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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

6-28-1943

June 28, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
CALL BASE
OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1943

Vol. No. 57

Dow Field Bombers Take 12 Games in Row

Base Contributes To Blood Bank With Big Group

Officers, WAACs
And Enlisted Men
Respond to Call

Officers, enlisted men and WAACs of Dow Field made a large contribution to the Red Cross blood bank at the Eastern Maine General hospital in Bangor last Wednesday.

A week ago there were no donors in prospect and those in charge of the blood bank feared that it might have to be given up. But an appeal was made to the personnel of Dow Field for donations. The plea brought 75 donors from the Base.

Officers answering the call were Major Ormonde deKay and Lt. Henry Bresky.

The WAAC group was composed of Margaret A. Caldwell, Martha E. Chandler, Ruth Deming, Opal B. Dolcater, Betty J. Foxworthy, Elsie Kown, and Dora Besser Selvin.

Donors among the enlisted men were:

Frederick W. Anderson, Ernest W. Baker, Leo Bakerian, Milton C. Bierman, Kenneth Bishop, Walter E. Boothe, Eugene J. Brewer, Meyer Brown, Joseph J. Bruno, Marian Burkett, Sidney R. Cable, Donald Carey, George H. Carpenter, William P. Colsher, Herbert L. Combes.

Blood Bank

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Sergeant Has Superior Officer He Once Hired

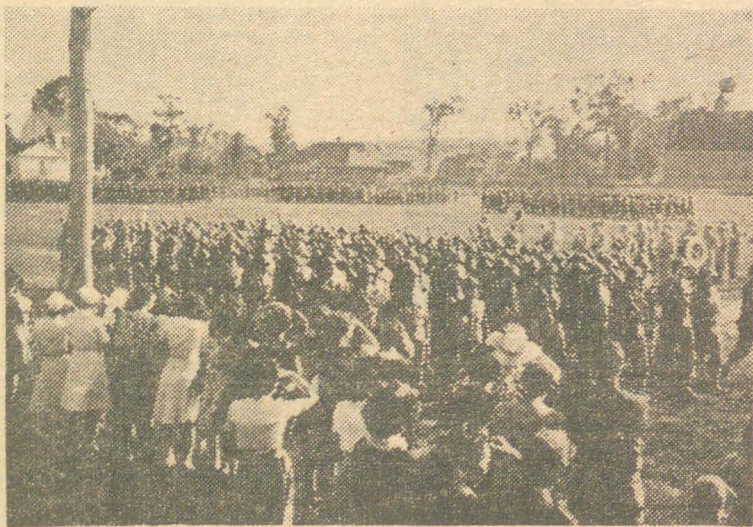
S-Sgt. Leslie White, who left the Base this week, is perhaps one of the few men in the army who had for a superior officer a man he had at one time hired in civilian life. The officer was Major Dow, formerly the utilities engineer at the Base.

While a civilian, Sgt. White was chairman of the city council at Rumford, Me. In that capacity it was necessary for him to hire a city manager. Major Dow applied for the position and Sgt. White hired him.

Then, when he entered the army and came here, he found that Major Dow was to be his superior officer.

Incidentally, there is no connection between the naming of Dow Field and Major Dow.

Engineers Parade At Main Base



Pictured above are the Engineers as they paraded during retreat at the Main Base parade grounds on Thursday. Despite terrific heat of the afternoon they made an excellent showing. (Official U. S. Army Photo.)

One-Armed Paper Hanger Has Nothing On Base Hostess

Compared to the life led by the average G. I. the life of Mrs. Madeleine Shaw, our official base hostess, is ten times as strenuous and nerve wracking. To the personnel of Dow Field she is everything from a mother always ready with kindly advice, to a date bureau. Her engagement pad looks like a veritable 'classified column.' But to start at the beginning: Mrs. Shaw organized the present recreation hall, at Bldg. T-15, by assembling the furniture, rugs, radio, juke box, card tables, games and magazines. Anyone who has stopped off at T-15 can testify to its pleasant atmosphere, its excellent chances for relaxation and recreation. Here also is located another novel service, initiated by Mrs. Shaw: You can have your presents for the folks back home wrapped up in fancy gift packages, ready for shipment, free of charge. They also have air mail stamps there, in case you run out after the post office closes.

Mrs. Shaw's biggest problem is that of finding rooms for the wives

Base Hostess

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Bouquet of the Week

This week's bouquet goes to Pvt. Earl T. Dowell, who writes the General Mess Column. Each week the bouquet goes to the reporter first getting his column into the Observer. Bright and early on Monday, Pvt. Dowell had his column in the office.

Radio Program Again Features New Talent

With a novel take-off on three classical numbers, the Dow Field Troubadors opened another of the regular Thursday night broadcasts originating in Building T-6 and being put on the air over WLBZ. As usual the musical numbers were well presented with finesse and gusto. In the skit "The Corn is Green" it really was green, with the loveliest aroma. Nitwit news-reel had its usual measure of success and is becoming a well-known feature of the program. Outstanding success of the program was (according to our female informers) the singing of Sgt. Al Jarusevice. Nice goin', Al, you really had everybody quiet at the same time and that ain't nuttin'. Aux. "Bucky" Buckinger and Aux. Betty Earney got together with Cpl. Jack Eaves on the popular tune "For Me and My Gal" and gave an earfilling presentation of it. Cpl. Bisceglia gave out in his inimitable manner in "Moider, He Says", with the able cooperation of Cpl. Eaves and Sgt. Jarusevice. Pvt. Andrew Zurine displayed unusual dexterity on the accordion and presented a very fine solo number. In closing, our thanks go to Sgt. George Edwards for arranging and managing this thoroughly enjoyable program. The radio show was followed as usual by the regular Thursday night dance which is enjoying ever increasing popularity among all members of the post. So, it's au revoir, till next Thursday night, 9 p.m. in T-6.

This Is Ducky

SHEPPARD FIELD, Tex.—Cpl. and Mrs. E. S. Duck of this post have a baby son. His name—Donald Duck.

Dover-Foxcroft Loses Twice To Local Team 7-2 and 11-1

The Dow Field Bombers made their twelfth straight win in a row by taking two games from the Dover-Foxcroft Boys' Club at Dover-Foxcroft yesterday afternoon. In the first game they won by a score of 7 to 2, and in the second by a score of 11 to 1.

Superb ball was played by the undefeated Bombers in both games.

In the first game, David, who hurled the entire game, allowed the Boys' Club only three hits. Mitchel was the catcher.

The battery in the second game was Edison with Mitchel remaining as catcher. In the sixth inning the Bombers had such a lead that the battery was changed with

Bombers

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Officers Named For Non-Com Club At Dow Field

A Non-Com club for Dow Field was formed this week with the first meeting being held at the Post Theater on Thursday. Temporary officers were elected at the meeting to serve for a term of three months pending a formal election. They are T-Sgt. Ralph G. Kelly, Communications, president; M-Sgt. Norman A. Senerchia, Air Base Squadron, vice president, and S-Sgt. Joseph R. Belasco and T-3rd. Carl R. Carlson, both of Finance secretary and treasurer.

Through the generosity and co-operation of the Base Commanding Officer, Col. Francis B. Valentine, Bldg. T-244 has been secured by the organization as a club house. Plans have been completed for the operation of a lunch and refreshment counter there for the members and their guests.

Membership in the newly-formed club is open to all personnel of the base who have reached the grade of corporal or equal. The initiation fee is \$2.00 with monthly dues being \$1.00.

Those interested in obtaining membership should contact their first sergeants.

Reciprocity Night At Community Center Proves Huge Success

With 250 girls dressed formally, the Reciprocity Night at the Community Center proved a great success last Monday night. As part of the "theme" of the evening, the fellows entertained the girls. And—according to reports—they did a good job. The entertainers, who were all from the Engineers, were Pvt. Rex Meyers, Cpl. Al Weintraub, who acted as master of ceremonies; Cpl. Joseph Verba, a magician; Pvt. Lewis Cizus, who played the guitar, and Melvin H. Maidlow, pianist. One of the features was a spotlight dance.

Music for the occasion was furnished by Norman Lambert's orchestra.

PX Lunch Counter Closed to GI's At Noon Hour

Beginning today, enlisted personnel of the Base will not be served meals at the main Post Exchange between the hours of 11:45 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. The closing of the lunch counter and tables to the enlisted personnel was put into effect in order to better serve the noon meal to the numerous civilian employees.

Sgt. Geden Weds Fay McDonald At Base Chapel

S-Sgt. Paul Joseph Geden, editor of the Observer, was married to Miss Fay Elizabeth McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McDonald, of Houlton, Me., at the Base Chapel last Monday. Capt. John P. Carmody, Base Chaplain, read the nuptial mass.

Mrs. John Mamola, the bride's sister, was matron of honor, and M-Sgt. John Mamola, brother-in-law of the bride, was best man.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was gowned in white chiffon and wore a fingertip veil of bridal illusion. She carried a crystal rosary with streamers of valley lilies.

A wedding breakfast was served at the Penobscot Exchange Hotel for the bridal party and the couple's immediate families.

Sgt. and Mrs. Geden left for a wedding trip to New York, and en route will visit the bride's brother,

Sgt. Geden Weds

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Swimming Plans Now Under Way For Personnel

All those who wish to go swimming this summer will be able to do so, as arrangements are now being made by S-3. Even those who—to use a hackneyed phrase—can't swim a stroke, will be able to join in the sport as there will be classes for beginners. There will also be an opportunity for those who wish to obtain life saving certificates to qualify for them, and those already having such certificates will have a chance to have them renewed.

S-3 will appreciate it if anyone already having such a certificate will contact them. The telephone number is 389.

OCS Extended To Four Months

Extension of instruction at officer candidate schools to a minimum of four months has been announced by the War Department. The extension, beginning not later than July 1, may also apply to classes which started before that date.

With the increase in course length from three to four months, OCS classes themselves will be smaller.

Air Raid Rehearsal Set For July 19

Maine will have a state-wide air raid rehearsal the morning of July 19, it has been announced by Col. Francis H. Farnum, state civilian defense director.

The exact hour and duration of the event will not be disclosed.

Florida Honeymoon Of Future Described By A "Veteran"

By PVT. GERALD SCHRODER

"Isn't this the loveliest cottage, hon?"

