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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

6-5-1944

June 5, 1944

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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... Dow Field ... OBSERVER

VOL. II

BANGOR, MAINE 5 JUNE 1944

NO. 12

THE MEN OF DOW FIELD WISH
Colonel and Mrs. S. F. Landers



a very happy Silver Anniversary



S/Sgt. Paul Godeh.

Colonel and Mrs. Landers Celebrate Silver Anniversary

On June 5, 1919, Lt. S. F. Landers a young Army officer and his beautiful fiancée, a trained nurse, took their wedding vows. The ceremony was performed in their home town, curiously enough named Loveland, Colorado.

After World War I, Lt. Landers brought his bride to his new station at Ellington Field, Houston, Tex. This was the beginning of a partnership covering two hemispheres. Their union not only survived the uncertainties of an Army career, but has reached the twenty-fifth year with the relationship closer than ever.

From Ellington Field, their itinerary included, Kelly Field, San Antonio, Washington D. C., San Francisco, two years in the Philippines and China and Japan. Returning to the United States, the couple arrived at his new station, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. In quick succession, came his next posts, San Antonio and Maxwell Field. He was then appointed Commanding Officer of Albrook Field in Panama.

At the outbreak of World War 2, it was necessary to evacuate Mrs. Landers, but the Colonel remained at his post for a year until he was sent to San Bernadino, Calif.

His last station before his arrival at Dow Field was the Charleston Air Base, South Carolina.

We know we speak for the men of the field when we wish both Colonel and Mrs. Landers a very happy Silver Anniversary. And the fervent hope that they will both enjoy many, many more happy years together.

Non-Saluting Soldiers Fined \$2 in Italy

Italy (CNS)—A large billboard at an MP station along the road to Garigliano Front, bears this list of standard fines for various violations:

"Failure to wear helmets, \$2; speeding, \$15; overcrowding vehicles, \$3; blackout violations, \$10; failure to have vehicles mounted with machine guns ready to fire, \$5, and failure to salute, \$2.

These fines are for enlisted men only. Officers must pay double.



**Pvt. Bob Glicklin salutes the WACS in
hilarious end to Dow Show for AIR WACS**

Air WAC Show Featured Some Classy Novelties

(As reviewed by
The Bangor Daily News)

"G.I. Joe and G.I. Jane" provided a fast hour's entertainment last night between regular shows at the Opera House in a presentation arranged to help in recruiting for Air WAC. It was the ending of Air WAC week in this area.

Under direction of Lieut. Phyllis Johnson and with S/Sgt. Paul Geden spark plugging the production as master of ceremonies the show moved along at a fast pace with pleasant diversification of acts and effects.

Pfc. Carole Reilly, WAC, was the G.I. Jane of the production and worked well with her counterfoil Pvt. Bob Glicklin, a natural comic.

There were interspersed acts by Sgt. Leo Mossman, a singer who if he hasn't had professional experience, certainly will have professional experience as soon as he is out of O.D. and someone hears him.

Cpl. Kenneth Bishop in impersonations ranging from Hitler to Churchill was good for abundant laughs as was Geden with his patter and chalk talks.

The Dow Field Gremlins, a right good swing band, provided music for the acts and did well on their own.

Tap dancing by Pvt. Jerry Glasser showed a professional finish and Cpl. Don Zappone accompanied Sgt. Mossman's songs with a hot accordion.

There were no speeches but the en-

tainment was first rate and while to steal a phrase, "This ain't the Army," it showed that Army folk in their spare time do have fun and talent and can put it together into salable merchandise.

New Telephone Center Located in Building T-210

A new and enlarged Telephone Center in building T-210 will result from moving the telephone booths out of the Post Exchange, according to Earl L. Merriman, Manager of the Telephone Company in Bangor.

When it was decided to enlarge the Post Exchange, the former Telephone Center had to find other quarters, and T-210 is the building to which it has been assigned.

Telephone Company engineers have visited the new quarters, and plans are now under way for an improved arrangement of booths and other facilities. In addition to more operating space, the new location will also provide opportunity for comfortable seating arrangements. It is the intention of the Telephone Company to make this location a more comfortable and convenient place from which Dow Field personnel may make telephone calls more comfortably than ever before.

