly the history unfolded. Brooklyn had been his birthplace and he had plodded across its cement streets in a hungry search for knowledge which included in his 10-year itinerary: three grammar schools, three high schools and one college. During these long years, across the merciless, stone pavements, from school to school, never for a moment did the boy Tarien have a moment to rest his weary body unless some lucky chance found him near the tree that, like he, grew in Brooklyn. Otherwise there was no bench, no log, no resting place along those hard rockbottom city streets that resembled a chair. A chair! A chair! His calloused feet rebelled and his eyes madly combed the indifferent streets for a chair that was never there. Such was the boyhood, such the adolescence of Tarien in Brooklyn.

"That Guy Tarien"

Tarien the Man came into the Army. Perhaps medical psychology was not surprised at Cpl. Tarien, since the revelations of his growth foreshadowed certain conditions. But to the GI Tarien was, well, "that guy Tarien." He was always sitting down! He sat through forty days and forty nights at Fort Dix, N. J. Then for six weeks he sat through the Tech. Command in Atlantic City, N. J. Later at Presque Isle he

became the first roving reporter to operate that column from a swivel chair! And here at Dow



—Official AAF Photo.
Cpl. Leon Tarien

Field, he occupies a chair in Operations.

The Great Idea

It was here at Operations that the IDEA came to him one day as he was energetically sitting still. In the midst of typewriters clicking, pencils scratching, telephones ringing, papers rustling, Tarien dreamed his dream. He envisioned tons of paper, rivers of ink, mountains of pencils, cargoes of typewriters, and staggering piles of shining clips flowing to the men in the "Chair Corps." He saw visions of men in chairs, like trees in a forest, and he vowed to make them known to all. Their job, their struggle, their war.

Such, then, is the history of Tarien the boy, the youth and the man. Our interview was at an end and Cpl. Tarien took his leave, allowing himself one quick, disdainful glance into the filing cabinet. There can be no doubt that his Crusade for Chairdom will have mighty effects.

'Mud Gutter Gazette'

(Continued from One)

Processing Center were working into the far hours of the night, were handling be-ribboned airmen after be-ribboned airmen, and were reading stories in the newspapers about the valor of those who "fly into the wild blue yonder." But they were never seeing a word—kind or otherwise—in print about their part in "keeping 'em flying." Their thwarted instincts demanded recognition, and the "Gazette" was born.

They set up a complete set of decorations and ranks for themselves—all insignia and medals being designed from common office material such as paperclips, typewriter ribbons and erasers.

Distinguished Filing Cross

One of their highest awards is the Distinguished Filing Cross. Ranks of their "office-sirs" include "Glue-nants," "Captions," and Glue-nant Internals." The whole illogical set-up became so logical that campaigns were headlined in the "Gazette" where Filing Groups and chairborne light typewriter troops scaled the "White Clips of Clover." GIs, both here and in the three major theaters of war, became so interested in the "Nerkerkin" campaign that they looked forward to the next issue of the "Gazette" with more suspense than the next issue of "Superman." The Gazette had accomplished something the "comics" had not: it combined slapstick humor, subtle humor, thrillers, suspense, fantasy and farce all in one.

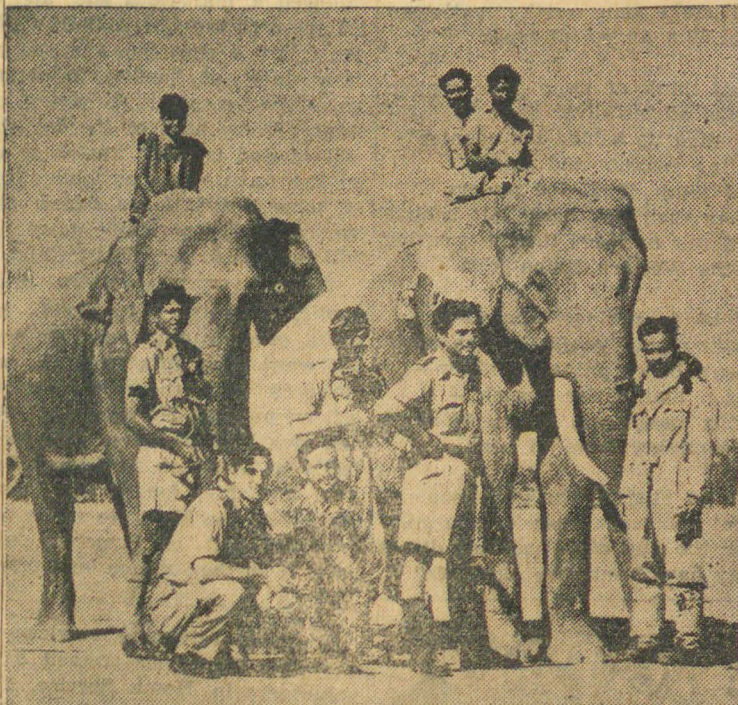
The Staff

Cpl. Leon "Flush" Tarien is the present editor of the "Gazette." It was started by Sgt. A. J. Muench, whose name has been carried on the masthead as Over-Editor since shipping out several months ago. Sgt. Samuel J. Westock, who does much of the work, is called Executive Editor. Other members of the present staff include Sgt. Joe Carrubba, Cpl. Kirby B. Haskett, Sgt. Gardener L. Beck, Sgt. Lee Porterfield, Sgt. Irwin E. Spencer, and Cpl. Arthur D. Woodin, the cartoonist.

From the single sheet originally printed, the Gazette has grown until its issue of today numbers fourteen pages. The circulation has remained dormant, but the admirers continue to multiply.

The present staff prefers the name "Chair Corps Weekly" to "Mud-Gutter Gazette." But no matter what the name, it's still "out of this world."

Elephants Help Indians



PILOTS OF THE INDIAN AIR FORCE, on the Burma Front, owe many of their smooth landings to the work done on their airdromes by these two elephants. In the recent Manipur campaign at least half of the dive bombers used by the Allies were manned by members of the Indian Air Force.

DOW FIELD

CROSS SECTION

At present there is much discussion as to whether or not compulsory military training should be continued after the war. Here is the way a cross-section of the Dow Field personnel feels about it:

Sgt. James J. Bryon, Organizational Planning Office, declared:



"Yes, it's a good idea if the period of training is not extended too long. The training would make for healthier bodies and sounder minds. It would also insure a backlog of trained personnel to safeguard the future."

Pfc. Clarence Page, cook in General Mess, is against it:

"No. I don't think that compulsory military training is necessary as the interruption it would cause in the normal career of a young man wouldn't justify the possible good that would be derived from it. This country



has managed to exist to the satisfaction of most of the people up to now without compulsory military training and I think it can go on without it. I'm not married but I expect to have a family in the future and I don't want any son of mine forced into the army."

Cpl. Eugene L. Landers, Property Section of the Quartermaster Office, said:



"I think that there is a time in every boy's life after completing his high school education in which he doesn't know exactly what vocation or profession to pursue. Compulsory military training would better prepare

the individual physically or mentally for the road ahead. Such training would teach the teen-age youngster the meaning of discipline and the necessity of working with his fellow men to accomplish his goal in life. I'm married and have one child—a girl."

