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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

7-26-1943

July 26, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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For Late
Changes
See Your
Daily
Bulletin

THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
CALL BASE
OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, JULY 26, 1943

Vol. No. 61

168 Radio Stations Salute Dow Tomorrow

Civilian All Stars And Air Base Sq. Tangle Tonight

Some of the best softball playing of the season should be seen this evening when the civilian All-Star Sub-Depot team tangles with the military league-leading Air Base Squadron team at Hayford's Field. The All-Stars of the Sub-Depot league should be a fine match for the Air Base Squadron, who lead the Inter-Post league by a wide margin.

At the close of the season, the winning teams of each league are to play a series of games to decide the Base championship. Tonight's game should give some indication of how the two leagues stand in relation to each other and whether or not the play-off will be evenly matched or a one-sided affair.

As things stand now it looks like the Machine Shop Gremlins of the Sub-Depot league will be in the play-off with the Air Base Squadron of the Inter-Post league.

Pushaw Outing Of Air Base Big Success

The largest picnic turnout by far, for the Air Base Squadron summer activities was yesterday out at Pushaw lake.

Co-chairmen S-Sgt. Don MacInnis and Cpl. George Wagner whipped up the smoothest functioning get-together the base has ever seen.

Pvt. Steve Swetenko wowed the picnickers with his own jitterbugging. Our impression is that it combines a form of the Russian hop, skip, and jump and a frog with housemaid's knee—set to music.

Air Base Outing
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Benito is shown giving the famed Fascist salute or—is he waving goodbye. Mussolini accompanied his gestures with the Roman slogan, I came, I saw—and I got thrown for a loss.

Spotlight Band Show Features Al Donahue From City Auditorium

"A Salute to Dow Field," originating at the City Auditorium in Bangor, will be presented over approximately 168 radio stations of the Blue Network of the National Broadcasting Company by Al Donahue's Orchestra beginning at 9:30 tomorrow night.

The 25-minute broadcast, followed by dancing—known as the Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands, sponsored by the Coca-Cola Company—is free to all service men and women of the vicinity and their guests. Being in uniform, or the guest of a man or woman in uniform, is the only ticket of admission necessary.

Doors of the Auditorium, located at Main and Buck streets, will be opened at 7:30 p. m., and it is suggested that those attending the broadcast and dance arrive by 8:45 to be sure of admittance.

Prior to the broadcast, the audience will be entertained by the orchestra with its female vocalist.

Following the broadcast there will be a 30-minute intermission before the dancing begins.

The Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands, is presented from the vicinity of a different post, featuring a different band, six nights a week—Monday through Saturday. Each broadcast is over the Blue Network. At each of these shows all service men and women who happen to be in the vicinity are welcomed in addition to those stationed at the post being saluted on the program. Due to this and the publicity obtained from the large radio audience, a big crowd is expected to attend tomorrow night's show. For that reason, the doors will be opened early. There will be no reserved seats—first come, first served.

Those directing the show have travelled 315,000 miles to posts and bases in all parts of the United States.

The program will be on the air of the 168-station coast-to-coast network 9:30 to 9:55 p. m. EMT.

Army To Abolish Limited Service Classification

Effective Aug. 1 the classification of enlisted men as "limited service" will be abolished by the Army.

All enlisted men now classified as "limited service" whose records indicate that they do not meet current mental and physical standards for induction will be physically examined. Those who meet present minimum standards for induction will be retained on active service and all references to "limited service" will be deleted from their service records.

Those who do not meet the prescribed minimum standards for induction will be discharged, except that a man who is physically qualified to perform his present job may be kept on duty if his commander desires to retain him.

The Army will continue to accept controlled numbers of enlisted men who do not meet current physical

Limited Service

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Bouquet of the Week

Cpl. Earl Dowell again came through with flying typewriter and knocked off the first place in the "Get Your Column in First Dept." Nice work, Corporal!

Corporal Ted Johns, And 'Dear Irma' Share Honors On Thursday Show

The second G. I. to have his civilian activities aired was Corporal Ted Johns of the Quartermaster Company, on the regular Thursday broadcast from T-6 over WLBZ.

Ted described his life in China, his difficulties in learning the language and something of their reactions. Ted has been quite a globe trotter in his wanderlust days, taking in China, Japan and Russia. He closed the interview with an amusing account of how he became a typewriter mechanic or the Case of the Missing Mechanic.

"Dear Irma" was a comedy skit with Pvt. Willie Wishwash trying to write a letter to his girl and the whole barracks throwing in their bright idea.

Among the hecklers in the cast were Sgt. Mort Stein, Sgt. Lee Stedman, Corporal Jack Eaves, Junior Thayer, and S-Sgt. Paul Geden.

Sgt. Frank Chamberlain of Communications raised the roof with his powerful interpretation of Rudolph Friml's Song of the Vagabonds.

Cpl. Ted Johns

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Sewing Kit Handy At Recreation Bldg.

Do you feel the urge to put your stripes on in your own way? Or perhaps that little rip isn't worth going to the tailor about. The sewing kit at T-15 will solve all your minor needle troubles. A WAC will even give you some expert direction. And in case you miss with the needle, there are band-aids handy. With a little persuasion, Mrs. Shaw, the base hostess, may do the job for you—if it needs a woman's touch.

Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

MONDAY

"Double Boner Dept." Last week under Wednesday, we missed the boat completely on historical dates. For those of the "stick to the facts" school, we humbly acknowledge Bastille Day is not July 15, but July 14th, 1789—So sorry. The only satisfaction we can get is that at least somebody reads our column.

Sunday night we were tearing out our hair to get a front page picture. We already had a story on "The Ole Swimming Hole" so the Tunisian version seemed to follow right along. The real break, how-

Diary

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So You Wanna Enjoy The Movie? ... Or Mike Moron Sits In Section 8

Pvt. Mike Moron decides he's going to the base movie tonight. He's all set to have a good time and see that the others don't. Let's follow his course. Around 5:15 p. m. he wonders what's at the show.

Mike grabs a phone in the orderly room and yells, "Hey, Operator, give me the moving picture show." It would never occur to him to look it up in the book. He fingers the dial—and waits—no answer. He goes jingle, jangle, jingle on the mouthpiece, "Where are the people who work in the theatre?" he bellows. Of course they might be out to supper. It would be too easy to look it up on the daily bulletin—no—he's got to do it the hard way. Oh! well, he's going anyway, so Mike gets started early.

Mike loads up on popcorn, peanuts, candy (especially candy with lots of wrapping), bottle of soda pop and a copy of the latest Superman Comic. Now he's all set for a rip-roaring time.

By this time the line has been formed. Mike looks up and down the line, hoping to recognize someone to chisel in on. "Hi! Bill," he screams to the fellow third in line. Then comes winks and knowing nods—subtly pointing from himself to the spot directly back of Bill. But no soap. Mike's eyes gleam again as he spots another friend.

"Well, if it isn't Tom, can I see you a minute?" he asks hopefully. "After the show," comes the reply. "Nobody loves me," wails Mike—"no cooperation."

Finally the line gets near the cashier's office. "What's the movie tonight?" he asks the pretty WAAC. The poster outside was big enough to have listed the entire Articles of War in billboard size type.

Then he starts to search for his money. "Not in this pocket, not in here either—let's see, a key to my footlocker, an old piece of chewing gum, an old love letter and a ticket for a short beer. What do you know—no money . . . wait—wait, yup, here it is—15 cents, yes sir, in good old U. S. coin." After the financial hide-and-go-seek he passes in.

Well Mike has finally gotten inside. Down the aisle he parades and starts pushing his way through a packed row. Halfway in he stops, "Oh! isn't there a seat here?" This is a signal to back out taking particular care to kick the first couple of guys in the ankles. "They shoulda told me there wasn't any seats there," he decides.

Way down front there are several rows of empty seats. Mike takes the aisle seat. "Why bother to move in," says Mike, suddenly getting

Mike Moran

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Civilian News To Start Next Week

Beginning with the August 2, 1943 edition of the Dow Field Observer, a section will be devoted to civilian personnel news. The editors of the Observer and the Civilian Personnel Office have collaborated to make this weekly feature possible in the future. It is planned to carry personal columns dealing with news about civilians in the various departments throughout the post.

As the result of a meeting held Friday morning in the Civilian Personnel Office, the following individuals will contribute news weekly for the Observer: Eleanor Higgins, Medical; Willis L. Long, Motor Pool; Arlene McLawlin, Civilian Personnel Office; Beulah Bowden, Sub-Depot Supply; Cecelia Riley, Sub-Depot Maintenance Division; Ellen Drummey, Air Freight Terminal; Pat Dority, Quartermaster; Lila Horton, Sub-Depot Maintenance Division; Cynthia Jones, Sub-Depot Headquarters and E. Allan Thompson, Civilian Guard.

Commendations For Guard Duty

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

Sunday—Pvt. Henry Ball, Guard Squadron; Cpl. Joseph Ramirez, Engineers; and Sgt. T. Bingham, Aviation Squadron.

Monday—Pfc. D. D. Bragg, Air Base Squadron; Pvt. John Gilliard, Aviation Squadron; and Pvt. Lee Wallace, Guard Squadron.

Tuesday—H. Patterson, Guard Squadron; L. Brown, Aviation Squadron; and Joseph Joseph, Air Base Squadron.

Wednesday—Pvt. Wallace Garvel, Guard Squadron; Pvt. J. Lee, Air Base Squadron; and Pvt. Walter Burke, Aviation Squadron.

Thursday—Pvt. L. Sullivan, Guard Squadron; Pvt. M. Hanock, Aviation Squadron; and Pvt. L. Boskind, Air Base Squadron.

Friday—Pvt. Harold Rasmusson, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Anthony Mangas, Air Base Squadron; Cpl. Ralph Jones, Engineers; and Pvt. Westley Johnson, Aviation Squadron.

