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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

9-7-1942

September 7, 1942

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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DOW FIELD OBSERVER

Published Weekly

DOW FIELD OBSERVER—MONDAY, SEPT. 7, 1942

Vol. No. 14

★ ★ ★ KNOW YOUR COMMANDERS ★ ★ ★



Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps

Capt. Arthur A. Goguen

Capt. Arthur A. J. Goguen, Commanding Officer of the Quartermaster Co. Avn., and the Quartermaster's Executive Officer, is a native of Cambridge, Mass.

A graduate of Boston University, he has had occupational experience as a bookkeeper, lumber salesman, Corps Area Headquarters Chief Clerk in the Quartermaster Supply Division, Error Clerk in the Railway Mail Service, New England Division, and Army Officer.

His hobbies include baseball, swimming, handball, and chess. In this latter mental gymnastics, he has only been defeated by an individual in his own Company—in their first encounter.

His activities since his first commission in the Organized Reserves in 1932 led to his appointment as Instructor in the 10 to 50 series of the famous (?) Army Extension Courses.

Since his graduation from the Quartermaster Service School his company was the first unit to be activated at Westover Field, Mass., and the first unit to arrive at Dow Field. Both fields were in the early stages of construction at the time.

Capt. Goguen is quietly proud to be able to say that men originally from his Company were at Bataan.



Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps

Capt. Walter M. Mitchell

Capt. Walter H. Mitchell was born at Stamford, Conn., July 8, 1895. He was educated in the public schools of Stamford and is a graduate of the Apprenticeship School of Tool-making and Drafting at the Yale and Towne Mfg. Co. From 1925 to 1941 he was engaged in Civil Engineering with the City Engineer of Stamford.

He enlisted July 1, 1917, in the 9th Co. Coast Artillery, Connecticut National Guard, and was inducted into Federal service July 25, 1917, at Fort H. G. Wright, New York. He became a Corporal on January 2, 1918, in Battery E, 56th Coast Artillery, and then overseas on March 21, 1918. While in France he served in the Defensive Sector of the Aisne Marne, Oise-Aisne, Meuse Argonne offensives. He was discharged with the rank of Corporal on January 29, 1919.

He reenlisted in the 192nd C. A., National Guard, at Stamford, Conn., May 31, 1921. He became a Sergeant May 31, 1921, and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant January 30, 1922. By June 8, 1922 he was a 1st Lieutenant, and a Captain by Feb. 21, 1927. He performed

Capt. Mitchell

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Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps

Capt. Henry Finks

Capt. Henry Finks, M. C. Executive Officer of the Base Hospital and Assistant Chief of Medical Service, was born in September, 1912, in Portland, Maine. He attended the Portland public schools; and went to the University of Maine in 1930, and then transferred to the University of Vermont where he received a Bachelor of Science degree. While an undergraduate at these universities he had two years basic training in Infantry.

After graduating he entered the University of Vermont College of Medicine and graduated in 1937. On graduation he was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve.

He interned at Wesson Memorial Hospital, Springfield, Mass., for one year. He was on active duty as Reserve Officer for one year with C.C.C. activities, being stationed in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He was Regimental Surgeon with the 315th Cavalry at Fort Ethan Allen during a training period in the summer of 1939.

He entered private practice in Portland, Maine, in 1939, and was appointed Assistant City Physician, and attending physician at Farrington Hospital, Portland. He is now on leave of absence from these positions.

He is a member of the Portland Medical Club, the Cumberland County Medical Society, and the Maine Medical Association.

Monthly Gas Training

Beginning Monday, Sept. 7, and on the first Monday of each month until further notice, the gas alarm will be sounded by the Base Chemical Warfare Officer. The time for the alarm will not be announced beforehand. Upon hearing the alarm all C. Q.'s or any individual near an alarm device on the base will immediately sound it.

The gas alert will be of 30 minutes' duration beginning at the time of the sounding of the first alarm. All military personnel on the base will wear gas masks during that one-half hour period and all personnel will carry the gas masks between reveille and retreat on Monday, September 7 and on the first Monday of each month thereafter.

The Guard Squadron will furnish a special detail under command of the Officer of the Guard whose sole duty will be to enforce this order and report any violations thereof to the Commanding Officer.

New Variety Show Coming To Dow Field

Versatile Band,
Plenty of Music

A new U.S.O. entertainment, Music, Laughter and Song, will come to the Recreation Hall on Wednesday, Sept. 16. From all reports this is a diversified and lively musical comedy variety show, produced in New York, and featuring a ranking name band which is supported by topflight variety acts.

The cast of 17 includes Bill Bardon and Band. This is one of the most versatile band outfits in show business. It plays sweet and hot and in-between music, and presents a full-fledged variety show between band numbers. Bardon acts as master of ceremonies, with Jess Vance, Col Marvin 'Ace' Hamby, comedian 'Piffles' Jaeger and the 'WPA Boys' featured as soloists and entertainers. Has played top night-clubs and theatres. Bardo himself appeared in 'Sunny' and 'Whoopie' and Hollywood shorts.

Frank Conville and Sunny Dale are a top-ranking comedy act specializing in pantomime. They were in the first USO-camp Shows overseas unit to Newfoundland. When war broke out they were en route to Australia. The act has played in England, Ireland, Paris, and Australia. Sunny Dale, straight woman, is sister-in-law of Lefty Gomez.

Darlene Walders, is an acrobatic dancer of outstanding fame who has played all the leading hotels and theatres in this country and Europe. She does a tap acrobatic number that is a sure show-stopper, and is one of the strongest girl dancers of this type in the profession.

Base Hospital Undergoes Many Bright Changes

The base hospital has undergone a few new and pleasant changes. It was only a few weeks ago that Mrs. Robert R. Ames of Castine, Me., arrived from Fort Devens, Mass., for the purpose of organizing the "Grey Ladies" of Dow Field. In this short span of time these remarkable women have, with the assistance of the hospital personnel, seeded the grounds around the hospital so now it sports a lovely garden with a variety of beautiful flowers and plants.

In addition, the hospital, situated in Ward No. 1, formerly a library in name only, has now become a real library. New shelves were made, a new system of cataloging books was set up; new furniture and supplies added and last, but not least, new books and magazines were added. At present there are about 1500 books and magazines available and more coming in daily.

The patients and personnel of the hospital are very grateful for these changes and extend their heartiest thanks to Major Bohannon, Captain Finks, and the "Grey Ladies" who made these changes possible.

Despite all reports to the contrary, some rather expert military experts in Washington do not think Japan will try to invade India from Burma as soon as the current monsoon season ends. Nor do they think the Japs will try a seaborne invasion of India—reason, the little men from Tokyo lost too many ships at Midway to give needed naval protection to a convoy of the size that would be necessary.

Dancing Darlene



Delightful Darlene Walders is one of the headline performers in MUSIC, LAUGHTER AND SONG, one of the fifteen big summertime revues being presented free to the men in armed forces by USO-Camp Shows. Starred in night clubs and theatres, Miss Walders is rated as one of the top acrobatic dancers of our time. Leading entertainers of stage, screen and radio have been recruited for MUSIC, LAUGHTER AND SONG

Broadcast Thursday from Dow Field

Program to
Emanate from
Recreation Hall

Starting Thursday, Sept. 10th, Dow Field will literally be "on the air" as well as "in the air". A series of broadcasts will be given over WLBZ, Bangor, featuring the Dow Field Troubadors and talent rounded up from the several organizations stationed here. These broadcasts will be in the interest of selling War Bonds, and will emanate directly from the Recreation Hall, T-6, on this Base. The program will be heard over WLBZ each Thursday evening at 9:00 p. m., and the broadcast may be witnessed by the entire personnel of Dow Field. Admittance to the Recreation Hall to see the broadcast will be allowed up to five minutes before going on the air which will be five minutes before 9 p. m. From this time until the program is off the air no one will be allowed to enter or leave the building so that there will be no unnecessary disturbances during the actual broadcast.

The second broadcast on September 17, however, will emanate from the Bangor Auditorium in cooperation with the personal appearance of Dorothy Lamour who will be in Bangor on that date for the purpose of boosting the sale of War Bonds in Bangor. This series of broadcasts are to be presented by the Special Service Office of Dow Field and anyone interested in participating may be auditioned or interviewed by contracting Sgt. Stevens in Special Service Office.

Ideas, scripts and talent are solicited and will be welcomed.

In cooperation with a series of broadcasts to emanate from the Recreation Hall T-6, the use of the Recreation Hall and the Library on Wednesday nights will be restricted for use; to be used only by those taking part in the broadcast. The Library and Recreation Hall will close at 8:30 p. m. This will afford those on the broadcast the facilities of the hall for a general dress rehearsal.

Payments To Start On Dependents' Allowances After September First

The War Department announced recently that checks in payment of allowances to dependents of enlisted men of the Army, covering the first applications to be approved, will go out shortly after September 1. These checks will include all sums accrued up to that date in the individual cases covered. Thereafter payments will continue to be made shortly after the first of each month for sums accrued up to the end of the previous month on approved applications.

The announcement followed notification that the president had signed an amendment to the service Men's Dependents Allowances Act authorizing payment immediately instead of on November 1, the date in the original bill.

It is estimated that for each million men in the Army there will probably be a half million allowance applications, with an average of two relatives or dependents per application—an over-all average of one dependent per soldier.

It was emphasized by Colonel Thruston Hughes, Adjutant General's department, chief of the Allowance Branch of the Adjutant General office, that applications made by enlisted men themselves are more likely to be in correct form, and therefore subject to more prompt validation and payment, than those submitted by dependents. The enlisted man is assisted by his organization commander in making out the application. Also, he is not required to submit documentary proof of family relationships immediately, but may provide this evidence at any time within six months, without any delay in action on his application. In the case of civilians, the application must be accompanied by documentary proof of the relationship or dependency claimed.

Many incomplete or inaccurate applications filed by dependents have already had to be returned

Payments

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BARRACKS NEWS

Air Base Squadron

Cpl. Don McInnis



A lot of familiar faces returned from Aerial Gunnery School at Los Vegas, Nev. And all wearing sergeant's chevrons. Congratulations, boys! The Air Base is proud of you.

If anyone has not seen Lt. Comiskey's baseball jacket, then they want to get a look at it. It contains more color than the rainbow.

Lt. Carmody and Major Wriston seemed to have enjoyed themselves immensely at the Bombers baseball game in Brewer Sunday. They were loyal rooters for the winners.

