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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

6-18-1944

June 18, 1944

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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...—Dow Field...—
OBSERVER

VOL. II

FATHERS DAY ISSUE

NO. 13



S. ROSENTHAL

FATHERS DAY

General George Lauds Winter Work of NAW

I am writing this letter to all officers and enlisted men of the North Atlantic Wing in order to pass along the recent praise given us for our job in delivering tactical aircraft to the European theatre last winter. I wish it were possible for me to give each of you a copy of a letter from Major General Harold L. George, but the high security classification of his message would confine it to only a few of those concerned. Such limited distribution would be unfair to all the others who shared in last winter's work and who now should rightfully share in this encouraging commendation.

General George points out that this Wing successfully accomplished an assigned mission of delivering a given number of tactical aircraft "in spite of weather conditions which reached all the extremes of the winter season." In commenting that the Wing "established a record for safe delivery" during the six-month period from 1 October to 31 March, our Commanding General discloses the impressive information that many thousand "bomber-days" were gained by delivery of these planes over the short North Atlantic route. "So urgent was the need," General George writes, "for tactical aircraft . . . to strike with ever increasing force on the continent of Europe that it was felt the greater risk would be more than compensated by the saving in delivery time."

It is a source of great satisfaction to me that through the efficiency, good judgment and hard work of our men along the route, the admitted risk was translated into a record for safety.

Anything short of goals set for us is not the way of this Wing. What General George said was good enough last winter may not be good enough today. The war is setting new standards of fury and with its speed-up over there we must expect corresponding new goals in our job of the delivery of the materials of battle. My thanks and good wishes to all of you.

L. G. FRITZ

Colonel, Air Corps
Commanding

Harrisburg, Pa. (CNS)—An insurance company clerk opened a plain envelope. Inside was \$1,000—and nothing else. No one knows who sent it or why.



Mrs. Landers graciously cuts the anniversary cake while Col. Landers lends her his moral support

Presque Isle to Meet Bombers On Sunday

The Dow Field Bombers will play their first home game of the season when they meet in a double-header with the Presque Isle Army Air Base nine this Sunday at Brewer Athletic Field. Staff Sergeant Ed Thomas, coach of the Bombers, is counting on his veteran pitcher, S/Sgt. Bobbie Roe, to win the first game for the local G.I.'s.

In the second game he intends to use either Pfc. Delano Fox or Pfc. Warren Hoyt on the mound.

The Bomber schedule is fairly complete until mid July but the team is still seeking games for open dates on Saturdays and Sundays to fill the gaps and for the remainder of the season.

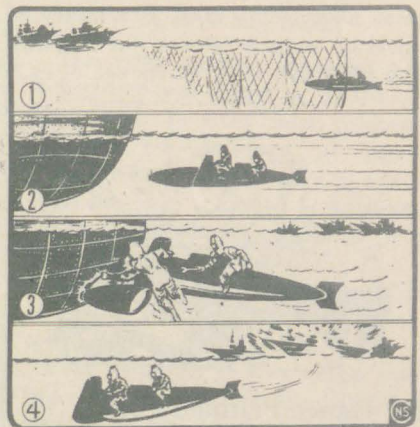
Following the double-header with Presque Isle on June 11, they will travel to Dexter to play the Dexter Boys' club on June 18. July 4, 9 and 15 they play the Fay and Scott team. The first game will be played at Dexter on the Fay and Scott company's field day.

A tentative return game is being worked out with Presque Isle, and the Bombers are also considering a game with the G. I. Grenier Field team of Manchester, N. H.

According to S/Sgt. Thomas the Dow Field teams will be handicapped in this Sunday's game because "Red" Carcich, the Bombers' hard-hitting catcher whose average is .419, will not be able to play.

The best way to kill time is to work it to death.