Saturday—Pvt. James Walden, Guard Squadron; Pvt. Moses Mitchell, Aviation Squadron; and Pvt. J. McCarthy, Air Base Squadron.

Air Base Outing

Continued from the First Page

Over the counter in the cold drinks department were Sgt. Joe Doyle, Cpl. John Conrad, Sgt. Everett Wilkins, Cpl. Joseph Kestner and Pvt. Joseph Klien. Never have seen such a hard-working crew—keeping the line moving and the boys happy.

Keeping Swetenko in tempo were music makers Sgt. Red Marston, Al Jerusavice, Cpl. Jack Eaves, Ken Hughes, Pfc. Raimo, Lou Corrella and Charlie Rosano.

The mess hall did itself proud in the serving of the eats for the day. Sandwiches, lobster, potato chips, olives and salad in tasty generous helpings.

Major Bargamin, Major Collette, Major Lindsey, Lts. Sheard, Graham, Dick, and many other commissioned officers added to the enjoyment of the outing.

Swimming, dancing, even swinging in the swings rounded out the "what to do between eats" time.

Pretty WAC's and vivacious Dow Field hostesses turned out in some of the slickest bathing suits in these here parts.

Mike Moran

Continued From the First Page

lazy. "Wait a minute chum," he yells as a G.I. climbs over his outstretched body, "what are you trying to do—cripple me?"

Now is the time for the picnic lunch. Mike opens his bag of popcorn. Then he liberally distributes it over the floor and his five nearest neighbors.

The guy in the next seat objects. "Aw! what are you squawking about," Mike demands, "you had to have your pants cleaned anyway."

Mike finds it good fun, rolling the pop bottle on the floor. Then he finds a couple more and is ready to start a bowling alley. By this time his gum is getting in the way of a mouthful of chewy candy, so



PRETTY WAR WORKER — Taffy Miller (above), Navy ordnance inspector at a Lancaster, Pa., plant, was chosen "Miss Stardust" in a contest to pick the nation's prettiest war worker. Miss Miller, 20, went to school in Scranton, Pa.

he promptly parks it under his chair. This joins a dozen other pieces that Mike has hoarded there in the past.

The show starts, but the darkness is no damper to Mike's frustrated ambitions. "I want Mickey Mouse," he suddenly yelps as the newsreel flashes. His favorite form of showing his presence is a loud booing as the hero starts making love. But he really lets himself go in war pictures—"Lookit the dope holding his rifle that way—does that mope think he can fly a plane—or why ain't he in the Army?" are all part of his snappy stock in trade. He knows they can't reply so he wins the challenge everytime.

The pictures that he has the most fun at are the ones he has already seen. He leans over to his neighbor and whispers—"watch Clark Gable take on the whole Jap army—or see that guy with the beard, he's the murderer."

Several times during the show he gets thirsty. This is accompanied by a heavily stumping up the aisle—tripping over anything in sight and finally dropping into his seat with burping noise.

The movie finishes and Pvt. Mike Moran is the first to shove his way through. He couldn't wait to get in—now he tires to do double time coming out.

Having determined that he has made the biggest mess on the floor with the limited material on hand, he goes with a smirk on his face—and climbs back into his straight jacket.

Limited Service

Continued from the First Page

standards for general military service. In addition to physical requirements, acceptance of such men will be contingent upon their ability, skill, intelligence and aptitude. These new, below-standard men will not be assigned initially to divisions, combat support units or replacement training centers of the Army Ground Forces. In the case of these men, as well as the present "limited service" men, no reference to "limited service" will be carried on service records.

Commanders of all echelons are being ordered to exercise close personal supervision in evaluating the soldier's physical qualifications,

prior training, skills, intelligence and aptitude to assure that the soldier's potential capabilities are utilized to the fullest extent. When it is evident that an enlisted man cannot be utilized in the service because of physical or mental defects, he will be discharged.

Hereafter transfer of limited service enlisted personnel between major commands, without the concurrence of the commanders, will be made only as directed by the Department.

Cpl. Ted Johns

Continued from the First Page

bonds. Frank certainly put plenty of solid smash in his vocals. A fine job.

Corporal Betty Earney in the lead-off singing spot, came through with pep and snap in Irving Berlin's "Blue Skies."

Sergeant DeLorme of Finance returned to the mike after a brief absence to sing "Time on My Hands." He combined his pleasant tenor voice with a warble whistle.

Corporal Jack Eaves paid a tribute to the Aircraft Warning Service workers with a song written especially for them by Nate Salisbury of Manset, Me. This number is called "The Eyes and Ears of the Sky."

Jack also sizzled with Cole Porter's novelty number, "Let's Do It, Let's Fall in Love."

The Nitwit Newsreel found Jack Eaves, Lee Stedman, Betty Earney, Red Marston and Bob Scott tossing off some G. I. humor.

The opening announcement introduced the Troubadours personality—each member adding his instrument to the Army Air Corps Song.

"We're All in It" was the curtain raiser on the broadcast.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

ever, was the picture of General Royce. During the week he had been quoted as congratulating the Aircraft Warning Service workers. Nothing to do with his expected visit to Dow Field, just a coincidence. So we lifted it out of the

"News" set-up and popped it into the Observer.

TUESDAY

This week marks the birthday of the famed "Liberator of South America", Simon Bolivar. In our early school days the historic emphasis was all on European history and we had no idea such heroic people as Bolivar existed. Somewhere in this issue we have gone into more detail on Simon. What a character.

An Italian, so a story goes, wrote to his family from Sicily—"Monday we were pushed back ten miles; Tuesday 20 miles; Wednesday 30 miles—and if all goes well expect me home by Labor Day." Anything we can do to help? We hope you make it, eh, but you won't find La Belle Italia "so nice to come home to."

WEDNESDAY

This date goes down in history as the anniversary of the battle of Bull Run. That's the one that Stonewall Jackson went to town and out-generated all the opposition. Which brings to mind—did Rommel come to the United States to study the Civil War strategy or did he. One Army publication insists he did (the name escapes for the minute) while the Infantry Journal says he never did get here.

So far our cast for Thursday's broadcast has changed twice. Every time we have a rehearsal it's with different characters.

Have you heard of the WITS? What next? For your information the WITS are Women in Teaching Service. Somebody must sit up nights thinking of tricky initials for new organizations.

THURSDAY

Over and over the script we went to put the show together. It was Ted John's first trip to the air waves and while outwardly calm, the old "butterflies in the stomach" were getting in their dirty work.

Ask Ted the incident—in the reading of his lines at rehearsal that set our impromptu audience in stitches—and that would have gotten us thrown off the air. The slip was entirely unintentional but it was very funny. Ted rewrote his lines at that point to make sure it didn't happen in the broadcast. It didn't.

FRIDAY

"It's all in how you look at it dept"—Recently a Gallup poll asked the American people, "Which country has done the most toward winning the war." Pridelful United States citizens replied: U. S. 55 per cent; Russia 32 per cent, Great Britain 9 per cent, China 4 per cent. When the identical question was put to Britons seven weeks ago—Johnny Bull said Russia 50 per cent, Great Britain 42 per cent, China 5 per cent, U. S. 3 per cent—but that was seven weeks ago.

We'd like to ask a Sicilian—and the answer wouldn't be Mussolini. Special retreat parade for Major General Royce, who was on an inspection trip here. We hope the

OLD MAIL BAGS

By Cpl. Theodore "Chink" Toombs

A dance was given by the squadron's entertainment committee Tuesday evening in T-6 through the efforts of Capt. Richard N. Peale, Mrs. Madeline Shaw, the base hostess and other members of the committee the dance was a huge success. A galaxy of refreshments were served, and a fine time was had by all.

Cpl. Daniel "home cooking" Sharpe and Pvt. Johnny R. Griffin held a contest of their own Tuesday night, and it seems as if the mighty "cooking" was lost in the shuffle!

Roxey Peters and Pvt. M. O. Reed was coming in on a wing and a prayer when lo! and behold they ended up in a crash dive, with Roxey going one way and the G. I. wolf coming in on the bounce! (and not the one from Jersey).

The flaming youths howled with childish glee when the free cokes were passed out, Roxey is said to have dusted her tonsils off with all of a half dozen bottles!

Many new faces were seen, and very charming ones at that. Two young ladies from New York attended, but yours truly wasn't lucky enough to procure their names.

A birthday party was given in Sgt. James Baysmore's honor last Saturday night and many of the married couples were invited. The Batteys, the Haddocks (with out Skippy their canine pet) and Cpl. Charles A. Robinson. The John Warrens and the Walbeys were present at the close of the evening.

To Sgt. Baysmore, many, many happy returns of the day!

Who is the Cpl. that is so dexterous at the art of high jumping? I'm certain that if he can do acrobatic nip ups from the balcony ledge of one of the barracks, he would be quite an asset to the fourth coming tournament! (Did you sign as yet chum.) Wonder why "Tuckahoe" Norman walks around whistling the wedding march?

"Poppa" Johnson must like cabs awfully much to ride around that time of morning!

Wonder why Bernice Maxwell was so quiet, at the dance Tuesday night, could it be that she was lonesome for Prov—???

Flash!!!!

What is Pvt. Sam D. Custis, excuse for those extensive tours through G. I. Valley?

Who is the young lady that Jim Green is keeping in secret from James Massey!

cameras caught some good shots of him.

SATURDAY

For a close up thought—here is a bon mot snipped from the Cray Field News. Quote: Every navy in the world has its favorite drink. The American Navy (unofficially of course) likes whisky. The British navy likes its rum, and the Italian sticks to port.

