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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

9-20-1943

September 20, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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See Your
Daily
Bulletin

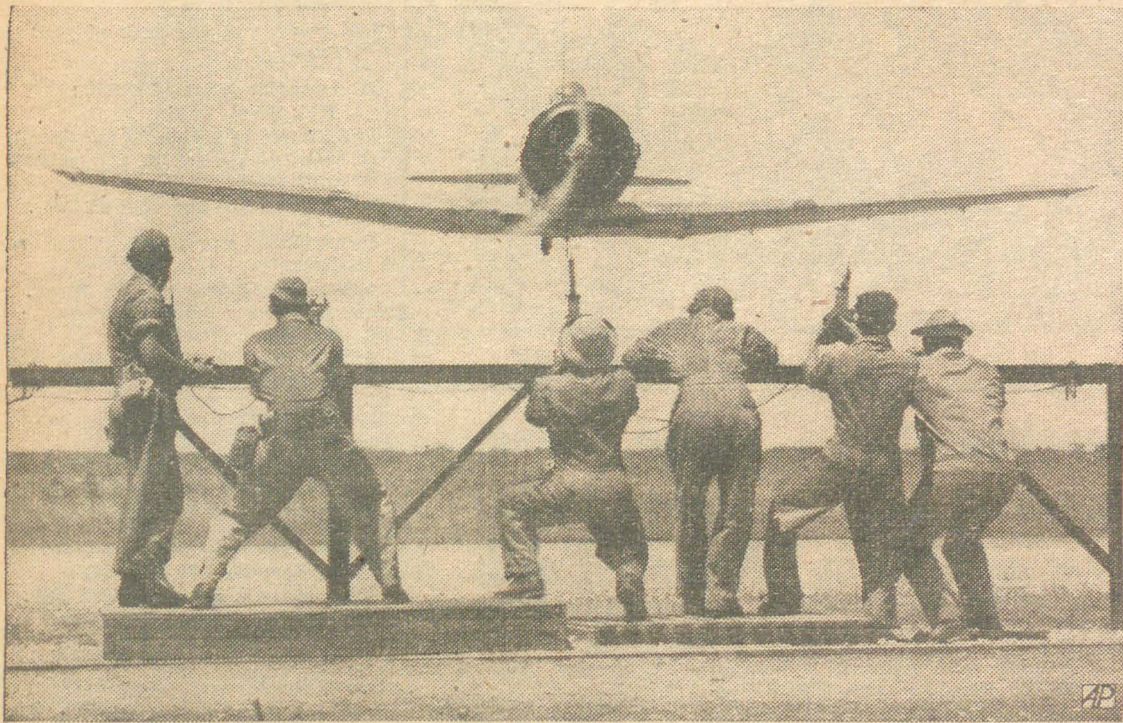
THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
CALL BASE
OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, SEPT. 20, 1943

Vol. No. 69



LINING UP A SWIFT BIRD—Student gunners at Harlingen, Tex., Army air field, get practice holding a low-flying plane in the sights of their unloaded guns.

Promotions

WAC HEADQUARTERS CO.

TO BE SERGEANT

Cpl. Geneva E. Mosgrave,
T-4 Agnas C. Gustafson,
To be Corporal.
T-5 Hannah M. Matlack,
To be T-5.
Pvt. Lucille T. Bishop,
Pfc. Elizabeth J. LeClair,
To be T-4.
T-5 Ouida M. Jones,
T-5 Margaret L. Eck.

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Pvt. Adna E. Dutton,
Pvt. Hazel D. Freeman,
Pvt. Dorothy Himmelsbach,
Pvt. Marion M. Williams.

COMMUNICATIONS SQUADRON

To be Sergeant.
Cpl. Alvin J. Holstead,
Cpl. John H. Madar.

TO BE CORPORAL

Pfc. Joseph A. Caron,
Pfc. Maury O. Jones,
Pfc. Erwin F. Link,
Pfc. Evaristo Garcia.

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Pvt. James M. Dunham,
Pvt. Harvey M. Hamilton,
Pvt. Thomas E. O'Donnell,
Pvt. Quentin R. Randall,
Pvt. Henry A. Prussell,
Pvt. Francis M. Wasil.

AVIATION SQUADRON

To be Private First Class
Pvt. Henry Braddock.

QUARTERMASTER CO.

To be Corporal.
Pfc. Nicholas J. Thereoulis.

GUARD SQUADRON

To be Privates First Class.
Pvt. Joseph F. Bryja,
Pvt. Cecil J. Harrison,
Pvt. Edwin Langfelder,
Pvt. Henry F. Steele,
Pvt. Harold C. Wiley.

Ceremonies Mark Broadcast Anniversary

On Thursday last the oft criticized but nevertheless bright feature of the week, the Dow Field Broadcast, became a year old. S/Sgt. Geden and the Troubadors knocked out a grand program befitting the occasion, but the part we liked best was the little ceremony that went before we went on the air. Mrs. Shaw, the Base Hostess, had prepared a surprise for the members of the Troubadors, S/Sgt. Geden and Sgt. Edwards. She made short little speeches of presentation and passed out gifts to us all. The audience entered into the spirit of the occasion with rounds of applause as each gift was presented.

The gifts were excellent and greatly appreciated. Those contributing the gifts were Mr. Clare, Drummond Freese of the Freese dept. store, Mrs. Bryant, Rogers Jewelry store, Larkay's and Miss Pratt of Pratt's jewelry store.

Dow Field Diary

(By S-SGT. PAUL J. GEDEN)

MONDAY

In spite of the heading to last week's Diary we are guilty of the material therein. Two weeks ago when Sgt. Edwards took over the paper a new heading was made up with his name. The following week through an oversight his name was still in, so we had it scratched off the plate. Again last week they were still using the same slug. We told them again to scratch it off, but somehow along the line it was not. So if you want to take issue with anything in this column, don't blame Sgt. Edwards. Geden is your man.

We received an invitation to sit in on a meeting downtown to represent Dow Field as to what can be done to make the Community Center a welcome place. The dances there seem to be exceptionally well attended and they really go to town.

In the round-table discussion were: Dr. H. O. H. Levine, Mrs. Sidney Schiro, Miss Miriam Landon, Lt. Carter, Lt. Bresky, Mrs. Geden and yours truly. Plans for frequent entertainment were developed. We go on record as saying that Miss Landon is certainly the most persistent and energetic gal we have ever seen.

TUESDAY

WLBZ called and informed us that we were up for an anniversary broadcast. As far as the Personality parade angle is concerned, there was only one man for that spot. Jack Eaves—the man behind the baton—behind the band.

"Irony Dept."—A German by the name of Erwin Puchner has invented a new kind of bomb. Contrary to your idea of a bomb—this one is neither an explosive nor an incendiary. It's filled with powder.

Diary

Please Turn to Page 2

MAKE BELIEVE ISLE BECOMES JAP SHIP

The enemy goes all the way to achieve deception. Recall the "floating island" that turned up in the waters south of the Bismark Archipelago near New Britain.

Our airmen became suspicious and went down to investigate. They found, not an island at all, but a large transport which the Japs had cleverly covered with palm trees and other tropical foliage in an effort to escape detection in the island-studded area.

Alertness paid dividends, however, and the transport was knocked out with direct hits. The inflammable camouflage quickened the end of the Jap vessel.