Yardbird: How can I obtain a good posture?

P.T. Director: Keep the cows off it for awhile.

ATC Celebrates 3rd Birthday Makes Tremendous Expansion

ATC became three years of age on May 29th—a very different organization from the small unit which was organized in 1941. Then, with an office in a temporary building in Washington, and a map of the world, two officers and four enlisted men began the organization of what is now the greatest globe girdling air network in history. It is now the largest air transport and ferrying system in the world, carrying key personnel and vital material to all theatres of war, and returning home with strategic materials for war production.

The two original officers are now 20,000.

The four enlisted men have grown to 88,000.

The one clerk is now represented by 20,000 civilian employees on the domestic staff alone.

During April, 1944, it flew 29,000,000 miles in the ferrying of military aircraft.

During March, 1944, it flew 20,000,000 miles in transport service—most of which was abroad.

During March, 1944, nearly 60,000 persons were flown to destinations, in a rush.

Regular air routes in the U. S. and abroad totalled 135,000 miles—more than five times around the globe.



Such achievements came from pioneering operations, building an organization from scratch, and the accumulated hard work and sweat of thousands of men and women in deserts, tropical islands and Arctic wastes, and in headquarters, dispatching offices, and isolated stations along the global airways. The aid of commercial companies, such as airlines, petroleum firms, and other independent firms, was vital to the success of the Ferrying Command's operations, and such aid and cooperation as requested, was given without limit.

ADDS NEW SERVICES

The ATC originally was charged with delivery of military aircraft to

countries fighting for democracy before the entrance of the U. S. into the war. New responsibilities were added, until it was performing such tasks as:

Transporting troops to forward bases.

Moving a complete field hospital to Alaska in 36 hours.

Flying supplies over the Hump to China.

Evacuating wounded from overseas to the U. S. Some 4,000 men have been brought back by air since January 1, 1944.

Delivering on short notice, the B-17's which helped win the battle of Midway.

Transporting bombs and ammunition in emergencies.

Carrying V-mail, blood plasma, and medical supplies.

Carrying needed parts for aircraft, tanks, ships, and submarines in distant places to return them to combat more quickly.

Getting a rush shipment to Guadalcanal when they were needed desperately.



Bringing block mica from India, rubber seeds from Liberia to the western hemisphere, and tin and tungsten from China.

As in other branches of military service, there was no question whether many of these things could be done; they had to be done. Weather and communications stations were set up in lonely outposts. Sometimes men were dumped on rocky shores from boats—and supplied by parachute. Airports had to be constructed under the noses of the enemy on volcanic islands, on coral atolls, on deserts, in swampy jungles. Men had to overcome wild animals; fight off disease-bearing lice and malaria-bearing mosquitoes; contend with heat, thirst, and high altitudes.

We know these things, because hundreds of us have served overseas—lived primitively—helped build bases—fought off Arctic blizzards and jungle heat—overcome hundreds of tough obstacles.

Soldier, we're proud we're in the Air Transport Command.

UNIT NO 6

The summer season may not be officially recognized at Dow Field, but anyone passing the Medics barracks at noontime will see a dozen or more brown bodies absorbing all the vitamin contents of the sun's rays. The rays seem to rebound from the flashy "Hawaiian bathing trunks" of Sgt. Caple and Cpl. McFarland.

(Advertisement) All Medics wishing to have their ears lowered can contact Pvt. Paul, tonsorial expert in barracks II. Please bring your own bowls.

Sgt. Lima squirmed his girl friend from Lawrence, Mass., around last week and his few days of ecstasy have left him in a daze.

Sgt. Flynn tore his jacket and pants Thursday nite. Apparently Bill has lost his agility and can't climb around as he once could.

What is this about S/Sgt. Katz and his secretary continuing the routine office work at the P.G. last Saturday nite. They must have felt lost without a typewriter.