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What's Play- ing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MONDAY-TUESDAY

GENE AUTRY in SOUTH OF THE BORDER

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

JOHN BEAL in I ESCAPED FROM GESTAPO

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

BILLY THE KID RIDES AGAIN

SUNDAY ONLY

EDW. G. ROBINSON in THUNDER IN THE CITY

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

A WAACY VIEW

AFC. ELSIE KORN
(A diary of doings on the
WAAC Reservation)



Ye scribe has been goldbricking on this column for the last two weeks. Bet you didn't even miss me. To make matters worse, much as I hate to admit it, I didn't write the column last week. The "Thunder-bdris" did a neat job of it but have requested I permit them to remain incognito. Thanks gals, I'll keep your secret but I want you to know everyone thought you did a swell job. Of course if I mention a slightly of the beam foursome elsewhere in this column, they have no relationship to the last week's writers.

Though dust and bumps beset us, we were not daunted and that picnic out at the bomber range with the Engineers last week was fun. Eats, (steak at that) swimming, and dancing were the order of the evening. It was a sleepy but happy bunch of WACs who left late in the moonlight that night. Speaking of the moonlight, Aux. Sullivan had herself setting pretty once she arrived. Not bad having one of your steady dates waiting for you, is it Sally?

WAC Hill is just getting to be something extra something these days. Who says we're sissies? You should see the poor hardworking gals in the evening after office hours—horseshoe pitching, volley ball, archery, and badminton, every night inbetween after dinner milkshake and ice cream cones. Aux's Sedam and Williams and Af's Mills and DiCenso are doing a beautiful job of landscaping the WAC area and our stone piles are becoming artistic under their guiding hands. Nothing like our well conditioned mess staff. Watch Sgt. Kolowski after a tough day out with T-5 "Rabbit" Novinski and Aux. Carley playing ball almost every night. Those gals can really take it.

Have you heard about the absent-minded WAC who wired her Co. asking for a two week extension on her AWOL? For the benefit of those who don't know that noisome foursome, namely, Cpl. Musgrave T-5's Biddinger and Kingston and Aux. Fran Martin. I wish to state they never touch the stuff. Honestly, they're that screwy naturally. No. 1st. Sgt. Godin isn't holding her head in her hands these days. She's just trying to get out the salt sweet, quiet, retiring. Aux. Colsher threw in her hair Sunday at the weekly Greene Lake picnic. Who dumped Aux. Cannon in the lake Sunday? Was that nice Monica? Has anyone seen Af. "Heddy La Marr" Clancy lately? Just a raving beauty and it sure has some of us raving.

PERSONAL LAMENT DEPARTMENT

Cpl. Eddie Holland is having trouble lately keeping her dates



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"I have it! Why don't the three of you take me home?"

straight. Wanted, a good social secretary. Funny, I never have that trouble. Af. Bons continues to get those one dozen roses with somebody's heart beside them. Nobody, including Bill ever sends me pretty flowers. Our two glamour girls with the Vitamin A personalities, Af's Buchinger and Amy Williams have left on furlough. I never got a furlough. Those Gaudette sisters can really do some plain and fancy stepping on a dance floor. Shucks, I got two left feet.

Enough of this now—see you all next week.

Cpl. Elsie Korn

Signal Corps

By CPL. REINHOLD HERZOG

Here goes with some more "dits" and "dahs" about this and that. First off I wish to say good luck to Sgt. T. Robert Benham who transferred to another outfit on the Base. Our loss is their gain. Don't forget to stop in and say hello once in awhile "Bob".

What two noncoms were seen pushing Lawnmowers around at 12:30 a.m. one night last week? They claimed they were just putting them away for the night. A likely story. Tsk. Tsk.

Well our softball team won a game Tuesday night, but it was only a practice game. All kidding aside fellows, though you've had plenty of hard luck lately, you've still got a good team, and win or lose, you are a bunch of good sports. Good luck for the rest of the season.

The signal corps soldiers send to 1st Sgt. Carl Carlson of the Finance Det., their congratulations and best wishes on his marriage back in New Haven, Conn., last Sunday. We understand that Carl will bring his bride back with him to Bangor. We wish them lots of happiness in the future.

SAD STORY—It seems that two of our message-center personnel were told that "Lucky's landing" was a swell place to go picnicking and swimming, so they rented bikes last Sunday, and pedaled about ten miles out there, only to find

the place deserted. To say they were "burned up" is putting it mildly. When they got back they were two "sad sacks". Has anyone any sunburn lotion?

We were paid a surprise visit by Warrant Officer "Zip" Markham, this past week. All the fellows were glad to see him again. When Mr. Markham was here before he was in charge of the crew that installed the announcing system here on the Base. We hope he'll be back again sometime in the near future.

Well the boys have been "on the ball" more than ever lately "G. I. 'ing" all the floors and windows of the barracks, signal building and cleaning up the grounds around them, getting ready for the coming inspection. Nice going fellows and everything looks swell.

1st. Sgt. Larry Wennerberg has been playing softball all season without any injuries (except for a "strawberry" or two from sliding) so what happens. The other day, just fooling around passing a softball (soft in name only) around, when "bang!" he gets it right in his eye. My! What a lovely "mouse", Larry.

(The above story was told to me. I wasn't there, but I've seen the result, and knowing that Larry wouldn't tell a fib, I believe him.)

Why does Pfc. Ray Johnson keep looking at September first on the calendar? Could it be that wedding bells will be ringing "For Him and His Gal"? Could be.

Well this is all for now. Closing up shop for a couple of weeks and by the time this is printed I'll be back home enjoying my furlough. "Having a good time, wish you were here."

There's nothing like the solid satisfaction of knowing that G. I. Insurance is back of you—when you're at the front!

The loudest noise in the world was the eruption of a volcano in the Caribbean Sea in 1833. It was so loud that a city 100 miles away thought it was being shelled.

Second loudest noise is the guy who will miss the August 10th date for G. I. Life Insurance without a physical exam. As he screams, "Why didn't somebody tell me?"

FAMOUS BUM GUESSES

In 1933 when Dorothy Thompson first met Adolf Hitler it took her just 50 seconds to decide that "this formless, almost faceless man could never become dictator of Germany."

Another bum guess is: "I can do without G. I. Insurance. I don't see any need for it." That's all, brother.

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

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

Headquarters

By Sgt. Freddie Neumann

M.-Sgt. Robert Barrowcliff left this week for OCS, Miami Beach, Fla. Bob worked for Major Ford in the Administrative Office, and we all will miss him. Among other things, Bob had a great voice, and at times he sang on the Dow Field Radio Program. Best of luck—Bob. Let's hear from you.

M.-Sgt. Paul Bolden please note. Headquarters would like to know if you enjoyed the movie "Dixie," the other night. Two or three people rushed in and told me that they had seen you in the company of a "cute kid." Now you'll probably have to sneak over and really see the picture when it shows at the Base theatre. Oh, what a Knight!

The other day a great movement took place here in headquarters. S-3 and S-4 exchanged offices. You should have seen Besser and Licurgo to say nothing of the officers running back and forth with their properties. Lt. Ortt had definite instructions to refrain from tacking his name sign in the new office. "Get a new one, now," said Capt. Ames. At the other end, T-5 Gert Kingston said that she would feel lonesome off by herself.

T-5 Erlene Besley and Aux. Bertha Kaufer were conversing the other day. Besley was heard to say, "I can't help it if I haven't any brains. You know my mother always wondered what was the matter." Kaufer didn't have much to say. I don't quite remember what she said. Anyhow, Besley, it might help if you send a copy of this week's Observer to your mother.

We have a new member. The Statistical (Did you ever try to pronounce this word—Try it.) Office now has Pvt. Clarence Pursley. Lt. Hoofstiller is keeping him plenty busy. We welcome you to our family, Pursley, and if you don't understand us, don't worry. There's nothing wrong with you.

Sgt. Arvin Wood is back again after his recent operation. But alas, he's disappointed. "Dixie" has left personnel and headquarters for other places on the Base. We know "Woody" will miss her, and so shall we all. So drop over, "Dixie," and keep "W—," I mean us all happy.

S.-Sgt. Ralph Vaughn of the Legal Dept. exclaims that there's plenty of news. But for obvious reasons he refuses to give forth. Now Vaughn, you could have told me, and I would have censored it.

All eyes in headquarters are turned toward T-5 Gert Kingston. They're all waiting for that affirm-

ative nod of the head. Why? A certain requisition is forthcoming and now overdue. I understand that the girls are plenty upset. (Here's where I get murdered). How about it, Ann!

Just who was Af. Nowakowski calling for at the Engineer's picnic? Give forth with the story, Clara. Did you really mean "Mother" Crary?

Here's one for the books. S.-Sgt. "Red" Eldridge just couldn't understand why he had to attend dental inspection today. With his store teeth he figured he need only clip them together—drop them in an envelope—and send them up to the clinic. In the meantime, Harold, how would you go about tackling those pork chop bones? My what an appetite he has.

What's this I hear about T-4 Sally Neary sending in a long story about herself? Some of her associates in the Sgt. Major's office claims he had a copy of the paper and it had a lengthy article about a "T-4th Sally Neary." What gives, Sally?

Have you heard the latest? Sgt. "Red" Roy has gone in for modeling. Yes, 'tis true. We saw him in "Mother" Crary's raincoat. And say, he looked right dashing, too. What the well dressed Sergeant will wear, hey "Red."

Everywhere I went today, it was the same story. "There's nothing to report." One Af. said that everything was dull. Down in Personnel the comment was that nothing ever happens any more. Did you get the "any more"? Well, what happens next? With the fellows in the minority, I should think the opposite would be true—that is—never a dull moment. Anyhow, I'll look into the situation and report developments next week. So long till then.