How Human Torpedo Works



These sketches show how two British divers operated the Allies' new human torpedo to destroy an Italian cruiser in the harbor of Palermo, Sicily. The tiny sub, operated by two men in diving suits, is shown at top approaching enemy net defenses. Because of its small size, it slips easily through the nets, then speeds toward an enemy ship where the two-man crew attaches the warhead of the torpedo to the ship's hull just below the surface. Then a time fuse is set and the men speed away on their electricity-driven craft. In a few minutes the enemy ship blows up.



Editorial

"A New Kind of Animal"

When the war in Europe began in 1939, Americans believed Germany was going to be licked. They still believe it. One little old man interviewed by the Cleveland Institute who insisted on being classified as "just a dad" symbolized the public's attitude neatly when he said:

"I thought the last war was a mistake, because nobody really gained anything by it. But this war is different. This fellow Hitler is a new kind of animal and I don't think there's going to be room enough in this world for him and me too. That's the funny thing about democracy. Democracy is made up of little fellows like me, and you just can't wipe out enough of us."



Big Dance Planned For Tuesday At Community Center

NEXT Tuesday night the Community Center is planning a gala dance complete with orchestra and lots of beautiful gals.

At this point Miss Rose Shur, the hostess in charge, is toying with the idea of calling it a penny dance. All people are admitted for the price of one penny and later the entire sum of pennies are given away as a door prize to the lucky person.

Norman Lambert's orchestra will furnish the music and beautiful hostesses will be your partners. Refreshments will also be served.

The Community Center also holds dances each week on Sunday nights for the benefit of service men, with refreshments also being served and the gals too are always there.

FRIDAY NIGHTS

There are regular Jewish services every Friday night, for those interested, at 7:00 p. m.—with refreshments afterward.



DOW FIELDS

Khaki Komics

A Code in the Head

Mata Hari, the curvaceous spy,
Employed her charms on many a guy;
So picture a girl with an Army man;
A perfumed room and a soft divan;
Like Mata Hari, she's got the fire
To bend a soldier to her desire,
"Darling," she sighs in voice of elation,
"I hear there's something at your station—

Something which I have sought in vain—

I'll give most anything to obtain!"

"What precious item", he asked with fear,

Do you seek from an Army post, my dear?"

"I want", she exclaimed, "from your PX

A large size box of white Kleenex!"

* * *

UNIT No 3

Down On The Line

By CPL. A. SEIDMAN

Reveille: First Sergeant Shanley shakes his faithful satellite, Pfc. Martin rudly awake and the Unit No. 3 has officially begun. Then follows the routine Maintenance soldier's activity. Flagger planes, fueling, grass cutting, calisthenics, chow, scooting hither and thither, technical training drilling, trouble shooting, and so on till Retreat when Sgt. Van Horn stretches his prodigious bulk across his bunk and sighs with contentment.

Of course there are the nights in town. Working down on the line out in the open air seems to give a man plenty of energy for those delightful social pursuits. S/Sgt. Garavaglia or S/Sgt. Daniels are probably authorities on that subject or perhaps Sgt. Cintron might be approached to give a few pointers on developing a winning personality or "Variations on Answering a Maiden's Prayer."

After Pvt. Hanson appeared in town clad in a natty palm beach outfit plus embossed riding boots with a rakish service cap, a new name was tagged on our Beau Brummel. Henceforth he

Two stuttering blacksmiths heated a piece of steel and placed it on the anvil.

"H-h-h-h-h-i-t it," said one.

"Wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-e-r-e?"

"Oh, h-h-h-h-e-l-l-, now we'll have to h-h-h-h-e-a-t it again."

* * *

A GI was caught by his Mrs.
In a shelter stealing some Krs.
His ardor soon died,
And then he replied,
"What a hell of a mess Thrs."

* * *

A Harvard lad was showing a young visitor from the RAF the sights of Boston. The tour included, of course, the Bunker Hill monument. "This is where Warren fell, you know," he explained.

