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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

10-11-1943

October 11, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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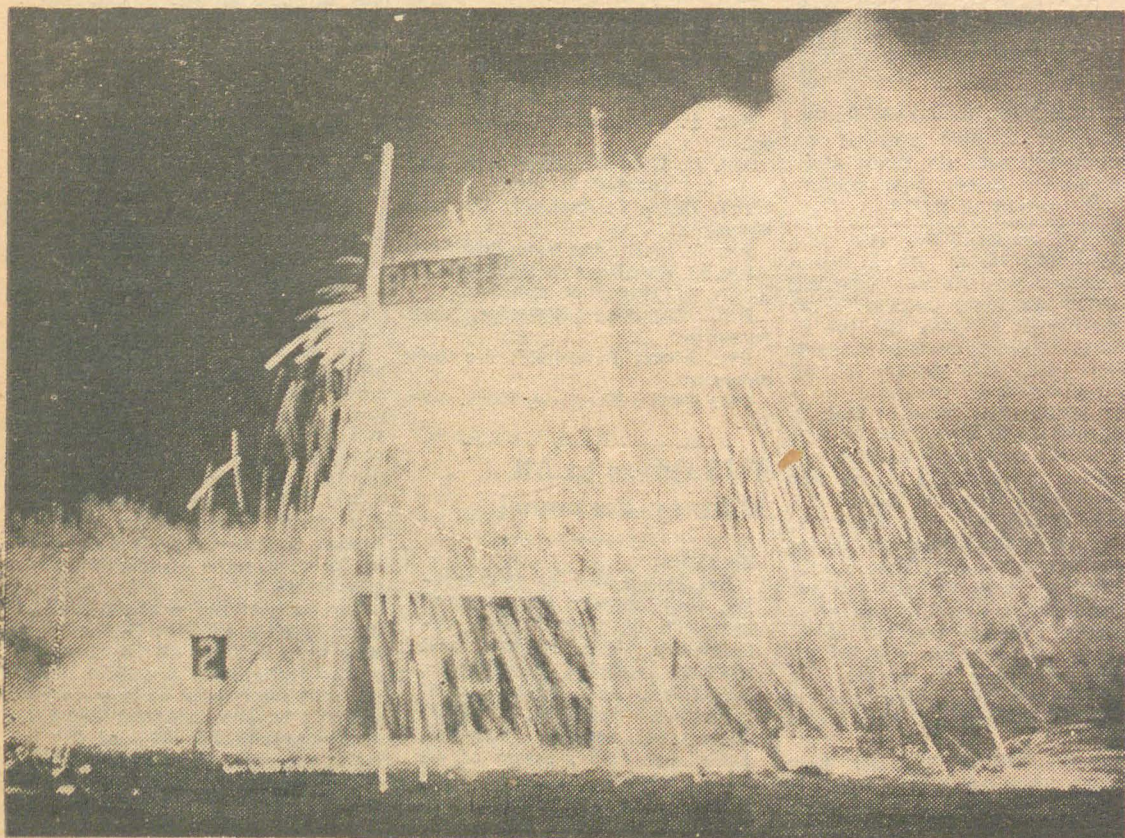
THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
CALL BASE
OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, OCT. 11, 1943

Vol. No. 72



CHEMICAL WARFARE SHOW AT DOW FIELD—The devastating effects of incendiary bombs on a three-story structure is shown here in realistic fashion as molten streams of fire from the bombs rain through the specially constructed building with open front. U. S. Army Air Corps Photo.

Doughnut Eaters And Barrow Race At Game Night

Last night was game night at T-15 and no punches were pulled to keep the fun moving. Four couples were selected to do the human wheelbarrow race. On the business end were Pfc. Flaherty, Pvt. Fisher, and Corporals Angelone, and Vaccacchi. Holding them by the ankles and helping them gain ground were pretty hostesses, Connie Rothwell, Dorothy Fahey, Mildred O'Conner and Helen Hicks. At a signal, they were on their way. The girls pushing their gallant partners while the men vigorously crawled to the goal. First one to cross the line was the Flaherty-Fahey combination.

DOUGHNUT CONTEST

Four chow hounds, Corporal D. Saban, and Corporal M. Jones, Pfc. H. Wheeler and Pvt. Wallace Schwartz were put to work with Helen Hicks, Rita Mayo, Frances Gallant, and Phyllis Collins as their helpers in the doughnut contest. The idea was to pair off and try to eat a doughnut together without using the hands. Frances Gallant and Corporal Saban cleaned up their portion in record time. Cup dances, Corporal Ken. Bishop as Swami—with Pfc. Al Stone and S-Sgt. Geden as stooges added to the general activities. Pfc. Al Stone also gave a miniature community sing with song pictures. Mrs. Shaw capably took care of furnishing the charming hostesses and the refreshments.

U. S. O. to Hold First Bingo Party

For the first time in Bangor U. S. O. history a Bingo party will take place at the clubhouse on Park street Tuesday evening at 9:00 p. m. There will be plenty of prizes to be given by the members. So under the "B"—it's bring a friend; under the "I", we hope we'll find YOU; under the "N", make a note to be there; under the "G", Tuesday is the day to go; and for the "O", it's off we go to the Bingo party.

LIKE TO SWIM?

Swimming fans, the Y. M. C. A. swimming pool is open to you. Starting Tuesday Oct. 12, the pool will be available every Tuesday and Thursday from 7 p. m. to 9 p. m.

Individual instructions can be had at certain times. For additional information call Mrs. Shaw, ext. 391.

Three Bucks Gets You Four In This Big Deal

Step right up, "Smiley," and buy a War Bond. Three bucks will get you four.

The Third War Loan Drive is under way and the U. S. War Bonds are the best investment you can make. They're safer than a deuce on Count Fleet; surer than money from home.

The purchase of war bonds by civilians at home and by soldiers at the front is vital to winning the war. As Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell, commanding the Army Service Forces, has put it, "the Third War Loan Drive is as important to our victory offensive as the movement of our troops on the battlefield."

Figures show the need for money to fight the war like nothing else can.

"An M1 rifle costs \$80." Gen. Somervell points out. "It's the best rifle in the world."

"A jeep costs \$1,165. At the right place to relay a message in action, it will save a company."

"A half-track anti-tank vehicle costs \$14,000. We have every one that is needed, when and where it is needed."

"A 'General Sherman' tank costs \$90,000. When the decisive battle is fought against the Nazis we want enough 'Shermans' there to crush their way to victory."

Big figures, hey? You bet they are. And the more you multiply them the bigger they get. They get so big that after a couple of Marines in the Southwest Pacific had made a guess at the total they walked right out and started selling bonds just like they were packs of chewing gum. In a couple of weeks they had sold almost \$12,000 worth of bonds between them. And then they bought a couple for themselves.

Edith Dahl and Dow Donald Duck at U. S. O. Camp Show

Ever hear of Edith Roger Dahl? She played a violin very smoothly at the U.S.O. Camp Show last Wednesday night in Tabloid Troupe No. 19. But it's not as a violinist that you may have heard of her. Let's refresh your memory a bit. During the Spanish Civil War, Harold Dahl, an American aviator, was shot down on the wrong side. General Franco had him thrown into prison for six months. His wife pleaded for his release by letter and enclosed her photo. So intrigued was Franco, he sent for her, released her husband. Since then she has traveled all over Europe—France, Greece, and then to Egypt. Tall, platinum haired Edith commented: "They didn't have blondes in Egypt—so I did all right."

She met Harold Dahl in Mexico, while a member of a girl band, so she is no stranger to violin playing. Her styling of Indian Love Call was very well done—but her swing version of the Blue Danube really went to town. A very enjoyable performance.

Rotund Phil Kaye was the M. C. He was the coming-in and out-of-doors M. C. we have ever seen. No matter who was on the stage, he would suddenly pop out with a gag. There couldn't be any dragging when he was on the loose.

Particularly clever was his informal impersonations—Walter Winchell, The Goodwill Hour, Clem McCarthy and a hilarious bit around Herr Goebbels and Hitler.

During the show, A. G. I. out-

U. S. O. Camp Show
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Attention Dow Field Broadcast Listeners

On account of the change in time schedule for the Winter Programs, the "Dow Field Broadcast" will be on the air every Friday from 9:00 p. m., to 9:30 p. m., instead of Thursday.

Dancing will follow the broadcast as usual.

The first Friday Broadcast will be 15, October, 1943.

Chemical Show Thrills Thousands In Spectacular Burning Of Houses

Last Friday, for the first time on any army air base, Dow Field personnel and invited guests witnessed the devastating effect of incendiary bombs right before their eyes. At a signal from Colonel Valentine, the show began. Before several hundred air-raid wardens, auxiliary police, and firemen from all parts of Maine, the Chemical Warfare Dept. went to town on a spectacular exhibition. Sloppy Joe's, a ramshackle bar; Tojo's House, a dome shaped hut resembling a South Sea island shack; and a three-story cut-away building with the sign "Bangor House" certainly took an awful beating. Away over to the left for a Chick Sale Skit was a smaller shack known as "Outside Johnny."

For those who missed their regular Fourth of July fireworks, they were amply repaid with this super bonfire and shower of explosions and flames. To keep the record straight, here is the general sequence.

SLOPPY JOE'S

Sloppy Joe's was set up as a bar complete with stools. On top of the bar were six thermite "candles," while on the back bar were bottles containing F. S. mixture ready for use as a screening smoke. This series was to be set off with an electric charge.

Before the "candles" were exploded, a thermite bomb and a magnesium bomb were put out to show proper way to extinguish them. Then through some hitch, only one candle was set off, but the effect of the clouds of smoke

Chemical Show

Please Turn to Page 2

Dow Field Diary

S-SGT. PAUL GEDEN

MONDAY

Just as we got last week's edition on the press, we found out that our radio broadcast was shifted to Friday. Bing Crosby and the Kraft Music Hall take over our former spot and who are we to argue with Bing. He's got a good show too.

Received a V-Mail letter from a former reporter of the Ordnance group. S-Sgt. Bill Knipe, it is now—and he's doing a vital job over in England. He's the second Dow reporter to spread the Observer over in merry Great Britain.

Pfc. Shirley Hirschhaut, our W. A. C. scribe says she's getting fan mail on her stuff. It's nice to know somebody reads our columns.

The first week we have had our radio script ready on time is the week we cancel our broadcast.

A newcomer to the Army newspaper field, The Take-off, published in Falmouth, Mass., reached our desk today and we were surprised to see the guest editor was Sgt. Leonard Metcalf. Lennie is a former Dow Field boy and a close friend of Cpl. Ted Johns of the Q. M., here. Another we noticed; former Guard Squadron man, Pvt. Leon Lazarowitz is taking over the Editor's chair on the same publication. At Dow Field, Lazarowitz achieved local fans as the self-styled Hobo King.

TUESDAY

Since Guard Squadron's ace reporter, Morris Pollock shifted to another group, we can't seem to find anybody who is willing to take on the job. So far the most likely candidate is genial, distinguished looking guardsman Hoffman. Every day we heckle him, but so far he hasn't committed himself. Next we tried Fisher but that went absolutely flat. We are still hoping a volunteer will step up.

Aside from the Khaki Komics, the barracks news column is the most popular feature. There's a definite thrill out of seeing your name in print. What do we have to do to get the men who like to write?

Diary

Please Turn to Page 2

Promotions

AIR BASE SQUADRON
To Be Corporal
Pvt. Harold S. Linton
Pfc. Irving N. Meltzer
QUARTERMASTER CO.
To Be Technician 5th
Pfc. Emmett W. Heenan.

Dow Field Has A Stork Club

The busy little bird has been seen knocking on the doors of three commissioned officers and one warrant officer.

Captain Machon of Base Headquarters, Lt. Warren Smith of the Guard Squadron, Lt. Carl Bloom of the Signal Corps, and Mr. Katz all report the birth of sons.

Congratulations to all of you and the best of luck.

G. I. Poll Says Smokes Are Top Xmas Present

Cigarettes, portable radios and waterproof wrist watches are among the items most wanted by servicemen for Christmas according to a nation-wide poll among soldiers.