HIT PARADE FAVORITE

"You'll never Know" is number three on the hit parade, but "You'll Never Know" is number one on your "Worry Parade." Let G. I. Insurance take care of it for you.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

General Nathan Forrest gave his unbeatable formula for victory when he said, "Get there fustest with the mostest." This strikes us as a good slant on G. I. Insurance. "Get there before August 10th with the mostest." (\$10,000)

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At the MEADOWBROOK Golf Club to all those in the service. Out State St., On the Bus Line Clubs to Rent, 50c

ACE TEST PILOT Joe Parker

Chief test pilot of Republic Aviation, who test-dived an Army P-47 Thunderbolt faster than the speed of sound!

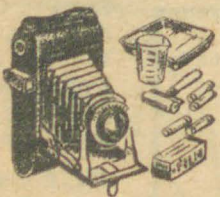
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'EM FOR FLAVOR AND
THEY SURE ARE
EASY ON MY
THROAT

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THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Editorial

THE EASIEST THING TO SELL

"The easiest thing in the world to sell" is the stuff that you yourself believe in and that you feel is going to do the job for the guy that buys it," Joe started to explain the other night. "For instance, suppose you saw a good movie. You come back and tell the fellows what a swell time you had. In other words, you sell the idea to them of seeing the movie. Not because you have stock in the company, not because you know the movie stars personally, but because you frankly wanted to share your enjoyment. Well, that's the way I see this G. I. life insurance problem."

"Everybody should be telling his buddies to get in on this—but quick." Gus looked suspicious and objected, "Wait a minute, Joe, I'm not so sure about this insurance stuff. Back home I spent most of my life dodging an insurance salesman and I still can't see it."

Joe looked kinda solemn for a minute and turned to Gus, "You know, Gus, I remember a fellow back in my first camp. He was a supply sergeant. A good egg—ready to take a bet on anything—but he just didn't get around to the best bet of all, his insurance. This particular day his wife was expecting. Everything was rosy for him. That night he took a trip downtown to pick up some supplies. A wrong turn on the wheel—and the Supply Sergeant was thrown to the ground—dead!"

"His wife came through okay—but the financial end was way off. No insurance, no bank account; how was the wife supposed to take care of herself and her infant?"

"Well, the lieutenant went into action and pretty soon three hundred bucks were rounded up and given to the suffering wife. And that only paid for the burial. The poor girl was left in a bad way. The sergeant just hadn't seen the bargain that was right in front of his eyes."

"Gee," one of the fellows said, "I hadn't realized how important it was but I can see how it could mean the difference between a life of misery and charity and one of holding up your head and looking the world in the eye."

By this time, we had begun to realize why Joe was such a success in selling. He made you look from your own viewpoint and you could see where you stood.

"One final thought," Joe concluded. "Nowhere else can you get such protection at such incredibly low rates—and what's more if you get under the wire by August 10th you don't have to take a physical exam."

Joe stood up and glanced around as he said simply: "If you fellows got the story straight—Uncle Sam's got some darn good insurance salesmen working for him right now!"

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

Welcome to the Finance Detachment is Capt. Myron Wotton, our new Asst. Finance Officer. The Finance Detachment gives its whole hearted welcome and support.

Another of the Finance men to leave single life and enter upon the blessings of matrimony, is 1st Sgt. Carl R. Carlson. Sgt. Carlson was married to Jessie Rascati in New Haven, Conn. The wedding took place Sunday, July 18, 1943 at 1500. Good luck to you, Jessie and Dick, and we hope your future is a happy one.

Still at it and pitching strong is

Pfc. Duke Lilley. It's KP that's keeping him busy, with just ten more days to go.

Another new member to the Finance staff is Tech. Sgt. John Pollak from New York. We are glad to have you with us John and hope you like your new assignment.

Visiting Mr. Miller W-O J. G.; who is on leave this week, is his twin brother Bill Miller from St. Louis, Mo. Are they twins? You said it, even to the part in their hair.

A party is in the wind these days. In fact you could say it was brewing, to be given jointly by the Signal Corps and the Finance Detachment. A bigger and better party with more refreshments is planned.

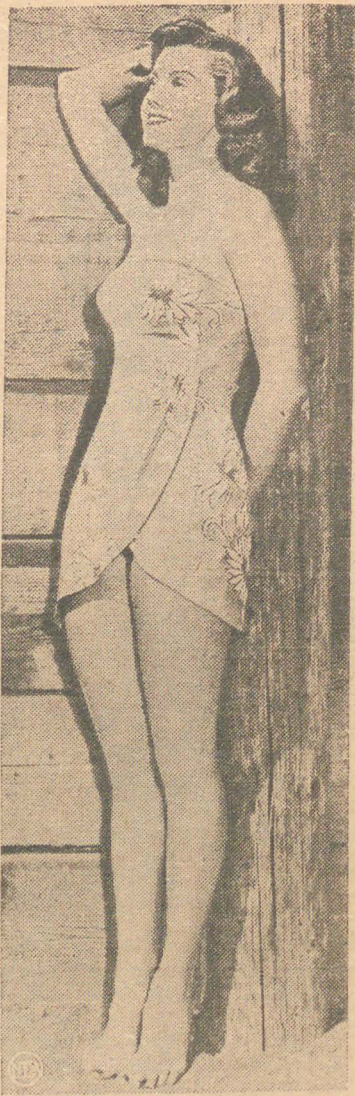
Back again and happy to have him with us is Hap Wallace, who has just returned from NCO School at Wake Forrest, N. C.

Enjoying a delay en route and taking things leisurely is Sgt. Walt Kepple who has just finished NCO School and is expected back shortly.

NOTE: The baseball team is still playing.

Hurry! Hurry! Step this way, soldier, and sign up for the most amazing investment of all time. G. I. Insurance . . . and speaking of time—get it before August 10th, if you want to avoid a physical exam!

Shangri-La Girl



Boosting the nation's July drive to raise \$130,000,000 for a new aircraft carrier is Ester Williams, dubbed Hollywood's "Queen of Shangri-La."

COMM. UNIQUES

Pfc. Warren Baldwin

Radio operator's version of "Bless 'Em All" with apologies to the British Army:—(To be played in the key of Z)

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
We're tuning our sets for this call;
Bless all the trick chiefs we have to obey,
Bless all the calls which we copy each day,
'Cause they're driving us nutty, that's all,
As back to positions we crawl;
Morse has its features or so say our teachers,
So cheer up Comm. men, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
Point to point, air to ground, let 'em call;
It's not honor or medals for which we strive,
It's code speed we're after and on it we thrive,
So let's hurry and fill in that log,
Or some khaki shirt will be handed our job;
Bullets or bombings won't win the war,
It's the radio men, bless 'em all.

"Fearless" Forsburg, president of the Nose club, is still in the running, but being hard pressed by "Whizzer" Donaghue for top honors as all-American eagle beak. Donaghue's snuzzle struck one of the boys in the head the other day while they were talking and standing three foot apart. This looks bad for "Fearless" in addition to the threat of a dark horse, "Needle Nose" Halslip, who has recently entered this fiercely contested match.

If you have your eye on a medical discharge, but haven't as yet figured an angle, may we suggest the stomach ulcer method. The following menu will take care of you nicely, however, if it fails to

Cocktail Lounge Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service

Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St.

Dial 4501

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

A very pleasant Musical evening was enjoyed last Monday at the library. Many of the WACs and men gathered here and listened for two hours to music by their favorite composers. Romeo and Juliet, Sleeping Beauty, Greig's Concertos vocals by Lawrence Tibbetts, and many other favorites. Refreshments were served and when everyone left you knew that they enjoyed themselves by the expressions on their faces.

Tonight, again we will have one of our Musical Hours and all are invited to come and bring your friends. The place, the Library T-33. The time, 8:00 p. m.

I would like to take this opportunity to ask you men to either tell me or write on a slip of paper and leave at the library any subject or titles of books that you think the library is lacking in or that you would just like us to have. Very shortly we are going to have some money to spend on books and with the list I am making up, I want to have lots of suggestions from you as to what you like and want. Now here is your chance . . . don't say

later that we haven't got this or that because it is up to you to tell me what you do want.

New additions to the Library:

Detective stories: Assignment in Guinea, by George Harmon Coxe; Unconscious Witness, by R. Austin Freeman; Poison is a Bitter Brew, by Anne Hocking; The Twelve Disguises, by Francis Beeding; Calamity House, by Ellery Queen.

Western stories: Majesty's Rancho, by Zane Grey; North to Danger, by Tom Gill; Alder Gulch, by Ernest Haycox; Roaring River Range, by Arthur H. Gooden; Gunsight by Frank Gruber.

Historical Novels: Jennifer, by Janet Whitney; Man in Grey, by Lady Eleanor Smith; Out on Any Limb, by John Myers; Bride of Glory, by Bradda Field; Bright to the Wanderer, by Bruce Lancaster.

Humorous Books: Gone With the Draft, by Park Kendall; Private Purkey in Love and War, by H. I. Phillips; Elmer Squee, by Richard Brooks; Private Papers of Private Purkey, by H. I. Phillips; Hi Hattie, I'm in the Navy Now, by Johnny Viney; Husbands are Difficult, by Phyllis McGinley.

work your stomach will be cheerfully refunded.

As a relief from the conventional, rather ordinary G. I. meal, Pfc. Jim Niles offers the following menu, of his own composition, guaranteed, whatever else you may say about it, to furnish the human palate with something new and different. And, after all, that's the spirit of the age, eh?—Always something new, even if it kills us:

Appetizers—marinated tree toad's tonsils, pickled panda paws. Soups—tomato-and-sassafras, or cream of onion and lavender water. Entree—fried viper stuffed with snuff. Vegetables—macaroni with melted milk chocolate, broccoli jellied in cold cream. Salad—burdock steeped in mange cure sauce. After-dinner sweets—cold candied chicken claws, frozen clabber cubes. Dessert—tunafish ice cream soda, or herring meringue pie. Beverage—coffe (just to be prosaic). Musical background—Pucklemoos' rhapsody in vitamin B.