The English flier shaded his eyes and looked up to the top of the monument. "Nasty drop! Killed, I take it."

will be known as "Dude" Hanson.

A sidelight on the Army Classification technique of "finding the right job for the right man": Pvt. Richard "Weaklip" Swift is an Airplane mechanic according to his Form 20—but sadly enough, "Weaklip" Swift is a trumpet player at heart and no doubt would rather "send with a solid rig" than pull a Preflight. At present, Pvt. Swift is happily blowing his horn on detached service with the Gremlins.

Cpl. Rosenthal and yours truly have entered the Doubles Handball Tournament as the Unit No. 3 representatives.

Sgt. Leo Mossman, Dow Field's Swoon Crooner accompanied by Cpl. Don Zappone, were an important portion of "G.I. Joe and G.I. Jane," presented at the Bangor Opera House. They may be going with the cast on a road trip of the show.

Well it's press time and as a parting reminder the words of the Major—"Do it now because Now is too late—"

New York. (CNS) — There's a law in New York against selling policy slips. But Minnie Doliner, of the Bronx, thought she could beat the law by writing the policy numbers on her thigh with indelible pencil. Minnie's in the cooler now—and the numbers have been preserved as evidence in photographs.

DOW FIELD'S *Post Personality*

F/SGT. DEAN GROVE GIVES OUT ON THE INSIDE STORY OF RELAXING IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



As an infantry Pfc., Dean Grove arrived in the lush and romantic Hawaiian Islands in 1934. The 21st infantry was assigned to the job of defending the palm-studded Paradise, tossing in a few maneuvers as well. For the most personal angles, Grove decided it was the perfect place for relaxation when off duty.

"The temperature usually stayed about 80 degrees in the shade all year 'round. Of course, it rained, probably once a day somewhere in the islands but nothing serious. No deluges or terrible tropical downpours. A perfect climate!" Grove insisted.

"What about native girls?" we drooled.

F/Sgt. Grove grinned and confided, "Well, most of them were barefooted—some very beautiful too—but they didn't walk around in hula skirts all day. They were dressed up just like our own working girls. The only grass-skirted gals were in shows. As far as marrying them—a guy had to have 8 years of service, be at least a buck sergeant and then have the permission of his C.O."

"Then there was the food," Grove continued, "when there was a big feast, Aloha dinner it's called, they pile up plenty of chow. Baked fish, pork roasted in open pits and then finished off with poi. Poi is sorta like a pudding—on the sweet side. There's one finger, two finger, and three finger poi; depending on how thick the mixture was. You scoop it up and eat it with your fingers."

Grove spent two years in this glamor-land, but it wasn't all a push-over. Guard duty and drill on an island

90 miles in circumference. However, every six months they were given a 15-day furlough at a rest camp called Hilo. They took steam baths in shacks built over deep cracks in the earth, the steam seeping through. And then there was Koena, the black sand beach. "When I got home," Grove laughed, "I poured some of the sand on my sister's snow white table cloth. She almost had a fit."



"During our Hawaiian tour of duty, we only had one alert. That was when Mauna Loa, a live volcano, erupted. The lava poured down through the terrorized villages, but our outfit didn't get there until the lava had cooled. Later we climbed some of the extinct volcanos and discovered goats living inside the crater. We never did find out how they got there."

Dean Henderson Grove started life in Hollidaysburg, Penna. During his two years in High, he managed to make end on the third team—a team that "knocked the spots off the first team."

After a couple of months in a stone quarry, Grove went into the Army. Receiving acceptance at Altoona, he enlisted at Harrisburg. Impressed with the magic charm of the South Seas, he asked for Pacific duty. He was shipped to Fort Slocum, N. Y., in the Infantry unassigned. In 1934, Dean headed for the shores of Honolulu as a member of the 21st Infantry Co. K.