Who is the young lady that sends two or three letters a day to Cpl. Charles Dullea?

Cpl. John Stone had an enjoyable day fishing when he caught three striped bass in the Penobscot pool.

Pancho Varela and Dale Miller, the Bombers two ace pitchers, made quite a hit with a young lady in Dover. After they had won two ball games. What was the young lady's name? Was it Maxine?

Pvt. Leon Legg would prefer to be called by his nickname. He says, "They call me Humpy back home."

The Squadron welcomes the return from Tank School of the following soldiers: Sgt. Shaner, Sgt. Oleson, Cpl. Stattard, Sgt. Beal, Pvt. Witzel, and Pvt. Williams.

Pfc. William Marles spent Thursday forenoon selecting an engagement ring for his girl friend from Rhode Island—Miss Rose Najarian. She will be here Sunday to become engaged. Good luck, Bill.

S/Sgt. Harry Tindel claims he is a great poker player, a great black-jack player, and a great dice shooter. The rest of the boys say he is lucky (period).

Sgt. Abig and Pvt. Wilder spent last Wednesday fishing at Branch pond. It is true, boys, that you were skunked.

Ten minutes after the Squadron got paid last Monday, the Post Exchange looked like Times Square on a Saturday night.

S/Sgt. Dave Flanagan is at his home in Des Moines, Iowa, enjoying a ten day furlough. Cpl. J. H. Johnson is Acting First Sgt. of the attached men during his absence.

Has Pvt. Dick Carlson forgotten that girl in East Haven, Conn.? He seems to spend a lot of his time in the company of Miss U.S.O.

What is the name of the tall brunette that Pvt. John Ford has been keeping company with at the U.S.O?

S/Sgt. Bufalino claims he has lost 26 pounds since the training program started. Be careful Buff, or you will have to get a completely new supply of clothes to fit you.

Effective Sept. 3, all buck sergeants, and corporals, will pull charge of quarters at the Squadron Orderly Room, T-220. So keep your eyes on the bulletin board for your turn.

Sgt. Cordell is looking for a new bowling partner, now that S/Sgt. Bob Crabbe has left.

We believe the Air Base was let

down, when the committee who selected the Army all-star teams to play benefit games forgot to choose our All-American fullback, Larry Sanders.

Pvt. James R. Chiarelli was married Wednesday evening to Miss Clover Tripp of Bangor. The service was held in the Grace Methodist church, and Pvt. William K. Marles was best man. Pvt. Sylvester Taylor was head usher, and the other ushers were Pvt. Wade McDaniels, Cpl. Ralph Pekala, and Cpl. Dennis Winkler.

Chemical

S/Sgt. Samuel Parker



CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE

The Chemical Warfare Service is represented on the Base by the remnants of the old Detachment 1st Chemical Co., activated in May, 1942 to the 110th Chemical Platoon, and inactivated again in June. They are now assigned to the Base Hq., and Air Base Squadron but still maintain their individuality as evidenced by last week's report in the Observer confirming the gas attack on their "buddies" who were on their bi-weekly hike.

The men left to supply the Base with Chemical Warfare supplies and instruction are:

Lieut. Mills, the new Base Chemical Officer,

S/Sgt. S. W. Parker, ranking non-com and chief of the office staff,

Cpl. V. Buczinskas, (a potential glider pilot) and file clerk.

Cpl. W. H. Maylen, mechanic, who keeps the power-driven sprayers in good shape.

Cpl. W. G. MacFarlane, company clerk, and S/Sgt. Parker's assistant in administering C.W.S. training.

Cpl. A. C. Holdsworth, supply clerk for Base Chemical Supplies. All the men have aspirations for Commissions via one school or another.

S/Sgt. Parker was the Act'g 1st Sgt. of the Chemical organization before its disbandment, and is now the ranking non-com of the Chemical Section assigned to the Base Hq. and Air Base Squadron.

Following a series of officers that filled in as Base Chemical Officer while Lieut. Wilson attended an advanced class at the Arsenal at Edgewood, we now have an officer who is worthy of the position. Lieut. Wilson has been transferred and Lieut. Edward L. Mills is now the Base Chemical Officer.

The five Chemical Warfare enlisted men in the Base now are Base Chemical Supply and in addition to those duties are giving instruction in Chemical Warfare to hundreds of recruits on the Base, and maintaining unit gas officers' and unit gas non-com schools.

S/Sgt. Parker and Cpl. MacFarlane have been administering intensive C. W. S. training to the Aviation Sq. (Sep) and when the Sq. completes the course they will be qualified to operate the new Personnel Decontamination Stations, instituted by Lieut. Mills, the Base Chemical Officer.

Another extracurricular feature the boys in the "Chemics" have voluntarily added to their duties is the presentation of lectures to various civilian defense organizations, followed by instruction with training gas masks and then—the inevitable gas chamber.

In addition to being the undisputed smallest outfit on the Base, the "Chemics" are possibly the most feared. (Undisputed?)

Aviation Squadron (Sep.)

Pvt. Roland H. Daniels

The meals for the Squadron are being supervised by the Mess Sergeant, Sgt. Jesse Wallace. He has arranged two shifts of cooks to

assist him in preparing the food. Many of the cooks are men experienced in that line of work. Roger Pryor, who heads one shift, was formerly a chief cook on one of the crack trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Pryor has two other cooks on his shift, Thomas Chieles and Otis Faison. The second shift is headed by Coleman Chandler, who is assisted by William Gray and James Bethea. The bakers are Nelson Adams, Charles Johnson, and Forrest Battey. The kitchen supply clerk is Howard Snyder. The fellow whose job is very important is the bookkeeper. Hugh Talley handles it very well. Of course there are many men assigned to the kitchen every week to assist in the cleaning and preparation of the food.

One of the biggest jobs in the Squadron is being handled by Sgt. Frank McCowen. He has the job of issuing all supplies to the men. Anyone who has ever handled supplies will realize the responsibility which rests on the shoulders of the supply sergeant. He is being ably assisted by Spurgeon Illery and Lester Grant.

The maintaining and keeping of the records for the Squadron is the duty of Sgt. Ralph Livsey. This job is not new to Livsey as he formerly acted in this capacity at Maxwell Field, Ala. Sgt. Livsey is usually found in the Personnel office at General Headquarters, along with Emmet Johnson. The work done in the orderly room of the Squadron is taken care of by Robert Brooks, Joseph Cole, and Harold Wood. The messenger for the Squadron is Robert Hamilton. A new job added to the list is that of motor vehicle dispatcher. William Willis has been assigned this duty.

CHOIR

The Chapel Choir of the Squadron, under the leadership of Acting Cpl. Spurgeon Illery should be commended for the splendid and inspiring effort put forth, and the accomplishments rendered in such a short length of time.

There are twenty members, none of whom have worked together before.

May I remind everyone who represents this great venture that the position of choir singing is one of the highest and most important in the church, and makes one a direct representative of the cause of Jesus Christ.

A group of sincere singers of hymns and spirituals working in one accord is more attractive to many people than the preaching of the Gospel, for there is a message in every song, but of course both should be represented in every service.

We should all give thanks for the blessed privilege to do good, and to advise all those who can sing, and those who are interested and can't sing so well, to join with us, for we aim to have a choir of fifty voices or more.

In the August issue of the St. Anthony Messenger Magazine is a poem by Franklin, which reads:

Hide not your talents,
They for use were made;
What's a sun-dial
In the shade?

Rally around your choir, men of the Squadron, and let us, under the brilliant leadership of Organist

Illery, assisted by Pianist James Davis, hold up one tradition that has always made the Negro stand out as a guiding light in a confused nation (despite the many obstacles which confront him) with the ultimate aim of furthering the brotherly relationship among men, to the glorification of God.

Pvt. Herman D. Smith.

The members of the choir include Clyde M. Anderson, LeRoy R. Brown, James S. Cole, Horace Collier, Ernest Cyril, Charles V. Cudgel, John Huntley, Allen T. Gaines, Charles A. Robinson, Clarence Riley, Bruce Samuels, Herman D. Smith, Newton C. Simmons, Charles A. Robinson, Clarence Gunther, Jacob Wilson, Harold Walby, Hamp Stokes, Sergeant T. Bingham, William G. Wilkerson, Harold T. Miller, Harold S. Williams, Vincenzo Trovili.

The Squadron is now adding one more to its list of accomplishments. It is forming its own band, which will be a two purpose affair. It will be a military band capable of transforming itself into a swing orchestra to play for dances and entertainments. The organizer and leader of the band is Pvt. Lester Wilson, prominent young musician and composer of New York. He is being assisted by Pvt. James Davis, noted young composer and arranger.

The members of this musical aggregation are James Thomkins on drums, George Evans on bass, Joe Starkey on trombone, Spurgeon Illery on piano, Venable H. T. McFarland on trumpet, Frank Stovall on trumpet, and Joab Huntley, Samuel Wilson and Joe Barnes, singers.

The unique feature of this unit is the absence of a reed section. The place of the reed section is taken by three perfectly blended voices, thus reversing the usual orchestra procedure. This small but potent group is rapidly preparing for action, and will play its opening performance at the well publicized Dow Field broadcast, Thursday, Sept. 10. Watch their smoke.

The arrival last week-end of Lillian Boyd, Novella Darton and Beatrice Adams, lovely wives of Pvts. Ancil Boyd, Marron Darton and James F. Adams, gave a lift to the entire outfit. The ladies are from New York and brought with them the latest news and gossip from the big town. They are re-

Guard Squadron

Pfc. Frank Shea

The Guard Squadron extends its appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Herbert C. Scribner, head of Red Cross Production, and Mr. Hennessey of the U. S. O. for the splendid co-operation in obtaining curtains and other homey knick-knacks for our Day Room.

maintaining the entire week and the whole Squadron is turning out to entertain them.

The James Williams Post of the American Legion in Bangor invited some of the Squadron to participate in the entertainment at their turkey dinner last Wednesday. Pvt. Roland Daniels, director of recreational activities of the Squadron acted as M. C. and introduced Cpl. Illery Spurgeon, Pvt. Lester Wilson, Pvt. George Evans and Pvt. Frank Stovall of the Squadron orchestra, who, with Cpl. V. Trovili, Pvt. Joe Barnes, Pvt. Sam Wilson, and Pfc. Ernest Cyril, sang and jived to great applause.