In addition soldiers indicated such items as homemade cookies, jams, etc., magazine subscriptions, books were high on their list.

Other articles rated "swell" by GIs surveyed were: prepared packages of good eats sent from the store; good regulation shirts; good regulation socks; fitted toilet kit; windproof cigarette lighter; pen and pencil sets, clips at top; stationery, handkerchiefs, flashlight, small sewing kit completely fitted; sun glasses (polarized).

Also: pocket-sized Bible; New Testament, warm slippers, good pocket knife, overnight bag with place to keep papers flat; photographs of friends or family in unbreakable frame; extra GI cap of proper branch; leather wallet with insignia on it, etc.

(GI readers who find items listed they want for Christmas might check this list and draw a circle around the wanted gift and send it home to the folks as a hint. Overseas gifts must be mailed by Oct. 15.)

Peterson Shows Skill Despite Blackout

In spite of the blackout test Thursday night, Charlie Peterson, champ billiard fancy shot, carried on right up to the last minute.

Shortly after seven o'clock, Peterson began his amazing exhibition. "It's all angles," explained Peterson. "If you can figure out the right angle, the shot just has to be right. You don't have to be a billiard shark," he continued, "if you plan according to the diamonds."

A quick flick of the cue sticks and Charlie made the balls do everything but talk. "Show me, a shot I can't make," is Peterson's motto. A packed dayroom stared open-mouthed as he neatly put the billiard balls through their paces.

Just after Pearl Harbor, Peterson decided to take a tour of the camps to help the boys learn something of the cue stick art and to entertain them as well.

Under the STARS AND STRIPES

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

Whenever an alarm sounded in Maddisonville, Tex., the whole town rushed out and followed the engines to the fire, clogging traffic and generally getting in the firemen's way. Chief Whitten neatly solved the problem by ordering the first truck out to go in the wrong direction. The populace followed it and the firemen got to the fire without difficulty.

MASS APPEAL

A priest had a tame parrot who had learned to speak Latin. One day the parrot disappeared. Sometime later the priest was sent on a Jesuit mission to the interior of the Amazon.

One day, when the priest was deep in the forest, he heard mysterious voices in Latin. He listened attentively. To his amazement he discovered it was the celebration of a solemn mass.

"Dominus vobiscum," said one voice.

"Et cum spiritu tuo," answered another voice.

The priest looked into a nearby tree, saw his escaped parrot, proudly perched among hundreds of other parrots he had converted.

ALL THIS—AND PARACHUTES TOO?

Two Gurkha soldiers, who had volunteered for service with India's sky troops, asked an N. C. O.

"From what height are we supposed to jump?"

"Five hundred feet," was the reply.

"Nothing doing," they said. "It's too high. Can't we try from 300 feet?"

The N. C. O. explained that from such a low height there was a danger of the parachutes not opening

in time, and the Gurkhas broke into smiles.

"Oh, that's different," they said. "We get parachutes, do we?"

G. I. RECIPE

An army mobile kitchen unit passed out free donuts along the route of a practice march. Local housewives were enthusiastic; pressed the reluctant captain in charge for the recipe for "those lovely fluffy donuts." Blushing and stammering the captain backed away, but was finally persuaded to hand it over: "300 pounds sugar, 980 eggs, 15 gallons cooking oil, necessary seasoning."

RESERVE TROOPS

The inhabitants of Paradise were worried. It was impossible to know what really was going on in Germany any more, the Boche communiques lied so much.

It was finally decided to send down a reporter. The choice fell on Methuselah, the aged saint who had seen everything.

Twenty-four hours passed and Methuselah returned on the run and gasping for breath. "What did you find out?" he was asked. "What is the real situation down there?"

"Well," said Methuselah, when he had gained his voice, "when I got to Germany, they were calling up my class, so I got out of there in a hurry."

LAFF OF WEEK

Pvt. Albert Schinder is a sport. After a pill roller had pricked his finger three times without success in a recent blood type test, Schinder made an offer. "Have another try," he suggested. "They're three for a dime."

face for the bursting of the Molotov Cocktail, stones were suspended on nails all over the front of the "Outside Johnny." The warmth of the flaming building was welcome.

"BANGOR HOUSE"

A loud bang and a clothes line on top of the "Bangor House" went sky high. Another discharge and incendiary bombs, camouflaged as lamps, burst with sparks and flames. On the roof, a dozen thermite pots exploded, making a Niagara Falls of molten metal pouring down through the floors and soon the upper stories were a terrific mass of flames. Within a few minutes, the destruction was well on its way—the entire structure shaking and quivering with intense heat.

TOJO'S HOUSE

Tojo's House in effigy, got a beautiful going over with a combined assault of oil bombs, Molotov Cocktails and thermite incendiaries. Although the oil bombs failed to explode on schedule, S-Sgt. Daugherty rushed to help the onslaught with several Molotovs. The thatched roof was like dry tinder. The Japanese flag on top seemed like a living symbol of Nippon aloofness. Eagerly the flames crept up the flag pole, then a tongue of fire nibbled the edge, and then the "rising sun" sank into the punishing flames. A burst of applause greeted this preview of things to come.

OTHER EXPLOSIONS

A parachute flare, minus the parachute, was set off, placed in a bracket pointed to the skies. It shot great mouthfuls of brightness and smoke into the cold darkness. A large metal barrel of Magnesium chips was touched off by an incendiary bomb, spouting flames and sparks. It seemed to have plenty of damaging power. A truck loaded with fire fighting equipment drove up and a man in protective clothing spurted water on the flames. The idea is not to drown the fire but to make it burn itself out more quickly. A thermite bomb in a tub of water showed the power of the incendiary, burning a hole through the table.

To simulate a plane dropping in-



"Let's try it this way—if a Thunderbolt met six Zeros and shot down three, how many would be left?"

cendiaries, Lt. Dyke flew over at a pre-arranged hour. At a signal from a flare gun, the plane swooped low into the area, detonators set off discharges carrying out the illusion of dropping bombs. Sgt. Bill Maylen and Cpl. Barky set off white phosphorus explosive in a field across the road. This is dangerous stuff. They had to keep it in water continually because the minute it dries out, it bursts into flames, with intense heat. Lt. Tanner is credited with conceiving and planning the exhibition that so clearly shows the part that chemical warfare plays in the current conflict. His conception was given full play with an inspired showmanship. Lt. Tanner was at the "Mike" describing the action. Lt. Dose was on the firing line in charge of setting off the explosion.

Warrant Officer Clifford kept in touch with the happenings. If you could see the maze of wires going from the control booth to the different buildings, it is a wonder that the show went off as well as it did. S-Sgt. Jack Daugherty was everywhere trying to keep the show going and the flames burning, assisting him were S. Sgt. Maylen, Sgt. Dotson, Cpls. Conklin and Barkey, Sgt. Amour, Pfc. LeClair and Pvts. Benderow, Paavola, Arsenault, Abraham and Kolnik. To help put the fires out on hand were Cpls. Joe Klempka and Drummond and Pvts. Hall, Carmen, and Gessingberg. Previous to the demonstration, there was a sort of side-show exhibition: two tents house equipment showing gas masks, models of a lock for a gas proof shelter, bottles of gasses and the inside story of a gas mask. It was a fine show, a first for Dow Field. The Air Base Band was on tap with many lively tunes. The entire show certainly showed a lesson in chemical warfare we will never forget.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

WEDNESDAY

During a bit of research at the library our eyes were caught by an "Ad" of a German Tourist Bureau. This was in 1936. "The best time to visit southern Italy," according to German published Baedeker's guide book for tourists "is in late September and October." The book further states "the winters are unpleasant, the fierce rays of the Italian sun are enervating. The best route is over land by way of France, or by boat to Naples, no mention is made of the new route from Tunisia to Sicily or the excellent landing beaches on the Italian boot. Nice at the Nazis to lead the way, it might be hard to find it otherwise.

Had a chance to chat with the M. C. of the U.S.O. show. We don't envy their job at all, always on the go, as if we didn't know.

THURSDAY

Just as we thought we had a breathing spell because of no rehearsals, we received other instructions. We had visions of catching up with a lot of details, but the Army said otherwise.

"You Can't Lose" Dept.—Down in

Commendations For Guard Duty

The following members of the guard received the commendations for the week:

October 1, 1943

Pvt. C. Wall, Avn. Squadron.

October 2, 1943

Pvt. Wesley A. Perkins, Air Base Squadron.

Pvt. Horace Webster, Avn. Squadron.

October 3, 1943

Sgt. James B. More, Avn. Squadron.

Pvt. H. Anem, Air Base Squadron.

October 4, 1943

Pfc. A. Strong, Avn. Squadron.

Pvt. T. Nakonlechny, Engr. Avn. Bn.

Pvt. D. Ebel, Air Base Squadron.

October 5, 1943

Pvt. Harry L. Boskind, Air Base Squadron.

Pfc. J. Isbell, Air Base Squadron.

Pfc. M. Dwight, Avn. Squadron.

October 8, 1943

Pvt. Simmons Goldwire, Avn. Squadron.

Pvt. Albert Brumfield, Air Base Squadron.

Pfc. Edwin Krajnaic, Engr. Avn. Bn.

T-15 Offers to All Military Personnel

Facilities:

Recreation Hall at your service, cosy corners for informal reception of your friends, information desk, reading and writing facilities, newspapers, magazines, and books, social recreation facilities, musical equipment, records, juke-box, piano and radio, games of all types, sewing kit, self-valet, first-aid kit.

Services:

Information service, room and apartment registry, bundle and gift wrapping, mailing service, stamps, stationery, typewriter, individual personal service, social recreation planning, dancing, ping-pong, fact is ask and we will obtain what you desire.

Columbia, South Carolina, a court attendant looked around for the complaining witness in a trial, a Charles Caughman. A quick search and there he was—smugly sitting on the jury.

Our interview with Jimmy Niles, our next post personality, proved very informative. He certainly is sold on the New York Times as a newspaper worthwhile. Now, we catch ourselves looking forward to reading it.

FRIDAY

S/Sgt. Daugherty invited us to be on the front line at the chemical fireworks and we sure got a big kick out of it. Before the exhibition, he took us over to each building and showed us the hidden thermite bombs. We felt kind of "in the know" on the Chick Sales skit, because we knew that the first man in went out the back way and the burning shack was alone in its misery. In the flashes of light, a glimpse of the audience showed a very attentive crowd. Boy, would we like to have a turn-out like that for a broadcast, but we just can't go burning up buildings as a sort of warm-up.

SATURDAY

"A Good Way to Look at it" Dept.—At a U. S. O. dance in New York, a lieutenant just returned from New Guinea was chatting with a waitress.

"How wonderful it is," she cooed, "to dance with a hero who went to New Guinea to sacrifice his life for his country."

"Not at all," replied the lieutenant. "I didn't go to New Guinea to sacrifice my life. I went to sacrifice the lives of a few Japs."

A psychologist advises one never to try too hard in memorizing anything because laboratory experiments have shown that over-trying actually slows down the process of learning.

Buy Bonds To Replace Guns

The following talk was delivered by the Chief of the Fiscal Branch in connection with Army Day activities at the State Street Arsenal, Chicago, on 23 September, 1943.

The talk depicts in a rather concise way the part the Army is playing in the purchase of War Bonds.

"No one knows better than we in the service that war is an expensive business. Guns and equipment, large and small, are accumulated, only to be wiped out in one action and replacements must be forthcoming. Do you know that in the recent operations in Sicily we lost 13% of all the 155 mm. howitzers we landed, 46% of all 57 mm. guns, 36% of the motor carriages for our 75 mm. guns, 22% of the carriages for our 105 mm. howitzers, and 54% of the carriages for our 57 mm. guns? We also lost 7% of our light tanks, 8% of our medium tanks, and nearly 13% of our 37 mm. guns.

Our Army, officers and enlisted men, are more than subscribing their share of these enormous costs.

Up to and including September 20th last, some 2,844,000 officers, Army nurses, WACS and enlisted men were subscribing for War Bonds under the Pay Allotment Plan, and new allotments are coming in at an average rate of 19,000 daily. This represented during the five month period from April to August, inclusive, purchase of bonds to the face value of approximately \$120,000,000.