His next overseas assignment was Ft. William D. Davis in Panama, guarding the Gatun Lock. "At first it looked like the sun came up from the West, and set in the Atlantic. They also have a left-handed drive. One day I came near being clipped as I

watched the traffic coming the wrong way," Grove said. **5**

In 1939, Dean re-enlisted at Harrisburg, Pa., and was assigned to Co. C 34th Infantry, Ft. Meade, Md., was transferred to DEML, Recruiting Service, Baltimore, Md.

A short time later he was transferred to the Air Corps, arriving in Newfoundland as a supply sergeant.

At Dow Field, he is the First Sergeant of Unit No. 4. He is married and lives in Bangor.

Hunting and fishing and a little photography add up to recreation for him.

THIS PAPER USES CAMP NEWSPAPER SERVICE

COLONEL S. F. LANDERS

Commanding Officer

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Editor—S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

Asst. Editor—Pvt. Robert Glicklin

Photos by Base Photo Lab.

Artist—Cpl. Sheldon Rosenthal

Lithography

Sgt. C. X. Jackson Pvt. Irving Russo

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



Seattle—The Stethoscope, a naval hospital newspaper, offered a prize to anyone who could identify Betty Grable's leg in a layout of gam-art pictures. The chaplain won.

Wichita, Kans. (CNS)—When one inmate of the city jail reported the loss of his false teeth, a jail-wide dragnet was spread. The choppers were recovered from the mouth of a trusty.

OLD MAIL BAGS

CPL. THEO "CHINK" TOOMBS

Sounds in the Night . . .

Moses Smith's picture in the window of that photo studio next to the Opera House . . .

Seems as if the softball team has fallen into a slump, although they do put over a game or two ever so often, I really think they need a little more practice . . .

What happened to Alfred (Please don't hit me again) Samuels? He was coming in on a frantic "Boogie" when his better half met him with her version of the Jersey Bounce . . .

S/Sgt. Grant has turned to the art of interior decorating, and the old supply house really looks good for his efforts . . .

Reggie Pinn back in solid with Miss R. During the time that he was on the shelf there was no getting along. Seems as if a letter was sent to Reggie and now everything is on the ball again . . .

G.I. Trocerdero (P.X.) is to open next week. Understand some of the married couples are planning a beer party when it opens . . .

Seems as if S/Sgt. Bayshire and the boys had quite a trip on the way down to that school in La. (I'll let them tell you about it when they return).

Is James Jackson contemplating spending his furlough in Canada? (I really don't think so, but some of the fellows are laying odds.)

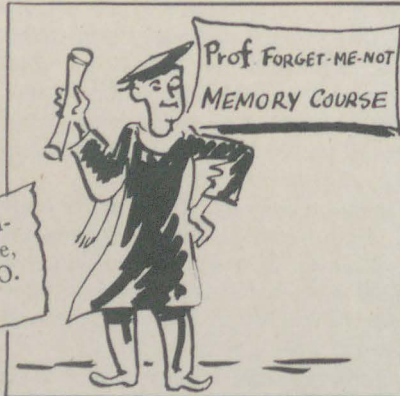
Hasta La Vista,
"Chink"



Chicago (CNS)—Ingrid Olson, blonde and beautiful, was offered a job as model by the operator of a magazine shop. When she discovered that the man wanted her to pose unclad she knocked him down, handcuffed him and hauled him into the station house. Ingrid is a policewoman and has had judo training.



A happily married couple if ever we saw one. Colonel and Mrs. Landers enjoy a quiet moment at their silver anniversary dinner.





PROCLAMATION 2614

Flag Day, 1944

By the President of the United States
of America

A PROCLAMATION

For many years June 14 has been set aside as Flag Day, observed throughout the Nation as a day of earnest dedication to those high principles of humanity and civilization which constitute the foundations of the Republic.

It is not necessary to recite that the stars and stripes of our flag symbolize the patriotic and loyal unity of one hundred and thirty-five million people in a widely diversified land. Nor is it necessary to dwell on the struggles through which we have marched, under that flag, to our present great part in the world's affairs. What we are, and what we do, speak of these things far more eloquently than any words.