"Yea . . . how well I remember it too. Cpl. Edwards used to be in charge of us here . . . the one with the shark mouth and a worse constitution. We used to have the duckiest G. I. parties at midnight with him. I hope they put the rugs back on the floor, to cover the grounds of my tribulation. I bet you could still see the tear stains there otherwise. Come to the window, darling. Can you see that lovely golf course out there? You say it

looks so nice and cool and restful in the moonlight. You should have seen me there in my basic . . . so nice and cool and restful . . . with the sweat soaking through my leggings. But I guess that's where they made the beautiful specimen of manhood out of me that you see before you. See that cluster of trees over there? Smell that divine scent the wind carries over here . . . yeah . . . the good old orange grove . . . it's right inside the gate, where the M.P.'s used to be . . . I

Honeymoon

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Sgt. Geden Weds

Continued From the First Page

Robert McDonald, who is studying for the priesthood at Cherry Meadows, Farmington, Mass. They also will visit friends in Boston and vicinity.

On returning they will be at home to friends at 21 Fourth street, Bangor, after July 5.

The bride was graduated from Limestone High school and attended the Bangor School of Commerce. She is a member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon sorority, was a member of the MSC Dramatic club and basketball team. She is a member of the Ave Marie circle, Daughters of Isabella. She was employed as assistant credit manager at Sears, Roebuck and Co., in Bangor.

Sgt. Geden is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Geden of Dorchester, Mass. He was graduated from Boston High School of Commerce and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

In civilian life he was assistant advertising manager for the Boston and Maine railroad. He is a member of the Boston Advertising club.

His efforts were largely responsible for the starting of the Observer and he has been its editor since it was founded a little over a year ago. He devotes much of his time to the Dow Field Radio Show and it is largely due to his efforts that the show is now such a popular feature at the Base. He is well known in Bangor for the many entertainments he has given or arranged for various organizations.

Sgt. Frank Chamberlain, sang two solos at the wedding, and Sgt. Al Jerusevich was usher. Among others from the personnel of Dow Field attending the wedding were Lt. Bresky, special service officer; Sgt. Robert Scott, Pfc. Kenneth Bishop, Aux. Virginia Hall, Mrs. Connor, Base librarian, and Mrs. Shaw, Base hostess.

Base Hostess

Continued from the First Page

and families of enlisted men and officers who have come to town. In this field she does truly amazing work. On very short notice she has had to find accommodations for 28 Legionnaires, for a soldier's wife with twin children and an unlimited number of wives of Dow Field's personnel. Her duties don't end here by a long shot. She organizes the weekly dances held at T-15 and the dance after the broadcast each Thursday night at T-6. Hay-rides she takes in her stride, especially when she has the following material to assemble: two front wheels for the wagon, a horse, and a stable to put the horse into when it got sleepy or something. A Chinese passing through Bangor didn't even rate a moment's hesitation on her part when he asked her: "Won't you please fix me up a date with a Chinese girl for me."

Mrs. Shaw called the girl, the only one in Bangor. The girl said "yes," the lieutenant said "oh, boy" and the date was a great success. Speaking of dates, Mrs. Shaw has complete date lists of officers and enlisted men of the Base. She is in charge of 376 hostesses who give much of their time and energy by attending all the dances and parties given on and off the Base under Mrs. Shaw's able management.

The telephone in Mrs. Shaw's office is probably one of the busiest on the base. One minute it may ring and the party calling wants



MRS. PAUL J. GEDEN—The former Miss Fay McDonald, who became the bride of S-Sgt. Geden at a wedding in the Base Chapel last Monday morning.

her to dig up a hog-caller (this came as a shock, we thought we had left those behind in Missouri. Ed.). The next minute it'll be a major who wants to sell his furniture, a flight lieutenant, who wants to buy a good wrist watch in a hurry, and the chaplain who wants the chapel decorated for a wedding. Once she dug up a cook who could bake a birthday cake for a local colonel's wife. Then a crew of a plane wanted a spaniel pup for a mascot, but they had to leave very suddenly so one of the offices on the Base got the pup. Piano, voice, algebra and swimming instructors are produced with a flick of the wrist and put into operation... voila! Local organizations frequently want a specified number of men to attend the parties and dinners they are giving, so Mrs. Shaw calls the various C.O.'s and gets the boys lined up to go to town and have a good time.

Mrs. Shaw believes in relaxation as a morale builder, but we wish she'd take her own advice more seriously. A beautiful woman shouldn't work hard anyway (my wife ain't gonna like this). After arranging an interview with Mrs. Shaw, and we finally caught her in her office, we realized how much all of us owe this charming Hostess of Dow Field.

Honeymoon

Continued From the First Page

used to take my siesta there after dinner and when anybody asked for me Pfc Phillips would say: He's working on special duty. Till one day the sergeant decided to rake the leaves in the grove... I really got on special duty that day... in the mess hall. O. you're all dressed for dinner. I guess I gotta wear my tux too. Wait till you see the mess hall... sorry, darling, I mean dining room. Beautiful room that, but what a floor to keep clean. I only hope you stop me or holler at me or something if I call for a K.P. instead of waiter, please. And say, remind me when we get up, sweet, to leave the dishes on the table and not to go out through the kitchen. That's all you gotta do, honey. Boy, it's great to be back in camp.

Blood Bank

Continued from the First Page

Howard E. Cornwell, James M. Dearth, John C. Dellinger, Linton M. Dew, Asa A. Faulkner, Lloyd R. Farris, Ralph A. Gallo, Koaley Gipson, Carl W. Gordon, George D.

Manhattan Taxi

Telephone 9241
Park Theatre Building
Telephone 9241, Bangor, Maine

Promotion Given Two Lieutenants Of Medical Corps

Congratulations are offered to two officers of the Medical Corps who were recently promoted from first lieutenants to captains. They are Capt. Albert L. Schonberg and Capt. Richard D. Shapiro.

Tsk Tsk Dept.

Tough Army Life Department: The Army of 1943 is plenty tough, but before you gripe too much, bub, take a look at these official orders of the day from a Western Army fort way back in 1862:

1. When shooting on buffalo on the parade ground, be careful not to hit the commanding officer's quarters.
2. Troop officer having best trained mount of the year gets one barrel of rye whiskey.
3. Student officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffalo.

(Hmmm, just a bunch of sissies!)

In Madrid, the Spanish press reported that German scientists have discovered that North America is retreating from Europe some twelve inches a YEAR.

(We suggest the Germans change their victory song to "As Time Goes By" . . .)

A fashionable New York columnist reports on the stress and strain of war time living among the social set. We quote: "The greatest war time grief of the town's exquisites is not the curtailment of moderate essentials like food and transport, but the complete disappearance from circulation of Floris's mouthwash, formerly imported from England. There isn't a bottle of this choosy smell left on any chemists shelf in town. (It sure is a rough life, isn't it? To alleviate the shortage we offer the following recipe, which we guarantee will wash your mouth, polish your teeth, cleanse your tongue and stimulate circulation throughout your system. Cut out three small cubes of G. I. soap, dissolve same in glass full of hot water, add a few dashes of lye, shake up thoroughly and gargle. We promise that the amazing results will leave you speechless.)

Endurance, one of the greatest virtues in the Army is not limited to the human members. As a matter of fact, applying the theory of relativity, the following feat seems nobler and tougher than a G. I. marching 25 miles with full equipment. At Ft. Meade, Md., an Army pigeon named Clarence, was dispatched with a message. On its way, it had the misfortune of getting its wings stuck in oil. Undaunted, Clarence WALKED ten miles and successfully accomplished the mission by delivering the message.

Under the 'lover conquers all' heading falls the following dispatch: At a midwestern camp a Lt. delivered a pointed lecture to a WAAC after she had failed to salute him. After the talk, she saluted him. He kept on talking, she kept on talking. Last week they were married.

2 JAPS IN 5 MINUTES

Buzz Borries, Navy's great back a few years ago, downed a pair of Zeros in his first five minutes of flying in the South Pacific. He's now an instructor at Pensacola.

Gregory, Jr., Wilbur Greulich.

John E. Grogan, Hawes P. Groves, George W. Gutridge, James H. Herr, Aage Holk, Robert V. Howard, Harry Johnson, Raymond J. Kartanowski, Edward Kazmierczak, Joseph J. Klein, William Lane, Lloyd F. Lange, Alfred L. Lavery, Ford M. Lewis, Samuel Lyon, Jaetano E. Marotta, Nicholas A. Martello, Donald F. McAvey, Joseph F. Melusky, Bradford K. Mott, Jack H. Mullins, Thaddeus W. Mysliwicz, Thomas L. Naylor, Harold A. Nelson, Donald P. Nicols, Dillard Norman, Maurice J. Quigley, John B. Rayburn.

Robert F. Reed, Wilfred J. Roy, Victor H. Shoemaker, Monroe Smith, Lewis A. Steadman, William F. Sullivan, Stephen Switenko, Charles O. Weber, William U. Whitney, Thomas C. Wisely, Carl R. Youngdahl, and Andrew C. Zufall.

Pvt. Larry Kaye, Former Dow Scribe, Now at Mitchel

Word was received here this week from Pvt. Larry Kaye, former Observer reporter who is now stationed at Mitchel Field, L. I., N. Y. Although Larry's home is in New York City, his letter reeked of nostalgia for Dow Field.

We feel sure that many here at the Base would like to keep in touch with him. His address is: Signal Headquarters Co. (AWS), 1st Fighter Command, Mitchel Field, N. Y.—Sub-Post No. 1.

(Acting Editor's Note: With S/Sgt. Geden, the editor, on furlough, we're not kidding when we say we miss Larry.)

Free stationery and an excellent opportunity to use it are both available in the Recreation Building, T-16 and also in the Base Library, T-33.

What's Playing at the

OLYMPIA This Week

MON.-TUES.

THE BOY FROM STALINGRAD

WED.-THURS.

SHIPS WITH WINGS

FRI.-SAT.

LURE OF WASTELAND

SUNDAY ONLY

LIVING GHOST

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

A A F to Abandon Most of Its Hotels Starting in July

By the middle of July the Technical Training Command of the Army Air Forces will commence to taper off its program for the temporary use of hotels and other civilian properties for housing of troops. At that time and during the following month a large part of these facilities will be turned back to their civilian owners.

Of the 434 hotels now used by the Air Forces, 206 are being surrendered, thus decreasing the annual rental bill by \$4,600,000.