Among other songs was sung "My Buddy." This performance was dedicated to our Adjutant, Lieut. Horowitz, and to Lieut. Comiskey, who has endeared himself to the Squadron by his extremely interesting lectures.

One of the high points of the program was Lieut. Comiskey's account of his last New York City American Legion Convention. His informal, snappy manner of telling his story was enjoyed as much as the story itself.

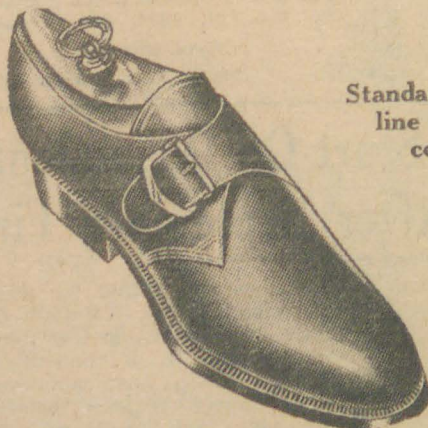
It is always a pleasure to hear Lieut. Horowitz, not only because he is a good speaker, but because of his understanding of the problems of the Squadron.

With leaders like Capt. Mitchell and Lieut. Horowitz the Squadron cannot fail in attempts to become the finest unit of its kind in America.

Pet. C. Tanenbaum thought he could move out on the boys of T-217. He found out different. They moved him back.

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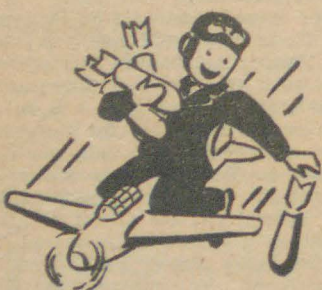
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Analysis Of Handwriting By Bill Ruff



D. P. S. A sceptical individual, certainly; somewhat inaccurate, careless and stubborn. A wavering disposition, too: look how your handwriting slopes sharply right, then sharply left. You try to make yourself stand out from the crowd.

A. N. P. Lots of energy shown here. You'll need energy for all the things you are trying to do all at once. I see you don't like to behave like other people, and are trying to make even your handwriting distinctive.

V. D. T. (Miss) I'd like to see you personally, because I'm sure, from your handwriting, that you dress well, with lots of sparkle—some people might say you use too much ornament.

Bill: A fine talker, because you have a sense of humor, and you like to play with ideas. A good, bold hand and the same character. A sense of organization to go with everything else, in all the writing shows a most attractive personality.

W. K. M. Active, alert, a genuine sense of humor. You like to make a good story out of a little happening, and use lots of emphatic statements. Extravagant in a small way.

J. A. B. You know exactly what you want out of life, and you go after it. Good muscular control, and fine energy. Nobody will ever push you around.

D. W. You don't like to write, do you? If you have a fault it's being too fussy about small jobs, too particular about details. You seem to tire easily.

T. M. B. A neat school girl's handwriting developing into a really personal style, with lots of flourishes. You are beginning to stand out in a crowd—and like it.

M. W. C. Somebody who is up and coming. No feeble handwriting, but a pretty bold way of writing—talking, acting. Somewhat lacking in consideration for others, but your dash will carry you along in a crowd.

G. J. D. You must have had a lot of fun developing your special characteristics, and seeing to it that nobody overlooked you at a party. You have succeeded.

Finance

Kenneth Fisher, Tech., 4th Grade

Through arrangements made by Lt. Kelly, Special Services Officer, five men from the Finance Dept. attended a Kiwanis Club banquet Wed. evening, Aug. 26th, at the Bangor House.

Those who attended were William F. Tomlinson, Tech 3rd, Kenneth B. Fisher, Tech. 4th, Joseph Belasco, and Louis F. Wise, Tech. 5th grades, and Pfc. Antone L. Correa. The speaker of the evening was B. A. Schonegevel, South African Dutch statesman and author who spoke on the international situation.

Finance Office men who attended the Quartermaster Company's party last Saturday evening wish to express their thanks to Capt. Goguen, and Lt. Mahoney for the fine hospitality.

Remember The Alamo

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Delicious Ale
Beer on Draught
Also Bottled Beer & Ale
Light Lunches and
Sandwiches

POST OFFICE SQ.

Departure

Tonight we pause as we stand in line,
Again we think of ones left behind,
Before we take that last long span,
Into a far more distant land.

We march down to the dock in song
And sing that we won't be long,
We'll slay the enemy, we'll mow 'em down,
And then we'll march back homeward bound.

Before we hear the cannons roar
We take a last long look at shore,
We turn our back and march away
And pray that we'll return some day.

We fight the battle of the land of the free
With our buddies who are over the sea,
We'll march along hand in hand
And win this freedom for our land.

We'll beat the Japs, the Germans too,
For our Flag, the Red, White and Blue.
And when our fighting days are done
We'll march home with the battle won.
Cpl. William B. Storey.

Hikers Attacked By Hidden Enemy Forces In Maneuvers

By CPL. PAUL JOSEPH GEDEN

There was a tenseness in the air as we approached a hill. The advance troops had vanished entirely, and we soon learned why. Major deKay carefully checked his watch. A whistle sounded, a rifle cracked and the first platoon scattered to either side of the road. We crept, stumbled and otherwise managed to advance towards the unseen enemy. At the top of the hill smoke belched from a flaming smoke bomb. Gas masks were hurriedly jammed on in nothing flat, while the dense smoke covered us completely until we couldn't see an inch ahead. As the wind blew the smoke would clear slightly and ghostly figures, rifles in hand, could be seen edging cautiously forward.

Then we got in the swim of things with a stream popping up in front of our goggle-eyed masks. Camouflaged as puffs of smoke we crossed the stream. Some dashed in with a headlong plunge that apparently cooled them off. Others stepped gingerly from rock to rock, the G.I. shoes often losing their grip and giving them unexpected baths. Cpl. George Edwards' fatigue clothes looked as though he made the crossing on his knees. Up over a grass covered bank in a mad scramble we went, all the while being fired upon by the

treacherous advance guard. In a real war at the rate we recovered our position, we would have all been dead pigeons. It's a good thing they fired blanks, 'cause we didn't like the snickers as they told us what easy marks we were as targets.

At our first break, volunteers were called for, but a reason wasn't given. If we only knew, your reporter would have been right in the front lines. It's the first time in our memory that volunteers actually got the advantage in a given situation. This is very upsetting to one who has been given the creed—never volunteer in the Army. We hope we've learned our lesson.

As the temperature bounced dizzily in the upper brackets, the officers carried on bravely. From our position we noted Major deKay directing activities assisted by Major Shothafer, Capt. Collette, Capt. Carter, Capt. Goguen, Lt. Licht, Lt. Ames, Lt. Fellows, Lt. Barker, Lt. Cantor, and Lt. Barnett. If we missed anybody it's because we were all wrapped in ourselves either trying to find a method of carrying the rifle comfortably or adjusting our mask.

If there was any winner in this maneuver it was Old Man Heat. He sure made it hot for us.

The Photographic Section

By CPL. HAROLD DAVIS
Staff Photographer

Well, it has finally happened. I have been asked (believe me, I didn't volunteer) to write a short article on the functioning and purpose of the Base Photographic Laboratory. I will try to give you a clear idea of just why such a lab is established at an air field.

Most of the photographic work of the U. S. Army is done by the Signal Corps. There is one exception, however—the Aerial Photographic Section.

Technically, we are concerned with aerial work and that alone. We do, however, work in collaboration with Public Relations in that we cover most of the Squadron affairs and social doings. We also do all the photographic work for the Military Police, such as mugging prisoners.

Until recently we took all the civilian identification pictures for the Base passes, but that job has since been taken over by Base S-2. I will now, in my meagre way, try to show you a typical day at T-218, the Dow Field Base Photo Lab.

It is a bright and colorful day, this Monday morning as we look over at the little three-room building that houses such important goings on. The Air Base Squadron has just been dismissed from their 45 minutes of drill which precedes each morning of the work week at Dow Field.

At 8:00 A. M. sharp you will see our able and efficient Sgt. Ralph Powers come roaring up the ramp. He is our ranking non-com, and as he always carries the key, he is

the first to arrive. It is up to the rest of us to time ourselves, so that we get there about the same time he does because if we arrive before the Sergeant we are early, and after him we are late—regardless of what Big Ben says.

The next to arrive is the Commanding Officer of the Photographic Section—1st Lieut. John L. White, who established the Base Photo. He earned his commission as an aerial photographer in Denver, Colo., and then came to Dow Field to establish a Photographic Section. He has accomplished much in the comparatively short time that he has been here.

The next to arrive are Cpl. Bob Brinley, Cpl. Hewitt Spaulding, Cpl. George Howell, and yours truly—Cpl. Harold Davis.

Then in rapid order come Pfc. Henry Trudeau and Pfts. Louis Felinciani, John Guggino, Carl Fox and Donald Petty.

Now that the whole staff has arrived things really begin to hum.

The phone rings. It is someone calling for Lieut. White. It seems someone is always calling for the Lieutenant. He is a very popular officer, indeed.

Now the floors have to be swept and all G. I. cans emptied, and everything dusted. Gas masks come in handy at this time.

Now the phone rings again. It

FREE!

Fluid for Your Lighter
DROP IN, SOLDIER

Fill Your Lighter and Look Us Over

OPEN EVERY NIGHT

YOUNGS

26 STATE ST.

Tobacconists Extraordinary

Pepsi-Cola

Everybody's Drink
Anybody's Price



Post Theatre Program

Week of September 7

POST THEATRE—Patronage at the War Department theatre is restricted to: (1) Military personnel on active duty and members of their households. (2) Civilians residing within the limits of the Post.

MONDAY, SEPT. 7
ORCHESTRA WIVES
Color Cartoon
Movietone News

George Montgomery,
Ann Rutherford

TUESDAY, SEPT. 8
THE BUGLE SOUNDS
Travel Talk

Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9
I LIVE IN DANGER
Grantland Rice Sportlight
Passing Parade
Comedy

Chester Morris, Roger Pryor

THURS.-FRI., SEPT. 10-11
ACROSS THE PACIFIC
Popeye the Sailor
Movietone News

Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor

Patronage at War Dept. Theatre is restricted to: Military personnel on active duty and members of their households and civilians residing within the limits of the Post.