The Ladies' Bridge Club

The Ladies' Bridge club will hold its first luncheon and bridge at the Officers' club on Thursday, September 23, at 12:30. All officers' wives who have not been called by their spotter please call Mrs. deKay or Mrs. Valentine. Officers will be elected so everyone is urged to come.

Dow Air Show One Year Old Last Thursday

The first Anniversary of Dow Field on the air was the theme of last Thursday's broadcast from T-6. Corporal Jack Eaves was taken over the mental jumps in the Personality Parade.

Did you know—for instance, that our red-headed music maker once designed dainty greeting cards for a living? That he was a leader of a band in the famous Meyer Davis Society Circuit? That he toured South America, singing songs that they couldn't understand but they enjoyed his facial expressions. These are only a few of the amazing details disclosed on the inside story of Jack Eaves.

A poem, dedicated to the WAC, proving that they are still human and feminine under their olive drab, was read by Corporal Rosalie Lief. To a background of "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody," Rosalie handled the situation with just the right touch—deftly keeping it from becoming over-sentimental.

Willie Wishwash had troubles with a loan company. Trying to borrow ten bucks—and did he have troubles. Willie, (Pfc. Al Stone) had bones broken, his sanity questioned and finally became a physical wreck.

The hillbillies went to school, and gave out with the lessons. Rosalie as the teacher, Stedman, Kline and Scott were the corn-fed critters.

Sgt. "Shorty" DeLorme of Finance got a sob story off his chest with "I Heard You Cried Last Night."

Sgt. Al Jarusevice tried to forget the past with "I never Mention Your Name."

The program started off with a birthday salute to the Troubadors sung by the audience.

American Patrol and Record Session gave the Troubadors a chance to shine.

Although originally scheduled for the broadcast The Rhythmaires

Happy Landing, Captain Kelly

If there is any one person who has skillfully steered the paths of the 'Observer', it is Captain John P. Kelly, who was the special service officer of the base until last week.

It was he who sent up trial balloons to see the reaction to a camp newspaper. In no time at all layouts were okayed, official approval secured and the first editions rolled merrily off the multith machine. 'Almost over night it grew into a full size 8-page tabloid, the one you are now reading.

We have darn well lived with the paper and we know that every time we hit a snag, Captain Kelly would not hesitate to go to bat and straighten things out. The weekly radio show, base movie theatre, obstacle races, army emergency relief and all entertaining activities received the willing ear of Captain Kelly.

Anybody who had any ideas or suggestions were always welcomed and if the idea could be worked out it was backed to the limit.

So, we say to Captain Kelly, happy landing and God speed to you.

Commendations For Guard Duty

The following men received the guard commendations of the week.

Sept. 10

Pvt. J. Roper, Aviation Squadron;
Pvt. J. Crisler, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. S. Pellington, Air Base Squadron.

Sept. 11

Pvt. H. Ball, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. G. Roberts, Aviation Squadron;
Pvt. J. Martin, Air Base Squadron.

Sept. 12

Pfc. George Connors, Air Base Squadron;
Pvt. George Bever, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. James Warren, Aviation Squadron.

Sept. 13

Pvt. E. Thosas, Aviation Squadron;
Pvt. M. Crane, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. A. Corey, Air Base Squadron.

Sept. 14

Pvt. L. Hayes, Aviation Squadron;
Cpl. Brownstein, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. J. Zogby, Engineers Avn. Bn.;
Pvt. L. Smith, Air Base Squadron.

Sept. 15

Pvt. Joseph Nyme, Air Base Squadron;
Pvt. Jacob Pollark, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. Leslie Hayes, Aviation Squadron.

Sept. 16

Pvt. C. Hunley, Aviation Squadron;
Pvt. R. Death, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. H. Stute, Air Base Squadron.

Sept. 17

Pvt. J. D. Crisler, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. Calvin Price, Aviation Squadron;
Pvt. J. Nyme, Air Base Squadron.

Sept. 18

Pvt. R. Laudenslager, Guard Squadron;
Pvt. Cicero Gaskin, Aviation Squadron;
Pvt. H. Row, Air Base Squadron.

Ex-Dow WAC Reporter Gets Her Gold Bar

The former reporter for the WACs at Dow Field, Elsie Korn has made the grade. This past week Lt. Korn had had her bars pinned on her by her brother, Lt. David Korn at Fort Oglethorpe.

She was held up by other commitments and arrived too late for the show. However they did give an after-the-show performance to the delight of the crowd.

Super Kiss And Snake Charmer At USO Show

Lois Godfrey, a red headed, vivacious song stylist, showed the boys how to really pitch woo right on the stage. This blue gowned curvaceous creature asked for a volunteer from the audience so that she could serenade him. So help us—hardly a guy looked interested at first, but if they had only had known. Sgt. Carl Hersing looked slightly wolfish but ducked from sight. Lois finally went right down to the audience and hauled out A. G. I. named Bill Craig and brought him on to the stage.

Our tall handsome hero was persuaded to come to the mike. Sylph-like Lois gently held hands singing all the while "You Made Me Love You—I didn't want to do it" Bill perspired. Gradually her smooth white arms drew him close, then closer. Bill looked uncomfortable but soon he melted right into her arms; her face caressed his, ending finally into a beautiful kiss. We doubt if even the metallic mike is still in one piece.

Sid Golden was the most versatile and quickest ad libbing M. C. that was seen for a long time. He was everywhere flipping off magic tricks, heckling hecklers. Cleverest gag was a snake charming act with a towel as turban. Golden started up a snappy card trick gag. After a card was selected he played a flute. The East Indian melody brought a weird looking creature which he identified as the snake. In the first show he referred to it as Sergeant Kelly. In the second show we understood that it changed to Sgt. Duff.

USO Show

Please Turn to Page 2

Q. M. Wins Over Engineers On Range

The Quartermaster boys and the lads from the Engineers Battalion fought it out with M-1903 Springfield rifles on the range yesterday for high score. Teams of ten men each were selected, all firing Course "C," the high five of each team to be the determining factor.

The Q.M. boys emerged triumphant with the score of 904, beating the Engineers by 32 points, the latter scoring 872 points.

We would like to have given you the individual scores of each man but time does not permit (our deadline is imminent) investigating further. Thanks, Cpl. Ted Johns for phoning this information to us.

**ALL CANDIDATES FOR THE POST
BASKETBALL TEAMS REPORT TO
NEW GYM, T-52, AT 1600
MONDAY, SEPT. 20th.**



WINNER — Jean Bartel (above) of Los Angeles, "Miss California" in the 1943 Atlantic City beauty pageant, is the new "Miss America." She's 5 feet 8 inches, weighs 130 pounds.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

though, but to smother fires. A bomb fire extinguisher — maybe that's the current trend of Teutonic thinking—how to defend themselves instead of weapons of offense. Let's hope Adolf, you keep a full supply on hand.

WEDNESDAY

The U. S. O. show did a good job in getting the boys up on the stage. Sid Golden stopped at nothing to get a laugh. He even spoofed his own snizzle, and anytime he saw another fellow with a Durante proboscis—he would kid, first himself—then acclaim the other guy as a blood brother.

One of our troubles reporting these shows is that we attend one and something unexpected happens in the second show. For instance the tall handsome Craig described in our review, was a short bald-headed fellow in the second show. Anybody at the second show could easily feel that we didn't have 20-20 vision.