The general program will not affect those hotels which have been converted to military hospitals. For the present, it is planned to continue occupancy of the greater part of the leased hotels at Miami Beach, Florida, which has been found to be the best adapted for Air Force purposes of the hotel centers that were occupied. One hundred nine out of 325 leases at Miami Beach are being cancelled now. At Atlantic City, N. J., 35 out of 47 leases are being cancelled now. Leased facilities in Chicago, Grand Rapids, Mich., St. Petersburg, Fla., and surrounding area and Boca Raton, Fla., will be returned to their owners.

The Stevens Hotel in Chicago will be vacated August 15.

Large numbers of air units are now being moved overseas from the flying fields and stations where they have received their training. The installations at which these troops have quartered can now be gradually occupied by the units that have been taken care of in the hotels. In the course of the next few months it will be possible, without the construction of any new facilities for the purpose, to house large additional numbers of Air Forces personnel in conventional barracks.

At an early date headquarters of the Technical Training Command, now located at Southern Pines, North Carolina, will be moved to one of the regular Air Forces stations.

If anyone wishes to know what hotels are to be abandoned and what ones are to be kept, the Observer will be glad to furnish the information.

Tank Busters Become Field Artillery

Enlisted personnel of Tank Destroyer units have been designated as members of the Field Artillery, the War Department announced this week.

The men of the Tank Destroyer units are drawn primarily from the Infantry, Field Artillery and Cavalry.

They Keep It Clean On Guadalcanal

A laundry unit of the Quartermaster Corps was part of the Army's first contingent on Guadalcanal, the War Department disclosed this week. Landing in the face of heavy enemy bombardment, they suffered several casualties. Before they settled down to their routine jobs, they occupied and helped hold defensive positions, along with the Infantry.

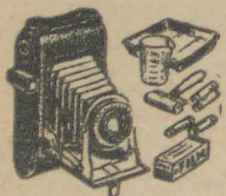
How to be sure about her diamond

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.

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Sporting Goods Co.
N CENTRAL ST.

A WAACY VIEW

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

Here, I've been clicking my gums for the past two weeks about Q. M., when all the time they were asetting to fixe me. You haven't quieted me, Cpl. Johns, because now I can just start raving about the grand time the WAACs had last Sunday. I won't try to scoop that promised hot column but we do want to thank the Q. M. for one of the grandest times the girls have ever had. Suppose I skip a lot of words and just say that very soon we'll return that hospitality indeed. That's a promise. However, I do want to ask a question. What specie of waterliily was Aux. Chandler and Cpl. Johns looking for in the gloaming?

There are many ways of doing one's part in this war, and the WAACs would like to take this opportunity to thank Uncle John Parker out at Lake Lucerne for his homey wonderful way of doing his part. Not all the girls have met Uncle John as yet but I'm sure eventually they will. Some of us have already found his haven of love and kindness. Our gratefulness is unbounded. Thanks, Uncle John, for extending to us and all service people the warmth of your home and heart.

G. I. WACCABULARY—WORDS TO YOU

Waccination—A "shot" you take straight whether you like it or not.

Wactivation—What happened when we first got here.

Wactivities—Ball games, picnics, hayrides, etc.

Waccent—A you-all complex.

Waccessory—Feminine gadgets, such as glamour juice.

Waccident—A trip not enjoyed, like taking a Brody.

Waccusation—She wore my only clean shirt last night.

Wacquaintance—The boys we nod to in the P. X.

Wacrobat—What Lt. Ortt is trying to make of us.

Wedding bells continue to play sweet music up on Tower hill as we now announce our third exclusively Dow Field hitching to be. It's Aux. Mary Kyle and Pvt. Larry Burgess of the Medics, this July 3rd. Lots of luck to both of you.

Much fun was had by them who went on the Engineers Hayless Hayride Tuesday night. Poor Aux. Clancy had trouble getting started but after we gently picked her up and heaved her into the truck, off they went their merry way. Aux. Peggy James has a strange affliction. Little bull dogs seen at night make her cry. If you don't believe me ask her yourself.

As you can see by now, there is very little dirt to tell you except we all mourn the departure of Aux. Stinky from our midst. Stinky, after spending two days with us, went AWOL and flaunts his unfaithfulness in our weebegone faces. We are firmly convinced he's a man's dog because all we ever see of him now, is out in the road playing baseball with the Aviation Squadron boys. WANTED: a man-hating faithful mascot.

Promotions

Two men of the Air Base Squadron climbed one step further on the chevron ladder this week. They are John Raffa, who went from corporal to sergeant, and George C. Wagner, who went from private to corporal.

Congratulations!

**222,249
Books**

Soldiers May Borrow Free
From The

**Bangor Public
Library**

145 Harlow St.

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



YANKS LAND 'DOWN UNDER' — Smiling and happy that their long voyage has ended, American soldiers wave a cheery "hello" from their troopship at a port in the South Pacific.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Barrack news this week is very scarce, so we shall just make a few comments on the activities of the picnic. To appreciate some of the goings on one would have to be on the spot to really enjoy them, so if you didn't see let's imagine a little.

In the softball game Sgt. Skypok and Sain brought back memories of Napoleonic days in their tight fitting flying togs. The muscles, I mean the fat, was outstanding. A little PT should help that.

T-5 Brintall was taking lessons from his companion in swimming and rowing.

Wonder how Cpl. McGuinness kept so dry all day long. He said he was there, but where?

Lt. Mahoney said he needs experience in fishing. He got the nibbles but de didnt know how to make them bite.

Who was chasing Cpl. Sharpe all day. Now he knows how it feels to be chased, his company duties make him a chaser.

That sad sack Gilmore was at it again this time no one could tell if he was crying or not as he was wringing wet from being pushed in the pond, clothes and all.

Lt. Mahoney and Mr. Pozzi got in just before the big downpour. Wonder who did the rowing? Something tells me some wishful thinking was going on for the PB boat to be on the lake. Ah, but it was just a case of remember Bar Harbor.

Cpl. Olson received quite a scraping on his arm. He said he was eligible for a wound stripe.

During the height of the storm Pvt. Gessey and his friend were in the row boat out in the center of the lake and he didn't row in. He talked so much the wind blew them to safety.

Everybody had a chance to see Sgt. Hicks' chest that he has been bragging about, BUT from what some saw it fell a foot.

Pfc. Adams and his friend seemed to sit in the same spot throughout the day, he did say they moved once.

If Sgt. Orioli had to row over to the little island all alone with his short strokes, we would all be a year older.

Cpl. Oakes was doing boat saving all the P. M. as many were tipped over and wholesale duckings were going on.

Sgt. Gregory, the skin and bone man, had a style of his own for rowing, when he stood up no one could tell which was the oar.

Cpt. LeBeau was worrying lots of people trying to sleep on the edge of the settee; they finally de-

cided that it was the second lean-tower of Piza.

Pvt. Rivard was the hardest worker of the day and that's no joking. At night? Well, that is just a different story.

Cpl. Mulledy met an old friend, he said he met in three, (whether they were minutes, days or years was never found out.) Oh, the friend was Cpl. Ullman, who had charge of the hilltop girls.

The interested races and special games were run off, as the five pounds of candy and cartons of cigarettes disappeared that were to be used as prizes. Sorry that just one person had to have them.

This column wishes to pass on greetings to the editor-in-chief of the Dow Field Observer on his recent marriage, S/Sgt. Paul Geden and the Mrs., we wish you the best of everything that is good.

Behind Castle Walls

By Pfc. Henry Wheeler

Having, as usual, waited until the deadline, we began to fret and fume over the weekly column. But there was plenty to fret and fume about, so here goes. First off, the Battalion Bombers beat the Regimental Roughnecks in softball by the narrow margin of 28-13. The Bombers were sorely disappointed and admitted being in a slump. They said that next time they hoped to really beat the Roughnecks in true Bomber style.

Aside from the epic ball game and a hayride Tuesday evening, the hottest news would seem to be the three-day excursion enjoyed by the men of Headquarters Company last week. They were whipped out to the bombing range in trucks, some twenty at a time, for combat practice.

Arriving at the camp area bright and early Sunday morning, we took the bedrolls from our packs and went directly up to the combat range for dry runs. We were divided into two squads and squad leaders were appointed. While one squad ran through the problems, the other watched from the observation tower. Now, this combat range is quite a place. It is well equipped and laid out, and arranged in such a way that each squad has two missions to execute while the other watches.

The first problem consisted of evacuating a road at the sound of fire, advancing through the woods to a knoll, taking up a position atop the knoll, and firing at cardboard Sons of the Emperor who obligingly stood out in the open on another knoll and made very easy targets. When the enemy had been peppered for a while, a successful flanking movement was per-

formed, and we were ready for the second problem.

This second problem consisted of coming over a hill and attacking the cardboard cowards at the other end of the clearing in a frontal attack. One-half, or flank of the squad advancing, while the other half held the enemy down with light arms fire. Each squad ran the course twice in the morning on dry runs.

In the afternoon we drew our ammunition and went up to the course again for wet runs. And I do mean wet. This time all ammunition was live, and a dynamite charge every few yards simulated artillery fire. About the time we were ready to start, the rain came down in torrents. At one time it was so heavy that we were barely able to make out the cardboard "Japs" at 100 yards. We were drenched in no time. Water ran down our backs and eventually into our shoes. For some reason unbeknown to us, everyone seemed to enjoy it.

It came our turn to make the run. We were taken out to the road and given instructions as to how to deploy. Then we started marching along the road. Suddenly, a charge of dynamite went off nearby, and everyone made for the woods. Running through the woods, we reached the hill and took up our position. Everything went off in good order, the dynamite exploding around us making it more fun. On the frontal attack, we had a machine gun fired over our heads to remind us to keep low. Whenever we heard the dynamite go, we had to "hit it" no matter where we were. That swamp water has a very peculiar taste.