COMING

Mrs. Miniver, with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon,
Sunday and Monday, September 13 and 14.

is Public Relations calling for a photographer to cover an assignment. So the Sergeant sends out Cpl. Howell with the C-3 (or Speed Graphic in common language).

Now the door opens and a civilian steps in, timidly at first, to enquire if this is the place to get identification pictures made. With police, but firm, demonstrations of chivalry Cpl. Brinley points out the office of Base S-2, and explains that the identification camera now resides there.

The civilian is firmly ejected, and Bob quietly tears off the handle of the door as he shuts it. There is a wild gleam in his eye.

A private of the Air Base Squadron opens the door next, and asks if he might have the price of a dozen 8x10 portraits of himself. The Sergeant quietly informs him that this is strictly a G. I. Lab, and hasn't made any money since it was opened for business. The familiar gleam that is seen around the Lab on some days more than others shows itself in the Sergeant's eyes.

The private retreats. This routine continues for most of the rest of the day, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon the Orderly Room calls up and politely informs the Sergeant that they are

putting three of our privates on K.P. for three days. Now the gleam is very prominent around the Lab, and Pvt. Donald Petty is heard to remark as he truges home to his barracks with three days of K.P., staring him in the face—Aerial Photography, Phooey?

Quartermaster

A certain young lady who has her sights beamed on a Q. M. sergeant can hardly wait to see the Monday issues of The Observer. She gives up her favorite dish of hot dogs and mustard to peruse this popular sheet. Is your face red yet, Eula? or must we tell about your daredevil tactics as an auto race driver the next time you come speeding to the Base with your friend's friend. Be careful. His head still has a large lump caused by the bumps. By the way, if you run out of mustard for those hot dogs, I can tell you where the Sergeant keeps it especially for you. And please wear longer sleeves. That wrist watch looks conspicuous on a barren arm.

A Delicious Treat Anytime

A Real Help Now!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Freshen up, Soldier!

Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

Yes, you fighting airforce men know how much a little stick of chewing gum can mean when nerves are tense or you've got a tough job to do.

Chewing cools your mouth—keeps your throat moist. Makes the water in that canteen go further. Helps steady your nerves during strenuous flights. Seems to make your tasks go faster, easier.

So chew and enjoy swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum every day—as millions do.

W-195

THE DOW FIELD 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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Distributed free to all military personnel.

An Editorial

How To Make A Newspaper Work For You

Tonight after supper, when soldiers come back to their barracks, they will begin talking about the things they like and the things they hate. There will be growling—whoever heard of an Army without complaints—and there will be praise for lots of things about the Army. Some of the complaints, and praise, and suggestions are so fine that it is a pity they never get beyond small bull sessions. Here is where a newspaper can be useful—it can spread these suggestions throughout a whole camp.

This particular newspaper will be delighted to print letters from its readers. If you see a chance to improve things here, say so in a letter, and bring it to **The Observer's** office in the back of the Post Theatre. Or even better—try a short editorial on the subject. If your ideas are good, they are good enough to put on paper.

Sign your manuscripts, please, just as an evidence of good faith. But if you do not want your name to appear with your letter or editorial, we will leave it out.

One word of advice—people who get angry in print sometimes make themselves ridiculous. A bit of humor will make your ideas twice as effective because they will be twice as readable. Say what you like, say it with a grin, and you will have not only the newspaper but the whole camp working for you.

Ode To Selective Service

By Pvt. Gimlet Grogan, Camp Wolters, Texas

I remember 'twas only some ten months ago
That they classified me in 1-A,
And a couple of wise guys came down for a laugh
When a corporal marched me away.

I had hardly been gone from my home town a week
When that son-of-a-gun in 3-A
Took over my job at the vinegar works
(Only he got just double my pay).

And almost as soon as my troop train pulled out
That fatfooted guy in 1-B
Started running around with the girl friend at home
Who had promised to stay true to me.

But justice is justice; each dog has his day,
And those guys in 3-A and 1-B
Were reclassified so that they now drill all day
And cuss at their sergeant—THAT'S ME!

Band

Cpl. Keith Huffman

The band has been laying aside its instruments for a little while each day to learn the fundamental principals of handling the pistol. Tech. Sgt. Raymond Erwin is serving as instructor and we know that we'll be well prepared when we finally go out to do our actual shooting. When Leo (dead-eye) Thayer took his turn practicing how to hold and aim the gun, the glint in his eye was as real as if he were aiming at a "Jap."

In writing of the wood-wind ensemble last week, one important

name was omitted. Cpl. Morris Levine meets with the group each week and coaches them. Last week the ensemble, augmented by Mr. Clapper on French horn, played some numbers especially written for that combination.

Two promotions were announced in the Band last week. Your writer was made Sergeant, and Morris Levine was promoted from Pfc. to Corporal.

Cpl. Paul Kline has just returned from a furlough at home (Pennsylvania), and at present Sgt. Charles (Red) Marston is on furlough.

It seems that there was a choir picnic last Sunday, and it seems that a certain flute player, (not to mention any names) showed quite some attention to one particular young lady. Question—Should "Aristotle" change his name to "Romeo"?

Cpl. Burt (fisherman) Schaperow usually has unusually good luck, but not so at the recent choir picnic. What's the matter Burt? Don't you know a girl isn't any help on a fishing trip?

If three cats can kill three rats

On YOUR Job . . .

"Fresh
Up"

with . . .

Bottled By
C. Leary & Co.



118 Exchange St.
Tel. 2-1191

Fire House

Any of you fellows who would like to see some SWELL pictures, contact Rebel Lee, who has just come back from a very successful furlough—he says.

At this writing, Sparky Davis has received his usual, daily blue-edged envelope from the one and only, but that still didn't keep him from reporting to sick call. Take it easy, Sparky.

This news is a little late, but I understand that Chief Turner enjoyed some very cultured operatic show on his last visit to Boston. Let me know when you intend going to Boston again, Chief, as I enjoy Opera.

Believe it or not . . . we have a genuine CADET in the Fire House. His name . . . McClary.

Old-dog Abbott CLAIMS to be married, but . . . where are the cigars . . . Old-dog?

There were plenty of 'helping hands' once Bullman got those jigsaws from the Rec hall. Could it be that the craze is coming back?

What is that thing on Old-man Simpson's upper lip? I have it from good authority that his wife won't kiss him until it is 'Gone With the Blade.'

Tex Madewell and Yo All Bernard were spotted in Old Town celebrating a furlough . . . they didn't get. Better luck next time, boys.

Smoky Winslow is going to greet his wife this week-end on her visit to Bangor. Hope she will enjoy her stay.

Co 2 Brun was finally claimed by the M. P.'s so introducing his replacement, I give you Pvt. Howard C. Stone, whose only habit so far observed is his faithful pipe.

Seen staggering on his nightly sojourn to Old Town was Gimme-aring Lowe. Why don't you marry the gal, chum, and live in Bangor. It will save twelve miles.

I am glad to see that some of the fellows who go to the movies believe in the 'No Smoking' signs posted there. Just a word or two asking ALL you fellows to PLEASE NOT light up your cigarettes, cigars, pipes and what have you, until your are entirely CLEAR of the exits. Thanks a lot.

Base Operations

By Pfc. Willie C. Sharp

Sgt. Bunch is now first sergeant for the Air Base Squadron—but only temporarily. He hopes to come back to the Clearing Station, says it's cooler.

Wonder what the attraction in Old Town is, maybe Sgt. McClary and Cpl. Franck would know.

Shorty Overall still thinks he could do more damage to the Axis as tail gunner than on the alert crew, but seems to keep happy nevertheless.

Pvt. Mathewson, Pvt. Provost, Pvt. Pirintel, Pvt. Rotonda, and Pvt. Halligan, are recent additions to the base traffic section. Welcome, chaps.

Cpl. Robert Walker had a nice time down Georgia way, on furlough—even in the hot weather.

Everybody seems to enjoy the nice, soft seats Base Traffic has recently added. Base Operations chaps seem to have had hard luck swimming and fishing. They lose cameras, get wet clothes, not to mention a displaced shoulder gotten diving for the lost camera.

Pfc. Lewis is now Sgt. Lewis, and we believe the Tower will keep bringing 'em in on the beam.

T/Sgt. Michael is now among the six strippers, a Master Sergeant. Sgt. Barker is also promoted to S/Sgt. Pvts. Laphier and Lewis are Pfc's, too.

Pvt. Simon is an even more recent addition to the traffic section at Base Operations. Hails from the M.P.'s, a former cop, eh?

In three minutes, how long will it take one hundred cats to kill one hundred cats? Answer—ask any bandsman.



OFFICER PROMOTED—Announcement was made Monday that Second Lieutenant Richard N. Peale of the Dow Field Public Relations Office had been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. Lieut. Peale, shown above at his desk in the Base Headquarters building, is a native of South Hamilton, Mass. He attended Hamilton High school, and was graduated from Northeastern University and Northeastern School of Law at Boston. He entered the Army July 14, 1941.

Song Of The Paymaster

I'm a young disbursing officer,
I'm working night and day.
Ev'rybody's shouting:
"When do we get our pay?"
I wired the Chief of Finance,
"From work I'm almost dead."
The wire did no good at all,
For this is what he said:

CHORUS

Pay those lads! Pay those lads!
Don't you know it's up to you
To pay those soldiers P. D. Q.?
Pay those lads! Pay those lads!
Pay 'em! Pay 'em! Pay 'em! Pay 'em!
Pay those lads.

The Regulars were pretty bad,
The C. C. C.'s were worse,
But the See-Lectees and National Guard
Surely make me curse!
I try and try to sleep at night,
But toss upon my bed,
For what the General said to me
Keeps ringing thru my head.

Capt. Mitchell

Continued from Page 1

continuous service in the National Guard as Captain of Field Artillery until the induction of the 3rd Division, Feb. 24, 1941.

He commanded Bateria E, 192nd Field Artillery, from June 8, 1938, to December 21, 1941, when he was transferred to the Air Corps (the 115th Observation Squadron).

He transferred to the Air Base Squadron at Dow Field, April 15, 1942, and commanded Section B of the Attached group. He was the head of Base S-3 from May 18 to July 28, 1942. Since the 19th of August he has been the Commanding Officer of the Aviation Squadron (Sep.)

Payments

Continued from Page 1

for correction. The protection of the enlisted men as well as of his bona fide dependents, it was pointed out, requires this safeguard.