This should even stop Moore, who will eat anything. And now, dear readers, if you still have gastric composure, which we doubt, we will continue with this equally hard to digest "Comment on the Comm."

The Comm. is looking forward with much anticipation to the picnic to be held at Lucerne the 25th. Here's hoping for good weather.

If many more of the boys go home on furlough we'll have to close the barrack. We aren't envious, no, not much. Which reminds us, the fellows who just got back look a little bedraggled. Too much sleep will do that (?).

Remark made at remote station: that dog is so lazy it takes him half an hour to sit down.

We are told that "Highpockets" McNamee is to "thrifty" that he wouldn't pay two cents to see the Statue of Liberty do a strip-tease. "Mac" why don't you come over for

dinner sometime. You bring the steak.

Halslip's got it bad. That blue pink haze he's walking around in must be wonderful. Ah to be young and in love, ah joy.

Bargains galore at the Potente & Karr & Jrones & Caron's emporium. You're liable to run into a very good buy on anything from an alarm clock to a curling iron. Could it be that the boys are selling everything in sight for a laugh or (\$\$\$) ???

Anyone desiring to enter the aforementioned all-American eagle beak contest should be informed of the qualifications. One must have a proboscis which extends at least three inches from the lip.

The Comm. instructed the weather men in the art of softball playing a while back by a very one-sided score. A flashy infield, composed of Fosburg, Lewis and Morgan, along with "Snorky's" hitting paced the Comm.'s victory. Jaynes would be great at first if he could stoop.

A certain Lt. almost walked home from this affair. As a postscript to this earlier game the boys tangled with weather again last week, only this time weather's team was composed of four men, so the big-hearted Comm. team chose up sides, thus releasing some of their "stars" to the competition.

Watch for next week's Comm. dribble. We absolutely guarantee to have everyone's name in, complimentary or otherwise—mostly otherwise!!!

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WEAR A
Spiffy
COLLAR
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HOLDS
COLLAR
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DOWN



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'NEATNESS
COUNTS'

In the army as well as in civilian life, neatness is a great asset. That is why millions of men in service are wearing SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS.



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SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS give you fresh, crispy, snappy smartness. Peps up your personal appearance.

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Quick as a wink to put on and take off. Self-adjusting and stays put.



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DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Pvt. Morris Polleck, Guard Squadron Scribe Takes An Inventory of Himself

This week's post personality is a departure from our usual "taking apart and putting 'em back together treatment. Polleck's style in the Guard Squadron column was so unusual that we decided to let him tell you about himself. Morris calls his opus—Polleck, Man or fish—or by the way Moe can you spare a fin—Okay, Morris take over.

You generally hear people say so and so thinks a lot of himself and then there are those who don't say but think of the day they'll tell you straight to your face what has been in their mind for quite a while. The point is I'm writing about I, that is the hardest subject to dwell on, and besides I have to write about myself straight to my own face.

You see nature patterned me and by not using a blueprint to work with you would get the impression that I was a self-made man. In fact one of the boys remarked the other day, "Everything about you seems to be wrong, you've got us trying to figure out if there is anything right about you."

Why did he make that remark? Is it because I told him that two weeks before I was drafted I kept going to the zoo in Forest Park in St. Louis, that's my home town ya know, and paced up and down in front of the chimpanzee cage, until one day the keeper came up to me and asked me why I made faces at the animal, and me telling him that I was about to go into the army, and was just brushing up on gorilla tactics.

It may be due to the fact that I told about the time I was in New York in a subway station and changed my brown suit to a grey one that I had with me because I read a sign in the station which said, "Change here for Brooklyn."

It might be due to the fact of me telling him of the time I was at clerical school in Colorado where for one whole week our teacher stressed the use of the paper edge guide on the typewriter it impressed me so that I got to falling asleep on the edge of the bed, one night I fell out of bed—I dreamt I spaced over three.

Then there was the time I told him when my dentist remarked about my teeth saying he wished he had teeth like mine and me not going to see him anymore, because I figured if I kept going to him he'd have them.

This same fellow asked me what I did in civilian life. I told him I worked in a fish market at first. The boss fired me, he claimed he had to shout the prices to me. He fired me on the grounds that I was hard of hearing. Then for one whole year I did nothing but sit by the window all day and kept looking out, you see no one worked in the house and some one had to look out for the family. So finally I got to be a salesman—now there's a line, sold everything from linoleum to roofing, that's what you call starting from the ground floor and working your way to the top. I had the tables reversed on me once when I answered the door at home—a college girl stood there and asked me if I wanted to buy some magazines she was working her way through college. I told her I wasn't interested, she then asked me if I had ever heard the story about the farmer's son.

Now, this fellow said to me, "Isn't there anything that interests

you in life and I don't mean the magazine," you see he got a quicke in there, "don't you ever take things serious, don't you have a hobby?" Oh, I says a hobby, you mean like never having won the citation in the performance of "Guard Duty"? Serious, yes, there is a certain book we have read to us every so often, and I do take that seriously.

Things that interest me, yes, there's music which stirs my soul, and dancing which is hard on my heels. Seriously though, I like operat' and symphonic music. I like to see a movie that the critics have panned to the utmost then I know I'll enjoy it. Always read the book reviews for the critics viewpoint, and have found out that the best sellers aren't necessarily the best reading. I like to read philosophy, novels that aren't of the escapist type, and poetry. People interest me. I have a habit of studying them. I learned to speak two foreign languages by conversing with them, but forgot the languages I learned in high school because I didn't make use of them. I like to write letters to friends I have met in the Army—figure the other fellow waits for mail call to come around and it is really interesting.

"Where did you get the expression 'Hainit Like', he asked me.—"Well, I'll tell you that is a figure of speech I noticed a great many people use and it sort of got into my way of speaking. The same with the expression 'if you know what I mean'. I'm worried now though since the goat has been around our Squadron, I've noticed a goa fish accent in my speech.

At this point the article is growing whisks and so are the jokes—"Hainit Like".

ORDNANCE

CPL. BERT GAWLEY

Cpl. Art Antilla returning from his furlough passed around cigars and surprised the boys by announcing his recent marriage. Doris Greenlaw of 113 State street, Bangor, and a former graduate of Bangor High was the bride. Our own Cpl. Antilla hails from N. Y. C. The couple were married on Friday 16th of July in the city of Yonkers, N. Y. by Judge Boote, Justice of the City Court. Cpl. Antilla is our construction man de luxe, and can make you a mousetrap or a mansion with equal dexterity. The bride incidentally is a graduation chum of Sgt. Gantt's wife who is another recent bride. We'll have to look out we men of Ordnance or that particular class of Bangor High will try to stampede us.

P. F. C. Hammond did a masterful job in our intermural Ordnance softball game on Wednesday last. Joe turned back a detachment of Ordnance men without a solitary run, and as Joe modestly puts it, "I didn't even turn on the pressure." Joe is leaving us for a short time but will be back with us in the near future.

Cpl. Russo and Pvt. Quinto are busy these days dodging a cocky little S-Sgt. who wants to play Chicago pool with them, against as this S-Sgt. modestly says it, "me and anybody."

Sgt. Linnane has just undergone a surgical dental operation, the operation has been uniquely successful, contriving in one unforeseen manner to curtail his usual loquaciousness and tending to make him unusually reticent instead of his general trend toward verbosity.

We have in our midst a certain P. F. C. a young man named Carey, whom the girls of Bangor say is a Lochinvar riding out of the west. The boys have a more modern and descriptive version of the same Just a plain WOLF.

There is a reward offered by P. F. C. Hammond for information leading to the apprehension of the culprit who swiped Joes' mop the other morning, after he had spent twenty minutes cleaning the same. Cpl. Russo has a real reason to cry, "Oh my back," but the boys now come back at you with a new one, "I don't wanna know nuttin'." Sgt. Colson has beaten his own

PRIVATE BUCK By Clyde Lewis



"Reveille ISN'T another girl I have to get back for! It's routine—army routine!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Two young ladies were walking down fifth Avenue. Suddenly one cut loose with a piercing shriek. "Look," she cried in amazement. "What is so terrible?" asked her friend. "They are only midgets." "Thank goodness," said the other girl, greatly relieved. "I thought for a minute they were rationing men."

HAD HIS EXCELLENCY PLACED

The governor had gone to the state insane asylum to look over the work done by the new superintendent. While there he had difficulty in getting a telephone connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator: "Look here girl, do you know who I am?" "No," came back the calm reply,

record, having appeared at breakfast two mornings and running.

P. F. C. Diehl, Chow Hound, to you as the leading man of Ordnance—at any meal.

We of Ordnance believe we have the best Softball team of the post. Last time that we played we handed the league leading Grenlins, who incidentally haven't lost a game in league play, an artistic shellacking to the tune of 17 to 2.

We are not only willing but anxious to accept the challenge of any soft ball team on the post. No holds barred.

New Policy Made By War Department In Promoting Officers

A new policy has been established by the War Department governing the promotion of Army officers to the grades of colonel and lieutenant colonel.

Under this policy, an officer must "have clearly demonstrated his qualifications for the higher grade for a period of at least three months immediately prior to recommendation for his promotion, by actual occupation of a position and performance of duties appropriate to the grade." In addition, no officer will be promoted until he has served a minimum period of time in the next lower grade.

It's not for your sister—and not for your brother—but it is the best buy for you for your father and mother—or any other dependents—the answer? G. I. Life Insurance!

R. C. WILLISTON OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN

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

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



The War Department, as you undoubtedly are aware, publishes a compact booklet for the use of every soldier and sailor in foreign service covering the right and proper behavior to be observed by our men on foreign soil. The government believes the business of making friends ranks in importance with such physical weapons as guns and planes and so on.