Ours is a flag of battles. On the ships of our Navy, in the vanguard of our soldiers and marines, it is carrying liberation and succor into stricken lands. It is carrying our message of promise and freedom into all corners of the world.

Ours is also a flag of peace. Under its protection, men have found refuge from oppression. Under its promise, men have found release from hatreds and prejudice, from exploitation and persecution. It is the flag under which men and women of varied heritage, creed, and race may work and live, or if need be, fight and die together as only free men and women can.

Let us then display our flag proudly, knowing that it symbolizes the strong and constructive ideals—the democratic ideals—which we oppose to the evil of our enemies. Let us display our flag, and the flags of all the United Nations which fight beside us, to symbolize our joint brotherhood, our joint dedication, under God, to the cause of unity and the freedom of men.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, President of the United States of America, do hereby ask that on Flag Day, June 14, 1944, the people of our Nation honor especially the members of the armed forces—men and women equally—whose unflinching devotion to our national

ideals has given the Nation's flag a new and hopeful meaning for those struggling against oppression in lands still held by our enemies.

I direct the officials of the Federal Government and I request the officials of the State and local governments to have our colors displayed on all public buildings on Flag Day, and I urge the people of the United States on that day to fly the American flag from their homes, and to arrange, where feasible, for joint displays of the emblems of the freedom-loving United Nations without whose staunch collaboration we could not have hoped for victory.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed.

DONE at the city of Washington this 3rd day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and sixty-eighth.

(Seal)

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

By the President:

CORDELL HULL,

Secretary of State.

UNIT NO 4

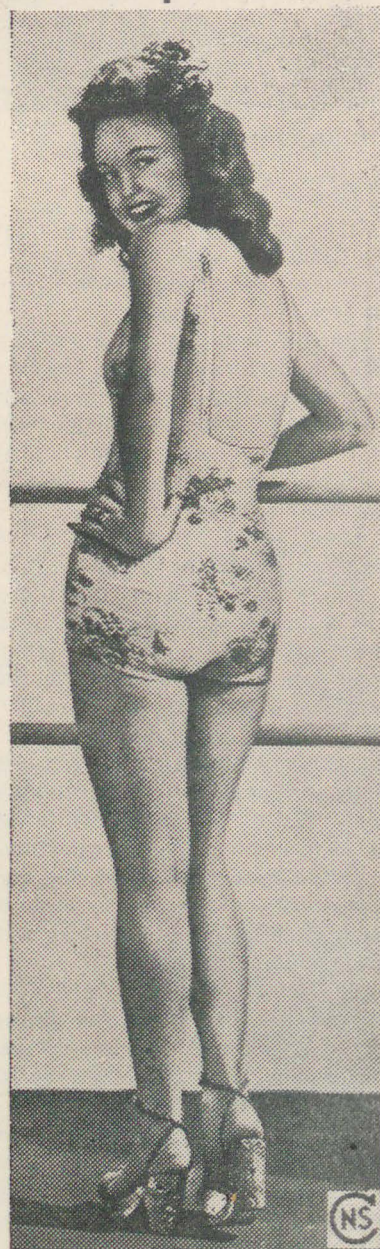
PFC. MARTIN HAGOPIAN

S/Sgt. Roberts was seen cruising around in a 1942 Buick! What's the story?? . . . I wonder where Pvt. Triantaphillou got those sweet bumps on his head??? He must have had a rough night. . . . S/Sgt. Freeman was inspecting the latrine in T-39 and he found an automobile radiator there. Owner, please take notice! . . . Sgt. Shaner recently spent a three-day pass in the thriving city of Bangor. It must be some town. . . . Cpl. Hoffman has switched from straight Coca-Cola to pure "ale". . . . Pvt. "Dick" Duncan and Pvt. Fleming are going steady now. Pvt. "Dick's" favorite, or should I say, usual question is, "Have you got a cigarette?" . . . We are all glad to see that Pvt. Hodges has rejoined the outfit again. . . . Apparently, Cpl. Mengle still thinks he is in the Tank Destroyers and the MP recon is a half-track. . . . They have finally put S/Sgt. Mayo to work.