M-Sgt. Michael A. Cherneski, Flight Operations Office, favors it:

"Yes. If compulsory military training had been in effect before this present scramble, we would have been at least six months closer to the finish of the war. Compulsory military training should be taken by all young men upon completion of high school. I don't think that women should be included in this training."



—Official AAF Photos.

General Mess

By Archie Silver

All about the Navy. . . . This Christmas, M-Sgt. Fontenot is eagerly looking forward to seeing his youngest but by no means shortest (6 foot two) kid brother, Hose, first gunner on a destroyer. Not having seen each other for six years, the boys should have quite a get-together. . . . Cpl. "Red" Hejna, whose brother once in a while says that the lad is bogged down for a while in Louisiana at the Naval Repair Station. . . . Cpl. Carl Lagroso woke up with a start the other night. He had had a bad dream about his kid brother—many times decorated—who works for Uncle Sam under the seas. We hope he hears from him soon.

When the weather gets cold and slushy up north, Mess Sgt. Homer Arflack pines for his old Miami home.

Sgt. Lucius R. Cowart is waiting for his gal, Marcella, to recuperate from an appendectomy so that they can take the big plunge together.

Complaining that the family name was too hard to pronounce, Leo, the Great Lover, said he has adopted the more simplified form of Mikolajczyk.

Sgt. John Kennedy didn't waste his time convalescing at the Base Hospital. He became so proficient in making leather goods that he was able to produce a swell gift for his sister's little boy John O'Neil.

Those strange sounds you may have heard coming from Pvt. Berge's room was not someone gargling his throat but just yours truly and the aforementioned private deciphering a bit of Norwegian which is Berge's mother's mother tongue.

Before he left for parts unknown Supply Pvt. Mescos related an amusing story of his encounter with a jolly bull-throwing inebriate in town. The man claimed to be a singer of some importance and to prove his ability, he would intersperse the conversation with musical remarks as follows: "Listen to the tea-kettle humming. What is it saying? 'Roamin' in the Gloamin'.'" Then the songster insisted that he could get \$50 for one hour on the radio here in Bangor and, he added, "I can get a hundred if I put in only forty-seven hours more a week." Too bad Mescos is gone and can't describe in his own inimitable fashion this rare and amusing character.

We have in our possession a picture of S-Sgt. Chasanoff holding hands with no less a celebrity than the glamorous Marlene Dietrich.

With Cpl. Sam "Tasty" Cascio and a few of our other rebels gone, the Yanks predominate in Bks. T-12, especially when any Civil Battles are being refought.

As Assistant Paymaster to the Meass Officer, Sgt. Beck is very popular when those checks start rolling off the assembly line.

On his three day passes (when he can get one), S-Sgt. Harry Weiner takes his charming wife to Bean Town. So would I (take my charming wife to Boston) if I could.

The hot water situation in Bks. T-12 is of much concern to all the cooks quartered there because without a sufficient supply of hot water that kitchen grime won't come off.

Pvt. K. P. Aranello doesn't speak a word of English but he talks a blue streak in Spanish.

THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER

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Sgt. STANLEY MIKELK.....Associate Editor
Cpl. SHELDON H. ROSENTHAL.....Staff Artist
Pvt. BUDDY ADAMS.....Sports Editor
PHOTO-LAB PERSONNEL.....Photography

Editorial Comment

A World of Their Own

Never again will science marvel when a two-headed calf or some other monstrosity survives for a considerable period after being born—the “Mud-Gutter Gazette” is six months old!

Truly, never was so much about so little said to so many before the “Gazette” graced the gutters of the globe.

There are those who have intimated that this freak of journalism is, and has been, in competition with the Dow Field “Observer.” Anyone with half a brain (if there is anyone with half a brain who reads the “Gazette”) knows this is erroneous because the “Gazette” is out of this world and can therefore be in competition with no one.

Shortly after the “Gazette’s” conception (or misconception), the “Observer” became temporarily defunct. The editors of the “Gazette,” by agreement with the former editor of the “Observer,” tried to fill the breach by furnishing legitimate news. During this period the few additions of the “Gazette” that were not up to the usual screwball par resulted. This mixture of fact and fantasy made it a schizophrenic publication that did not contain the same humor as the paper does with a plain Napoleonic complex. When the “Observer” resumed publication, the editors of the “Gazette” heaved a sigh of relief, turned their hats sideways, and no longer pretended to be sane or respectable.

No, the “Gazette” doesn’t compete with the “Observer.” Any group that puts out a mimeographed publication, with such a limited printing, that has gained such widespread fame, is above competition. They are the masters and, given the tools with which to work would perform miracles.

A Distinguished Filing Cross to them all!

News of Bangor USO

WEDNESDAY, 20 December—LOUISIANA PARTY—celebrating the Louisiana Purchase, 20 December 1903. DANCING—8:30 till 12; music by Sgt. Bessmer and His Dixieland Barefoot Boys. ART NIGHT—Sketching, water colors, finger painting, under the direction of Mrs. Sheila Findley.

THURSDAY, 21 December—AT DOW FIELD—The Base Basketball Game and Dance; music by Cpl. Jimmie Baker and his “Men of the Air.” Buses for hostesses leave the USO at 7:30 P. M. AT THE USO CLUB—Mr. and Mrs. Night—games, juke box dancing, refreshments.

FRIDAY, 22 December—MOVIE—“Lifeboat,” starring Tallulah Bankhead, John Hodiak, William Bendix—sensational melodrama. SPECIAL FACILITIES for that Christmas letter to the folks back home—it’s not right if you don’t write. JUKE BOX DANCING with the USO girls—Christmas recordings.

SATURDAY, 23 December—THE CHRISTMAS PARTY, with beautiful Christmas trees, Santa Claus, and gifts—Like Home. DANCING 8:30 till 12; music by Sgt. Herbie Blinn’s Jive Bombers. RADIO BROADCAST 10:15 to 10:30.

SUNDAY, 24 December—CHRISTMAS EVE—Special breakfast after church—bacon, rolls, donuts, coffee. Meet your buddies at our snack bar, 9 a. m. to 12. BUFFET LUNCH—4 to 6 p. m. Tasty goodies dished up by Miss Robena Waterman and her Snack Bar Committee. COMMUNITY CAROL SING at 7:30 p. m. Around the outdoor Christmas Crib—led by the USO Glee Club; directed by Lynwood Bowen. The community is cordially invited to help make this a real carol sing for the servicemen and women. Telephone calls to the folks—free to members of the armed forces visiting the USO from 6 to 10 p. m.

MONDAY, 25 December—All the good old Yule songs on our record machines. Holiday Snacks 5 to 6:30 p. m.

TUESDAY, 26 December—BINGO—with cash prizes and the USO girls to bring you luck. DANCE CLASS 7:30—learn the steps with pretty Jean Archer as teacher. VOICE RECORDS—Send a letter on a record home. DREAM DANCING—Slow music on records for the sweet music dancers. GLEE CLUB—meets with Lynwood Bowen.