The friendship of Sgt. Hirsh and Pvt. Hamburger almost came to an abrupt end last week when Hirsh fixed Hamburger up on a blind date. From the reports it would appear as though smoke got in Hirsh's eyes or else he is really desperate.

Pvt. Simmons showed the boys how he earned his livelihood before his greetings arrived as he manoeuvred the plow and harrow around.

T/Sgt. Mowery and S/Sgt. Marcus are reputedly the highest paid farmers in these parts, both boys are working diligently on their garden so it won't be long before the Medics have real fresh vegetables.

Sgt. Lanzi has become very bored with life since the boys stopped looking at the hole card. However he has pitched in on the Victory Garden with great fervor and he even reads "Home and Garden".

Cpl. McManus is the only snorer in Barracks II since Pfc. Taliaferro left for a furlough on the Texas prairie.

Sgt. Palasek has had his boys out practicing baseball and it really looks as though the Medics are of championship calibre so the other Units had better beware.

F/SGT. TOM SHANLEY GETS UNCLE SAM'S GREETING ON THE ODDEST DAY OF THE YEAR

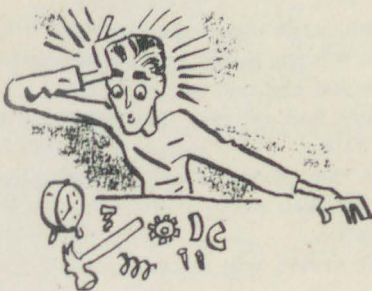


When the postman rang the bell at the Shanley home in New Haven it almost became embarrassing. It was only a co-incidence that it was April Fool's day. Shanley thought at first it was a gag—"So somebody is trying to kid me, eh," Tom figured, "but that signature at the bottom looked like it meant business." And it did.

In cartoons, First Sergeants are always bellowing all over the place, but F/Sgt. Shanley knocks that idea for a loop. Quiet, tall and calm, the biggest problem is to get him to talk—especially about himself.

Thomas Joseph Shanley is the son of an American born plumber and a daughter of Old Erin. He certainly couldn't have had a lonesome childhood. The Shanley brood added up to seven girls and two boys.

After making the four-year circuit at Commercial High in 1925, Tom began to look for a bit of jingle in his jeans. Quickly snaring a job with the New Haven R. R. he was soon handling way bills. But this was just a passing fancy. Tom explains, "After a couple months they started changing my hours to nights . . . and that was out. A fellow has got to have some time to kick around."



In the summer, funds ran low again. This time the New Haven Clock was nicked for a job. "Making parts for watches was easy—but when I tried to put the clocks together, I always had extra parts left over." Again Tom started looking for greener fields. Some of the boys in the plant were thinking of taking a civil service exam. It sounded okay to Tom, so he got in on the deal.

In October 1928, Shanley was appointed to the Post Office as a clerk. For 13 years he has popped up in back of the stamp window, registered mail and dashed off money orders and finally ended in the cashier's office.

Years of patient waiting at a window, while heckling customers, loaded with bundles holding crying babies and asking for \$1.15 worth of 1½ cent stamps has given him inner calm.

Each day his long lean frame (6 ft. 1½ in.) and the distinguishing white streak in his hair can be seen bending over his desk, straightening out his men. "He's the workingest First Sergeant I've ever seen," Smitty, a clerk in the orderly room, chimed in.

Tom was married to his very charming wife on July 14, 1943, when he was on a furlough in New Haven. His chief relaxation is reading week old newspapers—the New Haven Register. His family sends them to him in weekly bundles. Curling up in a corner he burries himself in the pages . . . and goes back in memories to his home town, enjoying the familiar names.

UNIT NO 3

"Down On The Line"

CPL. SEIDMAN

Summer has finally enfolded us in her warm embrace. Down here on the line the men turn their faces to the ultra-violet rays and dream of swimming in crystal-clear pools, fishing expeditions and canoe trips. The balmy breeze lazily sweeps across the runways bringing the dust and the faint

odor of the wooded hills in the distance. M/Sgt. Randolph inspects his gardens and scratches his head and worries about the temperamental qualities of grass seeds. Mr. Powell whips through the gate and down the road through the trees on his shiny new motorcycle. Sgt. Mills of TAMI sports a very cool looking haircut and grins as the fellows give him a Nazi salute. Lt. Craig concedes to the thermometer reading and dons cool sun-tans. Mr. Parker worries about tires for his car. S/Sgts. Carrier and Cooper tell tall tales about a fishing foray into the Maine woods. Pvt. Vermes plays love songs on his "sweet potato" . . . Yes summer is really with us.