"Sweetheart, I love you terribly."

"You certainly do."

Comin' Up!



(Mat 91-546)

This is Janice Hansen, 17, of Union City, N. J., who recently won \$1,000 in War Bonds for having the most beautiful legs in New Jersey. She's going to show them to soldiers in camps all over the U. S. in a forthcoming coast-to-coast tour.

Italian PW Nabs Nazi In British Turnip Patch

England (CNS)—An Italian prisoner of war was pitching hay in an English farmyard when he saw a German flier parachute into a turnip bed. Pitchfork in hand, the Italian marched his erstwhile ally into the custody of the local constabulary.

Know Your OFFICERS

Major John T. Pettee C. O. of Unit No. 3

Major Pettee, newly appointed Plans and Training Officer, has had plenty of experience both in training and actual warfare.

Born in Boston, Mass., he attended English High and had just completed two years at Massachusetts State when World War I broke out. Major Pettee was made a corporal serving with the Headquarters Battery, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division.

After the war, he returned to college, completing the course in 1920.

In civilian life, Major Pettee was salesmanager for the Harding Uniform and Regalia Co. in Boston for eight years. He later established a business of his own, retailing oil burners in Cambridge, Mass.

Meanwhile the Major had joined the National Guard in the field artillery unit. On 10 December, 1934, he was called to active duty and commissioned a second lieutenant. When the First Army went to New York State for maneuvers, Lt. Pettee was right in the thick of it.

His division was federalized on 16 January 1941, at which time he was placed in command of the Headquarters battery, 180th Field Artillery. On 1 June 1941, he became commander of D Battery, remaining at this post until he was transferred to the Air Forces in December 1941. His new station was Presque Isle, arriving on 10 Jan. 1942 where he was appointed Provost Marshal until 1 Jan. 1943.

Relieved from this assignment, Major Pettee took command of the 494th Base Headquarters and Base Squadron, later designated as Unit No. 1, Station 2. He remained in command until his transfer to Dow Field on 3 April 1944 and shortly after was appointed C. O. of the Air Base Squadron. At present he is C.O. of Unit No. 3, Plans and Training Officer and President of the Special Court.

Major Pettee's chief pride and joy is his family. Six boys and three girls. John T. Jr., the oldest boy at 21 years old is a S/Sgt. in the Air Forces in Italy. He was in the big convoy to Africa, landing in Casablanca, later

studying gunnery at a school in Oran. Now he is a gunner on a B-26. Joseph A. is 18 years old, in the Navy since his 17th birthday, seaman second class and now in England ready for the invasion.

Major Pettee's favorite relaxation is brushing up on military history.

UNIT NO 2

By PFC. EMIL SALKAY

There seems to be a slight controversy among the beauteous, bashful, button belles of Bangor as to the Casanova qualities of certain members of the Weather Squadron. One of these gorgeous, glamorous gals was overheard to complain, "He was tall and handsome but he seemed to be minus something or other." What is this something or other that is lacking in the Weather? Sixty-four vitamins pills will be awarded to the winner of the best answer.

Why does Pvt. Earl Reid wear sunglasses in one part of town and then discard them when in another part? Can it be a multiple love-affair?

Cpl. Dana Heath's personal description of Bangor: The USO building surrounded by streets leading up to it.

Barrack Picture: Sgt. Charlie Kahn trying out a new hair tonic with an optimistic gleam in his eye.

Seen at the USO: Pfc. Tom Chancey, who makes nice progress with his favorite motto: "Take a chance and dance with Chancey."