Forms for allowance applications are available at all Army posts, camps, and stations. Service Commands and recruiting stations, as well as at the Allotment and Al-

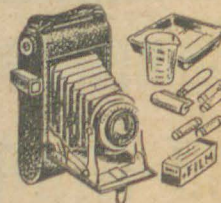
lowance Branch of the Adjutant General's office, which is located at Building 'X', 20th and B streets, N. E., Washington, D. C. In addition, in a short time these application blanks will be available to the American Red Cross, which has proffered its assistance in the field of distribution and preparation.

When the application blank is sent to the dependent, it is accompanied by the following request:

"Please do not submit this application until you have found out whether or not the soldier has already submitted one. Application forms have been distributed to our troops everywhere.

"Applications received from both you and the soldier will cause confusion and will result in delay in approval of the allowance."

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.

FOR SOLDIERS
FOOT PALS
AND
FLORSHEIM
SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST. BANGOR

At the OLYMPIA

MONDAY-TUESDAY

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea in Gambling Lady

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

Ray Middleton in Mercy Island

FRIDAY-SATURDAY

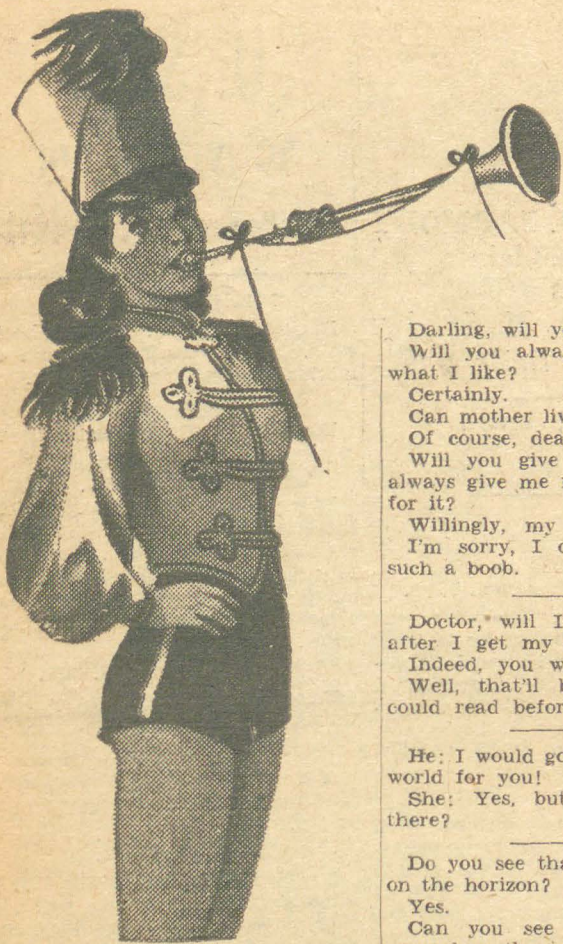
Buster Crabbe in Billy the Kid's Smoking Guns

SUNDAY ONLY

John Howard in Submarine Raider

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

KHAKI KOMICS



Darling, will you be my wife?
Will you always let me do just what I like?
Certainly.
Can mother live with us?
Of course, dear.
Will you give up the club and always give me money when I ask for it?
Willingly, my pet.
I'm sorry, I could never marry such a boob.

Doctor, will I be able to read after I get my glasses?
Indeed, you will.
Well, that'll be great. I never could read before.

He: I would go to the end of the world for you!
She: Yes, but would you stay there?

Do you see that barn over there on the horizon?
Yes.
Can you see that fly walking around on the roof of the barn?
No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them.

Last night I did some n-e-k-k-i-n-g.
N-e-k-k-i-n-g? That isn't right! I know it—but it's lots of fun.

What's the matter? You sure look worried.
Work—work—nothing but work from morning till night.
How long have you been at it?
Oh, I start tomorrow!

Cpl: Boy, did you snore last night.
Sgt: I wasn't snoring. I don't snore.

Cpl: Don't fool yourself—you sounded like a buzz saw.
Egt: I wasn't snoring—I was dreaming about a dog and that was the dog growling.

We've just bought a Rembrandt. How many cylinders?

Editor: You waste too much paper.
Author: But how can I economize?

Editor: By writing on both sides.
Author: But you won't accept stories written on both sides of the sheet.
Editor: I know, but you'd save a lot of paper just the same.

Wife: Tom, it's just about a year since our honeymoon, when we spent that glorious day on the sands.

Husband: We little thought then we'd be spending our first anniversary on the rocks.

1st Soldier: I'm getting worried. Last night I heard the worst noise in my ear.

2nd Soldier: Where did you expect to hear them?

He went blind from drinking coffee.
Whoever heard of such a thing? How did it happen?
He left his spoon in the coffee.

The Motor Car Pool

What is the job of the Motor Pool?

To provide transportation for the Base personnel on official business. Is there any restriction as to who can use a car?

Commissioned officers will have priority for use of staff cars, the remainder will be used by both commissioned and enlisted personnel.

Are there further restrictions after 6 P. M.?

After 6 P. M. personnel on official business must first obtain the permission of the Staff O. D. before they can obtain transportation from the Motor Pool.

Is there any limitation on distances traveled by Base vehicles?

They may travel as far as is necessary. If a trip is to last longer than a day, special orders will be published, when it is deemed necessary by the Transportation Officer.

How does gas rationing affect the Motor Pool?

All vehicles on Dow Field must obtain a gas ration card before they can draw gasoline from the Base gasoline station. The average daily consumption of gasoline on Dow Field is approximately five gallons per day, therefore the gas ration card is designed so that it has 31 units of five gallons each. Any truck that uses more than its quota of gas must have a definite reason for doing so. If the reason is deemed satisfactory by the Base Transportation Officer, a new card will be issued for the vehicle. In this manner, the average consumption of gasoline is kept as low as possible, and at the same time, we are doing our part for National Defense to the best of our ability.

Are all drivers required to take a special exam?

Yes, all drivers must pass a specific test in the handling of

the vehicle, and be able to answer any question on 1st echelon maintenance which the instructor may ask.

Does each man have a vehicle assigned to him?

Yes, Each man is responsible for the condition of his vehicle. It is his job to keep it in good condition all the time.

Who is the commanding officer?

Capt. Byrnes F. Bentley is the Base Transportation Officer, and anyone who so desires may contact him by dialing 296.

Who are the non-coms and what are their jobs?

First Sgt. M. Parnell is in charge of all personnel. S.-Sgt. M. Bouchard, John Sacco, and Sgt. E. Orioli are section leaders. S.-Sgt. Danny Innocente is the base truckmaster and contributed the information you read here.

Sgt. Lake is technical inspector and constantly checks on the upkeep of the cars.

Cpl. Mierzejewski is in charge of supplies, and Spl. Stafford holds down the job of assistant personnel clerk. Cpl. Thomas Winn handles the chief dispatcher assignment. Cpl. Fuller is personal driver for Colonel Lovell.

How about the rest of the men, what do they do?

Most of them are drivers and mechanics, several are clerks.

Who are the clerks, mechanics, and drivers?

Pfc. Brooks takes care of the records. Pfc. Fuchs is assistant to the supply sergeant, and Pvt. Farrer does general office work. In

The Base Library Recommends

By CPL. GEORGE R. EDWARDS
Hours: 8:00-12:00, 1:00-5:00, 6:00-10:00.

A great deal of interest is being shown in the Library by all the men of the Base. Particularly are new books in demand. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Whiteside, First Service Command librarian, I am now able to supply the demand for newer books. In her latest visit to Dow Field Mrs. Whiteside offered to supply us with some books. True to her word they arrived the other day and are now available to you men. There is a grand selection. Those of you who like whodunit stories will find a lot of new ones. In fact, the murder-mystery section has grown amazingly.

Stories of the West are always popular. Zane Grey's books are really classics of this type. I am glad to report that we have more of his books.

Will someone tell me who the grand person is that presented us with all those fine, colored postcards. All are views of buildings and places of interest in Bangor, and its environs. The views are very clear and well colored. Anyone wanting some cards to send to the folks at home should call at the Library office. I'll be glad to oblige.

A New England Sampler, by Eleanor Dark, is this week's selection for honorable mention. Something in a lighter vein than last week's choice, this is a rib-tickling story of New England people and places that will smooth your cares away, and provoke many a laugh. Here is New England from Anne Hutchinson to Calvin Coolidge, from Witches to Ward Eight, from New Bedford Whalers to Newport snobs. It is a rich and racy picture of a people and a section that Eleanor Early knows well and talks about with a pen that is sometimes barbed, at others almost honeyed with a nostalgic feeling for old towns, homes or gardens; but just about as spicy a book as you are likely to see.

Whether you hail from California, the deep South, or were transplanted from the Middle West, you are going to get a kick out of this tangle of New England and New Englanders.

No. 1 Spy of World War II is the subject of Brett Rutledge's book, *The Death of Lord Haw Haw*—an account of the last days of the foremost Nazi spy and news commentator, the mysterious English traitor. Stories of espionage always fascinate me. I hope that you will like it. I recommend it.

Let's go traveling in Mexico, in Mexico City. Don't back out now. Apartment hunting doesn't sound too exciting, but that is only the beginning. In her book, *The Days of Ofelia*, Gertrude Diamant goes apartment hunting and meets Ofelia Escoto as a little girl who eventually becomes her maid. Ofelia's father was a night-watchman with a family of 13 to support. For many months the author shared the life of the Escotos, sympathized with them in their

the mechanics department are Pvts. Campbell, Fracoola, and Cecchini. Pvt. Thompson has the job of tire inspector.

The steering wheel division is well represented by Pfc. Moulton, Simoneau, Fournier, Adams, Beylerian, and Heroux. Pvts. Ricco, Roy, Conner, Frazier, Beckwith, Branca, Carpenter, Carmucci, Peret, DiPrete, Lanzi, Pinchette, Gagne, and Whittaker also drive.

misfortunes, and watched the love of Ofelia's brother Daniel, with its tragic denouement. It tells also of visits to the pained poverty-stricken country of the Otomi Indians, of the picturesque dances and rituals of a wedding in tropical Tehuantepec. It tells also of the hazards of traveling in a Mexican bus along the Laredo highway, of the wisdom displayed by the Mexican judges in handling the homeless children of the Revolution. It is far superior to the books on Mexico that have appeared in the past decade. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August.