Sadly we mark the transfer of Lt. Cleveland A. Barker to Unit No. 4. As Adjutant to Major Pettee, Lt. Barker impressed the men of Unit No. 3 as a top-notch officer and a regular fellow. Unit No. 3 has lost an excellent adjutant, but Unit No. 4 has acquired a praiseworthy Commanding Officer. Best of luck in your new command, Lieutenant.

Your special attention is directed to the Post Personality column of this issue of the Observer. Dow Field's foremost First Sergeant is featured with photograph and brief personal history. Yes—Unit No. 3, OUR first sergeant made the newspaper this week.

Cpl. Arone, Pfc. Schafer and Pvt. Helmken are engaged in a bitter virility contest. They are competing to determine who can raise a moustache in the shortest time. Daily measurements with Vernier calipers are taken.

Pfc. John C. Martin our energetic mail orderly finds his life is a conflict between two sacks. One is "the mail sack and the other is—"

And with a parting comment that the modernistic night club with the Roman arches and pastel painting is not the Diamond Horseshoe but our own Post Exchange, we take off till next week.

Manchester, Mo. (CNS)—Mary Louise Carr, 15, is back home in Manchester after a 1,200 mile train trip to New York. She undertook to marry a "pen pal" she had never seen but had been corresponding with for over a year. Mary returned when she discovered that her "pal" was another 15-year-old girl.

Books

LIBRARY HOURS: 9:00 A. M. to 10:00 P. M.

Typewriting Charts:

We have some small wall charts for you "would be" typists and also for those who would like to improve their speed. Just yours for the asking at the Library.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH SELECTIONS YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS—

by Catherine Bowen

An outstanding biography of Justice. Holmes and his family.

THE APOSTLE by Sholem Asch

This fine novel based on the life of St. Paul will take its place along with the Nazarene by the same author. No one will finish the Apostle without a greater understanding of the meaning of Christianity.

A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AVIATION by John Goldstrom

The author has been an observer of aviation since its beginnings, has traveled by airplane over fourteen countries and has participated in the making of some of the history of which he writes.

Best Seller List of the Base Library:

Congo Song by Stuart Cloethe
Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Betty Smith
Strange Fruit—Lillian Smith
The Robe—Lloyd Douglas
In Bed We Cry—Ilka Chase
Undercover—John Caelson
Burma Surgeon—Dr. Seagrave
Liana—Martha Gellhorn



DOW FIELD'S

Khaki Komics

The nudist lady with varicose veins went to the masquerade ball as a road map.

* * *

Fortune Teller: You have very peculiar lines.

Woman: Listen, I came here to have my fortune told not to have my lines criticized.

* * *

Women are wise about facts and figures. A girl with a good figure soon learns the facts.

* * *

Their topkick was so hard, they said he wasn't born—he was quarried.

* * *

Said the little black spider
To the little red ants:
Let's play tag
"In der fuehrer's pants."

* * *

Judge: What induced you to strike your wife?

Defendant: Well, she had her back to me, she was bent over; the frying pan was handy; and the backdoor was open. So, I thought I'd take a chance.

U. S. Airmen Have 4 to 1 Edge on Japs

South Pacific (CNS) — U. S. fliers in the Pacific and Asiatic theaters of war have a four to one edge on the Japs, according to a report recently released by the Secretary of War. American fliers have destroyed 4,887 Jap planes since the war began while losing 1,214 planes.



Cannibal Cook: Shall I boil the missionary, chief?

Chief: Don't be ridiculous; that's a friar.

* * *

Jitterbug coal is a solid cinder.

* * *

Adam: "What's wrong? Weren't you told to go forth and multiply?"