WEDNESDAY, 27 December—PRESIDENT’S ANNIVERSARY PARTY—celebrating the birthday of Andrew Jackson 1808, and Woodrow Wilson, 1856. Dancing 8:30 till 12; music by the Dow Field Dixieland Seven. Dinner and Movie Prizes for the best Jitterbugs.

Civilians Report 7 Departments Over Bond Quota

Congratulations to the Civilian Personnel of Dow Field for doing a swell job in the bond drive to date. Seven Civilian departments have gone over the 100% top, led by Transient Service with 168%. Right behind them is Finance with 128% followed by Base Headquarters with 119%, Post Exchange with 118%, Priorities and Traffic with 111%, Civilian Personnel with 108%, and Budget and Fiscal with 100%. Congratulations to all these departments for their fine work. By the time we go to press next week, every other department on the base may be over the 100% mark.

Here’s the complete recapitulation of the figures as they stood Monday night:

	Purch.	Pct.
Aircraft Maint’ce	15,354.18	79.8
Base Maintenance	9,376.92	69
Post Exchange	3,546.82	118
Air Corps Supply	4,746.47	84
Hospital	2,656.93	94.8
Quartermaster	1,966.34	71
Motor Pool	1,453.31	47
Provost Marshal	1,506.29	89
Ordnance	1,350.03	77
Radio Maintenance	843.75	94
Civilian Personnel	1,460.74	108
Base Headquarters	667.25	119
Priorities & Traffic	375.02	111
Finance	218.77	128
Transportation	236.26	63
Signal Section	242.52	79.7
Transient Service	511.25	168
Budget and Fiscal	186.26	100
Ground Safety	97.50	78

Grand total for all civilian departments is \$46,873.43 or 83.7% of the total quota. We have the purchases for two pay days to count in on this, so we feel sure that you will make the quota. But it will take some buying from everybody—both this pay day and the first one in January. Put your organization over the top. Let’s keep plugging, and SLAP THE JAP WITH A BOND.

Be Kind to Clerks (And Jerks) On Christmas 1950

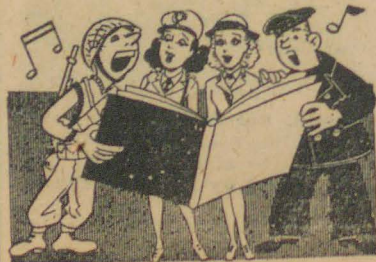
“When bugles sound their final notes,

And bombs explode no more,
And we return to what we did
Before we went to war—
The sudden shift of status
On the ladder of success,
Will make some worthy gentleman
Feel like an awful mess.

“Just think of some poor captain
Minus all his silver bars,
Standing up behind the counter
Selling peanuts and cigars.
And think of all the majors,
When their oak leaf’s left behind,
And the uniform they’re wearing
Is the Western Union kind.

“If he doesn’t feel himself—
Jerking your eagles on the shelf.
‘Tis a bitter pill to swallow—
‘Tis a matter for despair—
Being messengers and clerks again
Is a mighty cross to bear.

“So be kind to working people,
That you meet where’er you go,
For the guy who’s washing dishes
May have been your old C. O.”



The Chapel Spire

Chaplain
Capt. James T. Kilbride
(Catholic)

Ass’t Chaplain
Capt. Edmund D. Viser
(Protestant)

Telephone Ext. 215

CATHOLIC

Christmas Eve—High Midnight Mass; Christmas Day, Low Masses at 1100 and 1700.

Sunday—In Base Chapel, Masses at 0730 and 1100. Hospital Rec. Hall, Mass at 0945.

Daily—In Chapel, Masses at 1700.

Confessions Saturday night from 1830 hours and before each Mass.

PROTESTANT

Christmas Eve—Candlelight Vesper Service at 1800.

Sunday—In Chapel, Services at 1000. In Hospital Rec. Hall, Services at 0900.

Wednesday—In Chapel, Choir practice at 1845.

JEWISH

Friday—In Chapel, Services at 1900 by Bangor Jewish Welfare Board.

Christmas Messages

Three Wise Men

By Capt. James T. Kilbride
Catholic Chaplain

There is a story about a lady who went to the five-and-ten store late Christmas eve to get some supplies for her crib. She told the clerk that she needed three Wise Men. A few minutes later the girl came back and reported, “I’m sorry, Madam, I can give you three angels, but there are no Wise Men.”

“THREE ANGELS but no Wise Men.” It’s quite possible that there might be an over-supply of would-be angels, but a shortage of Wise Men

in other places than the five-and-ten store. After Christmas, and after those fervent New Year’s resolutions, we thought we were going to be angels. And it took about a week for the truth to dawn upon us that we were not angels at all—that the old habits are still pretty strong, and that it takes more than wishful thinking in the form of resolutions to make a real improvement in our lives.

NO, WE ARE NOT angels. But we are men, and we can be Wise Men if we learn three simple lessons from the Wise Men, in the Gospel. They sought Christ, they gave Him gifts, they went back another way!

THEY SOUGHT CHRIST: They followed a marvelous star and it led them to the Christ Child. We can follow a star, too: the star of daily duty, of fidelity to actual grace that comes to us every instant. Every hour of the day the will of God is made known to us in the form of some obligation, of some duty; if we follow the star of duty, of daily grace, it will lead us to the Christ Child.

THEY GAVE HIM GIFTS: Rich, exotic, Oriental gifts—gold, incense, precious ointment. He does not want such gifts from us, but He does want the most precious gift we possess—He wants us. We can give Him ourselves most perfectly at Mass, on Christmas Day—on any day; for at the Consecration of the Mass He takes our imperfect gift of ourselves, elevates it to the sublime, and offers

To assist returning servicemen, the Red Cross has trained 5,058 volunteers in Home Service, 17,798 in the Hospital and Recreation Corps, 59,777 nurse’s aides, 16,355 Canteen Corps members and 3,267 canteen aides, 4,618 dietician’s aides, 5,134 Motor Corps members, and 21,326 staff assistants in the last year.

Christmas 1944

By Capt. Edmund D. Viser
Protestant Chaplain



Ever new is the ancient story we tell each year. Perhaps the Christmas of 1944 is the most fateful since that natal morn in Bethlehem. Civilizations hangs in the balance. Titanic armies and navies struggle for the mastery of the world. Battle and bloodshed, war and weariness, heartache and disappointment are the common lot of mankind today. One is reminded of Lincoln’s Second Inaugural Address which contains an undesigned rhyme hidden in the

text:

“Fondly do we hope, fervently
do we pray,
That this mighty scourge of war
will soon pass away.”