The Base Library at T-6 is now the new home of the Technical Library. There are over 100 volumes in the collection covering the airplane, its engine, blueprint reading, mathematics, photography, navigation, radio, and well, just about everything in subjects pertaining to the Air Corps. I plan to have these books catalogued and ready for your use in a few days.

Tanenbaum Tales

In Holland a Nazi soldier raised his arm and bellowed 'Heil Hitler.' The Hollander raised his arm and shouted 'Heil Rembrandt.' 'What does that mean?' cried the enraged Nazi. 'It means you are cheering your best painter and I'm cheering for ours.'

When Litvinoff first arrived as ambassador a dinner was arranged in his honor. Asked what Russian dishes he preferred he said he would rather have American dishes, seeing that he was new in this country.

Following his request they finished up with Washington cream pie, a white cake with white sauce. He loved it. A few days later while traveling by train he asked for an order of Washington cream pie, and was served chocolate cake with chocolate sauce. Puzzled, he said, 'Funny, in the Capitol the other day I was served white cake with white sauce.' 'Sorry,' drawled the waiter, 'but in this country there are two Washingtons, George and Booker T.'

A citizen was describing a political dinner he had attended. 'Soon as I got into the place, my watch was stolen, I went to the manager and complained. He told me to sit tight and everything would be O. K. In ten minutes he returned with my watch. 'What did the crook say?' I asked. 'Sh-h, he doesn't know I got it,' was the answer.

Pvt. C. Tanenbaum

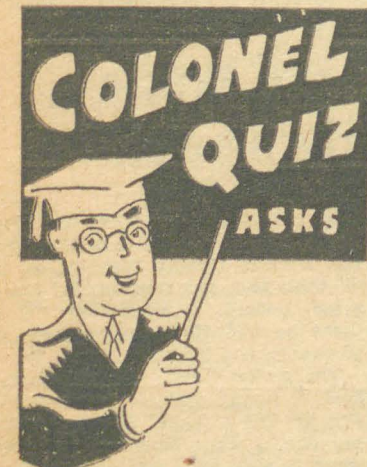
The Nazis' feverish boat building program along the Black Sea, plus various intelligence reports, now give a pretty accurate picture of what Hitler plans next against Russia. It is a three-way attack—partly by water to squeeze the Turks, and two other drives directed against Syria and the entire Near East.

Cocktail Lounge Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service

Penobscot Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St. Dial 4501



THE O. D. UNIFORM

- How can I take better care of my uniform?
- How do I remove grease spots?
- How do I make my insignia and buttons get back their shine?
- My G. I. shoes get all covered with mud, and are hard to shine. How can I make them look smart?
- They loose their shape when drying. What can I do about that?

Answers On Page 7

The 'long-range' view of this global war already is focussed on the Thanksgiving turkey situation for U. S. troops in Australia. The turkey population of Australia has been found inadequate and arrangements have been made to have a refrigerated cargo shipped from the U. S.

The largest convoy ever to arrive in Britain brought 22 blond and brunette Red Cross field workers, the vanguard of hundreds to be brought to help make American doughboys feel at home. And with them the girls brought along enough silk stockings and cosmetics to last them for two years.

PAUL'S

AUTHORIZED
UNIFORMS
for
DOW FIELD

SUB DEPOT

Also for
ENLISTED MEN
and
OFFICERS

Pay Checks Cashed

JOHN PAUL CO.
55 PICKERING SQUARE
BANGOR, MAINE

SEND HER COLOGNE!

Remember your girl back home! She'd love perfume or cologne. We have one of the largest assortments in the city at a great range of prices.

KANE'S
CUT RATE
52 MAIN ST.



KEENE'S ICE CREAM PRESENTS

FOR SEPTEMBER SCHOOL SNACK
THEIR

BUTTER SCOTCH REVEL

Pure Vanilla Ice Cream moulded thru with rich caramel sauce to form a "Deliciously Different" combination

ICE CREAM

EASTERN MAINE'S LARGEST INDEPENDENT ICE CREAM MFR.

THE

Chapel Spire

1st LT. JOHN P. FELLOWS
Protestant Chaplain
Services
10:00 A. M., Sunday
8:30 A. M., Wednesday

1st LT. ALFRED J. CARMODY
Catholic Chaplain
Masses
6:30, 9 and 11:30 A. M., Sunday
7:30 A. M., Daily

Catholic Confessions at 3:30 to 5:30 P. M. and 7:30 to 9:00 P. M. Saturday, and before each Mass



Plans are progressing toward the establishment in the near future of an organization, sponsored by all Protestant denominations and known as the United Christian Adult Movement. This will be directed toward getting the spiritual and family needs of the married enlisted men and junior officers on the Base who live in Bangor or Brewer. It would be appreciated if all married enlisted men and women who have been members of Younger Adult Groups in their home churches, would provide Chaplain Fellows with any helpful program material in this direction. Through such a group of young married Army people it might be possible through the fall and winter months to build a program of study and action and fellowship, which would be quite helpful in making new friends and solving many problems that Army people face during war time.

This past Sunday at the 8:00 Service the Reverend Milton R. Geary of the Exeter Union Church, preached the sermon. Pvt. Hugh Talley of the Avn Sq. again read the scriptures and led the group of worshippers in prayer. The Choir of the Avn Sq. sang special music for the occasion.

The Spire wishes to express the hope of the two Chaplains and the Christian men of Dow Field that Rosh Hashanah will bring the very best of Happy New Year's to their Jewish comrades in arms, as well as to their families in far away places. For all Jewish men who are unable to obtain furloughs for Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur due to any cause, it is expected that Dr. Harry O. H. Levine and the local branch of the Jewish Welfare Board will invite such men to spend the High Holy Days with Jewish families in Bangor and vicinity. All who cannot go home

for these occasions should see Base Chaplain Fellows at once.

An interesting item came in the mail with last week's Lakeville, (Conn.), Journal. It tells the story of a Mr. and Mrs. Bennett of Los Angeles, whose Christian custom it is to pick up uniformed men and give them the hospitality of a friendly home while on leave or en route, on furlough. In Mrs. Bennett's published letter are these words: "The fact that they are Scotch Presbyterians or Italian Baptists, and I am an Irish Catholic, doesn't make any difference to me any more—or to them. Race, creed, or color doesn't seem important any more—the important thing seems to be that these young men have been taken from their families and eventually may be asked to die so that families like mine can go on being Catholics and Methodists and whatever else we wish."

Tech-Sgt. William Jenkins of the Medical Detachment at the Station hospital was married in the Chapel last Thursday afternoon, September 3, to Miss Geraldine M. Sullivan of Bangor, E.-Sgt. John Shambora, of the Medical Detachment served as the best man, and Mrs. John Moran of Bangor was the Matron of honor. Chaplain Fellows officiated at the double ring ceremony and Holy Communion which preceded. Cpl. Robert Burns Scott played the organ.

Both young people are Presbyterians. Mrs. Jenkins will find a job waiting for her at the Post Exchange following a honeymoon spent at nearby Pushaw Lake.

Private Shelley D. Montgomery of Mesa, Arizona, who is attached to the Air Base Sq. married Miss Irene Harris of Bangor yesterday, Sept. 6, in the afternoon. Chaplain Fellows performed the double ring ceremony. Both bride and bridegroom are members of the Methodist Church.

MASSES

6:30, 9 and 11:30 a. m. Sunday,

Beware Soldier Of Card Sharps, Dice Shooters

Taking a chance in a game of chance becomes folly when a soldier pits his amateurism against the professional card 'sharp' or dice 'hawk,' says an article in the latest issue of Notes on Morale Activities.

Unscrupulous professional gamblers are realizing an unbelievable 'take' from members of the armed services. Some of these crooked gamblers are being exposed, but not all of them. A more effective means of eliminating the menace is to convince soldiers that they cannot win against professional gamblers.

There is evidence that all dice and card players in the Army are with his dad and took in practically the whole world. He visited such farflung countries as Japan, Burma, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, and several coastal cities in China, and of course from coast to coast in the good old U. S. A.

His job is Dow Field is with the Quartermaster, and works at his specialty as typewriter mechanic. Recently he brought up his own tools and is keeping the machines right in the groove.

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

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BANGOR

U. S. O. Activities For Week Aug. 24th

MONDAY, SEPT. 7

Dancing tonight: U.S.O. hostesses. Square dancing, program of motion pictures, short subjects.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 8th

Dancing U.S.O. hostesses. Scavenger hunt.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9th

Late summer formal. U.S.O. hostesses will be there in their snootiest evening gowns. Place, the City Hall. Time 8 o'clock. Refreshments will be served. Soldiers may come in their sun-tans or the O.D. outfit.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 10th

Dancing class, community sing. Informal dancing as well.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11th

A full-length feature picture is scheduled; the title unannounced as yet.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12th

Soldier's wives night. The U.S.O. is going "all out" to help you and your wife enjoy their facilities. She can become a member and you both can make Saturday night a regular social affair.

Army Mess in The Revolution

On November 4, 1775, the day after creating the office of General, and electing George Washington to fill that post, the Continental Congress passed a resolution: "That there be one Commissary General of Stores and Provisions."

The ration consisted of: 1 pound beef, ½ pound pork, or 1 pound salt fish per day, 1 pound bread or flour per day, 3 pints peas or beans per week, 1 pint milk per day, ½ pint rice of 1 pint Indian meal per week, 1 quart spruce beer or cider per day, or 9 gallons molasses per 100 men per week.

A legislative history, printed in 1877, from which this report is taken, points out that the reference to milk was interesting, for it was not available that first winter, and from then on was not mentioned in the ration for over 100 years.

In 1799 the liquor was discontinued, but the Commander-in-Chief of the Army or the commanding officer of any detachment was authorized to issue to the troops 'from time to time, rum, whiskey, or other ardent spirits (not to exceed ½ gill per man per day except on extraordinary occasions).'

The full horror of the Revolutionary mess is still to come. In those good old days the soldier was issued his ration uncooked each day. It was to be prepared by himself, later, over the glowing embers of the camp fire!

pea while the victim is scratching his head about which of the three shels it is under. After the choice is made, the pea is slipped beneath one of the other two.

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DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Curious Disappearance Makes Pvt. Johns A Typewriter Mechanic

By trade Pvt. Ted Johns was a commercial printer in Boston. Business was going smoothly, until typewriters were added to the stock. A service man was called in, and everything was all set for a rushing business.