Our men of Bataan bought more than \$400,000 in War Bonds while they were fighting off Jap invasion of the Philippines. A certain bombing unit somewhere in New Guinea recently bought bonds totaling \$12,000—approximately 66% of the total of the enlisted men's payroll for the entire month. This in addition to bonds which they had subscribed for under the pay allotment plan. "We also have reports of several organizations actually on the fighting fronts who are buying bonds, practically 100% under the allotment plan."

Handsome males who wish to avoid baldness should never let the fine spray of water from a shower nozzle come in contact with their scalps.

CLOTHES

FOR

ENLISTED MEN

AT

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Serge	\$3.98
Felt	\$5.00
DeLuxe	\$6.75

Overseas CAPS

Any Braid

Reg. or Peak Shape

Serge	\$1.98
Elastique	\$2.45

SLACKS

O.D. Serge	\$9.98
O.D. Elastique	\$12.50

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Web & Garrison Belts

HOSIERY

SHIRTS

CHEVRONS

All Ranks

JOHN PAUL CO.

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WHERE GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

PICKERING SQ.

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World's Finest Foods Cooked in the "Old Country Way." Our Famous Italian Spaghetti put up to take out.

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A WACY VIEW

'A diary of doings on the
WAC Reservation



Waahoo On WAC Hill

Pfc. SHIRLEY F. HIRSCHHAUT

It's a wonderful feeling to go home for a while, and it may sound silly, but it's nice to be back again. I was very surprised to find that the column was missed, and an apology is extended. I did not know that the girl I had asked to write the column also went on pass.

Wonders will never cease, but the WAC column has been receiving fan mail. One post card and two letters one of which was from overseas. The Observer certainly does travel.

Well fall really comes in with a big bang when those bowling balls go skimming down the alleys. The WAC's started recently with the biggest bangs, loudest grunts, and strongest groans. The girls said that Terwilliger certainly ties herself up in knots. I wonder if she needs help to untie herself. Of course just to mention with a bit of pride that one of our teams beat one of the nurses teams.

"Colonel WAC" is our new mascot. Pfc. Dutton is his proud owner and never was there a prouder one. Oh yes I forgot he is a dog or I should say a puppy. His main interest now a days is to find out how to get the sole of a shoe off the shoe while the shoe is still on the person. It certainly takes some thought.

Mae Cleutat is sporting a sparkling new ring. Good luck Mae.

Marion Cray April-fooled herself when she loaded some cigarettes and then accidentally smoked one herself.

Congratulations to those who made Staff rating and First Sgt. Godin. Those who made Staff are S-Sgt. Fredericks, S-Sgt. Boone, and S-Sgt. Neary.

T-5 Mary Fogg has already moved her toothbrush, paste, and soap to the NOO club. What comes next Mary?

Where has Sgt. Musgrave been on these flying trips he takes? Now that a certain Sgt. from Hdqrs. is back one would think she would stick around.

T-5 Thompson is gifted with a new nick-name, "Juliet." It was given to her by one of her fellow-workers. What is the story behind it Tommy... pardon I mean Juliet?

Just a word of explanation for Lt. Carter of Special Services. When one shows WACs the womanly art of self defense one must expect to get lipstick... in various places.

The party last week went over with a bang, but I'm putting my money on the Hallowe'en party we are going to have. Complete with ghosts and grins.

Once more Adieu till next time.

How to be sure about her diamond

If you are an average young man you've probably given little thought to diamonds. The fact is there's a big difference in them and if you would like to buy wisely you'll want to know what to look for.

We suggest that you drop in and have a talk with our diamond expert, Mr. Bryant, Jr. There's no obligation. He'll be glad to give you the facts and help you in every possible way.

W.C. BRYANT & SON, INC.
JEWELERS
Over a century of fair and honest dealing at the same location.



"Pass one for the precision bombing squad!"

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

I see in the sports review column of last week, The Fighting Quartermaster phrase, was followed by a question mark. Now, for the benefit of the writer, the training of the Army is never guess work. If a person does not know what they are talking about, well look it up. In order to be hailed as a good leader, know your subject. Next time call 302 and Lt. Mahoney will give our answer. REMEMBER, the Q. M. wish to do good for everyone, not harm. For hints on good habits, see, Army clerk, chapter seven, page ninety-six.

This week's headline story: Man runs away from steak. The so-called headline can not be termed as one hundred per cent true, although the steak was there. It was a combination of steaks, roasts and many other choice cuts in compact form. The hide at the time of this story had not been removed. Answer? One live bull. Victim? M-Sgt. Skypek. It seems that the Sgt. was on a hunting expedition with Mr. Pozzi and trailing behind further than expected. Suddenly, Mr. Pozzi heard an unearthly call for assistance, upon looking in the direction of the SOS, there was the Sgt. making a commando dash for swamp, with a snorting black bull steaming at his heels. With the picture my imagination is giving me, I must take time out and laugh. The first sergeant was first all right, first into the middle of the swamp, hip high. After a short wait, Mr. Pozzi being the braver of the two, ventured back through the swamp. Results of the day: One swell cold, all shells lost, only two shots for the day and misses at that. Next time, bring your points with you, the old boy may see your point then.

I hear that Pvt. Lussier will try anything once. Can you imagine him partaking of a milk shake? There must have been some kind of wager or reward attached for a deed like that.

Just had a little talk with M-Sgt. Skypek about his hunting trip. His version of that trip is a little different than that of Mr. Pozzi's. First, the swampy part was only ankle deep. Second, Mr. Pozzi saw the animal first and without warning, took off for the nearest fence. Even with the long start Mr. Pozzi had, the Sgt. claims he was over the fence first. From the bravery angle Mr. Pozzi showed his when safely over the fence. Well that is both sides of the tale, you boys can take it from there.

Now that civilian girl working in Mr. Taylor's department is waiting for Sgt. Bushey to get his pass so that he may apply for the license on that coming marriage.

I hear that Cpl. Kilcayne has the above idea in mind also, that is all

the dope on him at this writing. When a special meeting is called for these boys, all that I can suggest is come well loaded.

Cpl. McGuinness should be back with us in the very near future, then we shall have a chance to see what he learned while at P. T. school.

Sgt. Murphy the boy who lost his blouse and train ticket, is now safely back in the fold.

To Cpl. DeMeule, we all wish you luck with your new assignment, be sure and let the boys hear from you now and then.

Did you know that mail orderlies are now officially called, clerks? Talking about mail men, our old friend Pvt. (I believe) Claude Stafford, has been visiting us regularly. He said, he would like to return with us, even as an acting private. If any one really deserved a diploma to the sad sackers' club, it is he.

Wouldn't it be nice when a group of men change stations, if the band would play something besides the saddest tunes? Especially when old friends are saying farewell, such tunes do not soften that old lump in the throat. Most of us make off we are happy, so let's have the tunes to go with it.

Will you boys please lay off of getting married for at least one month. This bit of news was gathered a little late, but here is the latest that I have. Cpl. Kilcayne will be married by the time you read this, also Cpl. Brooks. Sergt. Bushey is having his troubles but should do it before the week is out. Pfc. Traylor pulled a fast one and tied his knot last pay day, not a bad day for it either. Good luck to all and the Mrs.

I see the poster by the mirror in barrack 209 has been tampered with. It is a picture of how the well dressed soldier should appear. Someone cut out the tie that looked very neat on the poster. Could it be that Cpl. Fraccola did that job to replace the tie lost at the NCO club?

Talking about the NCO club, things seem to have hit a new low. What has happened to the men chosen to see that things function right? Like all good companies and clubs, members are usually kept informed when something is going to happen, good or bad.

Be prepared for a new training program that will go into effect very soon. Now is the time to brush up on things that you are in doubt of. The program will consist of every thing that you have had plus some subjects. A word to the wise should be sufficient.

In Greenland, the natives cremate the body of a person who's just died almost before the flesh turns cold. And with the body they burn everything that belonged to the deceased.

Finance

SGT. CARL P. HESSING

Back from camouflage school is T-Sgt. Joseph Belasco. Looking quite rested and refreshed, classes must have agreed with him. Next to leave is the columnist, with early to bed and early to rise as the key note while at school ???

Another one of the Finance clan departing on detached service is T-4 Edgar Salzenstein. Ed left for NCO School at Wake Forest, N. C. We are sure that one so capable as Ed will make a name for himself while at Wake Forest. Good luck Ed, and we hope to see you back.

Just a word to Sgt. Curtis McQuarrie and the boys at Camp Springs. How are things going? with you and the rest, Mac.

Back to the land of corn and clover is Sgt. Kenny Mecum, who started his furlough last Monday. Kenny hails from Bowen, in southern Illinois. We hope you enjoy yourself Kenny.

With the World Series in full swing the bets begin to fly. No exception is our baseball authority and ardent Cardinal booster, Cpl. Tony Turski. Even money are his odds.

As chipper as ever and full of life, is Pfc. Duke Lilley. Just back from home territory he's all set to get on Z ball.

Singing at the wedding of John Horodysky of the Signal Corps was our own Sgt. Dickie DeLorme. Dick really has talent and his soothing lyrics should start them on a road full of happiness.

Seen crowding around Pfc. Ann Caldwell (and we don't blame them) with beaming smiles in the Finance office Monday night were Sgt. Harry Johnson, Sgt. Howard Cornwell, and Sgt. Charles Christopulos. No one else could get within shouting distance.

Office Notes—Sgt. Tony Correa coming home to roost at an early hour these days—Sgt. Harry (I haven't had that furlough yet) Johnson still asking for a three day pass—Social gathering in the barracks every noon—With the smell of winter in the air those overcoats are being put into condition—Last up in the morning Cpl. Tony Turski—Pfc. Alfre MacKay working steadily away in the office—Pfc. Beals Snyder dreaming of Hollywood California and what goes on there—with Pfc. Dolph Frenz getting the furlough fever working up mileages—and the columnist winding up the column and going to chow—adios!

A girl no longer marries a man for better or worse. She marries him for more or less.

NURSES' NEWS

Lt. Helen Clark

Burr—it's cold here—anybody see a fireplace floating around? We'd love one in our living room.

Think I'll borrow Colonel Goodwin's furs for the winter if someone hasn't beat me to it. I hear he has some nice warm clothing.

Did you all see our magnificent gymnasium? If not, you've got a treat in store. Went for our first gym class last night. Was really too tired to go, but one look at that gym was as good as tonic. We got right into the swing of things and was sorry when the time was up. By the way, we've organized two basketball teams with Lts. Wood and Ogden as captains—we'll invite you to our first public appearance. The coach got a kick out of the way we played—guess he doesn't know much about basketball???? He seemed terribly mirthful about something but don't know what. Lt. Nielson has the first laugh (can't tell you why 'cause then you'll laugh too) but Lt. Farrar did all the blushing. Lt. Farrar is our very modest Hospital Supervisor.

The nurses' quarters has purchased Dale Carnegie's book on "How to Win Friends and Influence People." As soon as we read it, we'll pass it on to our various friends. If you want to know who has it, read the news weekly.

Had inspection of wards today—Major Frazin and Captain Fisher were the winners. Boy, how their wards shine! Major Frazin is getting G. I. and we like it.

Lts. Hoenig and Gore have returned after spending the holidays with their respective families. According to them, Detroit and New York are a trifle more interesting than Bangor. We're glad they had fun. Lts. Herrup and Cohen are now enjoying themselves in New York.

It is rumored that we are getting a new recruit by the name of Geraldine Dorff. Seems that person would like to be Chief of the A. N. C. Biggest objection to the present administration, is the midnight rule for all males to depart from Nurses' Quarters. I hope Geraldine realizes that in the A. N. C., one arises at 6:00 a. m., bet she hadn't thought of that!! Well, anyway, there is always room for one more, so come along and we'll make you "Auntie."

Welcome back Major Gilmont and Captain Martin, it's nice to see your friendly countenance again.

Mr. Campbell, our adjutant, has lost a pink umbrella. Will you all look around your quarters for it as he is quite anxious to get it back.