This finds an echo in our Christmas thoughts, and yet, we must fight on till the victory comes. Freemen are not sentimental weaklings. Daniel Webster nobly said, “God grants liberty only to those who love it, who are always ready to guard and defend it.” Yes, it is a war Christmas, and homes are broken up and loved ones are far away. But the Star of Bethlehem still guides the men who are wise. Have faith in God! Sursum Corda! Lift up your hearts! The Babe of Bethlehem is the Christ of Glory, the Hope of Humanity, the Prince of Peace, the Sun of Righteousness who shall arise with healing in his wings! The powers of darkness will be put to flight in God’s own good time, and may that time come soon! Our steadfast hope is in Him who came to us in the flesh and dwelt among us. Read again the old, old words recorded by the beloved physician in the second chapter of Luke—read and rejoice! Then turn to the last book in the Bible and the last chapter, verses 16 and 17. Read and believe!

Everything—Himself as Head and us as members—to His Father.

THEY WENT BACK ANOTHER WAY, in obedience to the command of the angel, in order to avoid the treachery of Herod. It is not enough for us simply to have a great feeling of devotion, to make great high-sounding resolutions. We must go back another way—we must seriously try to change our lives. “Not in word and in tongue, but in deed and truth.”

Are there any angels in the house? . . . Any Wise Men?

MEET MISS SANTA!



Marie "The Body" McDonald would certainly be a nice gift to find in your barracks bag on Christmas morning. Marie, who recently completed the leading comedy role in Hunt Stromberg's United Artists release "Guest in the House", was once a magazine cover girl, radio singer and is now a movie star.

Front and Center

By CPL. ARCHIE SILVER

I went into the office of the "Observer" to see the editor, Cpl. Fritz Snyder, last week and was told that I could find him in my own headquarters in the Mess Hall—on K. P.

Pvt. Clarence Page may come from the farm but he does all right in the city.

T-Sgt. Fernand "Frenchy" Girard is not really a Frenchman although he is French down to the last accent, the reason being that in the part of Switzerland from which he comes French is the official language.

If I said (which is true) that mincemeat was sold over the counter at General Mess, it might bring an FBI investigation unless I explained that Mince Meat is the dog which belonged to some of the Wacs. We hope that Mince Meat can take it because her new master is a high flier.

Pfc. Pesquale Grosso, the artist, who draws cartoons for the "Observer" and "The Mud-Gutter Ga-

zette," is working on a new character who should have popular appeal. Good luck, Grosso, and don't be too hard on the boys.

Col. Jensen and Lt. Col. Morrison recently dined together at General Mess and partook of the regular chow which on that day consisted of frankforts and sauerkraut.

As a lecturer on sanitation, Cpl. Potter gives a good imitation of a ballet dancer with goose pimples. Take it easy, Tom, don't be nervous. We sympathize with you 100 per cent.

Pfc. Joe Pollard has been sweating out a Christmas furlough. We hope he is on the way home before these words come off the press.

While flying through the famed Pentagon building in Washington, a carrier pigeon stopped on a window sill to rest. Another pigeon flew up and said: "Where are you going?" The first bird said: "I'm going over to Section M with an order." The second pigeon asked "What order is it?" The first bird said: "Number 234XYZ." The second pigeon said: "Well . . . you had better get a move on, I've got one that rescinds it!"

Medically Speaking

By Sgt. Ramon Racomar

Signs of Christmas are appearing in all parts of the Station Hospital. Trees are suddenly rising up here and there, looking very festive, and bleak doorways are sprouting greens and holly. We expect the full spirit to descend upon us in the next few days.

Sgt. Wheeler stopped in from Goose Bay the other day and his friends were happy to see him.

Pastry cook Wac Marjorie Leach came back to visit Dow Field and pastry cook Sgt. John Palasek and we are now wondering if they are planning a wedding cake.

The feud between Pfc. Bagnasco and Pvt. Taliaferro over heat in the barrack—one turning it on and the other off—reminds the men who are watching it, of a Laurel and Hardy short.

It was the wee small hours and a voice rang out in the darkness, "Joe, telephone"—whereupon Cpl. Hamburgrer got out of bed—found no one there—no one on the phone. Back to bed and asleep the call came clear and loud a second time—good old Joe responds once more—no one there—no one on the phone. Next morning Sgt. Flynn (who had been awakened too and had seen Joe get out of bed twice), informed him Sgt. Lupo had been calling out in his sleep.

Pfc. Leonard who can have more fun on one bottle of beer than Popeye can on a can of spinach, had a great time at the WAC party the other night. He has had a hard time concentrating on the mail since. It's said everywhere he looks he sees a vision of Dixie Lee.

We used to wonder who killed Cock Robin; we now want to know who shaved Cpl. Hardy's mustache and under what circumstances. Perhaps T-Sgt. Mowery and S-Sgt. Thompson could tell us. And just after he paid a buck to have it shaped too.

TALE OF THE WEEK: We have in our barracks one Pfc. Isaac J. Davis who comes from Georgia. Davis has been quite a hunter in his days of civilian life and we are often entertained with tales of guns, hunting dogs and game brought in. In fact we have come to think that any game so much as seen by Davis was good as in the bag. This has, for quite some time, been sort of a problem to us. You see, between our barrack and the Day Room live three squirrels who play up and down the trees and where the grass used to be, busying themselves with putting away grub for the colder season to come and seem to grow fatter and better specimens as the weeks go by. Now, Davis has for some time been on night duty and gets up in the late afternoon at about the time said squirrels are enjoying life. Our worry has been in wondering how long things could go on this way, just what would happen when Davis might get up and glance out the window, his eyes resting on the happy creatures we've told you about. We could picture them resting in a crusty pie. It has long been our habit of looking each time we passed through the lower hall to see if the squirrels were there and all was well. If they were not to be seen we looked in on Davis and there he was, deep in slumber, with a wistful expression of innocence on his face. We could not be sure. Had he not done away with so many in the past? Could three more possibly show? Well, a couple of days ago we were

Squadron 'G' Presents:



—Official AAF Photo.
THAT FIRST STRIPE LOOKS MIGHTY GOOD! From Left to Right: Pfc. Alice Womack, Pfc. Eileen O'Reilly, Pfc. Ruth Alger and Pfc. Lillian Gottlieb.

By Pvt. Constance Klink

Four Wacs at Dow Field have proudly sewed on their first stripes, and now have the pleasure of hearing themselves referred to as Privates First Class.

The four are: Pfc. Alice Womack, Pfc. Lillian Gott-

*lieb, Pfc. Eileen O'Reilly, and Pfc. Ruth Alger. All four are different in looks, type and temperament, but all have one thing in common—their enthusiasm for the WAC, and their absorbing interest in their Dow Field jobs.

AAF Experiments In Human Pick-up Prove Successful

Practicability of picking a human being off the ground by an airplane in full flight has been proved by experiments conducted by the Air Technical Service Command at Wright Field, the War Department announced today.

The human pickup was accomplished for the first time on 3 September 1943, and twice on 23 September 1944. When a fourth man was picked up on 7 October, project engineers of the ATSC equipment laboratory were willing to say the experiment had advanced to the point where AAF standardization could be seriously considered.

Paratrooper 1st Lt. Alexis Doster was the first man to demonstrate the practical use of new equipment which may make possible a revolutionary means of rescue for stranded AAF airmen who are forced down on an ice floe, in jungles or other inaccessible locations.