One observation that we didn't report was the clever finale. Three men were hustled onto the stage—in the middle was Jack Sharmins, flanked by two gorgeous gals. Golden got in back of Sharmins, rolled up his sleeves and made like he was Sharmins' arms. His graceful motions, and occasional swoopy movements were very funny, with Jack looking embarrassed.

THURSDAY

"Sweating out Dept." Our cast had been assembled at 15 minutes before 9 except from the Rhythm-maires. Our opening was scheduled as American patrol, and second What happened? The Rhythm-maires As a music end a jive thing called "Record Session Was on Deck." What hapened? The Rhythm-maires ran late getting there—too late to move up a number—so they filled in with Record Session. Result—a badly planned beginning—two musical numbers with a change of pace. Oh well, it happens in the best of radio shows. Our sound effect dept. also was slightly haywire, but it all ended somehow. Worry, worry, worry!

FRIDAY

"Monkey business." Things must be getting pretty tough in civilian work. Out in Indiana an animal

trainer wants to know if he can get a Social Security card for his trained gorilla. He maintains that the gorilla is capable of holding a job as a private secretary and the only thing that is holding up the works in a Social Security card. Maybe the employer ought to get some extra social security. He certainly won't go in for any monkey business with that secretary.

Doubled our investment in War Bonds today and feeling mighty happy to do our part.

USO Show

Continued from the First Page

Lois Godfrey, the kissing song stylist, took care of the local department very nicely. Her luscious lips pleaded "Don't Get Around Much Anymore." But we didn't believe it. "You'll Never Know" she next entreated but ended pleasantly with "Wait For Me, Mary." A sort of encore was dedicated to Pvt. Joseph Nyme "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?"

Crackerjack musicians: Manny Kohn and Jimmy De Pinto made the walls sing with their accordion and fiddle combination. In a duet spot they swung "Tiger Rag" Dreamed Through, "I Surrender Dear" clicked their heels in "St. Louis Blues." De Pinto must have rubber legs the way he bounced and swayed to the music.

Lorraine Chevalier was a torso-twisting acrobatic dancer who didn't let any muscle skip training. When she did a split, brother she wasn't fooling. Introduced as a believe it or not stunt Lorraine did a split on two chairs to make it tougher. She untied a bandage on her leg with her teeth. Even our muscles were sore just watching her.

The whole cast deserves a big hand for a great job well done.

Medical Rambles

It's been sort of a quiet week at the Station Hospital way up here on top of the hill. No special reason as far as we can see, but it's been rather peaceful 'round and about.

Barracks I is usually a riot between the hours of seven to eight p. m. That's when Pfc. Carpenter goes off duty and when he steps into the barracks, there's usually a gleam in his eye. George just loves to heckle and tease his best pal, who sleeps next-door to him. You'd better take it easy G. C. or one of us'll get his neck broken. Carpenter was real outraged the other night when he climbed into bed with a couple good sized frogs! How 'bout that Fella?

Marcus, Katz Jr., and Hamburger seem to be well occupied of late. They've been seen together several times at the Townsend Club in town. Funny! They're no where near Sixty-five. WAC Colsher! You dropped something! They tell me Lepage's Glue will hold anything! The soft music that comes out of the new speaker system is greatly appreciated by everyone in the various departments throughout the hospital. The Mills Bros' "Paper Doll" is the favorite.

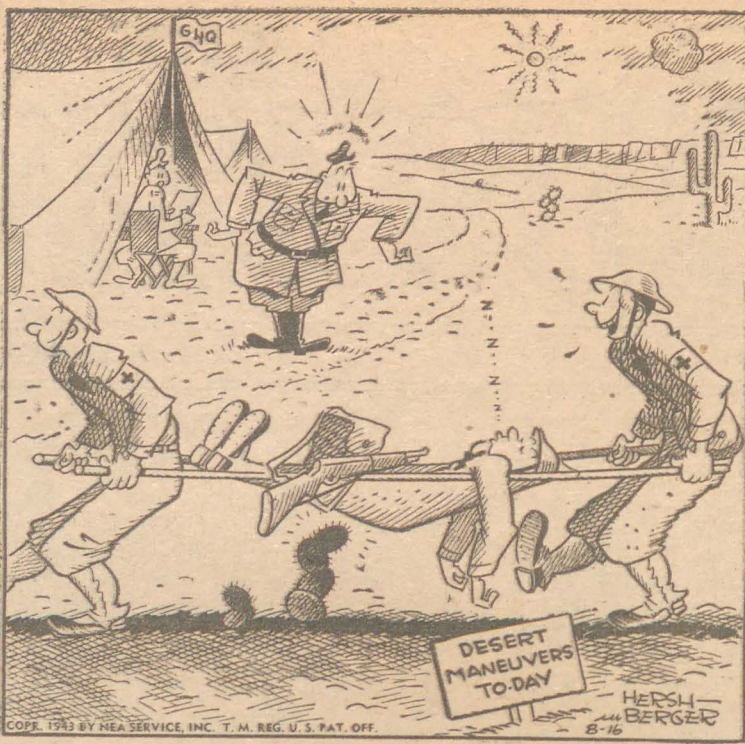
Cpl. Banas has turned "Tin Pan Alley" on us. He goes around day in and day out, humming a song nobody's heard before. Says he, "I wrote it myself!" One Sect. VIII coming up!

Anyone interested in bowling with the Hospital team, contact Johnnie Palasek. Come on all you bowlers. Sign up now!

We really enjoyed stepping over to the W.A.C. Mess Hall Tuesday evening for that "Spaghetti Dinner." Somehow it seems that a meal tastes so much better when eaten where femininity prevails. Thanks a lot WAC!

What do you wear on your head when it rains, Cpl. T. Price? Never mind, we saw you! Those plastic helmets work swell, don't they?

Won't be long now before the snow flies and Sleighrides will be in order. What we're driving at is—it's getting colder up here on the hill and we've seen some of the lads eyeing their wool "longies." Oh!



"If he passes the cactus test he's really out!"

Complement Squadron

By Pfc. Joseph P. McCartney

"Early Morning, Saturday, Sept. 11th, 1943.

"Pretty chilly last night, wasn't it." "Pretty chilly—wha-da-yah mean—pretty chilly." "You know what . . . I slept with everything . . . including my barracks bag wrapped around me, and this morning after crawling out of bed my evil blankets continued shaking until the sun came out, even though my body had left them," and you say—"pretty chilly."

Ah—yes . . . just a few of the many comments so freely and justly uttered by we of the Complement Sqdn. on bivouac. Many of us were—without a doubt—ready to return to sunny Florida. However, due to their ability to adapt themselves to any environment, the men soon settled down to arranging a comfortable and homelike atmosphere about camp. Pup tents went up in Army like quickness and fashion, mess tents and the orderly tent were raised with very little trouble.

Then came camouflage, and experience has proven that the effectiveness of air warfare makes camouflage an extremely important factor. Realizing this every outstanding object was artistically covered.