★ IN THE ARMY ★

they say:

"DOG SHOW" for foot inspection

"HALF-CATS" for tractor trucks

"WITH ONION" for anything very good

"CAMEL" for the favorite cigarette with men in the Army

CAMELS
SURE ARE
FRESH-TASTING
AND EXTRA MILD
—THEY'VE GOT
WHAT IT TAKES
FOR STEADY
PLEASURE

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

CAMEL



What's Play- ing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MONDAY—TUESDAY

THE EAST SIDE KIDS in CLANCY STREET BOYS

WEDNESDAY—THURSDAY

ANN CORRIO in SARONG GIRL

FRIDAY—SATURDAY

CHARLET STARRETT in ROBINHOOD OF THE RANGE

SUNDAY ONLY

AFTER MIDNIGHT WITH BOSTON BLACKIE

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

Printed by the Bangor Publishing Company, publishers of "THE BANGOR DAILY NEWS," a civilian enterprise, in the interests of the personnel of Dow Field.

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Editorial:

Hitler Pitching---Tojo Catching!!!

Well, here we are folks—a World Series—not on a fresh cut diamond, but the whole World to play in.

The opposition is out for blood, no sympathetic umpires to give you the benefit of the doubt—no second chance in the batting order. You have got to slam the pill for a homerun.

For a while the situation looked pretty bad. Hitler with his blitzkrieg curves and sudden out shoots. Tojo behind the plate—leering through his mask, looking for the batter's weakness—your weakness, my friend and he found some.

But now our heavy hitters are up—taking the batting position, ready to take a circuit clout. Take a good grip on your bat, tense your muscles, and let's send the whole Axis right to the showers.

Snubbed Swains Overseas Start Brush-Off Club With Three Classes

If you were overseas and had a bad case of B. O. (we mean brush-off) you would be eligible to use the wailing wall with others in the same trouble.

Over in North Africa, for instance—business is good at the local chapter of the Brushoff club. Applications for membership are coming in every day.

But when business is good, that's bad, because the Brushoff club is an overseas organization of brushed-off boys—divorced or jilted gents and sorrowing and suspicious swains.

It is a mutual sympathy and womanpower mobilization society for soldiers who have found that absence merely made their honeys' hearts grow younger. It is said to have been started in India more than a year ago. The club now has chapters scattered throughout the world, wherever Johnny Doughboy goes to war—or to wait.

Membership is divided into three classes—A, B and C.

Class A is composed of men who have been officially divorced or jilted, provided they have had definite and first person notification from the party of the second part, namely, their wives or sweethearts.

Class B is made up of men who have second-hand information that their wives or sweethearts back home have been two-timing them, going out with civilians or other servicemen or just some guy named Joe. This information has come from a mother-in-law, an acquaintance or one of those anonymous persons who signs the letter "A Friend."

Class C consists of the luckless lads whose letters from the one and only seem to lack the sweetness and personal interest of yore.

They can't prove anything, but they're suspicious and thus eligible for membership.

In all three classes, application for membership must be accompanied by the letter and the ring, if one is returned, or a formal statement of suspicions.

In addition, some charters have set up what is known as an "anxious seat" for prospective members. This seat is occupied by those whose love letters have become more and more infrequent without any explanation. However, this might be only because of mail facilities, so they are not admitted to membership until specific proof is forthcoming.

Besides the mutual sympathy aim of the organization, considerable actual offensive activity is undertaken. Members are required to locate and list—by name, address, telephone number and description—all available, unattached femininity in the immediate theater of operations. Class A members get priority rights and privileges. If they make no headway after initial advances, class B members are given second chance at the list. Class C members and "anxious seaters" are last in line and get no priorities whatever, without further proof, but are required to help keep the list up to date in the hopes of future contact. They are not eligible to attend any sympathy sessions—yet.

Ex-wives and sweethearts back home undoubtedly will be interested in the details of the membership applications.

A prospective member is required to give his full name, the name of the woman and that of the man to whom he lost—or thinks he lost—her. He must tell when he last heard from her and what she or someone else said that aroused his suspicions.

Just to add the personal touch to this business he must also tell whether she is blonde, brunette or red-haired, what there was about her which first attracted his attention and what pet names they exchanged. All such details help keep the sympathy sessions sizzling.

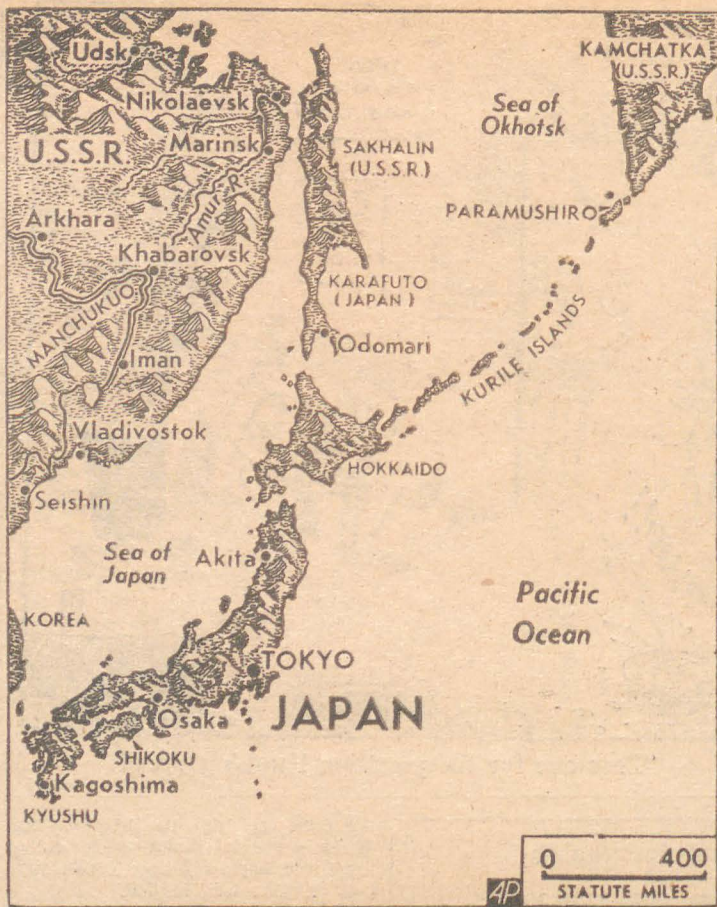
The symbol of the organization is always mounted on the charter and membership lists.

It's a brush.

There are no dues. Things are bad enough as it is.

Kiss—a noun, though often used as a conjunction; it is never declined; it is more common than proper and is used in the plural and agrees with all genders.

Police in Bulgaria mark the ears of pickpockets with a bright red, indelible ink when they're released from prison—that the public may beware.



JAP LAIR—Here is a topographical map of the Japanese islands, showing their relation to strategic points in Russia, including the Kamchatka peninsula. Japan is reported to have heavily fortified the Kurile Islands in the north.

Immediate Background of the War

October 11, 1943

The Anti-Comintern Pact, 1936—On October 24, 1936, the formation of the Rome-Berlin Axis was announced.

On November 25, 1936, Germany and Japan signed the Anti-Comintern Pact to which Italy became a party on November 6, 1937.

Germany and Italy were pledged to consult and collaborate on matters of mutual interest, and all three parties promised to combat the ideas of Soviet Russia.

The opposition of Berlin, of Rome and of Tokyo to the Soviets was stressed by the signers.

Some people of the democracies cheered, although no other powers accepted the invitation to join.

Russia's Bolshevism was unpopular, although it was being rapidly modified in the direction of a quasi capitalist regime (e. g. foreign capital was imported and a wage system was inaugurated.)

They failed to see that this apparently defensive agreement against Russia was the basis for the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis, which combination threatened states other than the Soviet Union with offensive action.

Intervention in Spain 1936—Hitler intervened with Mussolini, in Spain in 1936. A total of about 45,000 Nazis and 175,000 Fascists served the Spanish Dictator (Franco). Spanish battlefields were used as testing grounds for new German weapons (planes and tanks), and the new tactics of machine warfare.

This action had the further purpose of extending Nazi influence in the Iberian peninsula—an area of critical importance in Europe and the Mediterranean region.

Recognition of Italy's seizure of Ethiopia, 1936—In keeping with his recent treaty Hitler recognized Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia.

By so doing he provided more cement to bind the diplomated associates together.

N.B.—The United States never recognized this conquest because it was clearly the result of aggression.

The German Four Year Plan 1936—Within Germany Hitler inaugurated "The Four Year Plan." Heavy industry was expanded and converted to the production of munitions for the new mechanized army. Auto roads were developed to speed the movement of troops and of supplies.

N.B.—Germany's production would achieve a "new high" in 1940.

The Austrian Anschluss, 1938—1938 saw further major actions on part of Hitler. He moved against Austria. Where he had failed in 1934, he now succeeded. In February Hitler put the Austrian premier (Schuschnigg) under pressure, and forced him to admit Nazis into his Austrian cabinet. Later the Fuehrer brought other pressures to bear. On March 11, 1938 he moved Nazi motorized troops across the Austrian frontier and landed others by air at the Vienna airport. There was no Italian support for Austria this time. The Anti Comintern Pact and the recognition of the Italian Empire of Ethiopia were beginning to do their work. Moreover, a Fifth column existed within Austria to aid the invaders.

Anschluss (union of Austria with Germany) became a fact. On February 20, 1938, Hitler had told his Nazis and the world "over ten million Germans live in two states adjoining our frontiers. It is in the interest of the German Reich to protect them."

He had brought 7 million Austrians into the Nazi fold. What of the other 3 million?

Reopening of T 15

Bouquets go to Mrs. Shaw, our charming Base Hostess. It is she whom we have to thank for one of the most successful dances ever held at this Base. The dance marked the official reopening of Building T 15.

The Base Recreation Hall has been newly redecorated by our capable artist, Cpl. Woodall. The "rug cutters" and "soft shoe artists" highly praised the colorful murals that adorned the walls of the building.

Dow Field's own Troubadors were responsible for the sweet and jivey tempos that set the building alive with rhythm.

The limelight of the evening came with the serving of refreshments that were enjoyed by all.

Thanks again to you Mrs. Shaw for making it possible for the members of Dow Field and Transient crews to spend an enjoyable evening that might have been just another dance.

"An Observer."

Choosy!

SHEPPARD FIELD, Tex. — Civilians are getting their second wind after two years of war. From now on the Army had better watch its step to judge from the following Situations Wanted ad in a Wichita Falls, Tex., newspaper:

FEMALE SITUATIONS

Capable housekeeper, work in a refined adult southern home, living quarters separate from family, no liquor, dogs or army officers home.

Cocktail Lounge Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service

Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St.

Dial 4501

Chow Line

Pfc. V. Saunders
Pfc. A. Williams

How would you like to stand in a chow line with your best girl and know you were getting fried chicken?

That was the situation Tuesday night as the Engineers went to bat. Both with chickens and the girls.

The Engineers supplied the chickens, French fries, beer, cake, and what have you. While Mrs. Shaw (Old Faithful) supplied the hostesses.

The hall was all decked out in true Halloween fashion. Hats and noisemakers were the finishing touches.

There was dancing and games. Some of our Engineers won noble prizes. Pants and a bra were the most distinguished prizes of the evening.

You can't use them for inspection fellows as it's not G. I.

All the Engineers gave a round of applause for the wonderful job the cooks did. Our Baker Neil Nelson really put out some swell cakes with fancy decorations and I know there wasn't a crumb left.

Who were the three bartenders that had all the Engineers coughing and sputtering for half an hour? The beer was good anyhow fellows.

Lieut.-Col. Goodwin and his wife, Lieut. Linnartz, Co. C's new commander, Capt. Gillis, Lieut. Popp, Lieut. Campbell and his wife, Lieut. Jauck and his wife, and Chaplin Lutz and his wife were all honor guests. From my point of view they all had a fine time. Another honored guest was our former C. O. Capt. Gillis. Thanks for coming captain. It was swell seeing you again.

Many thanks to Mrs. Shaw and Sergt. A. Deuell and to all those who helped make our party.

WE WAITED A LONG TIME

It was not long ago as everyone knows

My Uncle Sammy entered this war

Now it is no song and dance.