At the time of Doster's pickup, in spite of its success, engineers concluded the risk was still high. To make human pickup a universal practice they decided that they had to have data on training an inexperienced pilot.

The development of the new equipment took a little over a year and a pilot, Norman S. Benedict, was considered sufficiently trained after 100 hours in a C-64 picking up cargo, dummies, and live sheep.

At present, human pickup is limited to light weight highly maneuverable airplanes. Experiments are under way to develop techniques for the use of this equipment with high speed combat planes.

walking through the hall, came to the usual window, looked out on the space where the grass used to be and there stood Davis. For a moment we wondered if we had arrived in time. Yes, the squirrels were there too. We soon realized they were not in danger. Davis was feeding them. We then knew they were growing fat at Davis'

Pfc. Womack works in the Finance office as an accountant, and despite her twenty-one years, has proved her efficiency and ability in her chosen line of work. She enlisted in the army on 27 May 1944 in her home town, Cleveland, and took her basic training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. She arrived at Dow Field in August, where she was immediately assigned to her present job in the Finance Office.

Pfc. Gottlieb, an English and economics major from Hunter College, also works in the Finance Office in the officer's pay and allowance section. Prior to her army career she had worked for six years in Washington, D. C., from whence she was inducted on 26 July of this year. She took her basic training at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and reported for duty at Dow Field two months ago.

Pfc. O'Reilly, although an American citizen, comes to us from Canada, where she has lived all of her life. Her summer home is in Huntington, Quebec, and her winter address 1199 Bishop Street, Montreal. Before entering the army she taught in a country school near Ottawa. She works as a nurse's aide at the Station Hospital.

Pfc. Alger is also a nurse's aide at the field hospital. A native of Bristol, R. I., she enlisted in Providence on 5 February of this year, going to Oglethorpe for her basic training. Leaving the Georgia training center in April, she went to Long Beach, Calif., where she remained until July when she was assigned to Grenier Field. After two months there, she was assigned to Dow Field.

All of the new Pfc's. hope for overseas assignments, but, until that day arrives, they hope to remain at their present jobs, and to continue to serve at Dow Field.

expense. For the time a glow of well being surged through our veins. Today we saw five in the place of the usual three. We are now trying to find out if Davis is a man with a purpose or if the benign look upon his face as he slumbers, denotes a man who, when he's alone, occasionally goes out and makes a few new friends.

Dual Purpose Yule Tree



—Official AAF Photo.
Capt. Elbert S. Stallard and S-Sgt. Earle M. Fennimore, members of the Children's Christmas Party committee, haul away the tree they cut that will serve two purposes. After today's party in the Gym the tree will be re-decorated for the Officers' Club.

Columbia Street USO Center Makes Yule Plans

The Big Christmas week affair of the USO Center on Columbia Street will be held on Saturday night when a dance will be held with music furnished by the Rhythmairs. There will be a Christmas tree, and gifts will be distributed.

Christmas Eve there will be a jam session, Christmas carols will be sung, and there will be an old fashioned candy pull and popcorn will be made. This will be under the direction of Mrs. Beryl Williams.

Monday night there will be a jam session under the direction of Pvt. Leroy Smith. There will also be art classes under the leadership of Mrs. John Findly.

Tuesday evening there will be a dance at Dow Field and Wednesday will be card night at the USO with a variety of games in play and prizes for the winners. Mrs. Eleanor Dymond, Mrs. Florence Peters, and Miss Elaine Leek will be in charge.

Five Squadrons

(Continued from One)

loop that it has ever had—and we are counting on you to do it.

There is one side of the bond campaign, however, in which military personnel is lagging—and that is with regard to War Bond allotments. Three squadrons—G, F, and D, are doing fine in that regard—but the remaining four are a little behind. Complete figures will be published in a day or so—in the meantime, get in and sign up for your allotment. It can be as low as \$7.50 per month, which will give you a full \$10.00 GI Bond every single month.

So let's raise the allotment figure. That's strictly up to you. DO YOU HAVE AN ALLOTMENT? If not, see your Commanding Officer today, and make the necessary arrangements.

Air shipments of medicine, largely of sulfa drugs, into China set a new record last September, with forty-four tons flown from American Red Cross warehouses in India over the Himalaya Mountains.

Military Police

By Cpl. Martin Hagopian

In my last column, I stated that Pvt. Holden would have his own program over Station WABI beginning December the eleventh. I wish to correct the date to the eighteenth of December. Since the "Field Marshal" has been practicing for his program, barracks T-40 sounds like Larry's Cafe on a Saturday night. . . . S-Sgt. Cardinelli took his girl out (20 miles out of town) and when he went to look for her, she had disappeared. Confidentially, she flagged the first bus back to town. . . . The question between Sgts. Horne and Red Spada about who would work Christmas Day has been settled. The solution: They will both work. . . . By the way, the Tuck is no longer in the grocery business. . . . The Miller-Belhuemer-Weinstein Detective Agency is temporarily out of order. Cpl. Weinstein is on KP. . . . Our new mess sergeant is T-Sgt. Claude O. Snyder who is a veteran of 29 months at Gander. We also have a new first cook who is a veteran of 31 months at Bermuda. Sgt. Lock goes to town frequently but no one sees him until he returns to the base. By the way, who is the "Who Struck Charlie" that Sgt. Lock is running around with? I understand that she is quite a dish but no one knows her name! . . . Who bit Cpl. "Big Deal" Hoffman on the lip? . . . Wedding Bells are not too far away for Cpl. Ted Mengle. The better half is Miss Sally Chenery of Bangor. Gee, I wish I was in love!!! . . . I wonder if the "Mud Gutter Gazette" has any new names for the business establishments of Bangor? . . . Cpl. Red De Ruiter and Pvt. Ram Stogner in Larry's as usual, Lefty Gordon and Big Deal with their usuals as usual, Pvt. Hump Skumanich staying away from women as usual, S-Sgt. Johnson and Cpl. Brown taking the Brewer bus as usual, and last but not least, Pvt. Rafalski going to Old Town as usual. By the way, Pvt. Rafalski is another loss to the Bangor USO. . . . Sgt. Red Spada says that he felt like a civilian last Sunday. Red pulled guard duty on a civilian guard post. Red said that the only things that he missed were the civilian clothes and the civilian guard's pay. . . . As a result of last Saturday's inspection the condition of the barracks was termed "excellent" by our CO, Major Balterino. "Let's keep up the good work."

A former soldier, now a civilian, wrote to his former CO, a studious young 2nd Lt.: Dear Sir, now that I'm a civilian, it gives me great pleasure to tell you to go to hell." In due time he received the following reply: "Sir: Any suggestion of inquiries concerning the movement of troops must be entered on Army form 1234, a copy of which is enclosed."

Park St. USO Club Completes Plans For Yule Week

The USO, Park Street, has plans for several unusual Christmas activities this year. Important on the program is a mammoth caroling around the Christmas crib outside the USO building on Christmas Eve, at 7:30 o'clock. The sing will be led by the USO Glee Club, directed by Linwood Bowen.