Mail call up here in the land of skirmishes, gas attacks and hikes brings fourth loud "oohs," "ahs" and "oh boys." One can stand near the receiving circle and so easily pick the men in love. I wonder who the little woman that writes the letters, that make Pvt. Carmanica shout with joy is, ahem! If the women so badly missed are as lonely as the men who miss them—ah what an unhappy world. But we've all been detecting the smell of smoke when Sgt. McGarry rushes to get his letter from the little wife. "Take it easy Mac—that shoe leather is hard to get."

On our first day of maneuvers it was proven how easily certain moving objects can be mistaken for that which they are not. After attempting to take our objective, a blast by the 1st Sergeants—four F—whistle brought us all to a halt. The reason—to be given further instruction in land warfare, by 2nd Lt. Henry H. Danneman. Some of the men were quite a distance from the forming group, so time was called to enable them to get there. After about ten minutes—there came crashing out of the underbrush—neatly camouflaged with twigs, leaves and grass, an object which in all appearance was a light tank. But after much closer investigation proved only to be Sgt. (Chubby) Evans, the 80ths—Little Big Man. "Nice Camouflage Job Sergeant."

Sgt. John Grater would like very much to meet any Polka dancing young ladies in Bangor. Sgt. Grater is finding it extremely hard to acquaint himself with the jitterbug type of dancing, and finding a young lady who could dance the Polka fashion, would be his

those old "John Sullivans." Most of the fellows wouldn't wear them on a bet but—Well—How much you wanna bet?

We'll close now saying, "This is your column, Medics, so how's about some funny happenings, anecdotes, or what not?"

Until next week then—So-long! "Bob" Howard

Italian Alpine Troops Fight Nazis In North

(By THOMAS F. HAWKINS)

CHIASSO, ON THE ITALIAN-SWISS FRONTIER, Sept. 19 (AP)

—Italian Alpine troops in the Upper Dora Baltea river basin in the extreme northwestern portion of Italy are engaged in violent fighting with the Germans, reports reaching here today said.

Fighting between Germans and Italians also was reported in central Italy especially in the province of Marche—the calf of the Italian boot on the Adriatic Sea.

Frontier reports said that earlier rumors that the Brenner Pass, connecting link between Germany and Italy, had been sabotaged by Italians are not true. These reports added that the pass still is open. Milan workers failing to appear at war industry jobs are being arrested, the Swiss newspaper Die Tat said. It added that a majority of the workers in Turin, which like Milan is a major northern Italian industrial city, have stayed at home. Some demonstrations in the workers districts have resulted in action by the German Army.

The newspaper declared that a "real rebellion was organized near Cuneo," an Italian city 43 miles west of the French border and 50 miles north of the seacoast. There, the account continued, an Italian army force arrived from France led by a captain.

Many Italians who listened to the radio speech yesterday by a voice purported to be that of Benito Mussolini are convinced that it actually was his voice they heard, the Swiss telegraphic agency reported. The speaker bade the Italians take up arms again by the side of Germany and Japan and attacked the Italian Royal House of Savoy.

The Germans have announced, the agency said, that food trains have been given priority after the military and have assured the Italians that coal would be received from Germany.

Reports of the fighting between the Germans and Italians in the Dora Baltea river basin placed the locale in the vicinity of the city of Aosta which is 30 miles southeast of the junction of the Swiss, Italian and French borders.

great delight. Come on girls—he'll even teach you. But John about that little blond you've been seen with—can't she dance the Polka.

We all wish to thank our squadron commander, Captain William C. Jedd, for his arranging our classes, an running them into night schedules, so as to make possible the issuance of furloughs to the members of his command.

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Ode to a Permanent Change of Station

L'ENVOI

I traveled two long days and nights,
Till I came to this land of the Northern Lights,
Where a sudden wave of deep self-pity
Sparked my brain to write this ditty.

I'm away up here in the frozen North

In the frigid land of the Eskimos
It's the place where moose run back and forth

And you freeze the ends of your toes.

When radios blare of Pacific War maps

And stories of action in Mindanao,
I'd welcome the fevers, and snipers and Japs,

But I don't like the cold at Dow.

Cremation's a custom as old as time,

I never could quite get the figure.
But now I see it's the answer sublime,

To this New England's winter damn rigor.

I'm not kicking or moaning in pain,

I never have questioned the fates.
But why was I sent here to Maine,
Of all of the forty-eight states?

I like baseball, not hockey, swimming, not skating,

I'm strictly a warm weather guy.
Why wasn't I sent, a guy with my rating,
To a comfortable, warm place, like Lae?

I've completed my tearful tale of woe,

I'll take my little bow.
For despite all I've uttered with a wail,

I really love it here at Dow.
Logone Baseten

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

Lights the Way

Soon after our paratroopers land in Europe dozens of lights follow them down, attached to small 'chutes, and carrying strategic supplies. It's the newest thing in this sort of warfare. The lights go on when the parachute opens. Various colors are used to tell the soldiers where to find what's needed.

Just now our country needs you to "Back the Attack." Buy War Bonds.



There is a minority in America not regularly buying War Bonds. We trust it isn't you. Buy an extra \$100 Bond in September.

U. S. Treasury Department

What's Playing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MON. - TUES. — GEORGE SANDERS, MARGUERITE CHAPMAN IN APPOINTMENT IN BERLIN

WED. - THURS. — WILLIAM HOLDEN, SUSAN HAYWARD IN YOUNG AND WILLING

FRI. - SAT. — BILLY THE KID IN WESTERN CYCLONE

SUNDAY — THE APE MAN

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW



REGULAR SERVICE

7:30 A. M. to 12 M.

DOW FIELD TO DOWNTOWN BANGOR

PENOBSCOT TRANSPORTATION COMPANY

Finance

SGT. CARL P. HESSING

Bowling is the word and the Finance Detachment is taking heed. Last Friday eleven Finance men with a rooting section began their initial practice. Bowling was fair, with the stars of last year being a little off color. However with another practice to iron out some of the kinks, the Finance should have a good team in the league. The corn husking Jerks from Illinois, please remember these are candle pins not ten pins.

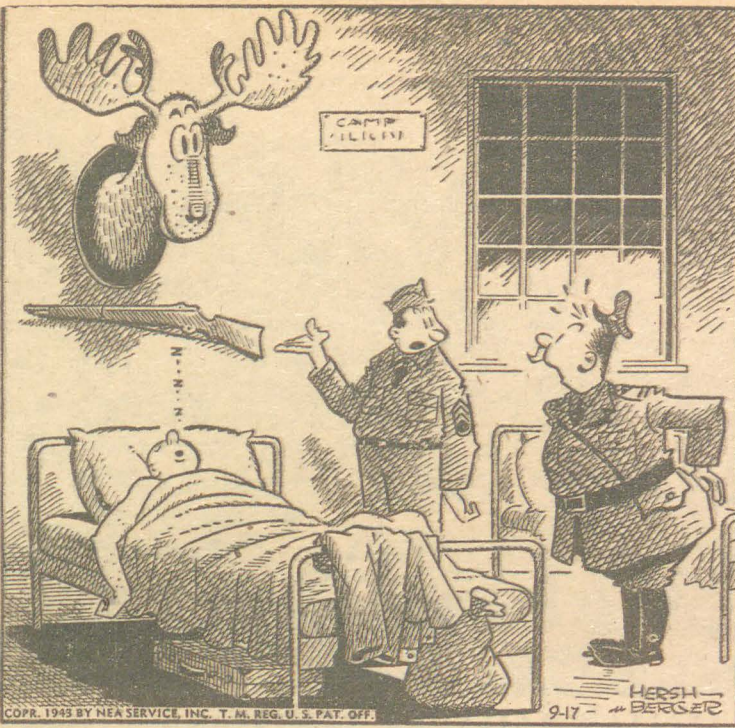
The Finance men's lament—No more Finance Fraternity house at T-203. Higher authority seeing it was more economical to heat one barracks instead of two had us give up our barracks. We are now the house guests of the Signal Corps. Such hospitality! Even going as far as to G I the barracks' floor for us. Wonder how long that will keep up? For Saturday's inspections I hope. No need to worry about how quiet the Signal Corp will be; as we can hold our own at that sport. What with a banjo, guitar, saxophone, mouth organ, and Jewish harp we really can make ourselves heard. All in all the Signal Corps is made up of a grand bunch of guys and we know living with them will be much to our liking.