The strenuous day ended with an equally strenuous evening. While clothes were drying by stove and

Why Don't You
Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



G. I.'s, as a rule, have never had trouble getting dates. Since time immemorial a guy in uniform has rated pretty highly with the weaker sex. But looking over the score-sheet, fellows, who is the guy that always got the belle of the ball, the guy that got the second date with that cute redhead after she turned you down, the guy that got invited to the country club dance and the chicken dinner at the church? Believe it or not, it's the smoothie, the guy with manners, who makes the grade. You may scoff at him, call him a softie, anything you like . . . but secretly you admit that you'd like to be in his shoes. And the whole thing is so darn easy, it's pathetic how many fellows miss their best bets because of a few boners, easily corrected, once learned, never forgotten. Is it terribly hard to get up when your girl's mother comes into the room . . . to ask permission to smoke when calling at her home . . . to leave your tooth-picks in camp . . . to behave quietly in a place of amusement . . . to stand up and give your seat in the bus or streetcar to that elderly lady, who is obviously tired out . . . to keep your whole appearance clean and well kept? Is it beyond your strength to say please and thank you at the right time? These are little things, we admit, but by either observing or ignoring them you establish a reputation. And what's more, you establish a habit, either good or bad. The habits that you acquire in the army will most likely follow you into civilian life, and there you will be judged more severely than in the barracks. Your future wife will judge you by your manners when she and her family first meet you. So, get on the team, soldier . . . the rewards are terrific . . . the effort negligible.

fireplace, the occupants of said clothes proceeded about their business in nothing. Many were the candid camera shots, and loud was the sound of merriment, for the return to the natural state of predecessors seems to put anyone in a lighter mood. We marched the thirty miles back to camp in the next two days and arrived Tuesday just in time for Lieutenant Bowles to make the hayride. How he does it, I don't know.

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THE OBSERVER

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Editorial

Can You Take Criticism?

By Cpl. Alfred Thoms, Air Base Sq.

Can you take criticism as well as give it? If you can't you're one of the vast majority of us who, though we don't usually admit it, are very sensitive concerning our faults. Still the fact remains that we all have them, and since some benefit can be derived from criticism, it is not altogether detrimental; but the person who gives the vast criticism is very likely to receive the most, so be prepared.

Today in a generation of free thinkers and speakers, no matter who you may be, you are likely to be confronted on certain occasions with very unkind, personal criticism. What do you do? Become insulted and say so? Just search the offender with a fiery glance, or appear to take it good naturedly. If you do the former, then you should bear in mind that it hasn't helped to advance your popularity and position one bit, and certainly will not assist in gaining for you new opportunities.

To my mind, the person who can take criticism with a smile—or at least without an explosion—is the one who will ultimately gain the most success in whatever he is trying to do. For you know that one of the best rules to observe (and the hardest) is to know when to restrain an impulse to say something which, though it may be the truth, will incense others.

And another thing, if you are of the fortunate few who have learned to hold your temper when criticized, how about helping the other fellow hold his by being less critical.

DOW—EDITORIAL

Give It Your Best

The WAACs have been consistently receiving the award of first place at the Saturday retreat parades. They should be proud that they are so often voted the best soldiers at the Base.

But by the same token, the faces of the men should be a wee-bit red. If the WAACs took first place occasionally, it would mean that there was real competition between the men and the women. But since they win so consistently, it looks like the men aren't even trying.

We don't believe that the various male organizations are letting the WAACs win because they feel that it is the gentlemanly thing to do. If they are, they are making a big mistake. By not giving their best, they are lowering the standard of the whole retreat. And by doing that, they are really being unpatriotic.

Retreat is one of the most impressive ceremonies of the Army, and at it respect is paid to the flag.

If you consider yourself a soldier, and if you respect the flag for which you are fighting, you should "give your all" at retreat.

Dogs Get GI Awards

Dogs entered in leading dog shows of the country, and judged suitable for war duty, will be presented with special certificates by the Quartermaster Corps, the War Department announced.

Care and Feeding Of Big Turtles Is New GI Job

Anything can happen in the Quartermaster Corps, so the Q. M. troops at a South Pacific post were not unduly surprised when they added the care and feeding of turtles to their duties, the War Department has been informed.

With fresh meat somewhat scarce, the Quartermaster of the unit, Lieutenant Colonel E. N. Fay of Buffalo, New York, bought enough live turtles from native fishermen to provide meat for the whole force. Feeding a 200-to-300-pound turtle is a man-sized job, even when he is helpless on his back, but they solved it by pouring water into the horny beak and massaging the throat. Butchering presented a problem, solved when Major Tony D'Amore of Schenectady, New York, rounded up experienced natives and put them on the payroll to do the job.

Frozen two days after butchering, the meat from the big shellbacks was heartily enjoyed by the men as a welcome change in the G. I. menu.

Headquarters

By Sgt. Freddie Neumann

Yesterday S/Sgt. Jim Dearth, better known as "Dynamite Dearth," announced to his force in the file room that he would soon be leaving for NCO Physical Training School. My, what a flood of tears that brought! Conspicuous was Afc. Dickinson, mopping her eyes with a towel.

Speaking of Afc. Dickinson, I understood she attended a recent hayride in the company of the "Thin Man." I wonder how much sleuthing he accomplished. "Dickie" just won't talk.

S/Sgt. Howard Johnson of Personnel is experiencing an uncomfortable result of his basic training. For the first few days he ran around like Tarzan himself. The sun really did a job on his epidermis. Now he can't sit, lie down, or stand still. Have you ever seen a lobster?

Shirley Knight has taken Mrs. Allen's place as civilian clerk in the Sgt. Major's office. "Cute little stenographer," says Sgt. Bolden. So sorry, boys, she's married.

Sgt. Lou Licurgo, of S-3, has a mighty forlorn look. Have you noticed it. Yes, his girl, "Barbs," is away for a few days. All those nights working at the theatre trying to forget have been in vain.

Auxs. Frances Martin and Jean Musgrove are back from furlough and once more on the job at Personnel. Frances said they had a great time, but it was all too short.

One of the girls in Personnel told me they're going to have a contest to choose the fellow to be nicknamed "Dixie." Right now S/Sgt. Frank Spurr and Sgt. Arvin Wood share honors. Wonder who will finally be selected. I'd sure like to be on the judges' stand.

S/Sgt. Ernie Baker is not so lonesome these days. Sgt. Sammy Lyon and Sgt. George Edwards have returned from their furloughs. For a while Ernie was quite alone in his end of the barracks. Everything was so quiet. But now, well—they're back.

We see little of Sgt. Andy Zufall this week. He's taking his basic training. When he's not occupied thus, he's out hurling for our terrific baseball team. The team is going great guns. How many of us think to encourage the fellows and cheer them on? Come on, boys, show the team you're behind them.

S/Sgt. Ralph Vaughn of the Legal Department continues to enjoy his noontime siesta in the barracks. We don't have to look to see if he's there since he sleeps out loud. One of these days he's going to tear himself apart.

Was out to the obstacle course yesterday, and since I couldn't run the course myself (4-F), I watched Sgt. Don McInnis put the boys through their paces. After explaining that they must watch out for the water traps, the race was on. S/Sgt. Frank Spurr and Pvt. "Senator" Dew proceeded to prove to us that they can swim. Spurr found himself suspended over a pool of water while Dew contented himself by changing his direction in mid-air, thereby landing on his stomach. Major Bargamin should have been there.

This reporter represented Headquarters and Barracks 219 at the wedding of S/Sgt. Paul Geden and Fay McDonald, Monday morning. Of course you know Paul, our editor of the Observer. Paul and Fay left early this week for a short wedding trip. We all join in wishing them the best of luck.

T/Sgt. Stephen Lubich has returned from his furlough. When I asked him if he had a good time, he replied that things were dull. Said he was too busy to do anything exciting. Wonder what he meant by that remark. What say, Lubich?

Remember the girls who got the brush-off from the two fellows? Well, now the two fellows are getting the brush-off. Ha, ha, boys! He who laughs last, laughs best. Take it easy, and remember—don't try moving any of the buildings around here. They're solid, and I

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Glamazons



There's a new word in the Hollywood vocabulary—glamazons, the title for king-sized beauties dreamed up by an imaginative press agent. Here are glamorous amazons Helen O'Hara, Bunny Waters and Dorothy Ford, all over six feet tall.

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

Our musicals every Monday are well attended and if you haven't been to one yet, make plans to come tonight. The place is the Library T-33 and the time is 8:00 p. m.

The language classes are still going strong and it isn't too late to sign up for French, Spanish, German and Italian. Here is the schedule of the classes:

French, Thursday and Sunday, 6:00 to 7:00 p. m.

Spanish, Tuesday and Friday, 6:00 to 7:00 p. m.

Italian, Tuesday and Friday, 7:00 to 8:00 p. m.

German, Monday and Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

All classes are held at T-23.

HOUSE OF ROSES

Charlotte Baker

Gloria Vesques, an attractive Mexican girl, earns her living by selling curios in the wonderful old mansion filled with shops called the House of Roses. To evade her devoted yet possessive suitor, she joins the household of an American woman of wealth as a companion and governess. There is a murder committed and soon after revelations of the chauffeur's fifth column activities are now uncovered and many other fantastic stories concerning the House of Roses.

FROM CAIRO TO KHYBER TO CELEBES

Maude Beaton

A travel story that takes you through Khyber Pass, Tibet, India,

Singapore, East Indies, Africa and many other interesting places. There is never a dull moment following Mrs. Beaton in her travels.

ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL

Quentin Reynolds

One of America's great reporters tells of the winter of 1941-1942 in Moscow and Kubyshev, his flight to Cairo with the Litvinovs and Steinhart and his first-hand and breath taking account of the battle against Rommel's tanks in the North African desert.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD PICTURES

Tells all there is to know on how a camera works, what films to use and why, what exposures to give all kinds of subjects and many other helpful suggestions on taking good pictures.

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Virginia Hunt

The first American handbook covering fully the practical problems of living in the tropics.

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"Oh, you WONDERFUL man. Tell me about some other tight spots you've been in!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Pilot, just after a tailspin: "I'll bet 50 per cent of the people down there thought we were going to be killed that time."

Student Pilot: "Yes, Sir! And 50 per cent of the people up here thought so too."

Observing a young lady standing alone, the G. I. Wolf stepped up to her and said: "Pardon me. You look like Helen Black."

"Yes," she replied, "I know I do, but I'd look worse in white."

Yachtsman: "If this storm continues, I'll have to heave to."

Seasick Passenger: "What a horrid way of putting it."

"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the chorus girl as she sat on a broken bottle.

There was once a Private named Yondry Who spent his life in a Quandry Wondering whether to keep On his socks one more week Or send them off to the laundry.