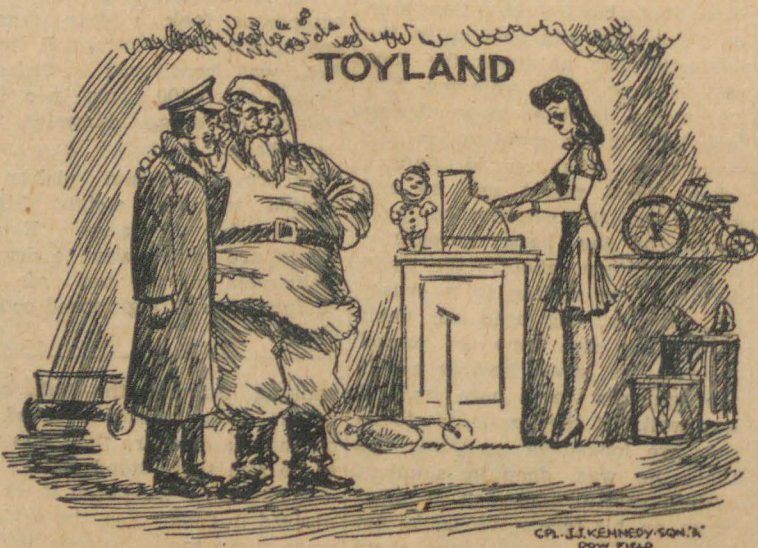
In addition to its other activities the USO club is operating a Christmas shopping, wrapping and mailing service. Parcels in bright trimmings are being made up each day as the Yule date nears.

In the club art room many service folk are making personalized Christmas gifts. Among those most popular are leather wallets, cigarette cases and key rings, hand painted and decorated tableware, and sketches. These arts and crafts are under the direction of Mrs. Sheila Findly and Miss Georgia Worster.

Of all the USO activities, the one expected to be most popular with the boys and girls in the service is the program to permit free telephone calls to their homes from the USO on Christmas Eve.

GREENWOOD GOES ATC

Greenwood AAB, Miss., will become an ATC base on 1 January, according to an announcement recently made by the AAF Training Command at Fort Worth, Texas. The post at present is primarily used for basic pilot training.



"You're asking the right guy, soldier; I'm her old man."

PHOTOQUIZ

Prepared by the Editors of LOOK Magazine



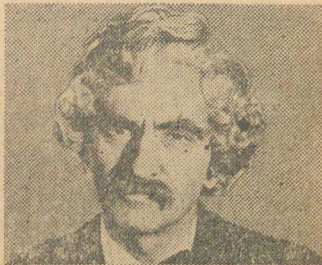
1 Maj. Bong broke a record by downing:
(a) 30 planes (c) 25 planes
(b) 27 planes (d) 32 planes



2 Famous as a night bomber is this:
(a) Spitfire (c) Mosquito
(b) Hudson (d) Lancaster



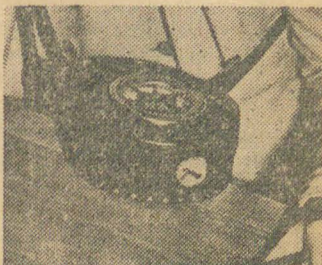
3 His 16-pound shot heaves will average:
(a) about 50 feet (c) about 40 feet
(b) about 55 feet (d) about 70 feet



4 Remove the make-up to recognize:
(a) Don Ameche (c) Ronald Colman
(b) Rip van Winkle (d) Fredric March



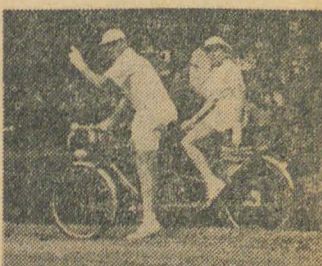
5 If you long for curves, gaze on these:
(a) Lamour shorts (c) sarong-drape shorts
(b) South Sea briefs (d) hula scanties



6 Night owls should know this is a:
(a) watchman's clock (c) pedometer
(b) chronometer (d) burglar alarm



7 You can lob a lot of trouble with a:
(a) flame thrower (c) mortar
(b) howitzer (d) block buster



8 This bicycle built for two is called a:
(a) tandem (c) chummy
(b) tandem (d) velocipede



9 You'll recognize her dance as the:
(a) can-can (c) black bottom
(b) hula-hula (d) pony ballet



10 Tourists visit this giant redwood in:
(a) Mississippi (c) Oklahoma
(b) Maine (d) California

PHOTOQUIZ ANSWERS

1—(b) 27 planes. 2—(c) Mosquito. 3—(b) About 55 feet is the champion-ship shot average. 4—(d) Fredric March, as Mark Twain. 5—(c) sarong-drape shorts. 6—(a) watchman's clock. 7—(a) flame thrower. 8—(b) tandem. 9—(a) can-can. 10—(d) California.

AAF Christmas 'Hit Parade'

Christmas won't be a happy one this year in a great many European cities, and it will be especially unhappy in those listed below. They are the ten cities receiving the greatest tonnage of bombs from the AAF since the start of the war.

CITY	TARGET	TONNAGE
Berlin	General war supplies, traffic center	13,717 tons
Ploesti	Oil	13,098 tons
Munich	Aircraft, chemicals	12,937 tons
Vienna	General war supplies, traffic center	11,671 tons
Morseberg	Synthetic oil	11,391 tons
Cologne	General war industries, traffic center	11,236 tons
Hamm	Traffic, supply, power center	10,105 tons
Brunswick	Aircraft plants, steel works, etc.	9,431 tons
Kassel	Aircraft plants, locomotives, marshalling yards	8,656 tons
Hamburg	Oil, shipbuilding, aircraft	8,481 tons

The Dow Field Officers' Call

Bombers or a Cake of Soap Mean "Service" to Maj. Smith

"In the Air Transport Command the accent is on 'Service,' but that's just another word for teamwork," says Major Lloyd S. Smith, Station Service Officer. (We didn't ask him, but that middle initial could stand for service.)

You have probably heard the question asked, and maybe you've asked it too, at the PX, in a chow line, or the supply counter, "How about some service, here" (or hear, as you prefer). That is just a normal American question that all Yanks consider part of their Constitutional Rights. And why not? Every one of us firmly believes "that all men are created equal! That's one of the things we are fighting for."

Never a Dull Moment

The complexity of all these demands and innumerable phone calls daily, center on the desk of the Station Service Officer. Perhaps it's soap and towels for transients passing through the station, or a mirror you can shave by, an extra early breakfast for a group taking a train at 0430 or a special dinner for distinguished visitors, no hot water for a shower, or why doesn't the PX carry a certain item, and so on infinitum.

"Our paramount job is feeding, billeting and equipping our guests, the Transient Air Crews and doing it as conveniently as possible for them while taking care of their needs. It's like managing and operating a huge department store, a hotel and restaurant all combined in one," Major Smith said.

World War I Veteran

Major Smith was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry in World War I, graduating from the Central Officers Training School, Camp Gordon, Ga. He has taken an active interest in Reserve Officers affairs, with intermittent tours of active duty and even attending summer camp back in 1923 without expense to the government, in order to gain experience in range practice and small arms firing.