Day after day Ted would watch the service men take machines apart, adjust this or replace that, and soon he was getting the hang of it.

One day he asked the mechanic to take the complete machine apart, and put it back together. In a few minutes the innards of the machine were all over the bench, right down to the last nut.

He turned to Ted and said, "I'm going out for a cup of coffee, and I'll be right back. So Johns waited. Five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes, and still no sign of the missing mechanic. Hours went by and there was the machine

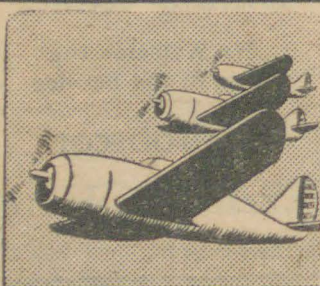
still in shambles and no mechanic. So Ted began to tinker—this bolt goes here and that screw fits on there, and soon the thing began to take shape. Before you could say 'Dow Field' there was the typewriter complete and in working order ready to start clicking.

With that as a start Ted went to special schools for typewriter mechanics and soon knew all the answers. In a short time he had a business all his own as a representative of the largest manufacturer of typewriters in the world. What happened to the service man? Two years later Ted met him accidentally on the street, and asked him where he had disappeared to. 'It was like this,' explained the mechanic, 'I met a friend of mine in the restaurant; he was shipping out of Gloucester to Cuba and I felt the urge to see Cuba, so I walked out of my job and went—just like that.'

Ted recently located his mother after a thirty year separation. While trying to get a birth certificate, for use in defense plants he looked up his own certificate, and discovered a long lost record of the Children's Aid Society, and evidence of his mother's existence. After a two weeks intensive research he located her and they were happily reunited.

Enthusiastic about sports, Ted was a softball pitcher for the Williamsport, Penna. team (state champs of Pennsylvania, 1931-32). He was also a member of the championship schoolboy relay team, running off with all honors. Bowling is another of his long suits—last year his average was 101.

In his early days Johns traveled



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NEW MURAL AT DOW FIELD HEADQUARTERS—Col. George E. Lovell, Jr., Commanding Officer, is shown above, at left, inspecting the huge new mural depicting Army Air Force activity which was set in place Monday forenoon at Dow Field Base Headquarters. Shown with Col. Lovell is Pfc. Ralph Woodall, the artist, who is putting finishing touches on his excellent piece of work. Pfc. Woodall completed the painting in three months.

Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps

Quiz Answers

Questions on Page 5

THE O. D. UNIFORM

1. Have your shirt, coat and overcoat buttoned throughout. Keep your uniform neat, clean and in good repair. Keep your woolen uniform pressed. This not only improves the appearance of clothing, but actually increases its life.

2. Place a folded clean towel under the spot to be removed. The cleaning should be done by dampening a clean white cloth with a good commercial cleaning fluid and rubbing gently back and forth in a straight line over a larger area than the spot until dry. This usually prevents leaving a ring on the fabric. Turpentine will remove paint spots from clothing if used promptly, before the paint gets dry.

3. Insignias and buttons having a gold finish should be cleaned with ammonia and water. Don't use an abrasive, as it will remove the gold plating. Rubber bands, manila paper, or any material containing sulfur, if near medals, insignia, or buttons, will tarnish them.

4. In cleaning your boots or shoes, first remove all dirt or mud by scraping with a dull instrument such as a sliver of wood. Do not use a piece of glass or a knife. Next, wash them with a sponge saturated with a heavy lather of castile soap. Never use hot water. Allow the leather to soak in water. Wipe off the leather with the wet sponge and rub the leather thoroughly and vigorously with a clean cloth until nearly dry. Drying by exposure to the sun, fire, or strong heat will cause the leather to stiffen and crack and is forbidden.

5. Stuffing the toes with crumpled paper helps in drying and tends to hold them in shape. After boots or garrison or dress shoes have dried, a good polish should be applied, provided it has been authorized by the garrison or unit commander. In the case of work shoes an application of dubbing should be well rubbed in.

Guard Squadron

Pvt. Frank Shea



MILITARY POLICE

Under the direction of 1st Lt. Geo. H. Olson, our Company Day Room has been completely renovated, it now has real club-like atmosphere, with Ping Pong, Pool, Reading and Writing tables along with comfortable home furniture and a highly polished floor. An excellent place to pass away the cold evenings to come.

Much credit is due Sgt. R. W. Day and Pvt. Rosie O'Day also Pvt. Guiguere, who gave plenty of time and energy to make the Day Room a popular meeting place.

First Lt. Geo. H. Olson by way of recognizing the deserving has made the promotions as follows: from Corp. to Sgt. Roger Wilson, from Pfc. to Corporals, Tom Shanley, Clem Worrall, Steve Lubich, Joe Ritter and Johnny Young. Privates promoted to Pfc. were I. Baer, W. Barrett, E. E. Bianchetto, H. Campbell, F. Finnell, T. Ferro, W. McLeod, E. L. Record, D. F. Richmond, A. Robinson, T. Robison, J. Savoie, F. J. Shea, W. R. Tudsbury, Wm. Troutman and P. Tutkiewicz.

The entire body of this organization offer their deepest sympathy to S-Sgt. Paul Kelcourse on the bereavement of his father, who passed away unexpectedly.

Second Lt. E. M. Cantor is off to school, best wishes Lt. from all the boys.

Corp. Roger Wilson was promoted to Sgt. upon his return from Auto Diesel School at Tennessee.

Pvt. Jos. P. Regan is now able assistant to Corp. Paul Streater of the Personnel Division. Keep the records straight Joe.

S-Sgt. L. W. Fairfield will give up single blessedness on Oct. 3, 1942. He plans to wed his childhood sweetheart, Miss Catherine MacIver of Montreal, Canada. The

best of luck to you Sarg.

If there happens to be a Chess player on this Base, he can consider himself challenged, as First Sgt. Walter Berger claims to be an unbeaten champion. Step up folks, the line forms on the right.

On Tuesday's hike all Guard Squadron men forded the creek successfully with the exception of Sgt. Thibault, who went whole hog and took an impromptu bath.

Pvt. John J. Joyce is internationally minded these days. He was spotted, entertaining Sgt. Scherher of the R. A. F. and two lovely lookers from Canada. Sipping cocktails in the Bangor House Lounge mind you!

Strictly from hunger, Pvt. Maxie McCormick was forced to employ Pvt. Arthur McEllen as an interpreter. It seems Maxie had plenty of trouble trying to make the Maine waitress understand his New York jargon.

Pvt. Wabash Benedetto is in a large sized Doghouse with a cist on each instep, a sprained thumb, and a mild case of trench mouth. However he still has trencherman's appetite.

Quartermaster

Pvt. Theodore Johns



QUARTERMASTER CORPS

Major Howze recently handed out diplomas to a group of officers who were here for their final tests and refresher courses in QMC duties.

The Dow Field QM is rated as the most efficient outfit in the First Service Command, and second to none in other areas. Each officer has been or will be assigned to special duties in the various QM branches.

From remarks of the past few days there seems to be considerable reporter material in the personnel. To you boys who like to tell how a column should be written I suggest that you let your present reporter

know. I would appreciate a vacation for a time to let you battle it out for the honors. Now is the time to come forward.

To all QM personnel: Save your money, boys, all the cleaning and laundry is now on a cash basis. If you have extra put it in War Stamps or Bonds.

Pfc. Johnny Abner, the great Barrymore imitator, has been in great form lately. He is tutoring Pvt. Mashery in the role.

Sgt. Russa is still receiving compliments since the QM party for his singing talents, and all this without tonsils. Quite an achievement, I would say.

Cpl. Guy Lewis has returned from leave and is beginning to look in fine shape after his operation.

Pfc. George Godfrey is in training as a wrestler and pugilist. He tried some of his new tricks on the boys, but they failed miserably. More training to you, George.

Pvt. Butterfield leaves Dow Field to join the Intelligence Department. He is a timid soul and will not say much about it. He was formerly with the Boat Company.

The chess war is on again between Capt. A. J. Goguen and Pfc. Sauber, each promises that there will be no alibis this time. There is a fireman on the post who says both can be beaten easily. Is it true what he says?

Pvt. Harn is very sad of late without the assistance of Pvt. Rosenbaum. He wanted to go on sick call when called on a special four a. m. detail, but he was told he was four hours too early.

That special bowling match is all set. The teams are S-Sgt. Pryzwara and Cpl. Sid Solomon vs. Red Spada and Ted Johns. The outcome will be in the next issue.

First Sgt. Matty Skypsek wishes to thank all who assisted in helping make the Q. M. party a success. He also stated that his praise for the Band was unlimited, and his personal thanks go forward to them.

Pvt. Westgard has been seen with a new flame. Could it be love at first sight, Westy?

General Mess

Sgt. Asmandis

With all these men is it possible a bout cannot be arranged with Pvt. Carol Mullins, who still remains unchallenged. Come on you former Golden Glovers, call 282. Weight 190 lbs.

We should witness a duel soon. Pappy Shields' new flame is the former heart throb of S-Sgt. Yummy Orryzen.

Everybody is invited. Pappy Shields is going to get married, the date will be announced soon.

Add disappointments. Pvt. Stephens looked forward to a furlough but it was disapproved. Chin up, Big Steve, where else could you get the chow served here?

How come Sgt. Asmandis' car was parked downtown while he was on the Field? The Sgt. claims he was framed.

Pvt. C. Tanenbaum.

The best C. Q. in T-217 is Pvt. Claude Yunker. . . . At least he is the loudest.

Pvt. Tyre has gone in for bowling lately—this is Polly's favorite indoor sport too.

It was publicly declared that a feud exists between what outfit and the cooks of General Mess. Why? No more midnight snacks. Are we harboring a local Gestapo?

Pvt. Stubbs would like to meet those whose religion is the same as his—Mormon.

The general mess will soon be looking for new personnel. Practically all are putting in for Officers Candidate.

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Army Colonel Relates Details Of March To India From Burma

New details of the march last May out of Burma into India have reached the War Department from Colonel Robert P. Williams, Medical Corps, who accompanied Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell and his party of Americans, British and Chinese.

Colonel Williams tells how he wore out three automobiles on the rough Burmese trails before he joined the other hundred people of the party on foot, how they trudged through malarial swamps and jungles and along rocky stream-beds and across mountain paths of 7000 feet elevation, and how they found friends among the headhunters of the hills.