Cpl. Dom Zappone, after much debate has finally named his Officer's Club band, "The A. T. Cyncopators." Besides playing at the Officer's Club they can also be heard at the NCO Club, births, marriages and if necessary at funerals.

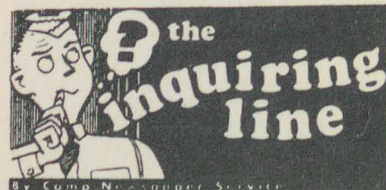
Train conductors and Pvt. Charlie Wightman don't mix. It seems that the conductors don't appreciate his irresistible desire to pull train cords just when the train is speeding along.

S/Sgt. George Brady with a smile, plus a searching look, plus a paper and pencil in his hand equals one detail to be made up from members of Transient Services.

They're still doing it. Another G.I. has gone the way of all flesh. This time it's Cpl. Archie MacGregor who was married Thursday, June 1st to a local lady.

There seems to be a dearth of news in this unit or perhaps where there is

no smoke then the fire must be underground. Let's bring it out in the open fellas. If you know anything of interest just leave it at the orderly room with 1st Sgt. Biros and we'll do the rest. Or else call this reporter at extension 361.



Q. Is it OK for me to wear my decorations, service medals and badges on my khaki shirts during the summer months?

A. It's all right for you to wear fruit salad on your summer shirts, providing the shirt is being worn as an outer garment. AR 600-40, Para. 68a (1) states that decorations "may be worn on the service coat or the shirt when not equipped for combat or simulated combat."

Q. Here's a sticker: I have five dependents, my wife, three children and my mother. Recently my wife divorced me. She receives no alimony. Now I want to marry again. Will my second wife be entitled to receive an allowance and, if so, will my mother and children still be entitled to theirs?

A. If you remarry, your second wife will receive the usual Class A allowance of \$50 a month. Your first wife, not having been granted alimony, will receive no allowance. Your children will continue to receive \$70 a month, \$30 for the first child and \$20 for each of the others. Your mother will continue to receive her allowance, too, provided that her status as a dependent has not changed. There will be no additional deductions from your pay for the Class A allowance to your second wife as you are already paying \$27 a month, which is the maximum amount that may be deducted from a GI's pay.



SATURDAY night isn't the only "Night of the Bath" When in quiet areas take advantage of all opportunities to protect your health by frequent bathing.

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"It was sure—swell of—you—to—get me—a—date too!"

PLAYING THIS WEEK POST THEATRE

Saturday 10 June
THE SCARLET CLAW...B.Rathbone
CALL OF THE SOUTH SEAS...Alan Lane
Sunday & Monday 11 & 12 June
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN...March
Movietone News
Tuesday 13 June
THE MAN FROM FRISCO...Anne Shirley
Cartoon & Traveltalk
Wednesday 14 June
LADIES OF WASHINGTON...T.Marshall
March Of Time & (2) Features
Thursday & Friday.15 & 16 June
GOING MY WAY...Bing Crosby
Movietone News

2 Shows nightly 1800 2000
Sunday matinee 1400

Male Call

HELLO, GENERAL!
YOU' LOOK AS IF
YOU'D JUST
FOUGHT A THOUGHT

I HEARD TODAY
DAT SO-JERS
IS GONNA BE
ALLOWED TO
VOTE! AIN'T
DAT WUNNAFUL?

SURE,
THAT'S
FINE!

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

Knot Hole In Any Party Platform

GENERAL,
I THINK YOU
AND I SHOULD
HAVE A NICE,
LONG TALK...

JIST T'THINK—NOW WE
CAN GIT RID O' DAT SORJINT
NOOLEY—AN' I AIN'T SO
HOT FER DAT LOOTNINT
GURKLE...I THINK WE
SHOULD E-LECT CORPRIL
ROZOONSKY T'BE LOOTNINT
...MEBBE I COULD RUN
FER PFC OR SUMTHIN'...