In 1940, when war clouds were gathering, he resigned his position as Budget Control Director with the government's Federal Works program in Michigan, his home state, and became the auditor for the Architects & Engineers engaged in building three of this country's huge ordnance shell and bomb loading plants.

Called to Active Duty

When ordered to extended active duty 1 April 1942 at Selfridge Field, Mich., he activated, as commanding officer, the 646th Ordnance Co. (Avn.). Later after serving as executive officer of another Ordnance Co., Major Smith became assistant adjutant of the AAF Task Force Replacement Pool, Staging Area, New York Port of Embarkation, at Fort Dix, N. J. Together with eight other officers and sixty-five enlisted men, from this later command, Major Smith joined the North Atlantic Division of ATC in July 1943, becoming the Commanding Officer of the Third Airport of Embarkation Squadron at Presque Isle Army Air Field.

Plans Processing Center

With heavier air traffic over the Division routes beginning early this year, a problem of more expeditious and smoother handling of air crew processing presented itself. General Fritz named Major Smith as a member of a group of officers to make plans and recommendations for establishing facilities at Grenier Field. The Processing Center under one



—Official AAF Photo.
Major Lloyd S. Smith

roof, which Major Smith designed, proved so successful that when Dow Field was taken over the ATC, Major Smith was again assigned the job. From experience gained at Grenier Field, many improvements were incorporated in the Dow Field set-up.

In connection with this work, Official Commendation to Major Smith reads in part.

"With a very limited time allowance and an acute shortage of personnel you, by use of organizing ability, initiative and hard work, made your department ready to operate on the date set and on that date actually received and handled in a satisfactory manner more than double the number of aircraft and crews than had been anticipated."

In discussing the Processing Center here, Major Smith said:

"It was only through the team work and cooperation of the officers and enlisted men that the Center was set up so rapidly and has continually functioned so efficiently."

As Transient Service Officer here, he encouraged the Dow Field "Mud Gutter Gazette" when it was first started by the personnel of the Processing Center. He later fought to keep it in existence as a "definite morale builder" at a time when it seemed that the publication would have to be discontinued.

In addition to his numerous other duties, Major Smith is Club Officer, on the PX Council, the Special Court Board, and Property Adjustment Board.

His wife, who is with him in Bangor, is President of the Ladies' Club at the Base.

Sound recording was his main hobby in civilian life and after the war he expects to develop patents he now holds in connection with it.

ONE GRIPE TOO MANY EARN MULE A HALO

In an epitaph on a grave in Italy, U. S. doughboys read this definitive description of the career of Peggy, a British Army mule:

"In memory of Peggy who in her lifetime kicked one brigadier, two colonels, four majors, ten captains, 24 lieutenants, 42 sergeants, 60 corporals, 436 other ranks and one bomb."

Yule Believe In Santa Claus



WHEN PRETTY JUDY GARLAND drives around in her new sleigh you'll wish that she is the gift from Santa.

Library News

By Alyce M. Connor
NEW BOOKS

YOUR KIDS AND MINE . . . Joe E. Brown

Joe Brown's experiences in entertaining American soldiers in China, Italy, the Aleutians and the South Pacific. The spiritual element, though unobtrusive, is present, while the day to day events, as he describes them suggest Bob Hope's "I Never Left Home," and Ernie Pyle's "Here is Your War."

IMMORTAL WIFE . . . Irving Stone

A lively biography, in fiction form, of an ambitious woman who had a hand in the making of history in the west. At sixteen, Jessie Benton fell in love with the explorer, John Fremont, and for the rest of her life she focused her ability on promoting her husband's tempestuous career as soldier, explorer and politician. He was one of the most spectacular men in America, was twice court-martialed, was nominated for president and made and lost a fortune.

CHINA TO ME . . . Emily Hahn.

In a style as interesting as fiction, the author passes on to us a good idea of what living in war-torn China since 1936 has been like.

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT . . . Philip Wylie.

A disturbing book, which in spite of its faults as a novel, tells a dramatic story. John Galen, a biochemist, goes to Florida to face the discovery that he is an epileptic and may go insane. He rents a haunted house from the widow of a Coast Guardsman, who believes her dead husband has spoken to her. The author uses his characters as mouthpieces and the book is crammed with ideas of life, death and human failings.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Bring in those last minute Christmas presents to be wrapped in pretty and colorful paper and ribbon.

Jitterbug Winners To Get Free Feed From Local USO

A free dinner at the Penobscot Hotel will be given to the lucky couple winning the Jitterbug Contest tonight at the Park Street USO. This is just one of the many activities included in the Christmas week program of the club.

On Christmas Eve, there will be a special breakfast after church, bacon, rolls, donuts, coffee. Meet your buddies at the snack bar

9 a. m. to 12. Buffet lunch, 4 to 6. Telephone calls to the folks, free to members of the armed forces visiting the USO from 6 to 10 p. m.

Classified Ads

WANTED—GI who is able to mend a wicker doll carriage. He can make himself a little dough, and at the same time brighten a kid's Christmas by telephoning 5064.

FOUND—A crucifix in the Base Theater. Owner can have it by calling at the box office.

This Is Good

By Deane Good
Squadron 'E



"Did you sign the Sick Book?"

Civilian Slants

By Bud Leavitt, Jr.

This is the stretch-run of the Sixth War Loan Drive at Dow Field, and in order to rejoice with the rest of the nation at large for a smashing success, the brethren and gals of our "little village" have got to turn in a breathtaking finish or it's going to be a dry run. \$56,000 is the figure to be realized by midnight the last day of this month and at the moment the total scores slightly better than \$10,000 short of the mark.

Only last aSturday evening the eminent Secretary Morgenthau predicted that the total for the nation would go above 19 billion frogskins as the four-week campaign ended.

Let's go, neighbors, it's the world's best Christmas present!

WELCOMED VISITOR: Personable T-Sgt. Johnnie Szabo, Jr., a battle-bitten AAF combatant, returned last week, fulfilling a promise made to the writer one year ago to the date. Johnnie departed from Dow surrounded by a hell-for-leather crew who really raised a ruckus over the German universe. He and his crew, known by many of the natives here at Dow, are proud possessors of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with four gleaming clusters, two Presidential Citations, along with the appropriate theater ribbons. This youngster with the snapping coal-black eyes has four confirmed Hun kills and a pair of probables to his credit. Johnnie likes our country—and particularly the fetching gals who hail from nearby precincts.

XMAS SHINDIG: Come Saturday afternoon, the Civilian Personnel Office, like other departments on the field, will stage their annual Christmas tree and gift swapping. We don't mention this particular department because we happen to roost there; but who would have speculated three years ago that the war would last this long? I can remember, gee but it seems like a long while ago, when we broke bread at the first gathering and predicted one and all would be back in a familiar civilian role come the next Christmas.

Many of the faces are familiar from the old days and a portion still possess that plebe appearance. Let's hope this is the final Christmas our great country experiences the strain of a war.