Aha! the bivouac boys. You should have been there. At the beginning I mean. Take young Cpl. Terminate Turski; his pack was so big it was a question who was the heavier, he or his pack. If the pack had legs it would have been better it carried Cpl. Turski. Now look at that motorcycle riding, puddle jumping, day room infantryman, Duke Lilley. He went in for the more week-end style of bed roll. It was long and narrow and tucked in at the ends; with a rope neatly tied around the middle. How long did it stay together, Duke, until you arrived out at the camping sight we hope. Those who went in for the more conservative type of bed roll were John Pollak, Alfred Mackay, Jim Ryan, C. Youngdahl, Beals Snyder, Charles Wendorf, Ray Johnson, Anthony Correa, Elmer Wyatt, and Adolph Frengs. This consisted of three folded blankets, with the tent pegs neatly concealed inside. The blankets were then rolled in short stubby rolls with ropes tied tightly on each end with (in some cases) a handy handle attached to the outside, which made it much easier than balancing the roll on ones back. But lets stop this right here, sounds more like a fashion review. The boys did alright by themselves considering the rain and other conditions as compared to the handy dandy boys in the office who went to Bar Harbor and called it a bivouac.

Monday night the Finance Detachment slugged it out with the Signal Corps in football. The Signal dialed an easy score almost at the beginning of the game with the Finance coming back five minutes later for one of their own. Then the mighty Carl R. Carlson, after catching the kick off, ran the length of the field, with able blocking from his team mates, especially Lt. C. R. Youngdahl who smeared three would-be Signal tacklers, for a touchdown. It was an even struggle, with Cpl. Lieber of the Signal the fly in the Finance ointment, until the closing three minutes when the Signal caught the Finance napping and completed a pass for the winning score. Ending the game 18 to 12. Casualties:—Sgt. Harry Johnson, Finance, one broken finger.—One game knee for the Signal, identity of the injured player not known.

Off to NCO school at Wake Forest, is Tech./Sgt. John Pollak. Pollak was a good hard and quiet worker and we will miss him while he is gone those three months.

Up at the WAC mess Tuesday night; the columnist ate a spaghetti supper deluxe. Their cook is A-1, bar none. Those rolls and that cake just melted in your mouth. After eating the tasty food (not nearly as much as that patron of the fork, Cpl. Lieber of the Signal) the medics and the one representa-



"I don't think Private Gluk quite gets the idea of army training!"

American Battalion Fought Heroic Battle To Defend Captured Position

By RELMAN MORIN
Associated Press Correspondent
Representing the Combined
American Press

WITH THE AMERICAN FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY, Sept. 16—(AP)—(Delayed)—(AP)—The Americans have just finished the defense of one of the most important Italian towns in this front.

(This dispatch did not name the town, which might have been either Altavilla or Battipaglia both of which now have been recaptured by the Fifth Army.)

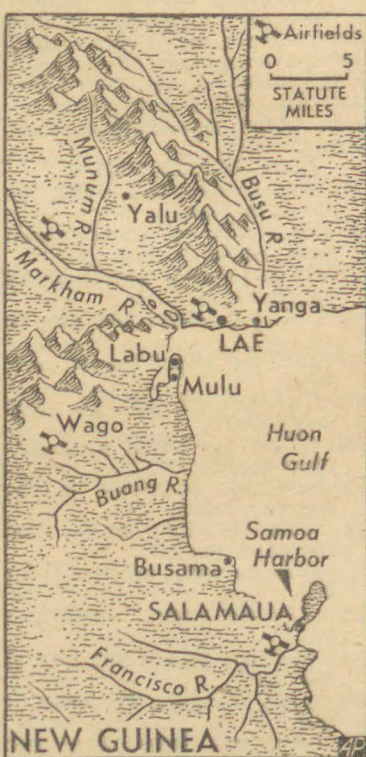
Few defenders got out. They left the citadel only under orders and only when their ammunition was exhausted except what they needed to fight their way through the German lines which had closed around them.

In repelling the last German assault they threw rocks, empty ammunition clips and even cans of rations as well as all the lead they could spare.

The story begins two days after the American landing on the Gulf of Salerno. This battalion was assigned to penetrate swiftly to high ground some 10 miles from the beach head and seize the town. It did.

The Germans immediately or-

tive of the Finance applied their talents at KP.



HOT SPOT—Closeup map of the New Guinea area of Lae and Salamaua, long held by the Japanese and used as strategic South Sea bases.

ganized a counter-attack with a strong infantry force backed up by tanks and covered by a powerful bombardment from their 88-millimeter guns.

Support for the Americans had not had time to reach them. For two days they were pinned down in the town, fighting from houses, buildings, behind fences and any sort of cover available.

Corp. David J. Davis of 206 Robertson street, Cleveland, Tex., found a nice soft spot in a hog pen.

"It wasn't exactly the spot I would have picked if I had had any choice," he said, "but I have to admit it was easy to dig a fox-hole in."

Gradually the men all gravitated into a thick-walled, stone building, probably a former Fascist headquarters, which commanded a number of the German lines of entry into the town.

There were about 100 of them, some of whom were wounded on the afternoon they received the orders to withdraw from the town. The main American forces still were nearly five miles back of them, and they knew they were encircled because they heard their own artillery shell the ground between them and the American lines.

But it was sheer suicide to attempt to get back to safety in broad daylight. Their ammunition was running low, but, nevertheless, they had no choice but to stay in the building. They were sure they could halt the Germans until darkness. The enemy again had drawn close to their miniature fortress with tanks in the streets and artillery beginning the usual late afternoon bombardment.

They had one German prisoner

Medical Corps

By T.-Cpl. Robert V. Howard

Mrs. Bertha Walker, diet cook, certainly covered a lot of territory during her recent two weeks' vacation—from Lewiston and Portland to Fort Fairfield and Perth, N. B.

A regular reader of this column and customer of the Dow Field Observer is Albert Lane of the Base Custodial Office. He even pays for half a dozen copies in advance—as does Frederick Wilson of the Mess Hall. Mr. Lane and this reporter have been friends since the Maine political campaign of 1930.

Mrs. Melvena R. Jinks took off five days last week to assist in the details of the wedding of her daughter, Miss Chrystal E. Jinks, to Cpl. William F. Kopp Saturday evening in the Dow Field Chapel. There was a nice write-up of this event in the Sept. 13th edition of the Bangor Daily News.

Dan Shute spent part of his annual leave in Dixmont hunting and fishing.