It is our only chance to have freedom for ever more.

Now get in there and pitch

For we are not digging a ditch

We are going to win this war.

Give us what we need

All we ask for is security and speed.

Keep your feet on the ground

We will never turn you down

For we are still going to win this war.

ROOSEVELT'S ANSWER

The war went on for many a month Before Roosevelt could answer.

The Japs made war and did destroy

Boats in briny waters

They made replies with tears in their eyes

Then sat back in laughter

Now for not knowing what they were doing

Uncle Sammy is letting us to take over.

Alva L. Foster,

Air Base Squadron, Dow Field.

Top wages. References.

Let the second lieutenants argue their way out of that one.

Temptation—Something which when resisted gives happiness and which when yielded to gives greater happiness.



Buy A
WEEKLY PASS
50¢

Special Pass for Air Base Personnel. May be transferred. Can be used by uniformed men only.

REGULAR SERVICE

Dow Field to Downtown

PENOBSCOT

TRANSPORTATION CO.



Meet Me at
LARRY'S

FOR DELICIOUS
HAMBURGERS - - - -
HOT DOGS - - - -

ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT
POST OFFICE SQ.

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

Although it's kind of late we'd like to say solong and good luck to T-Sgt. Horn and Andy Zurine of the accordion Zurines. Happy landings for both we hope. There were times when the strains of an accordion pumped polka might have gotten us down but compared to the more recent guitar attempts of certain first floor hillbillies we wouldn't complain again. Those nasal, one keyed tones (that word is questionable) flowing not too gently up through the heating conduits to the more "sedate" second floor of 206 would make a very appropriate accompaniment to a nightmare. Any day now we expect a visit from the Yokum family (which reminds us, that wouldn't be so bad at that if Daisy Mae came along.)

There's a lot of talk in the comm. of late about hunting. We hope some one of the outfits "stalwarts" bags something so we can enjoy a meaty relief from the usual G. I. grub.

Can't welcome all the new comm. members by name but we're glad to have you all with us anyway. You're in a good outfit and we aren't bucking for strips either.

Look for Jimmy Niles appearing on the "Personality Parade" one of these days in the not too far distant future. It looks as if the eccentricities of the comm.'s chief "character" are due for a public airing which should prove quite entertaining and amusing.

According to the barracks bulletin board the boys have unanimously nominated "G. I." Jones as permanent C. Q. of the U. S. O. Now that the place operates on a 24 hour basis. That's quite an order seeing as how he already has the responsibility of keeping up the morale of the gals who keep up the morale of the G. I. customers.

Both Kelly's are, we understand, interested in some sort of a missionary movement and received bulletins through the mail with the latest information on the progress of same. We had no idea that these two comm. members were interested in the spiritual growth of the community and from now on we'll be much more careful in our deportment while in their presence. Undoubtedly "Brother Brewer" will be happy to learn of this development. Peace be with thee brethren!

Congratulations are in line for "Irish" Welsh on his new job. We don't think anyone disagrees with the choice. By all standards he'll make a good chief operator.

"Pee wee" has finally come out of the hospital seclusion and we are glad to have her back. We missed you—honest we did.

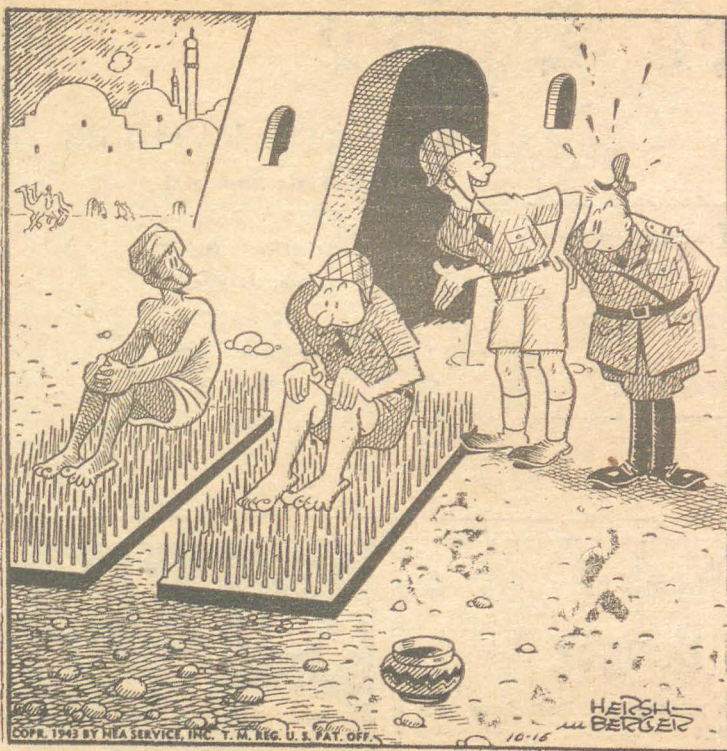
We know "Pop" Kelly is a cautious man and all that but we've never seen anyone making such careful plans or so far in advance as he is for his furlough. Don't get within earshot of the guy or you'll be lost for the next couple of hours listening to the elaborate manner in which he has every move planned.

Our ears are buzzing with the predictions and comments of the World Series experts of the comm. with all the baseball brains who gather daily in the orderly room we don't dare say anything but secretly we are rooting for the Cards.

Looks like the comm. still has the old stamina if payday night was any indication. We were out in full array and strength or was it disarray. Anyway it was fun. Donaghue hasn't climbed on yet as a matter of fact but shows signs of weakening.

These new radio efficiency badges make the outfit look quite decorative. With all that metal hanging on the manly bosoms of the boys we're going to have to order some reinforced blouses to sustain the load.

We're sorry this is such a rush proposition and might show signs of "improper composition" but with those surprise alerts Lt. Baker has been pulling on us lately, like the other day in the middle of the



"He's gone native, sir!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Maybe you heard about the fellow who wrote his draft board several reasons why he should not be called. At the end he wrote "Sincerely yours."

However, after some study he changed it to "As ever." Again he pondered, rewrote the entire letter and closed with:

"Eventually yours."

Bob Hope says there are now so many women in the Army that when a soldier sees a uniform coming down the street he has to wait until it gets within 20 feet before he knows whether to salute or whistle.

I had a good laugh when the Swedes told how some Nazi shore batteries had fired on what the gunners thought was a Russian convoy. Later the jumpy Germans learned that they were Nazi ships. Their marksmanship was pretty good too, because they hit several of 'em. If we give those guys enough rope they'll hang themselves sure.

Captain: "I'd like to talk to someone with a little authority here."

Air Base Squadron

Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

Saturday morning we, bleary-eyed, shook hands with some of the best men we have ever met in the army—and said our last goodbyes to the boys—we missed them lots this week—but this is the army or something and so we keep rolling on our merry way. . . . 1st Sgt. Higer, Cpl. Wagner, S.-Sgt. Raffa, and anybody else who could fit into McInnis' car took a trip to Boston to visit Paul's kid brother in the Navy—we hear that they had a good time—mission completed—and of course anything that might have happened on the way down to Boston was strictly in the line of duty. . . . Congratulations to Cpl. Meltzer. . . . Welcome home to S.-Sgt. Bellinger—his tale of woe makes us feel like we're back in old times again. . . . Scenes from the sidelines. . . . One of the quieter privates sounding off that it's only natural for women to have clean minds after all they change them

series, we're not quite normal. Which reminds us that every time the landing equipment motor "caravan" pulls out it looks like the third front is about to be opened. That's all till next week. Don't bother saying it, we know that makes you glad.

Private: "I'm your man, sir. I've got as little authority as anyone."

"How was your furlough?"

"Good."

"Feel any change?"

"Not a penny."

A not very smart gentleman in Oklahoma was told that he probably had oil on his farm. The gentleman shook his head and said: "Now isn't that a shame. Can't touch it 'til after the war. Oil's rationed, you know."

"My son in the Army is getting along fine," Mrs. Van Snooter told some of her friends. "I think he must be learning metallurgy."

"Yes, when I visited him at camp last week I heard some of the other soldiers call him a goldbricker."

An EM from the mountains of Tennessee got a letter from his gal. After her name she had put two crosses—XX.

Sorrowfully, he showed his buddy, saying: "She's put me down."

"What makes you think so?" asked the buddy.

"Can't you see? She's double-crossed me?"

often enough. . . . Sgt. Meluskey giving a pep talk to the firemen

. . . . S.-Sgt. Geden editing our article and taking out every reference to wine, women, or song

Cpl. Wagner instructing his new side-kick, Pvt. Martin

. . . . Pvt. Longfellow—nuff said

This week's Gruesome Twosome Cpl. Rodman and Sgt. Berkson—these

two boys may look at things from the legal angle—but from where we stand they look O.K.

. . . . A hearty WELCOME HOME to our Adjutant, 1st Lt. Russ Foster,

things are really cooking with him around once more—now if we could get Slugger of Bangor House and

Butch of Penobscot on the ball—we might have something to write home about

. . . . Definition of a draft board—Tourist agency for Japan

. . . . We're not making any mention of air base squadron's participation on the WAC tea party

. . . . Military Secret of the Week: What is it that S.-Sgt. John Raffa likes better than eating cake?

. . . . Joe Milano is figuring on serving his beer with straws to keep down overhead

. . . . And if any of you fellows think that the air base band has a cinch you ought to work with them for a few nights

. . . . no kidding they're really a rugged outfit, how about that Klein

. . . . Cpl. Lefty Hazle has really quieted down these past two weeks—quieted down to a hurricane

. . . . he took over the Engineers at the Engineer dance and at present is making plans to take over Post Headquarters—but then again, even Caesar was ambitious (not you Julian P.)

. . . . Well—there comes a time when all good men must come to the aid of their party—and ours is about 7 o'clock—so we had better take off—

. . . . so long

P.S.—Open for business: Cpl. Pat DiCola and Corporal Ray LeDonne have taken over the dry cleaning business of T.-Sgt. Duran. Hours for leaving clothes are 12:00-1:00 and 5:30-7:30 p. m. The boys are hanging out the welcome sign in T-219 so why not check in on them.

Modern version: Marry in haste, repeat at pleasure.

DOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITY

Provost Sgt. Joe Levy Has Secret Wish To Be A Sports Commentator

"Dick Tracy is racing up the field, George Raft is cutting into his territory for the tackle. Dagwood gets sandwiched in between Edward Arnold and Major Hoople and is knocked for a loop. Dick Tracy sees Mrs. Pruneface at the goal line and reverses the field with coach Humphrey Bogart blasting out the opposition with a sneer." Yes sir it's a great day for the players." Commented S.-Sgt. Joseph Aloysious Theodore Levy Provost Sergeant of the guard-house.

When we heard this weird sports description from the guard house window, we knew our curiosity would put us in, so we went in.

There was Joe Levy, a phony cardboard mike on his desk, excitedly calling the imaginary plays of the Comic Strip characters versus Hollywood Stars.

Joe has always had a hankering for the staccato-like descriptions of sports events. His activities on that score are some what limited, so he amuses himself with his own creative ideas.

Now let's take a look into the background of this all-libbing sport enthusiast.

German, Irish Joseph Levy is a Pennsylvania boy, and Philadelphia, to be technical, and brought up in a household of Murphy's and Levy's.

"We all got along swell" he said as we suggested a Cohen and a Kelly angle.

"Before I completed my course in North East High, I heard the call of Uncle Sam and get this, Geden, I really wanted to be a sol-

dier, yes sir—I'm on the level on this. My folks just couldn't hold me down. Funny thing—and you'll never believe this, I also wanted to be a minister. In fact I went a year to a Bible school, it did me a lot of good too. Here at Dow Field I can talk to the prisoners and try to straighten them out. I get a kick out of a guy seeing the light."

"That sounds okay to us Joe," but how about some details of your personal life, are you married, for instance?" we ventured. "Yep" he said, "met her when I was in town patrol for the M. P's. Her dad and I got chatting and he invited me to his home, and his daughter, well she's my wife now. A beautiful brunette," he sighed. "I think blondes are too devilish," he added as an after thought.