Two little snakes (blushing): "We can't sir, we're adders!"

* * *

And there's the one about the man who spent \$1,000 to get rid of halitosis only to find that his friends didn't like him anyway.

Let Them Rest in Peace

CPL. ARCHIE SILVER

We've done our best to stop
The Nazi steam-roller.

On missions of life and death,
We've sent our boys to Germany,
To Schweinfurt and such strange-named places

To keep their ball-bearing plants from functioning.

And now the question arises
Whether neutral nations

Can make a profit from the death of our youth

And still remain our friends.

With every ounce of unspilt blood,
We cry out "NO!"

It's total war we fight. No politics
Or business rivalry

Can interfere with our feud against mass murder.

The stakes are high.

The men who got ground under tanks
with

Swedish ore inside their guts


Just wanted peace and happiness
Like you and me.

If they find out that they have died in vain.

That they were killed by "friendly"
Swedish steel

In battle

Their unrest will be eternal.



Chaplain Lucius Waite

CATHOLIC

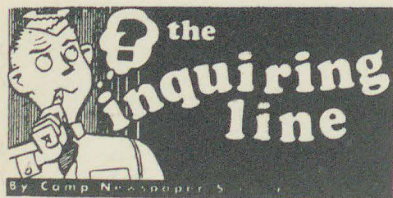
Sunday masses 0730 and 1130
Thursday services 1830

PROTESTANT

Sun 1000 wed vespers 1900

JEWISH

Friday Evening 1900



Q. I'm in a post hospital where I have been confined since contracting venereal disease. My pay has been stopped, of course, but I'm worried about my wife's allowance. Has that been stopped too?

A. No. Loss of pay during absence of duty caused by a venereal disease does not stop allowances of pay to dependents under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act. The same applies to insurance payments, which are continued by the Army and later collected from the GI when he is restored to duty.

Q. Can you give me some dope on the Armed Forces Institute's "accreditation" service, whereby soldiers can be aided in securing post-war employment in the Federal Civil Service?

A. Well, in a nutshell, this service is conducted by the AFI to help GIs who are seeking Civil Service jobs. By putting their Army training or experience on record now, veterans who later apply for Federal jobs will be able to receive full credit, in appropriate Civil Service exams, for skills acquired in the armed forces. To be accredited, these skills need not be acquired in connection with an Institute course but may be the result of any Army training or experience. For more data on this service, write to the Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wis.

USO PROGRAM

MONDAY 5 JUNE

Game night—Pool, ping pong, dancing to records.

TUESDAY 6 JUNE

BINGO NIGHT—Cash prizes.

WEDNESDAY 7 JUNE

Nathan Hale Dance—Dancing to the music of Bill Deacon and his Southernaires. 8:30 to 12:00

THURSDAY 8 JUNE

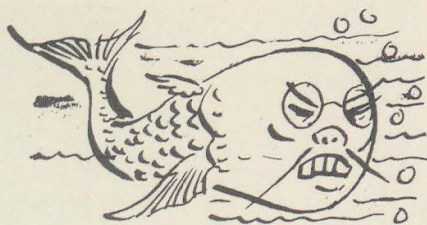
MOVIE NIGHT—"HERS TO HOLD", Deanna Durbin, Joseph Cotton.

FRIDAY 9 JUNE

JOAN MUTTY'S DANCING CLASS—LETTER on a record.

SATURDAY 10 JUNE

HOME SWEET HOME DANCE—Radio broadcast and dance, 8:30 to 12. Watie Akins and his band.

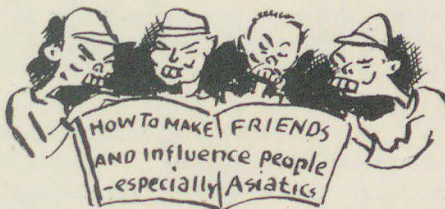


Influence of Fish On The Japanese Mentality

CPL. ARCHIE H. SILVER

Contrary to the belief that it is brain food, fish, the main staple of the Japanese diet, is often mental poison to them. The overabundance of iodine in oceanic fish affects the thyroid gland in youth and thus prevents a natural development of the human body. Since the Japanese, therefore, are so small in stature as a people, it has affected their whole attitude towards life. Like the Lilliputians in GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, they are suffering from an inferiority complex and try to compensate for their feeling of smallness by being aggressive. They are interested in anything like ju-jitsu which will give them the edge on the bigger man.