"I wanna see the mess sergeant. I never saw anything as tough as this meat."

"Brother, you will if you see the mess sergeant."

Pvt.: "Do you like the soldiers who are always trying to kiss you or the other kind?"

Aux.: "What other kind?"

"Pardon me, Miss," said the sentry, but it's against regulations to swim here."

"Well, for heaven's sake," exclaimed the gal, "why didn't you tell me before I got undressed?"

"It ain't against regulations to get undressed, lady."

Definition of a shoulder strap: That piece of ribbon so placed as to prevent an attraction from becoming a sensation.

"Of course, I'll be liberal with my money when we've been married after the war, darling. I'll spend it on you as fast as I make it. Now, what else do you want to know?"

"How fast do you make it?"

Pfc.—"How are you this evening, honey?"

Blonde.—"All right, but lonely"

Pfc.—"Good and lonely?"

Blonde.—"No, just lonely."

Pfc.—"I'll be right over."

just returned from Buzzards Bay, Mass., seems all enthused and ready for the job.

Off for the haunts of Port Jervis, N. Y., is Pfc. Duke Lilley. Duke, who is quite a motorcycle fan, is getting a twelve-day furlough, the first since he has been in the service. Hope you enjoy it to the utmost, Duke.

Another new member of the Finance Detachment at large is Pvt. Adolph Frenz, Jr., of San Francisco, Calif. You certainly can't bring up California weather Adolph, what with the vacation weather we have here in Maine.

Assisting in sorting the numerous items of the Base Finance Office is Pfc. Crary, of Distribution. No doubt it is quite a job, but it is appreciated here. We know the good work will continue.

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DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Gal Most Often Seen at Dow Field Is This Week's Post Personality

"Who is that lady?" That's a question we've been asked so many times lately that we're printing a description of her in self-defense. We refer to that very regal looking gal, the Greek goddess on the lapel buttons of WAAC coats and jackets.

It seems that the babe's name is Pallas Athena, one of the big shots among the Olympian deities (that's just another way of saying "gods"). She was well up in the 400 as her old man was none other than Zeus, the boss of all the gods. She herself was no slouch as she was first-lady as a civil goddess (probably ran the women's club and was chairman at all the teas, cake sales and socials). She also knew her stuff when it came to industries (perhaps she was secretary of labor), and didn't do so bad when it came to both peace and war. Just as Mars handled the male details of war, she probably was a colonel in the Greek WAACs. And that's the main reason we can find her putting her mug on the insignia.

She was born in Athens, Greece, (in case you might think it was Georgia), and her old lady was Zeus's wife, a tomato called Metis, which in those days meant—and perhaps still does—"prudence." Someone tipped-off Zeus that the stork would bring a daughter. Being an old-fashioned guy, he didn't like the idea a bit; he wanted a son. To remedy the situation, he did a very ungentlemanly thing—even for a god, who in those days had the "fix" in practically every place. He up and swallowed his wife, Metis. This was most peculiar, as

there was no meat rationing.

The other gods figured that, even though Zeus was the boss, they could out-vote him, and decided not to give him his own way. So they pooled their powers in one big hocus-pocus, and out jumped Pallas from Zeus's head, much to his surprise, you may be sure.

Zeus pouted around for a few years and probably caused a lot of needless earthquakes and did other stuff gods do when they're sore about something. But after awhile he took a shine to the kid, especially after she graduated from the Olympian Finishing School for Goddesses with honors. She got to be a nice looking chick and columnist of the day called her (even in her sub-deb stage) the Goddess of Counsel and Bringer of Victory. (That's another angle for making her the WAAC insignia).

Well, the Old Boy had reason to be proud of her. He's most likely still tottering around Olympia without a mortal follower. While she's seen in all parts of the world, decorating the finest women in the world.

If you doubt any of the facts of this story, write to the Bear Field Beacon, at Fort Wayne, Ind. They did the research and we set it to our own music.

ORDNANCE

By Cpl. Bert Gawley

The Ordnance regulars punched out their first victory in as many starts on Monday of last week when they encountered and summarily out-slugged the men of the Sub Depot Dept. The score when the smoke blew away was 16 to 10 with the Wildcats on the heavy side of the score sheet. The Ordnance pitchers were in fine fettle giving away very few free tickets. The pitching burden was shared equally by S-Sgt. Shortlidge and Sgt. Cotter. The Ordnance hitting was hard and timely and the fielding was excellent. One homer made a clean sweep of all tenanted bases.

And speaking of clean, we have a certain S-Sgt., a shortstop who like a famous laundry company, washes everything but the baby, and gets up early mornings on most every day of the week to do his washing to work up an appetite so he can eat that much more.

Also a S-Sgt., who has so attempted the revision of the rules of softball to such an extent that the peerless players of Cooperstown's Hall of Fame would shudder and hide their faces in shame if they were to view his handiwork.

The pocket billiard table in the Ordnance dayroom has produced

some of the most weird performances, and tends to substantiate the oft quoted statement that the hand is quicker than the human eye.

It is also rumored that the Officers of Ordnances are quite some shucks at making the ivory balls click around the green velvet cushions.

Cpl. McKenzie and Pfc. Hammond are extremely sensitive about any reference to black-out curtains, and Cpl. McKenzie has recently added to his honorable scars of battle, a side line of his, a very artfully recored optic.

A few of the men of Ordnance have become ardent devotees of the immortal Isaac Walton, but any similarity between them and that

CATCHING—Vi Athens, movie starlet, models an eye-catcher sunsuit of lime green with bright red fringe trimming. Matching slacks also go with the three-piece ensemble.

BASE THEATER NEEDS OPERATOR

The Base Theater is in need of a projectionist. Experience isn't necessary as any enlisted man selected for the job will be trained. The only qualification necessary is ambition. The man qualifying will not only earn extra money but will also be learning a trade that may be useful after the war.

Those interested should get in touch with the Special Service Office at Base Headquarters, as soon as possible.

The telephone number is 328.

noted fisherman is purely coincidental.

Cpl. "Flytrap" Antilla sustained an injured index finger while playing left field for the Wildcats. Accept our best wishes for a quick recovery of that injured digit.

The Ordnance Wildcats, incidentally are willing to meet any softball team on the field that has never made over 25 runs in a single game, this is a mark of our extreme conservatism.

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Base Chaplain

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

WEEKDAYS

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

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

Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative
Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Capt. Alfred J. Carmody

Catholic Chaplain

MASSES

7:30 and 11:30 A. M. Sunday
7:30 A. M., Monday, Tuesday and Saturday
12:05 P. M. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

Catholic Confessions at 4:00 to 6:00 P. M.
and 7:30 to 8:30 P. M. Saturday, and be-
fore each Mass.

OTHER SERVICES

Evening Devotions 5:45 P. M. Sunday
Novena Service 5:30 P. M. Tuesday

COMM. UNIQUES

Pfc. Warren Baldwin

Jimmy (E. V. D.) Niles, wearer of the "zoot" underwear, after an exhaustive research, has made the startling discovery that it is less difficult to take code while smoking one of his "El Stinkanaldos" than without it. His discovery will undoubtedly revolutionize radio operation and should win him the Nobel prize. Picture a radio station of the future with a box of cigars at each position and the N. C. O. I. C. hollering at one of his lax operators, "Smith, where's your stogey?", and the timid, tearful reply, "I'll never make an operator, sir, cigars make me sick."

Joe Morse photographed a certain Pfc. being "taken into custody" the other day. That shot should be worth some coin after it's been developed. We know you wouldn't knock down, though, would you, Joe?

Ach, Ach, Moore can tell you all about the local bastille and gendarmes.

As a special incentive to early risers, the first man up gets a hot shower. Matter of fact, if you want a hot shower, you've got to be the first man up.

Things we wonder about—"Dapper" Amato dressing for his public, Corliss Ferguson's reserved mirror in the latrine. The galaxy of feminine pulchritude which adorns the walls of the C. Q.'s room and the keen competition from across the hall. The "library" which accumulates itself in the course of the day in the latrine. Pfc. Cunningham's subtle "touch"—"Have you got a nasty, moldy old cigarette you aren't using?" (yours truly would like to know if anyone has a nasty, moldy old five dollar bill they aren't using.) Freddie Athanasakos' new lip ornament which as yet is in the state of development. Giving the girls a break, Freddy? Hailip's chrome plated dog tags—pretty snazzy, Slip. Among Slip's accomplishments was serving as maid of honor at a recent wedding.

The "Hairless League" was formed last week. Those desiring membership need only to visit the local "clip joint" and go to sleep in the chair as did Caron, Potente, Konecny, Link, and Morse, and no more we hope. Five Zombies are enough for one outfit. "Al" closely resembles a walking billiard ball and "Butch" Morse could easily pass for a Gargantua. No offense Joe, but that is a horrible clipping. Joe Arciulo and Frank Zuena are definitely ineligible for membership. (Squarehead) Jackson farmed out to us by a major league as umpire, was one of the original sponsors of this movement.

Did anyone ever see McLeish when he wasn't arguing?

Definition of the week: (Ed Carlsen's) An M. P. is a G. I. cop. Surprise of the week: A certain P. F. C. was heard using the term "climax" instead of "windup". We know what you're thinking, we could hardly believe it ourselves.

Crack of the week: (Matalon's): While discussing a certain female, "Aw heck, she was a nurse in the Civil war."

Boner of the week (Konecny): While playing ball, "the umpire is showing punctuality."

Congratulations to:—"Woody" on his recent birthday. McNamee on his recent splicing (marriage to

you lugs). Lots of luck "Mac", we hope you are very happy! Incidentally, happy birthday too. A big week wasn't it?

"Pappy" Woodman, one of the "crippled commandos," received a carton of cigarettes from a couple of his boys for Father's day. He has quite an army family.

Your correspondent has a collaborator this week. None other than T/Sgt. Kelly, a journalist of considerable note. This is among his many accomplishments. The following is his effort for this week: If T/Sgt. J. P. does not quit hanging around the office we will have to get rid of a couple of clerks.

Farmer Tussing after having a fifteen day furlough had to take the morning off to get his form back in shape. Or was it his farm?

The editor of this column, Baldwin, did not want his name in the paper but if he can't take it, he should not dish it out! What do you think?

"Pee Wee" and a certain operator are sure running around in a fog.