(Editors note—views expressed here do not necessarily represent the opinions of the base, 'cause we know guys who are nuts about blondes). "Do you have any hobby or particular sports," we next shot at him. "Cross country racing is my sport, and music is my favorite hobby," Levy came back with. "Give me Glenn Miller and his smooth melodies and that's my meat," declared enthusiastically. He reached over to play a record, suddenly he sat up, then dashed to the make believe mike and shouted "Andy Gump is nosing his way down the field. Jimmy Cagney clips him one, while Popeye swings with a straight arm."

We tiptoed quietly out, expecting Superman to come swooping in with a football under his arm and we're not going to be in his way.

Headquarters

(By SGT. GEORGE EDWARDS)

With a flourish of trumpets and our fond farewells, we bade some of our oldest members adieu. It was tough to see them leave, and we sure miss their presence. All swell fellows, with them go our prayers and wishes for the best of luck. Following are those who left: Major William Collett, M/Sgt. Paul Bolden, T/Sgt. Gordon Bunnell, T/Sgt. Rudolph Carter, S/Sgt. Ernest Baker, S/Sgt. Vincent Duff, S/Sgt. Harold Eldridge, S/Sgt. "Red" Roy, and Sgt. George Edwards.

From all reports, the shindig the WACs gave the other night proved a huge success. S/Sgt. Ralph Vaughn rendered his version of jitterbugging with an equally talented partner. Among the many who attended, S/Sgt. Sally Neary, Sgt. Irving Berkson (there's that man again) and Pfc. Diana Ellsworth also reported a grand time.

We wish, here, to congratulate Mr. Katz and his wife on the birth of a son. The proud papa is doing fine and we hope the same is true of the mother and son.

S/Sgt. Arvin Wood has returned from his trip to New Mexico. "Ah—there's God's country," says Woody. Ed. note: Sympathize with me for I get the wonders of New Mexico from two sides. I wish the Lord would make His final choice and put an end to all this business.

T/5 Clara Nowakowski returned from furlough to report she found romance on her trip back. There's one instance where the return trip wasn't bad—no—not at all.

Also returning to her duties after a vacation is Pfc. Ethel Mertz. However, she's been very quiet

about her trip and that isn't natural. So, watch out for any surprise development.

S/Sgt. Edward Collins is now the Base Sgt. Major. Ed was formerly one of the bulwarks of Personnel. The girls will take good care of you, Ed.

T/5 Sonny Munster, S-2, treated us all to some home made cookies the other afternoon. Thanks, Sonny, and let's have more of that. P. S. Anyone else who cares to do likewise is hereby invited to do so without any further coaxing.

T/5 Marion Cray lost her sergeants, but she still runs across their charming notes which they inserted in every conceivable place. They should make a very interesting collection.

Cpl. Ken Bishop, though we seldom see him here, is right on the job plugging away in the Publications Section across the way. Here's a tip—when you call Ken, remember to hold the phone as far away as possible. He really believes in shouting. Blimy, Ken, give the phone a break. What say, Governor?

What about a dinner, dance, or social in the near future amongst ourselves. Talk it up and let's have some fun. Any suggestions will be very welcome. With that thought, adieu.

Double-Talk!

HARLINGEN FIELD, Tex — A sign recently tacked on a squadron bulletin board at Harlingen Field read:

"Notice— The following enlisted men will pick up their Good Conduct Medals at the supply room this afternoon. Failure to comply with this order will result in disciplinary action."

IN THE SERVICE—



CARRY FUNDS
YOU CAN'T
LOSE!

Funds you can't lose—that's the kind you carry when you change your cash into American Express TRAVELERS CHEQUES. Funds you can spend everywhere and funds that are refunded if lost or stolen.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

KEEP THE MILITARY BEARING
IN YOUR CLOTHES

The FAIRMOUNT CLEANERS

GIVES YOU 24-HOUR SERVICE

See Sgt. A. S. Duran at Barracks T-219 or call 5516

Fairmount Cleaners, 556 Hammond St.

The Chapel Spire

1st. Lt. Mark A. Smith

Base Chaplain

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

WEEKDAYS

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

Consultation Hours for Protestant Men: Week-day afternoons from 1:00 to 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

OBLATE FATHERS

From Bucksport

Will Say 3 Masses

SUNDAY ONLY

Base Chapel

7:30—11:30

Engineer Area

9:30 A. M.

Confessions Before Each Mass

Why Don't You
Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
HAD IDEAS

Back in 1492 Columbus really went out of his way to find answers. He was a great one for discovering new things.

How about taking a cue from Columbus and discovering a few things yourself?

For instance, have you "discovered" the pleasant homey atmosphere of the Base Day room?

In your search for knowledge, have you "discovered" that there is a library crammed full with up to the minute books and Technical information at T-33?

Have you "discovered" the hundreds of pretty Dow Field hostesses who willingly give up their spare time to help you to enjoy your spare time?

Have you "discovered" the easy to read column in the Observer listed under Dow Field Activities to show you what is going on at the Field?

I know many of the fellows have "discovered" the extra services that we have. Sew on your loose button, mend slight rips and tears, an electric iron for pressing engagements, writing paper and ink and hundreds of other items.

Last of all, have you "discovered" yourself? What fun can you have by just giving out with a little enthusiasm? Practically every "good time" is based on how much you get into it. Turn loose your natural charm, soldier, and you'll soon be discovering a whole new world—not geographical location but a world of new friends and enjoyable relaxation.

Lt. Thomas Nolan,
Asst. Exchange Officer

While Lt. Nolan is a comparative newcomer to Dow Field, he is not new to the operation of Post Exchanges.

A native of Waltham, Massachusetts, all his life he has had a hand in merchandising and purchasing for general consumption.

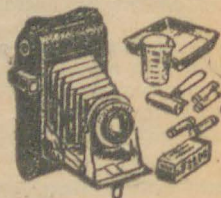
After three years in the Infantry, serving at Fort Devens, Ethan Allen, and Rodman, (1927-30), Lt. Nolan went into the food business. In Waltham, he operated his own restaurant, at the same time he was appointed Steward for the Service Club at Fort Devens, as well as supervisor of the Post Exchange with 27 branches.

With this a basic background, he received the final finishing touches at the Army Exchange School at Princeton University.

His next assignment was Assistant Exchange Officer at Bradley Field. From there he came to Dow Field.

His favorite sports are baseball and basketball.

SEND YOUR
"SWEETIE"
A SNAPSHOT



Cameras and
Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Amateur and Professional Films.

DAKIN'S

Sporting Goods Co.
25 CENTRAL ST.

Signal Corps

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

It is with profound regret to witness this past week the departure of Capt. Amos J. Carr, our Base Signal Officer, who has been transferred to another post. Under his fine guidance and leadership, the entire Signal Organization shall keenly feel his loss. We all say farewell and good luck. You have our sincere best wishes, Capt. Carr.

Pursuing a course in camouflage, Sgt. John O'Donnell and Cpl. John Bryant have been away to school at Mitchell Field, N. Y.

Congratulations to our company commander, First Lieut. Carl J. Bloom. There has come a delightful and memorable event in his life. Yes, a beautiful healthy baby boy was born last Sunday morning at 9:12 a. m. to his charming wife, Frances. The little bundle of joy, if you're interested, weighs the sum of 8 pounds. Mother and son are reported both doing fine, and also Dad. (Ed. Hello Franny, what are you going to call the youngster? I suggest the name of Sammy, how about it?)

Now it's official to publicize this announcement that Cpl. John Horodysky is finally married to Miss Frances V. Laslie, resident of West Pembroke, Me. The wedding took place as previously stated at St. John's Catholic church of Bangor. A huge throng of our soldier members including civilian relatives of the couple attended a very successful reception at the Penobscot hotel. It proved to be a merry, happy go-lucky affair throughout the dinner banquet. Stirring melodious songs were sung by Sgt. De Lorme and Pfc. Ernest Giguere. Yours truly provided one of his hilarious poetical skits with our First Sergeant Wennerberg and Cpl. Lieber, his right hand man, fulfilling with perfection the role of master of ceremonies. Officers present were, 2nd Lieut. Howard C. Williams and W.O. Irving Markham.

When Pfc. Simon Cohen and Cpl. Louis Ciminera return from furlough, they'll have plenty to talk about regarding their brief invasion of civilian life atmosphere. (O.K., Louis, who is the lucky girl this time? Say, Cohen, what's new in the drug store business?)

What fellow in our little group is waiting most anxiously and patiently for a good conduct medal. Rumors have it that he wants to show it around to his many girls in town so to off-set the females' contention that he is a big, bad "wolf."

Fellows, has anyone seen Cpl. John Kowalczyk around? There goes the phone. Hodgkins, you better answer it. Hel-lo, Sgt. Hodgkins speaking. Who? Oh, it's you John. Where you been? What! What! What's happened? Hold on a minute, are you kidding? Why, er—er, I don't know, John. Sorry, Pal, take care of yourself, I'll be

What's Doing This Week For Service Men In Bangor

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

U. S. O. CLUB, 81 Park street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. Facilities: Reception lounge and information desk, check room, reading and writing room, library, newspapers, magazines, books, social recreation room, snack bar and refreshment lounge, music room, recording studio, classical records, game room, pool, ping-pong, arts and crafts room, hobby workshop, photographic dark room, radio, showers and shaving facilities, sewing kit, self-valet, first-aid kit.

Services: Information service, room and apartment registry, bundle wrapping, mailing service, stamps, checking service—free lockers, USO Service stationery, typewriter, local phone calls, letters-on-a-record service, religious literature, individual personal services.

Y.M.C.A., 127 Hammond street. Open 24 hours. Services: Game room, lobby, writing materials, information, showers, swimming pool.

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

USO CENTER, 81 Columbia street. Open 4:00 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. Facilities: Lounge, check room, game room, pool, ping pong, writing materials, dancing.

Y.W.C.A., 174 Union street. Open house every day for service men and women, 2:00 p. m. to 10:00 p. m.

Bangor Public Library, free for reading and lending for service men and women and their families. Central Library, 145 Harlow street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m. daily; 2:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m. on Sunday.

Music Branch, 166 Union street. Open Monday through Friday, 9:00 a. m. to noon; 2:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. On Saturday, 9:00 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.

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

Dow Field Activities

TUESDAY, OCT. 12

Med. Sqd. Hallowe'en party at T 15. The party begins at 8:30. The Troubadors will give forth with melodious tunes we all enjoy.

Thursday, Oct. 14

Co. H & S. Halloween Party. The place is T 439. The time 8:00 p. m. The orchestra—the well

known and liked Troubadors. Masks, hats and noise makers all add up to real fun.

FRIDAY, OCT. 15

Broadcast and dance at T6. The broadcast begins at 9 p. m. The dance at 9:30 p. m. Dow Field hostesses and WAC's will be present. The Troubadors will furnish the music.

seeing you later, O.K. now, take it easy, won't you? So—long. Yes, good-bye, John. Well, Well, of all things. I can't understand it. "Say, what's up?" cries our First Sergeant Wennerberg. "Well, it was John Kowalczyk over the phone. He's lost somewhere. He claims he moved in to some apartment in town late last night, and now this afternoon he can't find the place where he slept in. "Jumping Jitters!" yells our First Sergeant, "Thank God, we issued him dog tags to wear. At least he'll be able to find his way back to camp again. Is it any wonder my hair is turning grey. Sgt. Hodgkins, bring me a glass of water!"

Another permanent missing member of this company is Pvt. Elmer Lane who we forgot to mention in the last issue as being transferred to a different Army base along with Cpl. Robert Lux.

Pistol shooting for record has found some of the boys on the range with hopes of qualifying. Final results of their skillful efforts have not yet been released for this publication.

Pfc. Armond Rosini is getting ahead slowly but surely. He has just been promoted to the capacity of Chief Fireman. (Ciminera, your buddy, is going to be mighty proud of you, I'm sure.)

We all wonder how Cpl. Nelson Lieber made out on his three day pass? One of these days, you're going to hear him ask our C.O. for separate rations. (Don't say I didn't tell ya all.)