GOOD NEWS

Miss Rose Lavoott of the Flight Surgeon's Department is one happy girl these days because her brother-in-law who was reported missing in action over Germany is known to be alive.

It seems her brother-in-law, Sgt. Henry Winkler of Boston, is an aerial gunner in service in England. On August 15th the War Department notified the Bangor family he was missing in action after a raid on Hamburg.

On Sept. 4th the Adjutant General notified them he was a prisoner of Germany, this telegram arriving four days after the return to Bangor of Mrs. Winkler, who had been in Texas visiting with her mother.

MORE GOOD NEWS

Harry Brown, mess attendant, is extra happy these days. On Saturday evening his son, Cpl. Warren F. Brown, telephoned from Columbus, Ohio, with the cheering news of an early arrival in Bangor for a 30-day furlough. Corporal Brown has been serving in the Southwest Pacific for nearly 12 months.

AND STILL MORE

Civilian enrollment at Station

with them. He told them he was a wholly unenthusiastic Nazi and had been imprisoned before the war for writing a letter to a German newspaper suggesting that the government build more houses and fewer tanks. He tuned their radio into the German broadcasting frequency and interpreted orders to the artillery and tanks from the German commanders so that they knew pretty well what to expect.

"The last attack was really something," said Lt. Louis N. Quast of 929 Fairmont avenue, St. Paul, Minn. "They got two machine-guns into position flanking the building and then the infantry came at us time after time."

There were only 30 men still able to fight back and they fought with everything they could pick up and throw in order to conserve their ammunition for the moment when they could attempt to break out of the town.

"Even so, we got two for one," said Lt. John Wickham of 134 Wilton avenue, Quincy, Mass.

hospital for the purchase of War Bonds through the payroll savings plan is still 100 per cent. Miss Mary O'Connell, chief clerk, reports ten so far this month have increased their allotments in response to the Third War Loan drive.

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

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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

SICILIAN COCKTAIL

The Sicilian sun beat down on the beach. The corporal from Oklahoma took a short sip from his canteen. There wasn't much left and it had to last another six hours. A private came up and gave him a letter. The corporal tore it open and read:

"Dear Sir:

If you do not make another payment by Tuesday we will have to reclaim the silver-plated cocktail shaker you bought from us."

The corporal swished the lukewarm water around in his mouth and swallowed it with great relish.

Ft. Worth Field, Tex.—

There's a sergeant down here who has been a three-striper for more than a year and has never applied for Officer Candidate school. The other day a pal asked him why.

The sergeant smiled. "Remember Sgt. York in the last war?" he asked.

His pal said he did.

"Chum," said the sergeant, "Name me just one of the second lieutenants in that war."

PRaise THE LORD AND PASS THE PEPPERMINT

Statistic Division: U. S. soldiers prefer peppermint candy to any other variety. Last month our troops consumed nine million pounds of hard candies. Favorite was peppermint, and following it were chocolate, orange and lemon.

SOUP'S ON!

A restaurant near a Kansas airport caters to a strictly air-minded clientele, as this typical dinner menu will prove:

Shrimps a la Rickenbacker
P-38 Soup
Hedge-Hopping Duck
Strafed Potatoes
Catalina Cauliflower
Liberator Lettuce
Pie a la Flat Top
Coffee
(and for breakfast—Corn Flaks)

YIPEE!

Soldiers always yell when closing in for hand-to-hand combat. And make no mistake about it, it relieves tension. We asked a Marine lieutenant, who was in several Pacific engagements, what the men usually yell. Here's what he told us:

"A lot of the men just shout

simple things like 'Let's get them, boys', or 'Here we come', or 'One side, Tojo'. Some of the boys use pretty powerful words but a few are unique.

"One ex-college professor always yelled, 'I shall now dissect you, species Tokyo.' A former detective story writer shouted, 'Prepare to become a cadaver.' An ex-dentist cried, 'I shall open you wider, please'. And a former actor yelled, 'Here comes the curtain, Jap'."

Signal Corps

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

Your humble reporter had a wonderful time while on leave last week. It was nice to return and find many of the boys worrying about my health, disposition and destination of enjoyment. Anyway, as a result the doors to my press-room have been closed for awhile and little news has come to this desk when submitting this edition for the publication dead line. I'll be on everyone's trail from now on with complete details of all the good and bad little boys who are worthy of the spot-light.

Miscellaneous Items:

It was a new thrilling experience for yours truly in making his first appearance on the radio last Thursday night. I thought the whole Dow Field Show went over with a bang, particularly the fine performance of music rendered by the camp band. They have improved greatly of late and also praise galore should go to their outstanding feature singer, Al Jerusavice, a very likeable chap with a

pleasing smile. It was indeed a pleasure to work with all the boys partaking in the broadcast. S-Sgt. Paul Geden who personally directs these shows weekly is no doubt a tireless and efficient worker in turning out such successful affairs.

We know certain guys in the barracks who compare with popular candy bars. With your permission (or not) we will get a great deal of fun out of exposing them.

Town Talk

Dream
Snickers
Baffle Bar
Nuts
U-No
Champ
Love Nest
Mr. Good-Bar
Chicken Dinner
Smiles
Milky Way

Pfc. Sealy
Pvt. Profeta
Pfc. Rosini
Cpl. Lieber
Pvt. Rousell
Pvt. Owens
Pfc. Giguere
Pfc. T. Rogers
S-Sgt. Harrington
Cpl. Horodysky
Pfc. Cala
Cpl. Ciminera

In reviewing some of my past memories since enlisting in the Army, I find that it will soon be a year serving the grand colors of Uncle Sam. Basic Training. Boy, those were the days. Squads right! Squads left! Double-time, march! Ooh, my poor feet. If they could only talk they would say plenty. I remember a night when I slept outdoors in the rain. The chow I missed by getting lost after the alert was over. The trouble I went thru in finding a right pair of shoes to fit me. The embarrassment in having my first G. I. hair-cut. The time one Saturday morning when a certain Major came along while standing inspection and surprisingly asked me from five-hundred other rookies, "What is the 104th Article of War?" A stuttering answer came from my lips, "You got me there, Sir!" Yes, I had failed that \$64.00 question. (I was completely absorbed in learning my general orders then.) I even recall saying, "yes, sir" to a Pfc. He had ordered me to fetch up a pail of steam and a left-handed monkey wrench for the supply room. I wish I could meet that wise guy. It wasn't funny at all. Then came

ORDNANCE

CPL. BERT GAWLEY

Mitchel Field's gain is our loss. Capt. Walter P. Glover has been transferred from Dow and his capacity as Ordnance Officer to Mitchel Field. Capt. Glover left us on Sept. 16th, to assume his new duties on the 17th. Our best regards and wishes from his former men follow the Capt. in his new capacity.

Captain Griffin our new Ordnance Officer, takes over where Captain Glover left off, we wish him success and offer him our wholehearted cooperation and support.

MEMORIES OF A BIVOUAC

Boyd of the Guard Squad, on guard duty at 1:50 in the morning catching the Gas Officers setting off the tear gas and smoke. "Gas", hollers Boyd "Shh!", say the officers, "We're not ready yet." But Boyd comes back with, "I was told to give alarm for a gas attack, and that's gonna be gas."