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UNIT NO 1

HELLO FELLOWS:

Here is your old columnist Cpl. Ken Bishop back in circulation again to give you the news of the day.

RINGS ON HIS FINGERS

Pvt. B.B. Glicklin of Special Services is the ring-est man on the base. So far he has acquired nine rings, all given to him by girls. Knowing about jewelry we can only hazard a guess what they are, but here goes: two diamonds, an emerald, a genuine ruby, an unidentified birthstone (bluish color), a black onyx with a K of C emblem, a friendship, a State of Maine emblem, and finally a wedding ring... that we can't figure out as the guy is still single.

DYNAMITE

Max Mikelk... the sarge is NCO in orientation and a man of dynamic energy. One hour of listening to him speak would convince anyone that he knows what he is talking about... even if you don't.



THE SILVERBRICK

In the past, at present and in the future, my friends and associates have, are and will be calling me a "GOLD-BRICK". That is why I am taking this opportunity of publicly denouncing these misguided creatures. I am not a goldbrick. In fact I consider the term much too commonplace and therefore I hereby change my nickname from "goldbrick" to "SILVERBRICK".

It is quite obvious, that during the absence of my column, Pvt. Roelofs, has been doing a splendid job.

The other evening, while walking in town, I noticed a large crowd, standing on the bridge that crosses the Kenduskeag Stream on Hammond street. Walking over to them I soon appreciated their reason for being there. For in the middle of the stream, was a party of four, a soldier, a civilian, and two women in a row boat equipped with an outboard motor. The soldier was struggling with the outboard, in an obviously futile effort to get it started. His antics soon attracted passers-by and in a few minutes, more than a hundred people were congregated on the bridge.

Most of the spectators felt certain

that the boat would capsize, as the soldier was apparently jumping up and down in rage, tearing his hair and cursing inwardly (there were two women in the boat).

Well, fellows all good stories have to come to an end as this one did. For three sailors appeared on the scene, got in a rowboat, and assisted the four adventurers to the landing stage. Although credit must be given to the Army ingenuity, for upon giving up the outboard as a hopeless proposition, proceeded to shore under his own power, by means of paddling the boat with his hands, until he was within a few feet of the shore. Then the Navy took over.

C Ration Now Available In Seven Tasty Flavors

Washington (CNS)—The Army's C Ration has been improved and made much more tasty, according to a War Department announcement. The new ration has seven meat units instead of the former three. They are meat and beans, meat and vegetable stew, meat and spaghetti, ham, eggs and potatoes, beef and noodles, meat and rice and frankfurters and beans.



Japs Scrape the Barrel, Now They Draft Barons

New York (CNS)—The Japs have begun drafting barons, according to a Tokyo radio broadcast picked up here. The broadcast said that Baron Jujun Furukawa, a Harvard graduate and member of one of Japan's oldest families, had been inducted into the Nipponese Army.

Battle Weary Soldiers Get Breakfast in Bed

Italy (CNS)—Sgt. Saul Jaffe, of New York, has one of the strangest jobs in the army. He serves breakfast in bed to unbelieving GIs recuperating at a villa that has been set aside for Army rehabilitation work here.

Sgt. Jaffe makes his rounds at 10 a.m. every day in the company of a white-coated Italian waiter, who is laden with trays of fruit juice, coffee, bacon and eggs. Soldiers who don't feel like eating in the dining room are served in bed.

Navy's Fighting Fleet Grows to 1,200 Ships

Washington (CNS)—Four years ago the U. S. Navy's fighting strength consisted of 380 ships, according to statistics revealed recently by Rear Adm. Cochrane, chief of the Navy's Bureau of Ships. Today fighting ships of the Navy total 1,200.



Chaplain Lucius Waite

CATHOLIC

Sunday masses 0730 and 1130

Thursday services 1830

PROTESTANT

Sun 1000 wed vespers 1900

JEWISH

Friday Evening 1900