TOURISTS: Glenn Sillman, Radio Maintenance, recently returned after a hitch at Middletown Air Service Command, Harrisburg, Pa. Glenn was at MASC picking up the new wrinkles of radio. . . . Francis Alberts, Aircraft Maintenance, is at Long Beach, Calif., studying

up on engines.

SEPARATIONS: Paul Sincor-box, a real old-timer on Dow's greatly improved streets, has separated from Base Quartermaster to enter the employ of the Phoenix Insurance Company. Paul told us he'd be tapping the doors of some of his former associates for additional insurance, so be on your guard, men! . . . Ted Kania, Radio Maintenance, has ended his tour of duty here and is headed for New York. . . . Mary Hall, Air Supply, has moved to other pastures.

GIVE A NOTE, PLEASE! Our ol' friend, and yours as well, particularly the line hands, will be saddened to hear that the very popular Captain Sidney A. Dyke has been hospitalized and under the knife for hernia—of all things, Petunia! The report we got labels Captain Sid to be chair-borne for the next few weeks. The guy is probably lower than a well digger's feet. Drop him a note, we'll practically bet he'll never take the time to acknowledge receipt, but we know he'd greatly appreciate the offering. The address: Captain Sidney A. Dyke, Station Hospital, Homestead Field, Homestead, Florida.

MY IDEA OF MEN: A few days ago we got an anonymous note suggesting that we write a yarn about a real Maine "he man." We ain't that adept, friend, but here's a squib filched from Stewart H. Holbrook's book entitled "The Lumberjacks Go Sissy"; it's a descriptive gem, listen: "I knew fellows who put on woolen drawers and double-breasted undershirts in September, then they hit for the camps, and never took them off until the snow melted in May and it was time to go down-river on the drive. These same lads slept sixteen to the bunk, one hundred to the room. Ordinarily they didn't shave all winter long, although the camp dandies might, on a dull Sunday, run a whetstone over a single-bitted axe, slap some yellow soap into their whiskers, and there and then shave in the manner of the great Paul Bunyan. But such effeminate doings were regarded with suspicion by most of the jacks."

Try that on your whiskers some frosty morning, neighbor!

"SCOOP" MIKELK ON DS

Sgt. Stanley "Scoop" Mikelk, well known to one-and-all on the Base for his Orientation work, is now at Information and Education School, at Washington and Lee, Lexington, Va. After completing his course, he will return to carry on the work of Information and Education—the new term for "Orientation."

LINES WRITTEN BY A STRUCTURAL ENGINEER WHILE GAZING AT A CHRISTMAS TREE

A tinsel's stretch—or tensile—Can be figured with a pencil.

—F. M. S.

New Schedule Starts Here for Cage League



SQUADRON "A" Basketball Team. Standing are Sgt. Joe Crooks, Pvt. Buddy Adams, Captain Hamstreet, T-Sgt. Irving Meltzer and Cpl. Lee Dalecky. In the front row are Pfc. John Alloca, S-Sgt. Dick Vivier and S-Sgt. Robert Roe. The "Gremlins" now stand second in the Squadron Basketball League. A picture of the various teams in the League will appear weekly.

Squadron 'B' Five Still Unbeaten

As the Intra-Squadron Basketball League nears the second half of the schedule, Squadron "B" is undefeated; Squadron "A" is in second place with one lost game, and the Officers are in third place with four wins out of six games. The complete standings follow:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Squadron B	6	0	1.000
Squadron A	5	1	.833
Officers	4	2	.667
Squadron C	3	3	.500
Squadron D	1	4	.200
Squadron E	1	4	.200
Squadron F	0	6	.000

The game between Squadrons D and E tomorrow night will not affect the standings of the four top teams, but nevertheless should be a good exhibition.

Following tomorrow night's game, the league will take a rest until 2 January when the new schedule will start: doubleheaders will still be played on Tuesdays and single games on Thursdays in connection with the Base dances. In the following schedule, squadrons are designated by their letters, and "O" represents the Officers:

Date	Tuesdays	Thursdays
2 Jan.	C — D B — E	
4 Jan.		A — F
8 Jan.	O — E A — D	
11 Jan.		B — C
15 Jan.	F — D O — C	
18 Jan.		A — B
22 Jan.	E — C F — B	
25 Jan.		O — A
29 Jan.	D — B E — A	
1 Feb.		F — O
6 Feb.	C — A D — O	
8 Feb.		E — F
13 Feb.	B — O C — F	
15 Feb.		D — E

At the close of the schedule, the four winning teams will play an "O'Shaughnessy" tournament for a trophy.

Squadron B

By Sgt. S. J. Westock

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all Squadron B personnel from our CO, Captain Horvath; our Adjutant, Lt. Capp; and Shelhorse, our First Sergeant. In behalf of the men in our Squadron, Captain Horvath extends his warmest Christmas greetings to the Officers and Enlisted Personnel of Squadrons "A," "C," "D," "E," "F," and "G."

Again, we have come to an interval, the season of the year when our thoughts turn to Good-Fellowship, to the spirit of give and take, and to the period when we must take a little time out to think of War as a bitter price to pay for Peace on Earth and Good Will towards our fellow-men.

Religion says that we must try, all of us, to make a better world than that which exists today. So that we may hasten this day on earth, let us continue to follow the spiritual laws of truth and righteousness as advocated by our minister at home and the Chaplain in the Army.

In this world of ours you can still find many people who think only of themselves and of their own selfish advantages, and who actually believe that all virtues consists in the pursuit of self-interest. They make this their religion. Witness, for example, our enemies, who forced this war upon us, who have failed to rise above petty considerations, who have not put away envy, greed, jealousy,

hatred, and the appetites and passions which were common to mankind in the Dark Ages.

Few nations in the world have practiced an unselfish regard for and devotion to the interests of others as have the people of America. This American regard for good will and peace is the creation of our fathers and forefathers; it belongs to us, and the more we practice it, the more secure we will make our democracy against demagogues and despots who may try to rise again to plunge mankind into chaos.

Merry Christmas! May the New Year ahead of us find the world readying itself to resume His pattern for a high order of kind and gentle living.

One beer will often
A woman soften
But . . .
She's eminently able
To drink you 'neath the table
If she doesn't want to soften
. . . which is often.



This Week at the Base Theater



WEDNESDAY, 20 December—THREE IN A FAMILY, with Charles Ruggles, Majorie Reynolds, and Helen Broderick. Also Symphony Cartoon, and "World Without Borders."

THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 21 & 22 December—THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennette, and Raymond Massey. Also Movietone News and "Jammin' the Blues."

SATURDAY, 23 December—MINISTRY OF FEAR, with Ray Milland, Majorie Reynolds. Also March of Time, and Terrytoon.

SUNDAY & MONDAY, 24 & 25 December—GUEST IN THE HOUSE, with Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy, and Ruth Warrick. Also Movietone News. Christmas matinee at 1400.

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, 26 & 27 December—SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER, with John Hodiak, Anne Baxter and Charles Winninger. Also a Community Sing, Grantland Rice Sportlight, and Merrie Melodies.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