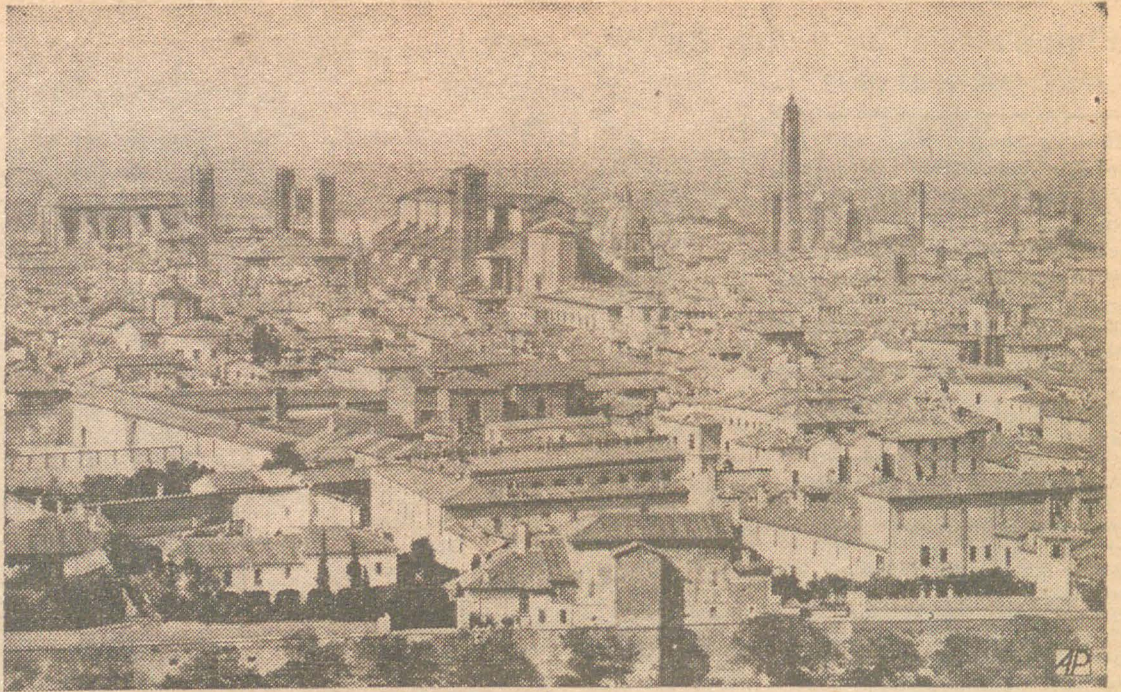
Pfc. Cook yells, "What kind? Is it tear gas?", and upon being told it is tear gas turns over and goes back to sleep, telling us the next morning he wasn't going to open his eyes anyhow.

That grand swim that we had in the lake on the bombing range, and better still a bottle of coke and buying a nickel package of peanut butter cracker sandwiches that was

the time when I read a letter from one of the rookies who wrote home; "Gee, mother I can't get stripes, My hopes are forshaken. There's more hand-shakers in camp than there are hands to be shaken." Well, enough of that. Here's one below that will sum it all up for me in saying good-bye folks, until we meet again.

PERPLEXED ROOKIE

Boys, this is my first hitch, so please be kind. I'm just a poor guy trying to rise from behind. You call me rookie and laugh at my clothes, You push me around and joke at my nose. You give me a pail to fill with mist, You send me on missions that never exist. You disturb my peace with midnight pranks, You march me to death in the morning ranks. My walk is too creepy, my stomach's too fat. My hair is too curly, my head is too flat. Beware of the needle, it often does kill, Obey and look wise if you plan to live still. Say, listen you guys, I'm nobody's fool. I'll have you know I've been through school. Oh, where is that life of sweet promised bliss, And what have I done to deserve all this?



ITALIAN RAILROAD CENTER—Bologna, a panoramic view of which is shown above, is an important railway center in northern Italy which has been the target of Allied air raids.

real food after four meals of mountain ration "K."

Sleeping in a pup tent and turning over every hour to give the other side of you a chance to hurt a little.

Waking up at 3 a. m. to find someone shaking the heck out of the front of your tent yelling, "Please, please", at the top of his lungs, grabbing him by the wrists and then finding it was your tent mate whom you thought sleeping peacefully alongside of you was the culprit, and was having a nightmare, dreaming he was being run over by a G. I. Truck.

Riding in a jeep that was knocking over trees, three to five inches in diameter. Then a ride in a tank and bowling over larger trees.

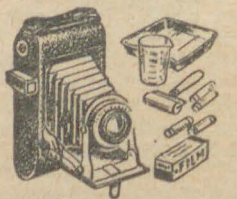
Then Ah! That food. Words are mere toys and one feels terribly ill at ease while searching for some means to describe the dehydrated rations that were tendered to we poor unsuspecting men. Therefore I will not dwell at any length upon the subject, but merely state in passing, wait until you go on bivouac.

The boys crowd our pocket billiard table and tax its capacity. With all this interest shown, why can't we arrange to have a round robin handicap tournament to add a little something considering the interest shown?

Orchids to Pfc. Kaitanowski, he being the first Ordnance man in the new Basic Training schedule to qualify with the rifle.

Since the outbreak of the war, Army Ordnance has turned out one piece of artillery for every 46 American soldiers, more than one million machine guns and five million rifles and submachine guns. Production of small arms ammunition has reached the astronomical figure of 22 billion rounds—enough to fire 1,500 bullets at every soldier in the Axis armies.

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SISTERS ON SKATES — Denise and Francine Benoit, skating sisters from Quebec, Canada, demonstrate their grace and poise in one of their numbers at an ice carnival in Madison Square Garden, New York.

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MAIN ST. BANGOR

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER AT THE COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

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BANGOR

A WAACY VIEW

(A diary of doings on the
WAAC Reservation)

A. F. C. SHIRLEY HIRSHAUT

'Tis indeed a dreary day, and a cold one when your scribe sits herself down to give a Royal report on the happenings in this, our beloved kingdom of "Dowfieldia." In order for you to better understand my tales, let me tell you that the characters rise from the "Queen"—Lt. Polanski and her "Princesses"—the other WAC officers to her "Countesses"—the sgts., "Ladies"—the corporals, "Duchesses," the privates, to the women of the land—the privates.

The land this day is resting from the previous night of merriment. A short while ago, one of our travelers returned from afar with a new and tasty dish for our tables. It was known by the name of "spaghetti." Our princesses—so intrigued with this dish declared a feast at which all females could bring the Wolves. The feast was a huge success, but, alas, for those who labored in the kitchens were weary of the day's work and would not have finished the cleansing until a very late hour were it not for members of the Medical and Financial Corps who being stout fellows pitched in and helped the K. P.'s. We wish to offer commendation to such worthy lads.

When the weekly ball was held on Thursday, little did one know of the troubled heavens and their intended wrath. Even I as others were caught in the downpour from the skies. Alas, when our weather girls would not tell us of this impending rain.

Duchess Chubinsky, on visiting the Post Exchange, did chance upon silver dollars. Being too late to return them to the former occupants of her seat, she vowed never to give the coins away or spend them. Duchess Pauline has indeed much will power.