Garcia claims he doesn't see the little girl from South America anymore. Did the boss show up? Congratulations on your promotion, Cpl. Did a certain Lt. get the right letter??? he did huh???

Sgt. Frank Chamberlain is not singing so often since he came back from furlough. Wonder what happened to him while staying at the country club estate? Frank just won't talk.

S-Sgt. Cunningham swears he gets lots of sleep but he still sleeps in mornings and comes to the office feeling tough. What's up, sarge?

Sgt. Libby wants to go on furlough alone, but definitely alone. Sounds like Garbo.

The rebel is leaving us so we all wish you luck, Cpl. Lindsay.

The boys are all interested in the NCO club and are looking forward to the opening night.

We have a new jeep driver boys, how about that, not bad huh?

This concludes Kelly's remarks. Yours truly would turn the column over to him if it weren't for slander suits.

A decent break in the weather brought the "Hamel Hurricanes" back to the diamond last week. No actual competition but a couple of lively workouts and some beautiful sunburns. "One Fault" Paltinson is looking great at first.

We issued a challenge last week and had no takers. How about some competition? Signal corps is locking horns with us soon again and this, the third game, with one up for each, should prove good.

You can get off the edge of your seats now and now down your pant legs. We're signing off for another week.

When This Starts It'll Be A Mess

Every American soldier will be taught to chef for himself so that he can shift for himself in emergencies, the War Department disclosed.

A course in individual cooking will be given to the students at the Bakers' and Cooks' schools of the Quartermaster Corps, Army Service Forces. The graduates then will pass along the tricks of their trade to the soldiers in posts, camps and stations when they return to their outfits.

Know Your Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Lt. A. L. Hamel

At the age of seventeen, Albert L. Hamel enlisted in the naval radio school of the United States Navy, at South Hampden Roads, Va., as a student with great enthusiasm, struggling with the mysteries of radio. At a much younger age he had become interested and experimented with radio and electrical phases.

He served on every type of vessel from sea going tugs to battleships up and down the east coast and southern waters. As a radio operator and machine gunner, one year later, during the revolution of Nicaragua, he was a member of the landing force in Chinandega, Nicaragua. After serving his time in South America he returned to the states and was discharged from the Navy as a radioman 2d class in 1930. He also served as a member of the first naval horse cavalry unit.

Immediately after his discharge he enlisted in the United States Coast Guard as radioman 2d class, serving on all types of vessels from "picket" boats to "white elephants" (cutters), sailing from the Bering Sea to the Greenland Sea. He was detached for a few months service with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, New York Division. He assisted in organizing the radio division of this agency during the hectic prohibition period. Yet the least known government agency in existence has left a strong but everlasting impression on this individual. Discharged from the United States Coast Guard in 1935, he still had a yen for the sea. Making a bet with a few of his friends he started about fulfilling it by sailing with the McCormick Lines on a South American cruise as an able-bodied seaman. (P. S. He won the bet).

He then tried the Coast Artillery and shipped to the Philippine Islands (Corregidor). There for a short period, he did every thing from cooking to driving trucks until finally transferred to the signal corp in Manila. In 1938 he was sent back to the states for discharge. Not satisfied with civilian life he reenlisted in the air corps at Bolling Field, Washington, D. C. becoming one of the first members of the Army airways communications system.

From 1938 he has served in West-over field, Mass., Presque Isle, and now stationed at Dow Field, with the Airways Communications Sqdn. Detch. During that period he has held all ranks from private to warrant officer (jg) and attained his present rank by direct application. Although his work with radio, radio experiments and electrical

Guard Squadron

By CPL. FRANK SHEA

A famous poet once wrote: If all the oceans were ink and all the trees were pens, history would never be recorded. As I had a typewriter handy, S/Sgt. Shanley said to me, "Today you write the column." Gee, a reporter, I'm so thrilled I can hardly talk so I'll write. Now let me see. Oh yes, I see by their faces that Cpl. McConnell and Pvt. LaVerne Sullivan, John Holler, Michael McCaba, Carl Stiefel—and I shouldn't forget the old reliable Sgt. Streeter—have returned from furlough. Cpl. McConnell stocked up on his favorite tobacco while at his home in West Virginia. Pvt. LaVerne Sullivan fooled the skeptics who were betting 5 to 1, if you know what I mean.

The boys are sure going to miss Pvt. Geguzis, whose famous saying, "Ham and Eggs for breakfast," had us scrambling to the mess hall.

Pfc. Albert Britt left for Mississippi on furlough. His cry, "It's Harry James fellows, Harry James," will have to wait until his return.

Hats off to: The boys of our squadron whose landscaping artistry has made the grounds around our buildings the show place of the base. We may not have the best softball team in the league but our grounds are a hit.

Pvts. Fingerhott and Walden, the fellows behind the scenes in the feeding and care of the animals in our zoo.

Things that get our GOAT

The engineers taking him to the PX and then having Pvs. Brownstein and Feison drag him away from all those cigarette butts . . . The boys keeping him out of the day room where he could get at the latest issues of magazines and papers . . . The cooks staring at him and he staring back with that, "They don't think I'm hungry look . . . The boys playing that new game with him called "Counterfeit." Grab him by tail, run behind a tree and he comes in with a fake buck.

The "if you know what I mean" department:

The way S-Sgt. Fairfield always has the right size and fit in shoes and clothing when the boys bring them in for salvage. . . Pvt. Onufak staying in every night writing letters and reading a good book. . . Pfc. Morrison up at 6 a. m. every morning getting the boys up and always at your finger tips when needed. . . Pvt. Steele who always has hot water in the barracks no matter what time of day it is. . . Pvs. Erickson and Benton coming into the barracks after one of their rare trips to town and not even hearing them come in. . . Pvt. Langfelder who never has to run around for the members of the softball team, they just keep waiting for him to get going.

phases were very confining he found time for relaxation in sailing, soft ball and tennis.

Many of his students have departed, but will never forget or be forgotten by Lt. Hamel. We are very proud to have one with as much ability and experience with the communications.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE
Bangor House
Dining Room
Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.
174 Main St. Bangor

Medical Corps

By SGT. ROBERT KENDRIGAN

Stork News: The stork nominatively placed its weary eyes upon the countenance of the Medics this past historical week. The baby, its philanthropic eyes staring into space, came into contact with those of one Pfc. Abbott, and with heart-appealing childishness, it blasted forth the long familiar cry, "Da da daaaa." Pfc. Abbott jumped into the ring and thumping his chest cried, "Son, my son!" Yes, fellows, Pfc. Abbott is now the proud owner of a new bundle of Heaven in his home. Mrs. Abbott has a steady companion now to keep her busy while Daddy is doing his part for the country.

Medical Bits: "Yes, I smile with my whole face," says Pfc. Holk. He's a newlywed, fellows. Ward V has a real hard, earnest working ward master in Pfc. Goode. He's the type of man who does his work, assists and teaches the ones under him the correct procedure in ward duties. His is a trying lot, but never a complaint is registered. You have the spirit, Pfc. Goode. Yours is a reward to come. S/Sgt. Hirth, former member of our club, is now a second lieutenant, stationed in Salt Lake City. He, with Joe Josephs and Jaffery, graduated from OCS last month. Success to them all in their new duties, wherever they may be. Now in the Tar-Heel State, enjoying his furlough, Pvt. Beard. Sgt. Goins says the Blue Grass of Kentucky is mighty pretty—through sun-glasses. In their new home now rests the C. O.'s office, along with Personnel Office and the First Sergeants.

Salute! To you, Mr. Choate, formerly our most capable First Sergeant, go the best wishes and success of the men of this detachment. Your new job in life remains the same, to do your bit in aiding and directing those men who serve under you. We are proud to be one of those men in the past and anticipate being with you in the future. Your past years of service have been recognized, your reward is deserved. Your promotion comes from your past responsibility, that in being a leader of men. To you, Mrs. Choate, we also extend our congratulations for encouragement, which your husband received from you. He done us it was your inspiration. speed to you, Mr. Choate, wherever be your new station.

G I's Get Break On Income Tax

Here is the low down on your income tax, soldiers. According to a War Department statement, all members of the armed services are permitted to exclude earned net income received during 1942. The law says that this income cannot exceed \$14,000, but income from any source up to \$3,000 may be considered earned net income, regardless of its source—rents, dividends, interest or pay. We are really getting a break, fellows, since this law lets most of us out of the "paying class," with the exception of the guy who loaned the first sergeant ten bucks on the 29th of the month. (When you find a char like that call the Ed)



REGULAR SERVICE

7:30 A. M. to 12 M.

DOW FIELD
TO
DOWNTOWN
BANGOR

PENOBSCOT
TRANSPORTATION
COMPANY

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET

STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

Dow Field Activities

Monday, June 28—Musical at T-33, 8 p. m. German class at T-23 from 6:30 till 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday, June 29—Spanish language class from 6 to 7 p. m. and Italian language class from 7 to 8 p. m., both at T-23. Picnic for the Second Battalion of the Engineers at 8 p. m., 50 fellows and girls.

Wednesday, June 30—German class, T-23, from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

Thursday, July 1—Regular Thursday night broadcast and dance. Broadcast starts at 9:00 p. m. and dance starts at 9:30. Both at T-6. French class from 6 to 7 p. m. at T-23.

Friday, July 2—Spanish class from 6 to 7 p. m. and Italian class from 7 to 8 p. m., both at T-23.

Sunday, July 4—French class from 6 to 7 p. m. at T-23.

QM's Picnic Proves Success Despite Rain

Quartermaster Co. held its annual picnic at Pushaw Lake, Sunday the 20th and from the nearly 150 attending, all agreed they had the time of their lives.

Despite the showers all day, climaxed with one of the heaviest down pours of the season, all this and more rain failed to take the smiles of contentment from the faces of the participants.

On arrival at the lake the group familiarized themselves with the many forms of entertainment available. The children naturally picked on the swings, see-saws and the sand along the water's edge, for their end of the pleasure for the day.

A happy group of WAACs joined the men in swimming, dancing, boating and the various sports available. Between showers all gathered in the large pavilion, played their favorite orchestra selections on the juke box (no nickels required.)

As things progressed the cooks turned out the finest of lobsters and clams to the long line, some of whom never ate a lobster let alone saw one and of course many had to be shown how to go about getting at the choice and luscious morsels from their well protected shells, it can be readily said that the lobster and clam trade have a new list of customers.