Naturally, the booklet is directed toward maintaining the friendship of our allies in other lands. Different though they may appear, strange their customs, the object is to give them the hand of friendship, respect their modes, and do everything possible to promote good feeling.

It didn't require a war to establish rules and regulations on how to get on with people. The fundamental principle for soldier-sailor use in foreign lands has applied for ages. In truth, it is said that if you get along with your neighbors, your co-workers, you have what it takes to make friends in any part of the globe.

A review of a few of the points enumerated for sailor-soldier study reveals how simple and familiar are the rules for winning the friendship of others.

Keep out of arguments, especially those pertaining to religion and politics, is one advisory warning. The service man is told that a Moslem might cut him up with a knife for desecrating a mosque. A Syrian might take other means of forcing home a deserved lesson on one who chose to scoff at his country's politics.

Your Protestant, Catholic, Jewish neighbors at home might not resort to means of physical destruction if you scoffed at their established faiths, but they would deny you their friendship. Your narrow minded attitude might very well interfere with more than mere social success. More to the point, however, is that in this land of ours religious and political freedom of thought is every man's right.

About 50 per cent of the men who train for Commando and Ranger units fail and are sent back to their old units.

"Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?" "No; it's just the perfume she's using."

What Have You Got To Sell?

Will Buy

RADIOS
VICTROLAS
CLOTHING
FURNITURE

In Fact, Anything!
For Cash!

MYER MILLER

Exchange St., Opp. News Office

A CAUTION TO SERVICE MEN!



Cash is a dangerous traveling companion. It tempts thieves; or it may be lost. It is wise to turn this cash into safe and spendable American Express Travelers Cheques. If lost or stolen, their value is promptly refunded to you. You spend them as you do cash and they remain good until spent.

They are inexpensive. Cost 75¢ for each \$100. Minimum cost 40¢ for \$10 to \$50. Issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. For sale at Banks, Railway Express offices, at principal railroad ticket offices and at many camps and bases.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

FOR SOLDIERS
FOOT PALS
AND
FLORSHEIM
SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

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 3:30, 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)

Captain Frederic Talbot

Captain Talbot was born in Providence, R. I., graduating from Hope High school and from Bryant and Stratton Business college. He later completed a course in business administration at the Alexander Hamilton Institute in New York city. Captain Talbot was connected with the U. S. Forest Service for nine years prior to his present active duty.

Captain Talbot has a long military background being a member of the 103rd Field Artillery National Guard of Rhode Island from 1921 to 1924. He was a 2nd Lt. O. R. C. 387th Infantry of Laconia, N. H., from 1932 until 1941. Captain Talbot received his commission as a 1st Lt. in August, 1942, at Lakeport, N. H. He reported for duty at Dow Field in October, 1942.

His present duties are Assistant Air Corps Supply Officer, Contracting Officer, Assistant Control Officer, Air Freight Officer, and Sub-Depot Motor Transportation Officer.

GIs Offered Cash Prizes For Plays

CLEVELAND — A play-writing contest, open to men and women in the American armed services, is announced by the National Theatre Conference. In addition to cash prizes, fellowships are offered.

Three prizes, one of \$100, two of \$50, are offered for long plays, with a running time of one and a half to two hours. Four prizes of \$50 each will be given for one-act plays, to run 20 to 40 minutes. Fifty prizes of \$10 each, will be awarded for short skits and black-outs, to run one to ten minutes. One prize of \$100 is offered for a musical comedy to run from one to two hours.

Manuscripts from the United States must be submitted not later than Sept. 1, 1943. An additional 30 days will be allowed for scripts from overseas. They should be addressed to Playwriting Contest, National Theatre Conference, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

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.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Cpl. Alves bought a bag of peanuts several days ago and is still munching on the same lot. He has tried to persuade Pfc. Gilmore to rent his upper set when he is not wearing them, but Gilmore says there will be no clicking tonight.

Well, believe it or not, the boys have finally found someone they can call Mother. This person is none other than Cpl. "Red on the head" Thompson. He'll do most anything for you but cook your meals. If you have a head ache, stomach ache or any other ailment he will gently take you by the hand and lead you to the proper place for the correct remedy. Some of the boys are now singing popular songs to him, such as: "Mother I'll be There," and "Lead Me and I Will Follow."

Some of the boys are taking each other's thunder they have held in the past, such as Cpl. Bargoniier taking over where Pvt. Cunningham left off. The latter is definitely the most changed of all—humming songs, working seven days a week with none off and not one complaint. Last but not least he has taken the thunder of "Dark Meat" Cpl. Sharpe and has his floor mopped when the dark one decides to arise in the morning.

Cpls. Thompson, Brinnall, Casey, Sgt. Deyermund and Pfc. Boland are out for flying school and from all reports they are passing their tests in fine shape. It is sincerely hoped that they all make their goal.

Sgt. Hicks, the boy who claims Saugus, Mass., was the first navy yard around for digging clams, can be found pining away his off duty hours with a Sgt. from up on the hill.

Sgt. Bushey seems to have secrets concerning Hermon Pond. He acts like a human thermometer when confronted on the subject.

Cpl. Rosenbaum: Why is it that when you do duty down at the barn, you pace the floor all night long? Is it the overgrown mice? If so, why don't you halt them and ask what color they are. If they say gray, tell them they are out of uniform, put them under arrest, then turn them over to the proper authorities and enjoy a nice night's rest. Another thing why don't you make the 36 people in the Commissary happy and finish buying the cokes you promised.

Wanted: A teacher in pipe smoking. Will someone volunteer to teach the member of this command that I have in mind, the proper way how to smoke a pipe without a drool, also how to hold it in the mouth without the assistance of



JUDO EXPERTS—Dr. Clarence W. Spears (left), University of Maryland health and physical education director, tosses Fred Kobayashi, former Jap internee, now instructor in judo at the University, during a demonstration of Japanese wrestling art.

either hand.

Our first Sgt. says he has been fishing and swimming along with other outdoor sports during the hot spell we had recently. There must be something wrong with his story as he is not the least bit tanned. When questioned about it he fumbles about and gets even whiter, or could that be because he can't take a good natured ribbing.

One of the 211 mysteries has finally been solved, the question of where is the stand for the fire bucket. Well, it seems that S-Sgt. Russo has been the culprit all along as he used it for shaving purposes. Being a short man and not able to stand high enough for the mirrors, he would take it so that he could reach the necessary height and always forgets to replace it when through.

My good friends, or should I say my would-be competitors, of the commissary, S-Sgt. Goyette, Cpls. Schwartz and Kempton are my main critics, with Kempton being the ring leader. They say if only they had a chance to write the column, news of interest would be forthcoming. My answer to them will be, if you boys actually read the column you would have found my request for guest writers or even permanent ones has been ignored up to this time. Now, my friends, I shall expect the three of you to supply next week's news. I hope that you will not disappoint us and pull the clam act. Don't forget it must be true and according to the rules of S-2.

The government gives you everything for your protection—now it's high time that you give your dependents financial protection with plenty of Life Insurance.

Guard Squadron

Pfc. MORRIS POLLECK

"Hainit Like"

A welcome to Pvts. Assetto, Bernardon, Payne, Argentiore, Pacchiano, Pollak, Soares, Everett Fisher, Eisele, Crane, Crisler the new members of our squadron who came to us from the Air Base Squadron. What a coincidence fellows, joining us right after we out maneuvered your former squadron this past week. So I'm going to let you in on the personalities who help make our outfit tick.

When you're in the orderly room and you see that tall sergeant at the desk and you notice the quiver about him, he is S/Sgt. Shanley. He's been that way these past few days. You see, fellows, he just became a benedict, he'll get over it in a few days. As you walk over for your mail the soldier in charge is Pfc. Wilkinson. He has a knack of remembering your name after seeing you once or twice, he'll surprise you by the way he'll call your name out before you come through the doorway.

A corporal who always has his uniform neat and spotless, you'll notice him by the way he always seems to be in a hurry, his name is Cpl. Young. The reason he keeps his uniform that way because he believes in Sam's saying, "There is a difference in being a plane spotter and just a plain spotter."

When you're in the day room and your playing pool, and you see a soldier around the table with not a grain of hair on his head telling you where to make the next shot, please don't make the mistake of chalking up and using his head for a cue ball. His name is Pvt. Brownstein. A suggestion would be for him to keep his fatigue hat on. There's where camouflage comes in, the hat and the top of the table. I wish to take this opportunity to thank Pvt. Brownstein for getting a haircut in time to make the

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonys, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE

118 Main St.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St.

Bangor



Meet Me at
LARRY'S
FOR DELICIOUS
HAMBURGERS - - -
HOT DOGS - - -
ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT
POST OFFICE SQ.

FREE!

Fluid for Your Lighter
DROP IN, SOLDIER
Fill Your Lighter and Look Us
Over

OPEN EVERY NIGHT /
YOUNGS

26 STATE ST.
Tobacconists Extraordinary

Dow Field Activities

Monday, July 26—Music Hour at the Library. S-Sgt. Van de Walker will give the classics the needle. Outdoor concert will continue.

Tuesday, July 27—Salute to Dow Field from downtown over national network. (See front page story).

Thursday, July 29—Regular radio

broadcast from Bldg. T-6, over local hook-up with WLBZ. Show from 9 to 9:30 p. m. Dancing afterward sponsored by the Signal Corps.

Sunday, Aug. 1—Aviation Squadron will have themselves a time at Hermon pond. More details in orderly room.

LAST WILL OF ADOLF HITLER

An eagle-eyed scout for the unusual, Corporal Dowell, our Mess reporter passes this thought along to us, we don't know where he got it, but we're all for the general idea.

I, Adolf Hitler, being of unsound mind and misery, and considering the possibility of a fatal accident known as assassination, declare this to be my last (you hope) will and testament.