Our bowling team got off to a flying start a few weeks ago with a decisive win in the first league game. We hope to continue in better form as these games progress. Once again we make an humble plea for your moral support in attending these affairs that represent the good name of our or-

ganization. Let's get on the ball! Onward Fellows, to greater heights of victory!

My weekly war message is told in the following written verse as I say farewell and good night, Folks!

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS!

I am a fugitive from man's discipline. I have escaped the gates of hell and sin. There is a price on my body and soul, Shadowed is my life with dole.

No earthly kin or friend to love me. Hitler, Tojo share my misery. I'm an outcast, broken, baited, Suffering for those wrongs created.

Aversion in my heart lies still. For to thrive I must rob and kill. Such is the way of a fugitive's will, And those who face a hopeless hill.

It might be long or short . . . the time, When and shall come to all my crime. Then it shall be death to face, In man's prison for an unjust race.

Oh, What a frantic feeling, when we know, That our fate ahead holds only woe. To remain sunk with silence, drift along, Weary, hunted, branded forever long.

Hear me! You silent Powers above. Mine is the life without love. Could you ever forgive, This traitor who seeks to live?

Pvt. Samuel J. Profeta.

The modern woman doesn't want a man who can satisfy her smallest wish; what she wants is one who can attend to the larger ones.

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

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

CIVILIAN SLANTS

Sub-Depot Maintenance

We all hope that Lt. Dyke is enjoying his leave but will be glad when he gets back as he is greatly missed hereabouts.

Clair Millett, foreman of Drafting and Reproduction branch, passed out cigars to all the male employees on Wednesday, the event being the arrival of a five and a half pound girl. Congratulations, Clair; but the feminine employees are wondering where the chocolates are at?

From all reports the men in Maintenance had a super time at the "stag" party held for George Benson on Thursday evening. We understand that "Dick" Rall was in rare form that nite.

We often wonder how Cpl. Sunny Munter is making it these days. Haven't seen her since she left the hangar to work at Headquarters. Sunny with her "sunny" smile is greatly missed by us all.

The men back from detached service at Rome, N. Y., inform us that Captain Everett Delany, former Maintenance Officer of 332d Sub-Depot, has given up single blessedness for marriage.

The girls in Maintenance who attended "Kay" Trickey's party at her camp in Hampden express the opinion that "Kay" is a swell hostess and her cuisine of the finest.

Post Engineers

Who is it that is giving calisthenics during the rest period—Mrs. Lewis or Mrs. Amundsen?

This isn't a lost and found department, but Roy Bard, the Oil Baron, has lost his dog. The dog is the one with the leather collar—Roy has glasses.

Oh, yes! Paul Huskins lost his two bunnies, too, we are told. All broken up over it.

Did you know that Thomas O'Hearon is a part-time farmer? Yep, Tom bought a cow. George Arey says to bring that rubber glove back, because practicing on the fingers of that won't teach you how to milk.

Frank Hopkins thinks Miss Jewell could cover more ground on roller skates. Could she?

Oh, yes, Huskins and Blethen are down on the coast this week. Look out for the salt air, boys!

Say, that jamboree out at the Essex Street Grange hall must have been a dillie—everyone is talking about it.

Oh, yes, remember Ike Graves—he has his hand out again! Have we all the names and addresses of our gang that are in the armed services? If there is anyone who may have been missed, let Ike Graves know. We don't want to miss anyone—not one.

Will Crocker be on the bulldozer in the next blackout, Brad?

Say, Royce, if that dinner horn ever goes sour—just have Sargent of the stock room yell! He can stop traffic downtown.

Have you checked the individual department's ratings on the Post Engineer Bond Chart lately? Looks good to see them creeping up—don't you think?

Who was it that was "chasing a pig around Pushaw Pond?"—anybody by the name of Nate Dyer?

Medical Dept.

Mrs. Melvena R. Jinks has had a brief visit with her son, 2nd Lt. William P. Jinks, who has just finished an 18 week course at the Hondo Navigation school, Texas. An aviation cadet, he was among those completing the course with highest rank and has been selected for further instruction at a Bombardier school in New Mexico.

Former employees recently calling at Station hospital were Albert J. George, USN, Norfolk, Va., and Robert E. Meath, now a petty officer in the Merchant Marine.

Mrs. Luella M. Dickie of Somer-

ville, Mass., has been a guest at the home of her niece, Miss Shirley Morrison, for a week.

Frank A. Holmes spent part of his annual leave with relatives in Machias and Portland, Maine.

Miss Fernande J. Marcotte brought to a close Saturday her service in the Dental Clinic at Station hospital. She is returning to her home in Lewiston and takes with her the best wishes of her associates.

William B. Gallagher transferred in September to the Quartermaster department and is now working on a salvage truck. He was formerly a mess attendant. (We had the wrong fellow in this item last week.)

Mrs. Katherine G. Hovey has returned to her work in the Lab after being in Boston for two weeks.

Charles F. Peterson is back to duty after a two weeks vacation on Cape Cod, Mass., and Boston where he attended three major league baseball games.

PLANE TRIP

Miss Rose Lavoott is enjoying an extensive airplane trip this week. On Sunday she left for Texas to attend the graduation from Bombardier school of her brother, 2nd Lt. Peter Lavoott, who is receiving his wings. Lt. Lavoott will accompany his sister on her return trip by air to Bangor. She will be absent from work just six days.

BOWLING

William Veilleux has charge of arranging the Hospital Men's Bowling Team and the latest report shows a membership of seven and practice sessions already in progress.

ELEANOR

By the time this edition is in circulation Miss Eleanor Higgins will be Mrs. F. Carr McInnis. During recent weeks she has been given a series of bridge, miscellaneous shower and dinner parties in honor of her wedding, Oct. 11th, to Sgt. McInnis who before his induction into the service was a member of the Bangor Police Department. She will be away from her desk three weeks. Substituting for her during this period is Miss Rachael Rines of the Civilian Personnel Office.

Supply Sub-Depot

COL. FUCKERS' SUPPLY SASSIETY NEWS

Operator, get me FLATBUSH 7777, oh, is that you Maggie? "Hiya, low, long-drawn-out and handsome", as the poodle said to the daschund. Well, how are you these days? You don't say. Now that's fine. Ha, ha, that's a good one. Did you hear the one about the shy young maiden who couldn't understand why her boy friend wanted to park in the country, uh huh the one who said, "I'm so confused, you tell me one thing and mother tells me another." You would have said, "And what is this—the pincer movement." You always could tell 'em Mag. What's news in Supply?

Well, let me think! Theresa Arsenault, the bookkeeping machine operator in Unit 4, received a beautiful diamond engagement ring, the main stone being a large coffee diamond. It certainly was some sparkle! I guess she is going to send her other engagement rings back to the givers with a note telling them there is no use in courting her unless they can dig up a larger and more beautiful one than she now has. Oh, yes, there have been a few changes in personnel. Barbara Aieta has been transferred over on the Base to the Finance unit, Mary Mullett has been transferred to the Quartermaster office, and Bernard Constantine is now in Tool Crib No. 2.

Talking about people who have been transferred, I noticed on the bulletin board in the Warehouse letters from Alma Whalen and Colleen McNulty who are now in Rome. They are getting along fine they say. Yup, their address is Hazelton Branch, Rome, N. Y., Dormitory No. 19, if you want to drop them a line. They would be tickled to death to receive a line or two from you I know. Do that! Talk about hearing things! While waiting in the Waiting Room in Post Office Pharmacy the other day, one of my hearing ears heard two women talking about people who work out to the Base. One of them said, "what people work out there." Did you know that half of them can't even read or write? And I put my son through college so he could earn money like they earn.



SWIMMER—Jean Bartel, winner of the Miss America title at the Atlantic City contest, really likes to swim. Here she is at the Ambassador Lido Club, Los Angeles.

Hmmphh! Ain't that a riot Mag. I ask you?

Uh, huh, I went to the card party the Sub-Depot Association had at the Community Center a couple of weeks ago. No, they didn't have the crowd that they expected. Isn't it a shame after the way Louise Foster of Supply, Jeannie Breslin of Maintenance, and the others worked so hard to make it a success. Well, that's the way things go. People holler for it and when they get it they just don't appreciate it. A funny thing happened, though, up to that part. Ray Torrey, one of our inspectors, was hustling around talking to everybody and preparing the refreshments as he always does when a woman asked me, "Who is that man there? Is that the Rabbi?" I think he should be notified of this don't you? Andddd saaaaay, you know Evelyn Downs of the Message unit! Well, at last her arches gave out. She was doing about 50 miles a day delivering paperwork throughout Supply and they just couldn't stand the gaff. Yup, she went to the Dr. and got them all taped up and rested up a day or so before coming back on the job. Has anybody been on any trips? I hope to tell you!

Mrs. McCloskey, the head of our File Room just got back from a trip to New York and Boston. Ayah, she saw several shows. She was disappointed in the one she saw in New York but said "Kiss and Tell", now playing in Boston, was really swell. Good comedy. Yes, I like good music and comedy too. Yes, Roy Day left last Thursday. Certainly hated to see him go! Swell fella! Yup, George Benson of Civilian Personnel is leaving too. Another good egg! Oh, my goodness, time does fly! Never mind that number Maggie, I was calling Mrs. Upper crust and she would probably just gossip for three or four hours. Call me up some time. So long, Maggie! I'll drop in and see you the first chance I get. Byyyyyyyyye!!

Headquarters Sub-Depot

Recent visitors at the Sub-Depot included Lt. Col. C. H. Stockdale, A. C., and Major M. Hopkins, A. C., from Rome, N. Y.

Harold Ralbright, Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio, was a civilian visitor, and Lansing C. Petrie, Rome, N. Y., is here instructing training classes for the Sub-Depot employees.

The War Bond Drive went over very successfully, the Sub-Depot employees responding to the great cause by buying War Bonds for cash and also increasing War Bond deductions which sends the percentage high for the Sub-Depot.

The gals in Headquarters and Maintenance departments are well

R. C. WILLISTON
OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN
18 Central St., Bangor, Me.
EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES
FITTED, LENSES GROUND
WHILE YOU WAIT

MUSIC LOVERS

27 Oct. '43 The Bangor Symphony Concert Group are presenting a Concert at the Bangor City Hall.

The guest Stars are the Bertnie Sisters.

Your uniform is your ticket. Tickets for wives can be purchased at the Box Office, or get in touch with Mrs. Shaw, ext. 391.

Tsk Tsk Dept.

JUST HIS LUX

The soldier on patrol at a North African desert oasis strolled beneath the broiling tropical sun. He saw a camel walking toward him. The camel was foaming furiously at the mouth. The soldier ran to the corporal of the guard and cried out to him in great excitement:

"There's a mad camel walking, out there!"

"What do you mean?" asked the corporal.

"Mad Camel," repeated the soldier, "like mad dog."

The two men called the Arab who took care of the camels, and he conducted an investigation. What he eventually found out was this—

The camel had broken into a crate of newly arrived soap, consumed about a dozen pieces, and then rushed to the oasis for a drink of water. He foamed continuously for a week.

WHAT—NO STENOGRAPHER ON YOUR KNEE?

The vice president of a business concern in Oklahoma was retiring after 25 years of service. His colleagues gave him a dinner. Asked to tell the story of his success, he said:

"I have been successful because I never bothered to answer my letters. It gives you a lot of time to do more important things. Most of the letters that come in through the mail are pretty meaningless. I do open my mail though, and take checks out."

With that the vice president concluded his speech and went off to

pepped up for the gay party being held Tuesday evening at the cottage of Kay Trickey, our file supervisor. Kay leaves us this coming week and she will be missed by everyone. As always at Kay's cottage an evening of fun and laughter is in store for one and all.

Rebecca Libby is back with us after having a few days' annual leave.

Lorraine Phillips has left our main office for a desk all by her lonesome (from females) in Major Mackey's office, and she likes right well.

Poor Annette Curran lost her pride and joy yesterday, a finger nail just oh, soooooo long. She sure has it in for the file cabinet which snapped it soooooo short.

At long last a letter has finally been received by an employee from Lt. John Simons, who is overseas. Lt. Simons was our assistant maintenance officer before leaving for an overseas assignment. We were just beginning to wonder if Lt. Simons had forgotten us here.