Your choice of beverages and sandwiches topped off the menu, with the sandwiches having that extra good taste from the efforts of T-5 Ullman, Afc. Picchianti and daughter, and Aux. Mertz, the committee thanks you for your valuable assistance.

Our special guests attending were Lt. Col. and Mrs. Goodwin, Lt. and Mrs. Mahoney, Lt. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Pozzi, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Lt. Mancuso, T-5ths Ullman, Fleming Afc's Chandler, Beason, Bons, Mingle, McMullen, V. Hall, Stevenson and Picchianti, Aux's Naiman, Miller, Riechart, Mertz and Lamers.

The committee wishes to take this opportunity to thank all who assisted in the success of this grand picnic. In case any names were left out we apologize. Our main aim was to see that everyone had a swell time and our goal hit the top.

Hugh G. Connor, Librarian's Husband, Joins Sea Bees

Hugh G. Connor, husband of Alyce Connor, the Base librarian, has enlisted in the Navy's Sea Bees, and is now at Williamsburg, Va., for his training. Mr. Connor, who left Wednesday night, was in the contracting business and due to his experience received a chief petty officer's rating on enlistment.

In the capacity of contractor he laid the siding leading to the Base from the Maine Central railroad. He also did much of the other early work at Dow Field.

At the time of his enlistment, he was equipment superintendent for E. W. Cunningham, a contractor who has been doing much of the construction work here on the field.

Gals and wives aren't on the distribution list of military information.

General Mess

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL

Cpl. Thomas M. Corless seems to be taking quite a beating from Sgt. Edward Yanuski. By rush Sgt. Yanuski put iodine on Cpl. Corless instead of the K.P. with the cut finger. Of course that is nothing unusual for Yanuski. A hint, boys, keep out of this working and nervous kitchen supt.'s way.

The entire kitchen wishes the following cooks the best of luck on their transfer. Sgt. Owens, Cpl. Ovitt, Pfc. Ford, and Pvt. Bartlett.

It is a mystery to us all why suddenly S.-Sgt. Paul J. Geden has been coming back for third helpings at chow time. Could it be because of the happy event that is taking place. Keep coming back Sgt. we're more than glad to refill your plate as we all understand and the best of luck to you both.

Yes, our Asst. Mess Sgt. Charles B. Hart, Jr., is enjoying another wonderful short visit at home. I bet he is really giving some girl a treat, eh, boys?

Cpl. Sullivan sure is losing weight for some unknown reason. Guess why, boys, and give us your reason.

Father's Day passed and we still have our Sgt. Pappy Speer on the job making those delicious doughnuts.

We are all surprised at the late hours that Cpl. Donald McAvey is keeping lately. Why should this faithful friend of ours do this to us? Please give us a reason McAvey.

The reason Pvt. Hagan's shoes are always shining like gold is because Freddie's special G.I. shine from the Post Barber Shop stays with him. Not because he shines them himself.

The lucky M.P. winner was Pvt. Stephen Pitlanish. Watch this column for another wonderful prize. This week the first FINANCE WORKER or any soldier in the Finance will receive one large surprise package just for calling first 388 and giving their name.

The answer to last week's riddle is THE NAILS. And the winner is none other than Cpl. Kenneth Melville.

This week's riddle prize is one large surprise package. Here goes that riddle. What is it that: The man that made it didn't need it, and the man that bought it didn't want it, and the man that got it didn't know it? Call 388 Call 388.

Pfc. Stow's appetite is still holding its own. A prize to any one who can out eat him.

Guard Commendations

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

Sunday—Pvt. Stacey Rice, Aviation Squadron, and William Lamsden, Fighter Control.

Monday—Pvt. Harold Rasmussen, Guard Squadron; Pvt. F. Guyda, Air Base Squadron; Pvt. D. Peterman, Engineers, and Pvt. John Tannner, Aviation Squadron.

Tuesday—Pvt. J. Bryan, Fighter Control; Pvt. L. Jackson, Aviation Squadron, and Pvt. G. Van Patton, Air Base Squadron.

Wednesday—Pvt. Michal Dwight, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Rudolph Volkman, Guard Squadron, and Pvt. Paul Greenburg, Air Base Squadron.

Thursday—Pvt. O. Lumsden, Fighter Control; Pvt. M. Hancock, Aviation Squadron, and Pvt. Lilly, Air Base Squadron.

Friday—Cpl. Anthony Vellucci, Guard Squadron; Pvt. N. Opfer, Fighter Control, and Pvt. Eliza Jones, Aviation Squadron.

Aviation Squadron

By CPL. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

Let America be America again.

Let it be the dream it used to be.

Let it be the pioneer on the plain Seeking a home where he himself is free . . .

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed

Let it be that great strong land of love

Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme.

(By Langston Hughes).

The above is a plea and a prayer.

This time is now for unity, in purpose, thought and deed; for good and not evil. There is no reason in the world why things that are being perpetrated by enemies of the land we love should be happening.

Now for something else in the way of news: It seems John Baptiste was so overwhelmed by the beauty of the Maine countryside, just a little ways from the Base, and the fine swimming that was to be had in the lake nearby he couldn't resist the temptation to take a swim. That was all right, but how would you feel swimming minus even GI drawers and a young lady is approaching you in a sort of flanking movement? Baptiste made a crash dive and stayed partially submerged until he got the all clear from S/Sgt. Trott.

Someone asked Oswald K. Jones out on the range the other day what he was thinking about. O. K. Jones said, "Well I'll tell you I'm thinking whether I should go over the hill or go on guard duty."

Charlie Monroe "blew" in the other night from Cape Charles, Va., a happy married man.

We had a card from Maurice Scott Wednesday and he is doing fine. He is just forty-five minutes from Broadway and Smalls Paradise. He is stationed in Fort Monmouth, N. J.

Cpl. and Mrs. Forrest Battey really know what hospitality is, and the word took on an added meaning for me after a visit to their home. And the food was delicious. Battey will have to go some to attain the perfection his wife has in the preparation of food.

WHO'S WHO IN THE AVIATION SQUADRON: Pvt. Thomas Elwood Chieves of Philadelphia, Pa. Tom has been around the city of brotherly love all of his life. He was educated there and while attending school played a lot of top-notch baseball.

Everyone likes Tom. One of the main reasons, I think, is because he is frank. At least this is my impression; I asked him what his hobby was and he told me frankly, "gambling is my hobby." There aren't many men that would admit that, as well as they like to gamble. Tom has bet on everything; horses, cards, dice and what have you. Gambling is the second most popular indoor sport.

Tom was a fruit-sorter before he came in the army, he graded all kinds of fruit. That is quite a responsible position don't you think? He is also a skilled cook and is working in that capacity here in the Squadron. He loves to prepare those buffet suppers for the Officers' club.

Yes, Tom is married and has a daughter just five months old.

The combination hike and picnic Friday was a huge success. The men say they would walk 20 miles if they could always have such a grand time.

Pfc. Frank Stovall made a hero out of himself when he saved a fellow soldier from drowning. Looks like to me he rates the soldier's medal.

The dance at the U. S. O. Saturday night was a huge success. (I like that word huge.) The girls were looking very cool and smart.

I got a glimpse of Mesdames Willis, Miller, Evans, Haddock, Livsey, and Brooks dancing so gracefully with their husbands.

This fellow Pvt. Johnnie Griffin is some Lindy-Hopper. He is the real hep-cat of the Aviation Squadron now.

Miss Cromwell was surrounded by the handsomest males in the place, as usual.

FLASH: Louis Ford, Pvt., went to town two nights last week stop Ford also bought a drink stop Is Ford well mentally stop

FLASH FLASH: There is a new girl in town stop Will publish name next week stop

The Army appropriation bill carries the sum of \$3,595,788 for food for 4,800 dogs now used by the Army.

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, June 28—Motion pictures, dancing and games. USO club.

Tuesday, June 29—Symphonic hour, 8 to 9, dancing and canteen, 9 to 11, at the Community Center.

Wednesday, June 30—Dance at USO club.

Saturday, July 3—Dance at USO club.

Sunday, July 4—Open house at Community Center.

Signal Corps

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

Hooray! I didn't win the Observer's Bouquet for this week as I was just four days late in submitting the following bits of news. You see, I've been very busy all during this time planting the remains of last week's flowers that I won to complete my victory garden located by the Signal Office. Gosh, it really looks right darn pretty and I'm more than proud of it, believe me, you. Anyway, here's hoping that some other lucky fellow gets the chance to grab off enough of those lovely Bouquets to have a victory garden also. I'll take it easy for awhile and rest up after all this hard work and no pay.

Everyone get pencil and paper ready! Yes, classes are expected to re-open shortly. How do I know? Well, Sgt. Bronislaus Solowiei has completed his authorized duties at Westover, Mass., and once more is back with us. The important subjects he has learned while attending school there combined with his excellent past experience in the handling of various firearms, now rightly qualify him to undertake the job as our teacher in giving us all the necessary information required to further our studies along.

Pfc. Robert Lux got mail from Pvt. Gerald Browne the other day who is on furlough. The missive states how terribly lonesome he is getting for the good old Army and the boys here in camp. "This might be home," writes Browne, "but I'm sure leading a dog's life out here. It's quiet, and the streets are deserted. Everything is rationed." (P. S. . . . We'll wait to see Browne personally to clarify that last statement which at the moment leaves us in the dark.)

Believe it or not, something new was added to our books when last Saturday afternoon those prized members of physical fitness, had the distant pleasure of going on that nice long hike with the WAAC's. There was no chance of anyone getting lost either, as a compass was provided to the group and put well into use later as part of the day's training course.

Friday June 25th, yours truly along with Pvt. Ryan, Sgt. Solowiei and Pvt. C. Rogers unleashed our shooting wares on the pistol range. Lady Luck smiled upon me and as a result won marksmanship rating.