To FRANCE, I leave all the beautiful Mademoiselles in occupied Paris. I was NEVER the one for girls. WHOOPS!!

To ENGLAND, I leave the original manuscript of MEIN KAMPF, which their R. A. F. spoiled. I had written a different finish, but their fliers got me in the end.

To NORWAY'S QUISLING, I leave my DOUBLE CROSS. He was a PIKER compared to me, when it came to double crossing.

To POLAND, I leave a 16x10 gold-framed photograph of myself to hang in their public schools to scare the hell out of any kid who might THINK along Nazi lines.

To THE JEWS, I leave a new HOLIDAY, which they will celebrate annually. The whole world knows I was KIND to them but they somehow did not seem to appreciate it.

To AMERICA, I leave Walter Winchell who always said, "To Hell with Hitler." I know he'll be very busy on my funeral day so he'd better not come—Business before pleasure.

To MUSSOLINI, I leave my Chaplin mustache, which he is to make into a toupee for his ivory

dome. He will need a disguise to hide from the Italians who know what a mess he got them into.

To RUSSIA, I leave all my my FROZEN assets. I never could warm up to Comrade Stalin, or get near enough to Moscow to even smell VODKA.

To FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing, but he got even. His "Unconditional Surrender" agreement at Casablanca certainly cooked my goose.

To GOEBBELS and RIBBENTROP, I leave 30 million marks (two dollars) to buy a gift for my Mother and Father who are getting married the day I die.

To COUNT CIANO, son-in-law of Mussolini, I leave the Victoria Cross for bringing down in ONE day, 41 bombers and 72 fighters—all ITALIAN.

To JAPAN'S (Land of the RISING SCUM) HIROHITO, I leave all my medals, which will help him sink quicker when he goes down in the Pacific.

To THE GERMAN PEOPLE, I leave all pictures of myself, especially those printed on soft paper, as I know what they will do with them.

To HIMMLER and GOERING, I leave the final execution of my will as they are experienced at executions.

To THE ENTIRE WORLD, I JUST LEAVE, AND WILL THEY THANK GOD!!

MY FINAL WISH is that I be buried in an ASBESTOS SUIT, as I will need it where I am going.

ADOLF HITLER.

Dated: Very Soon, Germany.



WINNER—Betty Lou Gillespie (above) was chosen "Junior Miss New Orleans of 1943" in a field of 32 contestants. She's 15 years old, weighs 124 pounds and is 5 feet, 7 inches tall.

his leader, M-Sgt. Randall, through the thick bushes and brush. I believe the men enjoyed themselves and proved to be on the ball 100 per cent.

By the way Sgt. Joe "Blow" Brooks pants don't seem to fit the same after his furlough. Joe, no doubt you had a swell time. Glad to see you back on the job again.

Well fellows, we are about to lose another fine soldier. None other than Pfc. Sidney Evans. I know he will be missed by us all. We wish him much success. Sidney will be in the Enlisted Army Reserve. Best of luck to you, pal.

Soldiers, again I ask you, what do you like to read?

Your reporter,
Pfc. Alfred L. Samuel

Tsk Tsk Dept.

SPORTS PAGE

Best race of the year is the one that took place recently in Australia between a trained kangaroo and a Yank soldier on an obstacle course.

(We'll bet the kangaroo got the jump on him.)

WIPE OFF THAT LIPSTICK

Girls, we'll simply have to ask you to stop kissing your boy friends for the duration. That is, unless you have them wash their faces right after your kiss. You see, most of the time the boys wipe off your lipstick with their handkerchiefs. And lipstick is very hard to launder. Today the laundries are suffering from a serious personnel shortage and lipstick-coated handkerchiefs just add to their wartime burdens. We're sure you'll understand.

TODAY—LAUREL AND HARDY AND MAYBE A LAMB CHOP

This might well be the wording on the marquee of a certain theatre in Indiana. The owner of the movie is keeping up with the times. He used to give away free dishes to entice patrons. Then he tried bingo. Now he gives away fresh roasted hens to holders of lucky tickets. Go down and see that double feature, Herman—we're having Aunt Martha to dinner tomorrow night.

General Mess

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL

Cpl. Stow is back after spending a pass at his home. Anyone that happens to see Cpl. Stow driving around town in a new car will know that it belongs to him. There is some talk that the car was bought to be a wedding present for his future wife.

Sgt. Tyre and Cpl. Melville spent a couple of days in Boston. Sgt. Tyre was the best man for Cpl. Melville on his wedding while they were gone.

The kitchen has several new cooks now that have the best of wishes from all the cooks.

Cpl. Sullivan is now back pushing K. F. Cpl. Sullivan has been in

What's Doing This Week For Service People

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

U. S. O. Club, 81 Park street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. Services: Dancing, pool, ping-pong, game room, reading room, music room, hobby den, photo dark room, valet service, "letter on a record" service, writing room, exercise room.

YMCA, 127 Hammond St. Open 24 hours. Services: Game room, lobby, writing materials, information, showers, swimming pool.

BANGOR HEBREW COMMUNITY CENTER, corner French and Somerset Sts. Services: Pool, ping-pong, dancing, library, room service, individual service. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:00 p. m.

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

Music Branch, 166 Union street. Hours, Monday through Friday 9 a. m. to noon; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.; Saturday from 9 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.

YWCA open house every day for Service men and women. 2 p. m. to 10 p. m.

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

Monday, July 26 — Community Center, Quiz Program for nimble-witted G. I.'s from 8:00 to 8:30 p. m. Dancing afterward.

USO Center—Juke box dancing.

Tuesday, July 27 — Community club, music hour. Mrs. Broder will give a brief background of the classics.

Salute to Dow Field from City Auditorium over national network.

(See front page story).

USO Center, Juke box dancing.

Wednesday, July 28—USO Center, Beano.

Community Center closed Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Thursday, July 19—USO Center, Juke box dancing, pool, cards.

Saturday, July 21—USO Center, dancing party with orchestra, lucky number night.



*New highlights from camps, air field, and naval bases by KCCS—grams—issued by the Department of Public Relations, National Catholic Community Service (member agency USO)—Washington, D. C.

THE CODE OF MENDOZA

One tough hombre is Joe Mendoza, private first class, once he licked a truckload of taunting soldiers one by one. At Attu last month Joe Mendoza came upon an unarmed Jap cowering behind a rock, but his sense of fair play got the better of him. Throwing down his rifle he whipped out a knife. Then he tossed the Jap a bayonet and beckoned him to come on. This act of gallantry frightened the Jap more than the prospect of death itself, he ran. Joe Mendoza, conscience free, shot his Jap—Time Magazine.

Definitions:

Wagon: Action of happy dog's tail.

Climate: Best way of getting up a tree.

Acoustic: Device used for striking billiard ball.

Siesta: My mother's daughter.

Salary: Crunchy stuff served at dinner.

Like all soldiers, Cpl. Robert P. Paterson appreciates a letter. So in a recent missive to a friend in Altoona, Pa., he urged "Send me the dirt from Altoona."

His friend did just that, enclosing about a teaspoonful of dirt neatly wrapped in cellophane in his reply.

Granny smelled geranium
Started feeling kinda bum
Thought she had a garden blight
What she found was—lewisite.

WAAC advice:

Double time does not mean double pay.

GI soap will not preserve that schoolgirl complexion.

Taps is not the signal for a keg party.

A GI party is not reported in the society columns.

Dale's tale: In Richmond, Ind., the parents of Dale Allen Hawley, aviation machinist's mate, received a letter from him: "After leaving where we were before we left for here, not knowing we were coming here from there we couldn't tell whether we had arrived here or not. The weather here is just as it always is at this season. The people are just like they look. I had better close now before I give too much valuable military information."

WACs RECEIVE ALL PROMOTIONS FOR THE WEEK

Members of the WAC grabbed off all the promotions at the base this past week. A list of those to be congratulated follows:

TO BE TECHNICIANS

5th GRADE

Aux. Helen G. Halsey.
Afc. Gladys R. Elder
Afc. Marion A. Cray
Afc. Marjory B. Fraunfelter
Afc. Lillian I. Bennett
Afc. Betty Eisenberg.

TO BE AUXILIARIES

FIRST CLASS

Aux. Katherine D. Ellsworth

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

FICKERING SQ.

BANGOR

GUESS WHO?

Aviation Squadron

By CPL. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

To keep you informed on current events, we again challenge you to get the answer before you get to paragraph 4. Have you dusted off your mental cobwebs—then let's go Guess Who?

GUESS WHO??

Our personality has been an amateur boxer, stock market spectator and has been referred to by Woodrow Wilson as "Dr. Facts."

GUESS WHO??

Born in 1871 in South Carolina, his family moved to Manhattan. A glimpse of elder J. P. Morgan's impressive bulk convinced him that he wanted to become a financier. By the time he was 27 he was a big time operator himself, having acquired a stock exchange seat and a big commission for buying control of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Corp.

GUESS WHO??

As chairman of the War Industries Board of World War I he wielded more powers than the President himself. By adroit bluffing he got the Chilean Government to knock down the price of nitrates from 7½ to 4½ cents pound. He got jute from India at his own price by threatening to withhold the silver shipments that stabilized India's rupee.

GUESS WHO??

At present his office is a bench in a park in Washington, D. C. Here the top men in Washington come to ask his advice. Many times over, a millionaire, he can afford to dispense wisdom free—just for the satisfaction. At 72 years he still stands erect on a 6 ft. 3½ in. frame. His initials are B. M. B. Guess who???

THE ANSWER

Bernard Mannes Baruch.

TECHNICAL LIBRARY

Books on every phase of aviation comprise the collection in the Technical Library, such as Aviation Medicine, Air Transportation, Meteorology, Map Reading and Aerial Photography and Mathematics books. These and many others that will be of valuable assistance to all of you. Come in and see the excellent collection of technical books that your library boasts.