Their treatment of American prisoners may be traced to their jealousy of the latter's wonderful physique. They foolishly believed that by torturing superior Allied soldiers, they proved themselves to be better men.



Now that everybody knows, due to recent exposes, how they acted, the Japanese are adopting a more tolerant attitude towards our men. They do not wish to be considered barbarians by the rest of the world, especially, the Asiatics. This desire to be regarded as a great cultural nation as well as a mighty military power is as much a part of the Japanese way of life as the fish on which they live. Perhaps, if they could find a protein substitute for fish to feed their children, the Japanese would become a more normal-sized and less abnormal-minded people.

Editorial

The AAF Aid Society

Just imagine yourself in the post-war world. You're gonna look for a job. Right? Maybe you'll have a few financial worries hanging around your neck. Well, you won't be alone, fella. Who's going to help? There's one place that you can probably find some answers. The AAF Aid Society. Ever hear of it? Well, give a listen.

When the Army Emergency Relief was first formed, the idea was to help men in the service with their financial troubles. When a man gets into a tough spot, needs some dough to see him through, the AER officer checks up and if it's okay the man gets the cash. This, however, applies only DURING THE WAR AND SIX MONTHS. It's AFTER the war that the AAF Aid Society starts in.

When questions like "where can I get a job,—how can my dependents get an education" start popping, you will know the answer. The AAF Aid Society.

Where are they going to get the money? That's a good question. You, you and you will provide the answer. You're going to dig down deep—because you know that you may be in a spot yourself. You're going to shell out the cash because—when the shouting's all over—make no mistake—there is going to be a tremendous need. That brings us to the "what is the cost" department.

Four classes of memberships have been set up. "Patron" members pay \$100, "Life" members pay \$50, with no further dues. "Benefactor" members pay \$5 per year and members-at-large \$1. The Special Service Office will give you further information.

Give this serious thought, men, keeping in mind General Arnold's slogan, "the Army Air Forces takes care of its own."

Private: Someone wants you on the telephone, I think.

Sergeant: You think! Don't you know?

Private: Well, she said, "Is that you, you sweet old idiot?"

Chinese Magician Cuts Girl In Half With Rope Trick

During the U.S.O. camp show on Friday May 27 at building T-6 the Special Service Center, "MING" the famous Chinese magician startled an audience of Dow Field fun-seekers as he actually appeared to cut a woman in half with a rope and a magic wand.

His first move was to put the rope through both sleeves of the young lady's jacket with a magic wand tied in the center, then with a little twist of the rope she was cut in half. A comment from a G.I. in the crowd was "AMUSING BUT CONFUSING." Some of his other feats of magic were with cards, bowls of rice and water, handkerchiefs and pulling cigarettes out of the air.

Donna Louise, the blonde bombshell from Long Island, who had all the G.I. wolves glaring at her like the bobby socked gals glare at Sinatra, featured the song "For I'm Falling in Love". Miss Louise was so lovely with her Oomphy body and captivating beauty that two G.I.'s fell off their chairs as she looked at them.

Olive Faye, the M. C. and tap dancer, bare legs and all did various numbers and clowned with the greatest finesse and took the fancy of all the wolves who appreciate feminine pulchritude.

Ronnie Street, the 25-year-old midget with the English accent, was the comedy star as he had the audience howling throughout his act with a few jokes and songs about his size.

Johnnie Stein featured the accordion with an assorted array of old time numbers with the G.I.'s joining in to make a community sing out of his act. He also accompanied the rest of the cast with his talented fingers on the piano.