Pfc. Raymond Johnson can be found at the Message Center from now on performing his regular work with great efficiency. It seems somebody told somebody that this

50 Engineers Go Hayriding With Gals

Fifty men from the '05 Engineers enjoyed a real treat Tuesday night in the form of a hay ride. We think (and hope) that the young ladies who attended enjoyed the evening just as fully. Horses were obligingly furnished by Mr. Norman Gillis and Mr. Alfred Anderson, both of whom live near Dow Field. The Odlin Road Ladies' club, under the direction of Mrs. Gillis, supplied sandwiches, while the Engineers furnished the pop. The men boarded trucks in their company areas and proceeded to Building T-6, where Mrs. Shaw, Base Hostess, introduced them to some fifty-odd lovelies from Bangor and the WAACs. From T-6 the gang traveled, via truck, to the Gillis farm where they transferred to the hayrack which took them to the picnic area. Reports indicate a good time was had by all, for the men arrived home at 11:30, tired but happy and quite ostensibly in a lighter mood.

fellow had long been a nobody and really deserves to be somebody. (P. S. these lines will just make sense to my Pal, Raymond.)

Lt. Howard Williams has returned from his brief enjoyable leave after visiting his family in Rochester, N. Y.

S. Sgt. Joseph Harrington has mailed a card here expressing his heart felt thanks and appreciation for flowers sent by all the Signal Corps members and personnel over the tragic loss of his mother.

The Softball Championship game played Wednesday at Base Park was won by our good neighbors, Finance. The score 5 to 4. It was a thrilling and exciting game all the way. We lost to a great team and to a bunch of really swell guys who just believe in always playing fair with friendly sportsmanship. Congratulations, Finance.

Saturday, the Signal Corps in a non-league tilt with Communication team were winners by the final score of 10 to 5. Pvt. Thomas Rogers was the pitcher.

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

MEADOWBROOK GOLF CLUB INVITES

MEN AND WOMEN IN THE SERVICE TO TRY ITS SPORTY NINE-HOLE COURSE ON STATE STREET IN BANGOR (ON BUS LINE)

Special Rates to Men and Women in Uniform
Greens Fees, 50c Seasonal Membership, \$5.00
(Saturdays and Sundays Incl.) (Civilians, \$15.00 plus tax)
Clubs for Rent—50c Per Set

FOR A DELIGHTFUL
4TH OF JULY

HOLIDAY WEEK-END

The Oakland House—A well known resort—Opens July 1st
Salt and fresh water bathing. Fishing on lake. Recreation room; Shuffle Board; Tennis. Chicken and Shore Dinners with all the lobster you want. Special weekend rates include Friday night supper until after Monday breakfast \$25.00. Rooms with bath \$28.00. Stonington bus leaves Bangor 5:30 P. M., leaves Oakland House 8:45 A. M.

Write or phone for reservations. Sedgwick 26-2.

OAKLAND HOUSE

HERRICKS, ME.
(Sargentville, F. O.)

Finance Dept. Takes 1st Half By Beating Signals Twice

By T-5 REINHOLD G. HERZOG

By virtue of having beaten the Signal Corps team in two out of three games, the Finance Team is Champion of the first half of the season in the Dowfield Softball League.

Finance won the first game by the score of 8 to 6. The Signals came back in the second contest to win 17 to 3, but the Finance won the crucial game, last Thursday night, by the close score of 6 to 5.

The last game was the hardest fought of them all, with the tide turning from one team to the other all through the game and the deciding run wasn't made till two were out in the last half of the 7th inning.

Finance drew first blood in their half of the first inning by scoring one run, when Carlson of Finance smacked out a neat double and scored on a subsequent fielding error. Signals came right back in the beginning of the second, when with two on base, (put there by walks, Bob Lux hit a Texas Leaguer, which allowed two runs to score.

Finance couldn't be held down and in the last of the third, a walk, a hit, another walk, and another hit brought in two runs. A run in the 4th and another in the 5th by the Signals put them ahead once more 4 to 3. Finance then came back again in the 6th and scored two runs on a hit, a fielding error, and another hit, which put them one up.

It looked like Finance had the game in the bag in the 7th when the first two signalmen fled out, but Shorty Bryant slapped out a clean hit, stole second and then reached third when the catcher overthrew second base and then subsequently stole home, when the catcher tried to nab him off third. This tied up the score at 5 all.

But it was to no avail as Finance managed to get the winning run, when with a man on third, and two outs, in the last half of the 7th, R. Johnson of Finance hit a Texas Leaguer to right.

FIGHTER CONTROL LOSES TO MEDICS BY SCORE OF 8-5

In a last ditch fight, the Medics won out in a really hard-fought game with the Fighter Control Squadron. It was the third consecutive game that the Medics have

Gremlins Lead Sub-Depot League By Wide Margin

The league-leading Machine Shop Gremlins riding high on a victory cloud, will go into action once this week when they tackle an up-and-coming Hangar Thunderbolt aggregation Wednesday evening at Hayford's Field in another Sub-Depot Softball League game. The other game for the current week will be played Friday evening when the hard-hitting Administrators will square off against the Supply Department team in an effort to get a firm grip on second place in the league's standing.

Last week's games were both one sided battles with the Machine Shop Gremlins whacking up the Supply Department to the tune of 17-3 to gain their fifth straight victory while the Administrators surprised the entire circuit by lambasting the Hangar Wolves 19-3 in a surprisingly one sided affair.

Charlie Robinson, capable Gremlin chucker, chalked up his fifth straight victory off the pitching slab. The top pitching performance of the season, however, was "Van" Vanderbeck's sizzling 3-hitter against the Wolves for the Administrators. This game marked Vanderbeck's initial start as a softball pitcher and he paid sweet dividends for the winners.

Once again the hitters enjoyed a field day throughout both games Pete Buribye, Nel Nadeau, Dutch Daniels and Eddie Miara fattened their averages for the Gremlins against the Supply Department while Bror Hultgren, Ken Karnes, Lt. Sidney Dyke, Capt. Richard Peale, Mac MacFadden, and Earle Parkhurst knocked the oversized agate all over the orchard for the Ads.

| LEAGUE STANDING | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|-------|
| | W | L | Pct. |
| Machine Shop | 5 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Administrators | 2 | 2 | .500 |
| Hangar Wolves | 2 | 2 | .500 |
| Supply | 1 | 2 | .333 |
| Hangar Thunderbolts | 0 | 3 | .000 |

THIS WEEK'S GAMES
June 30 — Hangar Thunderbolts vs. Machine Shop.
July 2—Supply vs. Administrators.

Games will be played on the Union Street Diamond.

Engineers Form Softball Team

Last Tuesday, during the engineer's athletic period, Co. B of the Second Battalion had try-outs for what looks like a very promising softball team. Cpl. Gustke and Pfc. Collins are managing the team and hope to have a winning club in a

Medics Take Finance Dept. And Q. M. Corps

By SGT. ROBERT KENDRIGAN

The Medical boys on the hill have come into their own in winning the last two games of their series. The Finance Department was their victim in their first game of the second-half. Behind the submarine pitching of "Drop" Veloski, the Medics won out 16 to 3. Heads-up ball was played the entire game, the team winning due to the breaks going its way. The second game was played with the QM, and this, in the eyes of all, was the top game of the base series. It was a nip and tuck game throughout, with the QM holding the lead to the last inning. The pitching was the tightest in the pinches with no long distant hits being registered. Veloski, again after a hard game with the Finance, pitched us to a win. Finally, the game ended in a heavy rain storm, the score being 8 to 6. The Medics had a five-run rally in the sixth inning, in which all the men batted around. Stars for the Medics were Lt. Levine, who who covered the hot-spot, "Camera" Sundberg, a la Babe Ruth sort of fielder, and all other energetic players of the fighting team.

Signals Take QM Corps By 9 to 2

By T-5 REINHOLD G. HERZOG

Wednesday night at Bass Park the Signal Corps softball team took the Quartermasters into camp by the score of 9 to 3. The first five Signal men started off their half of the first inning with five straight hits which scored three runs. Then Pitcher Reyes of the QM's settled down and struck the next three men out, ending the scoring for that inning. In the 4th another three runs were scored by the Signals, when three men walked and T-Sgt. Larry Wennerberg slapped out a nifty two-bagger. Three other runs, one each in the 3rd, 5th and 6th innings made up the balance of the Signals' score.

The losers threatened several times but expert pitching by Pvt. Tom Rogers (who only allowed five hits) and good defensive plays by his teammates held the QM's down to one run in each of the 4th, 5th, and 6th innings.

few more weeks. They confess with some misgivings that they dropped the first game to Co. A but are extending a warning to that team and all others that once they get started, "Watch our dust!"

Communications Beat Medics By 14 to 7

The Communication men handily trimmed the Medic aggregation, at the Fair grounds (Bass park) Thursday evening by the score of 14-7.

In spite of the fact that the Medics were weakened by the absence of four regular players, they played a bang-up game and offered the Communication outfit some stiff competition.

Lt. Hamel and T-Sgt. Hensley did the twirling for the Communication and were very effective holding the opposition in check. Pfc. Link performed well at bat by stepping into the old apple for two home runs.

Lt. Levine and Capt. Shapiro holding down the pitching and 1st base positions showed well for the Medics.

Bombers

Continued from the First Page

Toomey, as pitcher, and McNamarra as catcher.

The name "Boys' Club" should not be construed to mean that this team was a set-up. Sports authorities considered it one of the strongest nines in the state.

No slouches at hitting are the Bombers. After Friday night's game, when they beat the Coast Guard, the team as a whole had the remarkable batting average of .375. Until that night they had made at least 16 hits per game. That night's game was only six innings and in it they made nine hits.

At a game played on Wednesday night of last week, the Dow Field nine beat the Ellsworth Eagles by 14 to 3.

Next weekend the Bombers hope to fly to Houlton to play two games with the Air Base team there. One game is scheduled for Sunday, July 4, and one for Monday, July 5.

A game is scheduled to be played at Dow Field with the Presque Isle Air Base team on August 15.

Now that the Bombers have won an even dozen games, they are easily considered one of the strongest teams in the state.

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FREESE'S MEN'S SHOPS

STREET FLOOR

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Today-Tues. PRESENTING LILY MARS
Judy Garland, Van Heflin

Wed., Thurs., Fri. I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE
A Horror Story by RKO

OPERA HOUSE BANGOR TEL. 5308

Today, Tues., Wed. FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO
Franchot Tone, Ann Baxter

Thurs., Fri., Sat. TONIGHT WE RAID CALAIS
—With—
Annabella and John Sutton

PARK THEATRE BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today-Tues. THEY GOT ME COVERED
Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour
—Plus—

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN

Wed.-Thurs. FOREVER AND A DAY
Brian Aherne, Robert Cummings
—Plus—

SECOND CHORUS
Fred Astaire and Paulette Goddard