Fair Farmerette



Blonde Elyse Knox, all decked out in trim denim suit, proves that even farm life is improved with a bit of pulchritude.

Supply Dept. Of Sub Depot Takes 3 In Row

By BUD LEAVITT

The Supply Department softball aggregation tarred the Hangar Wolves again this week to salt away their third straight victory and firmly established themselves as the most improved team in the Sub-Depot Softball League. The Supply team dunked the "Wolves 10-3 and played a smart brand of ball behind the effective pitching of Joe Rolland.

A flock of new talent has contributed immensely to Supply's improvement. Billy Nelligan, Francis Sweeney, Bill Daley and the pitching of Rolland has been the big factor behind Supply's new lease on life. Rolland has been pitching winning ball while Nelligan, Sweeney and Daley have been socking the "mashed potato" for extra bases. Francis Kearns, one of the loop's outstanding infielders, Jimmy Viola, hard-swatting fly-chaser, along with Louie Gould, Inspector Day and Dick McKeen all have contributed their share toward Supply's big push toward the league's sunspot.

At the present writing Supply and the Administrators are deadlocked for second money with the big explosion scheduled for Friday evening when these two teams will clash in an important league encounter. This game is expected to be a sizzler with Rolland booked to oppose either Benson or Vanderbeck on the mound for the Ads.

The high riding Machine Shop will go after the Hangar Wolves Wednesday evening in an attempt

Bombers Whip Foxcroft Team In Double Bill

The Dow Field Bombers bounced back to their winning ways Sunday afternoon at Brewer by grabbing both ends of a double-header from the Dover-Foxcroft town team.

The Bombers captured the first game 5-0 as Davis held the visitors to three hits, and then the Bombers made it two in a row by whipping Dover-Foxcroft 7-4 in the nightcap.

Eidson gave up just four hits in the nightcap, as the Bombers collected 11 off Bush.

The batteries:

FIRST GAME

David and Mitchell; Nicholas and Weatherbee.

SECOND GAME

Eidson and Mitchell; Bush and Bishop.

NINE OTHER GUYS TOOK THAT BEATING

We wish to apologize all over the place for the error last week about the score of the Houlton-Dow Field Bomber baseball game. We stated that the Bombers were defeated twice by Houlton by the scores of 4-1 and by 17-0.

The fact is that the Bombers only played Houlton one game last Sunday and lost by 4-1. The 17-0 was in a game between Houlton and a team from Brewer.

to whack out their eighth straight victory and remain undefeated in league competition. Charlie Robinson, undefeated to date this season, will be on the hill for the Machine Shop with Harry Nixon toeing the slab for Bulldog McKenney's Wolves.

Swinging the breeze: Lippy Sheets, the league's replica of Jimmy Dykes, was at his best against the Administrators Friday evening. Lippy beefed at the umpiring all evening and kept the stands in an uproar. . . . The league's best sticker at the moment is Lt. Sidney A. Dyke of the Administrators with a homer, triple, two doubles and a brace of singles in his last nine trips to the dish. . . . Harry Nixon whipped up a neat bit of pitching for the Wolves the other night in a relief role. . . . Tommy McGary, Thunderbolt infielder, beat out a couple of bunts the other evening for a pair of singles. . . . S-Sgt. McGuinnis and his Air Base Softballers will play an All-Star Sub-Depot team this evening at Hayford's Field. . . . Bobby Raber continues to hit for the Wolves. . . . McGowan and Vanderbeck peck off a pair of triples the last Friday to share the long distance hitting honors. . . . Earle Parkhurst continues to be the league's pepper-pot backstop. . . . Allen Providence has returned from a few days leave and is ready to shag socks in the outer pasture for the Wolves.

LEAGUE STANDING

	W	L	Pct.
Machine Shop	7	0	1.000
Supply	4	3	.705
Administrators	4	3	.705
Hangar Wolves	2	5	.400
Hangar Thunderbolts	1	7	.172

July 26

Air Base Sq. vs. All-Star Sub-Depot Team.

July 27

Administrators vs. Bangor Police Department.

July 28

Machine Shop vs. Hangar Wolves.

July 30

Administrators vs. Supply.

AAF Training Command Combines TTC and FTC

WASHINGTON — Activation of the new Army Air Forces Training Command, which replaces and combines the functions of the Technical Training Command and the Flying Training Command, was announced recently by the War Department.

Maj. Gen. Barton K. Yount was named commanding general of the Training Command, headquarters of which were designated at Fort Worth, Tex. General Yount has been commanding general of the Flying Training Command, with headquarters in Fort Worth.

The new assignment for Maj. Gen. Walter R. Weaver, who has been commanding general of the Technical Training Command, with headquarters in Knollwood, N. C., has not been announced.

The Flying Training Command and the Technical Training Command were discontinued July 7, 1943.

The reorganization was effected to achieve maximum economy of

operations, the most efficient utilization of personnel, and maximum coordination of training schedules and utilization of training facilities.

Functions of the new Training Command will include:

Supervising and conducting the training of individuals in techniques of aerial gunnery, bombing, navigation aerial observation, and piloting of military aircraft (including gliders) and in the subjects associated therewith; and in mechanical, technical and administrative subjects.

Supervising and conducting preliminary training for purposes of orientation, classification, basic military instruction, and preflight academic instruction.

Operation of the various Army Air Forces schools of elementary flying, basic flying, advanced flying and specialized flying.

Operation of technical schools to provide technical training peculiar to the Army Air Forces, other than flying training, for both officers and enlisted personnel.

Ex-Dow Reporter Writes From England

The former reporter for the Air Base Squadron, Corporal Dave Karp still finds his heart is at Dow Field.

This week, we received his letter which we quote:

"Dear Paul,

"Thanks to my good friend, Lt. I. Hurowitz, I received the June 14th edition of The Observer. I don't have to say, "Keep up the good work" because after reading it I can see why. I say it's super and I mean it. It was quite a thrill to read of the activities of you boys, the "Coal Miners", and what have you. You fellows should know by now that you are stationed at the best field in those beautiful States. . . . We celebrated the Fourth of July in England too! From what I have read in the newspapers, I don't think the "Jerries" had a very enjoyable day. . . . I have visited the ancient colleges in the city of Cambridge and walked from one end of London to the other. It was loads of fun and very thrilling. . . . Our post is terrific. In fact more comfortable than any post that I was assigned to in the States. I wish I could say more but empty spaces in a letter are very annoying. Incidentally, the English women are tops. . . . After looking the men over I can say, "see you soon". . . . End of paper so end of letter. . . . Regards to all the nice people. Says David."

This was written on V-Mail. If anyone wishes his address, call at the Observer office, we will be very glad to give it to you.

A nest egg for the future—to be hatched when you need it. U. S. war bonds.

The George Washington Of South America

This week marks the anniversary of the birthday of Simon Bolivar. He might well be termed the George Washington of South America. To go even further he seems to be an interesting combination of the conservatism of Washington and the aristocratic background of Hamilton and the down-to-earth approach of Lincoln.

Bolivar really went to town on setting South America free from the European yoke.

No sissy—he pounded and slugged his way all over the continent, pitching in as many as 250 battles and winning a clean sweep.

Even when he was up at the top in popularity and acclaimed as the Liberator of South America—he declined an elective office, deliberately allowing himself to be defeated.

Bolivar had a very determined reaction to invading forces. This is the way he took care of the Slippery Spaniards. "Count upon death even though you are neutral—unless you work actively for the liberty of America—count upon life as though you were guilty." That's setting them straight!

His ultimate aim was "a permanent international order established on mutual obligations."

When he saw the lack of cooperation among the countries of Latin America—he threw up his hands in despair and exclaimed "I have been ploughing into the sea."

ARMY LETTER BOX

Dear Mother:

You just can't imagine what a wonderful feeling it is to receive a letter from home at long last!

You know, Mother, we grumble about food—about no sleep the mud and dust. We fuss about the



QUEEN — Coast guardsmen on Anclot Key, off Tarpon Springs, Fla., voted singer Martha Stewart (above) their "Queen of the Island."

mosquitoes and the Japs. Yes, we sometimes scrap over the pictures of our best girls, but to me the only worry I have is for you and Dad.

And, now that Army Emergency Relief is taking care of the doctor's bill for Dad's recent operation and the allotment checks are coming through regularly; I'm ready to say—"Come on, boys, let's be after them."

BILL,

Army Emergency Relief has the answers. When the allotment is delayed—write Army Emergency Relief. When the soldier's wife or mother is in need of medical care or hospitalization—write to Army Emergency Relief, Headquarters First Service Command, 806 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, and let the Army Take Care of Its Own!

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

BIJOU Theatre TEL. 5307

Today and Tues.

BOMBARDIER

Pat O'Brien, Randolph Scott
Anne Shirley

Wed., Thurs., Fri.

HITLER'S MADMAN

John Carradine
Patricia Morison

OPERA HOUSE BANGOR TEL. 5308

DU BARRY WAS A LADY

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball
Gene Kelley

PARK THEATRE BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today and Tues.

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY

Douglas Fairbanks
Rita Hayworth

—Plus—

SECRETS OF THE LONE WOLF

Warren Williams

Wed.-Thurs.

ROAD TO SINGAPORE

Bing Crosby, Bob Hope

—Plus—

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

Jane Withers

Fri.-Sat.

WHITE SAVAGE

Maria Montez, Jon Hall

—Plus—

COLT COMRADES

Wm. Boyd, Gayle Lord

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

Soldiers! Make Yourselves at Home at Freese's!

Drop in for a bit of refreshment at the luncheonette; use the store as a short cut to Pickering Square; meet your friends at Freese's; and whether it's a paper of pins or something bigger, look for it at Freese's because it's doubtless somewhere among the 68 departments!

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

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

FREESE'S