General Stilwell had led the Chinese armies in Burma. After they had been forced to fall back before the Japanese, General Stilwell determined to make the difficult march from interior Burma to India. A first brief stage of the journey was made by automobile. In a letter to his wife, Colonel Williams wrote that he started off with Major Gordon Seagrave, Medical Corps, following a bullock trail with deep ruts. The Colonel's sedan was halted by a blowout. Since the spare tire was soft, he abandoned the car and boarded a winch truck. Some hours later it hit a stump and dropped its drive shaft. Then the Colonel climbed into a sedan with Captain Frederick Eldridge, Infantry, of General Stilwell's staff. After a few miles of rough riding, this car did not steer.

"Looking back over that," remarks Colonel Williams, "I drove three cars to their deaths. Is that the modern version of having three horses shot out from under you? Of course, the Japs didn't figure in it much. Several times we saw small formations of their planes. Once they bombed a village just ahead of us, but apparently they didn't see us."

The party expected, when they reached the teak forest country, to take a train but the railway line was a series of wrecks. So the journey was continued in what were left of the automobiles through the teak and bamboo forests. Once the travelers saw a herd of 80 elephants.

Reaching a big town and one of the main roads, they found the region choked with troops and refugees.

"That night we camped right among them," said Colonel Williams, "and I knew it would be a good test for our cholera vaccine." The next morning General Stilwell's party arrived at the end of the motor trail—a flimsy bamboo bridge.

By this time, they had been joined by a British party of fifteen, led by Colonel Davison Houston of the British School of Bush Warfare. Members of a Friends' Ambulance Unit, a dozen Chinese guards, Indian messboys and a sprinkling of civilians along with a handful of American officers, made up the group which now undertook the long hike to India. General Stilwell lined up his varied following, warned that food would be short, and discipline would be strict.

The trail led through forests and back and forth across a small stream. One day the heat temporarily overcame three officers.

"Our socks and shoes were never dry. We had plenty of foot trouble," Colonel Williams said. "We'd have coffee and oatmeal before daylight, march 'til 10 and have tea, sleep 'til 3:30, eat rice and chicken stew, march 'til dark, have tea and turn in. Sometimes we would leave the stream and go through dense jungle, where troops of monkeys howled at us. Once a rogue elephant suddenly appeared, started to charge,

then changed his mind. One day we had two ding-baos (air alarms); next day we learned they were RAF dropping supplies to British columns behind us—first we knew where anybody was. I found a sack of British medical supplies they'd dropped in a village and appropriated it. That week end I started quinine to prevent malaria . . . 5 grains at noon and 4 p. m. on Saturday and Sunday, and kept that up until we got here. That and boiling water was the extent of our health precautions."

Reaching a larger stream, General Stilwell had his party pitch in and build large bamboo rafts. On each raft, people were organized into shifts, one one hour, off two, throughout the twenty four. Those on duty poled, paddled, and steered. All were ready always to push the raft off a snag. "We were all constantly getting scratches from the bamboo, all of which became infected," said Colonel Williams.

One morning a medium bomber came in low, and right for the party. But it turned out to be an RAF plane. It dropped sacks of bully beef, crackers, cigarettes and sugar on a sandy shore. After three days on the rafts, General Stilwell led his party on foot again. They spent one night on a cement floor of a Buddhist temple. The sight of a snake caused a stampede among some of the party, but the snake turned out to be dead.

General Stilwell maintained military precautions. When the party was to cross a river, the General sent an initial unit across to report whether the Japanese were on the other side. Another refugee party using a different route was ambushed and wiped out to a man. General Stilwell led his party through foothills into the mountains, crossing ridge after ridge at 6000 and 7000 feet.

Natives, with a crest of hair down the middle of the heads which otherwise was shaved on both sides, gave friendly aid to the travelers. The ears of these men were pierced and the lobes enlarged to hold cartridges, cigarettes, or flowers. "Occasionally these men take heads," said Colonel Williams. "No hard feelings—it's just that a head planted in the corner of a field makes a better rice crop."

These men had received word from India that the party was coming. They brought word that Dr. Williams had been advanced to the permanent grade of Colonel. On the top of a mountain, Lieutenant Colonel Frank D. Merrill, Cavalry, swore him in, and the hillmen loved the ceremony. The chiefs entertained General Stilwell with rice beer—milky white, sour, but refreshing. There were several ceremonial beer parties which the chiefs of the hillmen insisted on providing.

On the far side of the mountains, American officers met General Stilwell and his party. At a British camp, baths, shaves and sleep awaited. Luxurious travel by automobile and railroad followed.

"Incidentally," said Colonel Williams, "I wore shorts and short sleeves the entire trip, never had sunburn and developed a nice red-brown tan."

Medical

Pvt. Herman Henault



The FHA is sending a commission up here to do a little investigation.

Bayoneted—By a Cactus



(U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo from NEA) Easy, now, easy-y. Capt. Fred J. Corson, Williamsport, Pa., grinds his teeth while Sgt. Charles H. Cline, Clinton, O., lends a hand. The captain was speared by cactus needles—at tail end of parachute jump in California desert.

tigating. It seems that so many of the boys have found homes, that Washington wants to know how it is done. They probably will start in the chow line.

Cpl. Eddie Heine is back on the job in the mess hall. For the past month he has been down the hill at Officers' Mess showing them how a good job should be done.

The boys back home should see the one time amateur road racer, Pvt. Ray Lurie, keeping in shape by pedaling his racing bike between his residence in Bangor and the Base every day. From the way he wheels that bike around the corners into Hammond St., one would think he spent the early part of his life in a Velodrome.

The Medics hiked again Monday, and they certainly pick the warm days to exercise the legs. They proved that they could take it when mile after mile was walked by, and the cadence picked up to about 160 per minute. The Commandos would have smiled in appreciation had they seen the boys leap over the gravel pits and snake their way back to the top in very few minutes. Sgt. Reume proved that he knew the words to all the songs that the boys picked out.

Pvt. Elmore Wall certainly learns things the hard way. His story is that while learning to roller skate, he tried to avoid running over a member of the weaker sex and tried to stop himself by grasping a window frame in one hand and pushing the other hand through the window. He cut himself so badly that three stitches had to be taken.

Pvt. Agostina Messina is spending his days with his face buried in a pillow. Though lying on his stomach, he is still doing plenty of kicking.

T-Sgt. Lou Hirsh left for Officers' Training School at Carlisle, Penna. Looks like T-Sgt. Shapiro will take over Hirsh's duties in trying to locate the empty bottles that the Pharmacy needs so badly. Lou carries with him the very best wishes of the entire Medical detachment.

It's no wonder Pvt. Russ Malloy goes around singing to himself. It has just been brought to light that Mrs. Malloy was the Singing Lady on the Kellogg's program, and has appeared with Horace Heidt's Band.

Signal Corps

Pvt. Reinhold G. Herzog



Best wishes and lots of luck to Sgt. Technician John "Jack" Phillips, who left last week for Signal Corps O.E.S., Ft. Monmouth, N. J. Genial Jack had presided over the Signal Corps supply depot. He has a host of friends among both the officers and enlisted men here on the base and with the citizens of Bangor and surrounding communities. He was one of the original 16 men who came here nearly 16 months ago when Dow Field's name was "mud" and had watched it grow to its present splendor. He was one of the oldest "draftees" (in point of service) stationed here, being inducted nearly two years ago. We'll all miss your smiling face and unfailing good humor. We know you'll make a fine officer.

Under the able direction of First Lt. Carl J. Bloom, commanding officer, the soldiers of the Signal Corps have been trying out their "shooting eyes" on the pistol range. Among the men who turned in good scores with the "45" were Corporal Joseph Nixon who got a 124 out of a possible 150 and Pvt's Merle Hodgkins and Garry Graves, who, out of a possible 200, hit scores of 154 and 152 respectively. Nice shooting soldiers.

The Signal Corps baseball team has only two more games to play before putting the equipment away in moth balls. These games are with Dover-Foxcroft and Brewer. Helping to make this season a fairly successful one, were the following players. Pvt. Nelson Lieber (capt.), P and R.F., Cpl. Larry Wennerberg, 1B and C., Cpl. Joe Nixon, 2B., Pvt. John O'Donnell, SS., Cpl. Art Sprague, CF., Pvt. John Horodysky, 3B., Pvt. Merle

Bombers Blast Brewer In Easy Runaway Game

Again Take Red Sox Into Camp 16-6 In Batting Spree

Pvt. Ross Simpson's homer over the right field fence did not exactly win the game but it sure knocked the morale from under the Red Sox.

With onslaught after onslaught the Bombers came in waves of batting fury. Time and again the Bombers, leading with Saladino, followed by Dick Seay, Zwiricki and Belkovicz, tore holes in the Red Sox defense with belting bingles.

Early in the game Simpson lifted a beautiful belt over the right field fence, but it was declared foul. On his next trip to the plate he found the right location and rapped it over the fence in true home run style.

Practically every inning found the Bombers circling the bases—Miller coming through with a single in the seventh that gave two men a free ride to the home plate.

In the first and third innings Frank Saladino led a charmed life when two infield drives were muffed, and he was put on safely.

The third inning proved fatal to the Sox when Saladino led off, followed by Seay. Zwiricki made a full house on the bases.

Miller, the Brewer pitcher, couldn't find the plate from then on. Belkovicz, the next man up, walked, forcing Saladino home. Locario also got a gift of a base on balls, forcing Seay home.

Mitchell, the Bomber hurler, was suffering from a charley horse, so that when he got on base a runner was substituted. This time it was Seay, and around the bases he dashed. He arrived home just in time to get up to bat himself.

Bombers 104 213 401—16 17 3

Red Sox 003 100 011—6 12 3

Batteries: Dow Field—Pvt. Mitchell, pitcher; Robert Roe, catcher; Red Sox—Miller, pitcher; Libby, catcher.

Hodgkins, RF., Pvt. Neil Ipoliti, LF., and P., and Pvt. John Bryant, C. Congratulations boys, you played a fine brand of ball.

Volleyball practice has been held several nights lately and "sides" chosen by Cpl. Larry Wennerberg and Pvt. Nelson Lieber, have had many closely contested "practice" games. These soldiers have formed a team which will start playing regular matches next week. Any outfit on the base who would like a game or information about same should get in touch with Pvt. Lieber at T-201. Are there any volleyballers on the base? If so, the Signal Corps challenges you.

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