U.S.O. Camp show stars wow G. I.'s at T-6. They are, left to right: Olive Faye, M. C. and tap dancer; Johnnie Stein, accordionist and pianist; Ronnie Street, midget and comedian; Ming the Magician; and Donna Louise, blonde torch singer

Medics Complete Program Of Training Dow Men

Under the supervision of Major Sidney Adelson, Hospital plans and Training Officer, the Medical Training program came to a successful conclusion last week.

The course covered all the vital medical subjects, each speaking especially qualified to discuss his field.

Lt. Colonel Alfred Beard explained dental hygiene and making very clear the dangers of neglecting your teeth.

Major Sidney Adelson conducted the outdoor demonstration on sanitation as well as generally handling the entire course.

Major Coburn Campbell specialized in First Aid, making liberal use of charts and illustrations.

Captain Louis Kaplan lectured on personal adjustments (reported in the May 20 Observer).

Captain Harold Rubin did some straight talking on the subject of Sex Hygiene.

The course lasted 16 days, classes alternating so that each man attended eight lectures.



IF the ground around your concealment is dry, try to wet it down or cover it over as the dust raised by the blast of your weapon may be more apparent to the enemy than the flash.

THIS PAPER USES CAMP NEWSPAPER SERVICE

COLONEL S. F. LANDERS

Commanding Officer

The news material appearing herein is prepared and edited by personnel of Dow Field. In many cases, columns or editorials are presented as personal opinions, are identified as such, and are in no way to be construed as representing 'Official' information or opinions of the United States Army.

News matter pertaining to Dow Field, at Bangor, Maine is available for general releases.

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Cpl. C. Hammond S/Sgt. J. B. Reed

LIFE SAVERS



DRIVERS shouldn't turn their vehicles around at a concealed position but should continue on to a normal turning point as the tracks may disclose the location to the enemy.

POEM

A soldier returning from Maine
Got horribly sick on the train.
Not once but again
And again and again
And again and again and AGAIN!

1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



PLAYING THIS WEEK

POST THEATRE

Saturday 3 June
STARS ON PARADE..Lynn Merrick
GAMBLER'S CHOICE....C.Morris

Sunday & Monday 4 & 5 June
THIS IS THE LIFE..D.O'Connor
Cartoon & Movietone News

Tuesday 6 June
THREE MEN IN WHITE..L.Barrymore
Cartoon & Teddy Powell Band

Wednesday 7 June
COBRA WOMAN..J.Hall,M.Montez
Three Additional Features

Thursday & Friday 8 & 9 June
THE EVE OF ST. MARK..A.Baxter
Movietone News & Feature

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

2 Shows nightly 1800 2000
Sunday matinee 1400

Male Call

DON'T LET ALL THEM STRIPES ON OL' HITCH FOOL YOU, MISS LACE! HE WAS A SANDPOUNDER IN THE COAST GUARD BEFORE TH' NAVY TOOK IT OVER AN' MADE IT RESPECTABLE!

YEAH- HITCH WAS A SURFMAN! WENT AROUND RESCUIN' PEOPLE-OR SO IT SAID IN THE PRE-WAR NEWSREELS!

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING PERSON... WILL YOU SHOW ME, ADMIRAL?



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

WELL, SAY I HAD TO GO INTO THE WATER AFTER YOU-AND YOU GRABBED ME AROUND THE NECK



I'D BREAK YOUR HOLD BY PUSHING YOUR CHIN AND SLIPPING UNDER YOUR ARM...



Son Of The Beach

THEN I COULD TOW YOU BY THE CHIN OR THE HAIR -BUT THE BEST WAY IS LIKE THIS...



OKAY, OKAY-Y! GOTTA BE SMART T'BE IN THE COAST GUARD...



Former Commdr. Of Dow Field Awarded D. S. M.

Brigadier General Carl W. Connell, commanding officer of Dow Field from April 29, 1941, to January 28, 1942, has just been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, according to a War department press release. Brigadier General Connell, a native of Alabama, and then a colonel, came here from his former station as commanding officer of Puerto Rico's Borinquen Field. He has been in the Air Forces for 27 years, and served all over the world.

General Connell received his Distinguished Service Medal in the same order with Lieut. General Ira C. Eaker, Major General Charles C. Chauncey, and three other brigadier generals.