Signal

Our heart-felt sympathy goes out to Gabriel Langfelder in the recent loss of his father-in-law.

Vincent Hoffman left us this week to enter military service and our best wishes go along with him.

We are glad to have Maxine Angello with us. She is a transfer from Camp Perry, Ohio.

Welcome back to Clarence Corder, who has been attending radio school in New York.

Best wishes for the speedy recovery of the wife to T. E. (Tillie) Kania, who is ill at home with the gripe.

Mr. Robert Boone has just returned from a brief vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Berry spent the weekend at their home in Waterville, Maine.



TRAVELER—Al Jolson, who made "mammy" songs famous, arrives at La Guardia airport, New York City, from his fourth overseas entertaining tour for U. S. O. Camp Shows. He still wears his G. I. uniform and carries his tin hat.

spend the rest of his life fishing for perch.

BANK NIGHT

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE. A doctor was called to deliver a baby in a Kansas farmhouse. After assisting the farmer's wife he stepped over to the barn, where he helped the cow have her baby.

JAPS FINALLY GIVE THEM A TUMBLE

Two members of a Japanese tumbling trio were captured during an engagement with Marines on a South Pacific Island. One of the Japs told the Marine corporal that they would be glad to entertain the Yanks, but they couldn't very well do that without the third member of the trio. The third member of the trio, it seems, was a sniper out in the jungle. So the Yanks formed a little patrol, went out and combed the brush and brought in the sniper.

That night the Jap tumbling trio did their act before the camp fire. They received three encores.

KINDA HAIR RAISING, HUH?

Throw out your chest. A couple of years ago Novelist Ernest Hemingway got into a tremendous controversy about men having hair on their chests. He claimed it was an asset. Well, recently we questioned 15 outstanding war heroes. Of that number, 8 have no hair on their chests; 4 have a slight fuzz, and the rest have a considerable amount of vegetation.

LOVE IN A MILK BOTTLE

A young lady in Wisconsin became interested in her milkman when he dropped in one day to collect a bill. The next morning he found this note in an empty bottle:

Two quarts of milk, I pint of cream. Will you have tea with me at 5 today?

He came to tea—and that was the beginning of their romance. He was a very shy milkman and couldn't get up enough courage to ask her to marry him. So one day he left this note for her.

Please return the empty bottles and fill my life with happiness by becoming my wife.

The next morning she responded with this note and an empty cream bottle.

The cream was sour yesterday. One quart of Grade B Milk. No cream today. And come up to see my father tonight. Maude.



DIAMONDS

Engagement Rings
Wedding Sets

Always a Good Selection

BOYD & NOYES

25 Hammond St.

Next to Bus Station

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St.

Bangor



10-15
"Is that one of those guerilla fighters I've read about?"

Minute Mysteries

Professor Fordney was hunting in the Rockies when informed of a tragedy at one of the camps. Thinking he might be of some help, he went over, and, after introducing himself, Butler, the victim's companion, told him of the accident.

"When Marshall hadn't returned to camp at nine o'clock last night, I was a bit worried because he didn't know these mountains. There wasn't a star out and it was dark and moonless, so I decided to look around for him. We're five miles from anyone, you know.

"Putting more wood on the fire, I set out. After searching for an hour, I was coming up the slope of a ravine when I saw a pair of eyes shining out at me in the dark.

"Calling twice, and getting no answer, I fired, thinking it was a mountain lion. Imagine my horror when I reached the spot, struck a match, and saw I had nearly blown the head off Marshall. A terrible experience.

"I carried his body back to camp and then walked to the nearest house to report the accident."

"How far from camp did you find Marshall?" asked Fordney.

"About a quarter of a mile."

"I see your right hand is bandaged. How do you manage to shoot with it?"

"Oh I use either hand."

"Mind if I look at the gun?"

"Not at all," said Butler, handing it over.

"H'm, European make, I see. Had it long?"

"No it's rather new."

"Why did you deliberately murder Marshall?" demanded Fordney abruptly. "for that's what you did."

How did the Professor know Butler Has Murdered His Companion?

Answer:
It was dark, starless, moonless night. The nearest habitation was five miles. The eyes of no animal ever shine in the dark unless there is a light by which they can be reflected, and a man's eyes never shine under any circumstances.

Therefore, Butler could not possibly have seen any eyes shining at him in the dark. It was clearly murder.

222,249
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SPORTS NEWS

By Sgt. Ed. Thomas

OFFICERS BOWLING LEAGUE

Team	W	L
Bloom's Tmps.	7	1
Nagle's Quacks	7	1
Willis' Wonders	5	3
Lee's Laymen	5	3
Griffin's Growlers	4	4
Shothafer's Sharpshooters	2	6
Machon's Morons	2	6
Gillinson's Goldbricks	0	8

WEEKLY HIGH

High Single—Gosselin	103
High Three—Sprague	276
Second High Three—Drescher	273
High Team Single—	
Bloom's Amps.	433
High Team Three—	
Willis' Wonders	1253

HIGHLIGHTS

Nagle's vuacks go into a tie for First Place with Bloom's Amps.

WO Sprague still holds lead in average score although he dropped 2% in season's average.

Biggest improvement in score goes to Captain Drescher, who moved from 21st place last week up to 11th place this week.

Willis' Wonders again came through with the highest team score, improving last week's high, 88 points. The biggest improvement however was Lee's Laymen, who increased their team average 111 points over last week.

Gillinson's Goldbricks again dropped 4 straight, keeping their unbroken record of no wins intact.

League Standing

	Won	Lost	Pinfall
Finance	7	1	2605
Signal	7	1	2579
Headquarters	5	3	2437
Ordance	4	4	2540
Gd. Squad.	4	4	1261
Hospital	1	7	1261
38th Aviation	0	8	1153
Veterinary	0	8	1094
High Team Single, Signal			487
High Team Three, Headquarters			1317
High Individual Single, Lieber			115
High Individual Three, Spada			307
High Single For The Week, Thomas			107
High Three For The Week, Thomas			303
Second Highest Single For The Week, Correa			104
Second Highest Three For The Week, Correa			390

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Spada	102.3
Thomas	101
Palasek	96.3
Lieber	93
Snyder	92.8
Correa	92.1
Harrington	90.3
Collins	90
DeVenny	89
Youngdahl	88.5
Wennermurg	88.3
Cottier	87.5
Carlson	87
Profeta	87
Mack	87
Colson	86.3
Garrick	86.3
Hessing	86
Bruen	85.8
Rosini	84.3
Marcus	84
Ripley	83.5
Shortridge	83
Hanes	82.5
Duff	82.3
R. Johnson	81.8
Wyatt	81.5
Goode	81
Richards	81
Horodysky	81
Hodgkins	80.8
Stubbs	80.
H. Johnson	80.
Turski	80.
Jackson	79.6
Thompson	78.3
Trickey	78.
Joubert	76.
Goodlett	76.
Haddock	75.6
Banschowski	75.6
Quinto	74.3
Fremgen	74.
Elldridge	73.6
Shanley	73.
Everett	72.
DeLorme	70.
Brown	67.3
Shaevitz	62.
Bolton	60.3

PEEK-A-BOO

People who live in glass houses won't be able to take baths. A lot of these postwar housing plans call for buildings made almost entirely of glass. That got us thinking. How about taking a bath in one of them? Especially if you're 21, and blonde, and shapely, and modest?



'HEXING' THE ENEMY—Harrison J. (Doc) Weaver (center), St. Louis Cards trainer, gets dugout assistance from Pitcher Ernie White (left) and Outfielder Debs Garms in putting the "whammy" on the opposition.

Compliment Squadron

Pfc. Joseph P. McCartney

The highlights of this week's column as far as the Complement is concerned is, of course, our recent vacations, and if my buddies enjoyed their furloughs as much as yours truly did his, well there just can't be any gripes.

Three of our comrades did—without a doubt—enjoy their furloughs, ah, yes—very much so. The happy trio, Sgt. Clifton Harris, Pfc. Henry Bonestroo, and Pvt. Al Robertson did—during those free days —"take the fatal step." In what way could a furlough be better spent? Our best wishes to you fellows, and may your new future be gorged with happiness—complete—in fulfilling your dreams. And to your new brides, our "congratulations." Their life-long choices, we think, are of the best.

Lt. John Donaldson, the Comps. supply officer, has his ups and downs these days. Many persons, finding it hard to sleep nights, try counting sheep, but Lt. Donaldson must be counting overcoats, fatigues, shoes, shirts and what have you, anything implying to the issuing of clothing. His is a job any man would gladly stay clear of and he has our heart-felt sympathy. But for our neat fits, good-conditioned clothing and complete wardrobes, we thank you Lt. Donaldson —you're doing a swell job.

What has happened to our two has-been House of David-like—bearded gentlemen's beards? 'Tis a question no one seems to be able to answer. These two one-time famous goatees have completely disappeared from the faces of Sgts. Bronder and Zais. We have the knowledge, that too many people mistook our pals for soldiers from a distant land, thus causing the

razor to "swish," and the hair to disappear.

Our basketball team issues a challenge to any Dow Field teams—including the WACs. All acceptances please contact Cpl. Danny Sabau, (coach, manager, player???)

Women seemed to have captured the hearts of quite a few of our single (yet wishful) young men. Take the sad case of Pfc. Charles DeAngelis—his is a bad one. Dazedly he stumbles around the area, day after day, stubbing toes, mumbling to himself, carrying a sparkle in his eyes—the only proof Charlie is awake. Please, Chas., come out of the fog—before it proves disastrous.

Somewhere in the home life of Pvt. Tom Spanburgh there must be a woman. What other reason—besides being financially embarrassed—would keep a soldier around camp most every night. Whoever she is, Tom, it must be love.

Humor is something a soldier craves. Anything to cause a lonesome man to laugh is appreciated to the fullest extent. So we all thank 1st Sgt. Wesolosky for the laughs we get when he courageously tackles the squadron motorcycle.

"Hiccups"—caused by over-drinking—or a form of bad stomach—can be cured (so I hear) by a quick scare. This being so—we have in the Comp. a sure cure. Patients wishing to try this cure report to Lt. Henry Dannemann's class on how to use the bayonet. After last evening's demonstration on the drill field by the Lt. we'll gladly vouch for a sure cure.

For every woman who makes a fool out of man there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.

Life is just one fool thing after another; love is just two fool things after each other.

Answers to Colonel Quiz

Questions on Page 6

1. Islands. The Shetland Islands off the coast of Scotland, Jersey Island in the English Channel, and the Canary Islands off the coast of Africa.
2. Adding hot seasoning to a food.
3. Because the table acts as a sounding board and provides a larger sound-radiating surface.
4. Okra. Gumbo is another name for okra.
5. Both statements are true; women are eligible for both positions.
6. A gathered flounce, or any fusy trimming on a woman's garment.
7. You should send it to her.
8. The Mediterranean Sea.
9. Yes, in most states.
10. The moisture in the kernel turns to steam and explodes the shell.



CHIEF—Vice Admiral Arthur Byron Cook, USN (above), is the new commander of all Allied defense activities in the Caribbean sea frontier, relieving Vice Admiral John H. Hoover.

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Richard Arlen, Wendy Barrie

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Gene Tierney, Don Ameche
Charles Coburn
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Hi, Diddle, Diddle
Pola Negri, Dennis O'Keefe

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—Plus—
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Alan Ladd, Steffi Duna
Roland Drew
Fri.-Sat.
THE YOUNGEST PROFESSION
Virginia Weidler, Edward Arnold
—Plus—
SALUTE FOR THREE
MacDonald Carey, Betty Rhodes

Christmas
GIFTS
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Must be mailed within the next 4 days!

Freese's Men's Store has a quantity of apparel gifts —socks, bathing trunks, ties, shirts and so on—that would be very acceptable. Freese's Main Store has gifts by Swank—Sewing kits, shoe-shine kits, money belts, toiletries kits and others. Freese's Shoe Store has slippers. Freese's also has V mail, books, pens, pencils. There are literally hundreds of good gifts at Freese's.

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