The citation reads as follows: "As commander of the Fifth Air Force Service Command in the Southwest Pacific area from October 19, 1942, to August 29, 1943, he established a highly efficient system of supply and maintenance for the Fifth Air Force. With great energy and foresight he set up aircraft depots and repair centers, improvised equipment and substituted materials in the rearming of aircraft and conceived and constructed useful special equipment. He enlisted the cordial cooperation of Australian civilian and military authorities, and so skillfully organized repair and maintenance facilities that he contributed in great measure to the notable aerial victories achieved during this critical period. From August, 1943, to February 11, 1944, he commanded with marked success U. S. Army service elements of a task force whose mission was to carry out the logistical support of ground and air operations against Loe and Finschhafen. Although handicapped by frequent enemy aerial attacks he rapidly constructed extensive air fields, important roads and major port facilities, and instituted effective sanitary measures in a disease infected sector. His efficiency, leadership and untiring effort on these difficult assignments enabled him to make a conspicuous contribution to the success of operations."

He was named brigadier general June 14, 1942

Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats

And Hitler smells like herring.

We won't be sore when he's no more

And that goes too for Goering.



BRIG. GEN CARL W. CONNELL

UNIT NO 2

PFC. EMIL SALKAY

The intra-unit softball competition is fast developing into a real feud. In the first game between the Cossos and the Johnsons the superior hurling of S/Sgt. Cosso was the deciding factor in a one-sided victory for his team. However, the game was also highlighted by some snappy playing on the part of the Johnsons. The score of this game will not be mentioned. In the second game, a team headed by T/Sgt. Johnson tangled with another headed by 1st Sgt. Shellhorse and was fought to the bitter end with the former coming out on top by another unmentionable score. This game featured the heavy hitting of Pfc. Leonard Gimble, who seems to have something on the ball.

PICTURE OF A CUTE GIRL—She first became acquainted with soldiers at Fort Dix, New Jersey, where she became the pet of all G.I.'s who loved her so much that when they were shipped out they smuggled her with them to their new station. She was a beautiful baby with trim lines and big eyes. When this group, to which she had become attached moved to Presque Isle with this gorgeous along and this time she lived right in the barracks with them. Next stop was Houlton and then back again to Presque Isle with this gorgeous creature tagging right along. Finally they arrived at Dow Field where she again captivated all those she came in contact with. You've probably seen

her roaming around the field, her sleek body shining in the sun. She answers to the name of "Character", a very friendly mongrel.

Quite a few years ago in Texas a message was rushed to a young man that he was the father of a bouncing boy. "That's fine!" was his only reaction. Today, almost twenty-four years later one of Texas' greatest contributions to the war effort is Pfc. Fine Williams, of Grand Saline, Texas.

Corporals Brown and Stein, the inseparable, being very much basketball minded, challenge one and all to a showdown game. The only reservations they make is that the other team be headed by Cpl. Sidney Miller of Unit 3, for whose blood they thirst.

The new Barrack leaders of T-11, S/Sgts. Wally Stone and Jimmy Mayne have made a vow that their building will be the trimmest of them all even if they have to do all the work themselves. We're sure, however, that the rest of the boys feel the same way and will do their utmost to cooperate.

Cpl. Herman Mittleman has a woe-begone expression ever since that "no gambling in the barracks" edict was posted. But think of all the money you'll be saving, Herman.

Stratford, Conn., was pleasantly surprised by a short visit from Sgt. Herbert Scripture.

If you notice that your section is not represented in this column why not do something about it? It's simple. Just jot down the details of some interesting or humorous incident and leave it with 1st Sgt. Biros at the orderly room. We're sure the rest of the fellows will enjoy reading it.



London — Bruce Barrow, a British soldier, was fined \$12 for speeding down a London street in a self-propelled invalid chair during a blackout.

Phoenix, Ariz. (CNS)—Arizona state police are combing the state for a cross-eyed bandit who specializes in raiding diners along the state highways. It is his custom to step into a diner, order a sandwich and then wave his gun at the counterperson while gazing out the window.