All the talk and chatter of pin-up-boys has brought forth a statement from Countess Jones. The Countess believes that the way to settle this is to introduce personal pictures to their Royal Highness and have them choose. Your scribe, wanting this matter settled, agrees that this might work.

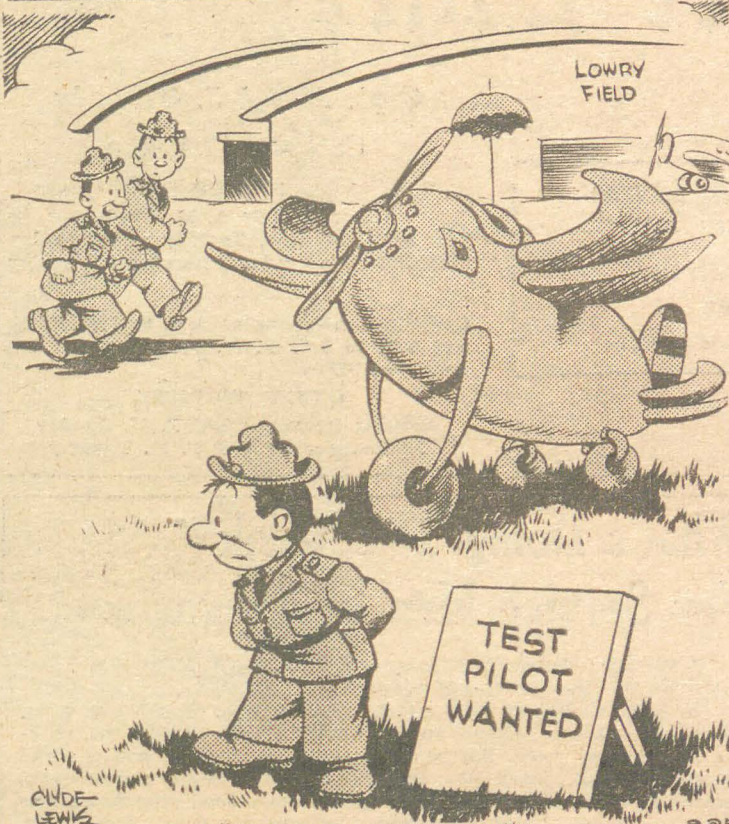
The floors of the palace buildings were varnished last week, and each member of the palace household did move her bedding and belongings hither and yon. Now that the floors are done, I wonder how long one can go without sweeping it.

Our Mess Countess Boone tells me that the roasting ears on our tables this week came from the garden of Major John Wriston. We thank you, sir.

Also on our thank you list this week is the Red Cross. Females often have need for a sewing machine and this one does come in handy. Especially for Doris "Tex" Havard to fix her skirt on.

The announcement that the pal-

PRIVATE BUCK



"Looks as if Buck's been tinkering around the machine shop again!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Mountain Guide: Be careful not to fall here. It's dangerous. But if you fall, remember to look to the left, you get a wonderful view.

She: "Wouldn't you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

Private Joe: "No. I hate hospitals."

Sub-Depot Honey: "Does this lipstick come off easily?"

Cosmetics Clerk: "Not if you put up a good fight."

"Tell me," gushed the inquisitive old lady to Cpl. "Yardbird" Johnson, after admiring a few pieces of his "Kaintuckee" art, "don't you ever do anything in the nude?"

"Well cuddles," was the great man's exasperated rejoinder, "Occasionally, I do take a shower."

"Say, I just heard Walter is dead. 'Aha, probably why I don't see much of him anymore.'"

Skeptic Cutie from Headquarters: "Can this coat be worn out in the rain without hurting it?"

Fur Salesman: "Lady, did you ever see a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Darling, I hope you're not on guard tonight." Sergeant: "Nope. Are you?"

"Overheard at a dental clinic: You needn't open your mouth any wider. When I pull your tooth I expect to remain outside."

And then there's the rookie who saw three stars on the lieutenant general's car and congratulated him on having three sons in the service.

home. Tomorrow: Fair and warmer.)

"WHO WEARS THE PANTS DEPT." A boy in Cleveland said he couldn't go to school because his sister was wearing his pants. She works on an assembly line making bombers, and tore her slacks the day before.

LOVE AND THE UNDERGROUND. Romance is a weapon being used to combat the Nazis by the peoples of occupied Europe. Four incidents concerning romantic Hitlerites and how they regret it are reported here.

A Norwegian girl bit a Nazi on the nose when he tried to kiss her.

A Nazi asked a Dutch girl for a lock of her hair. She sent it to him—and in the same package included a bomb which went off when he cut the string.

An ace Belgian swimmer accepted a Nazi's invitation to take a canoe ride in the moonlight. When they got into the middle of a very wide lake, she tipped over the boat, swam safely to shore. He didn't.

A French girl made an appointment to meet a Nazi in a romantic country lane at night. She sent her brother and four other huskies to keep the rendezvous.

TSK TSK GIRLS . . . All the members of a girls' soft-ball team in Omaha have been ordered to cut their nails short. The hot headed ladies have been scratching the umpire.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

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DOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITYStone Grows From Little Pebble To
Become 'Pins and Needles' Feature

Pfc. Al Stone has been racing around the stage at T-6 writing scripts and so is continually on the go. That we decided to look into the matter after a few persuasive words we finally got him to tell us the story of his stormy career. "I never could quite figure out just where I was born," Stone started briskly. "Mom says it was the Bronx, Paw says it was Brooklyn. My brother says it was 13th street and Avenue 'A' (Manhattan East Side). While my sister still insists it was Forest Hills, Long Island."

We could see that he was leaving no Stone unturned to get at the vital facts. "Go on," we stated breathlessly, after our quick trip about Greater New York, "what was finally the answer?" "That," he stated with the flick of a cigar ash, "will give you an idea of the rapidity with which the Stone clan moved." We nodded visibly, impressed with his ceaseless energy. He moved—then he squirmed—"Pine and Needles" he commented quietly. "Are you sitting on something?" we asked hastily. "What was that last question, Geden?"

"Tell us something about your boyhood Al," we began again.

"When I was a little pebble I was always getting my foot into something" (and we thought Woodall's father grew all the corn). "In high school plays I was always ready to take the leading role. If there was a king, I was crowned." (So we adlibbed that one). "If there was a hero I would do my best," he agreed modestly.

"Even in comedies I'd take a stab at a part and something vice versa."

"Did this get you anywhere finally?" we asked wide-eyed.

"Pins and Needles," he laconically answered as he moved slightly.

"Say if your sitting on pins and needles you had better move," we cautioned.

"Oh I am not sitting on them. I was in the show. There was a show and first it was put on for the garment workers in New York. It started on a little bit of a stage but it was sensational overnight. The public to be admitted."

"You were a hit, then," we concluded.

"Not I alone. The show was really a swell job, well staged and clever skits. Oh it went over big. We moved to the Windsor Theatre right into the big time," Stone countered.

"What did you do in this colossal epic, Stone?" we inquired.

"At one time I played eleven parts, just bounced from one to another—in the flick of a cigar ash. Then it was road shows—Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington—for a special command performance for the President." After a pause, Stone continued. "From there it was show business with a capital 'S.' I have worked with Sidney Kingsley (author of Dead End), John Garfield, Luther Adler and many other big time stars. Then"—he paused dramatically—"came a failure."

"Right after the Pins and Needles success?" we suggested.

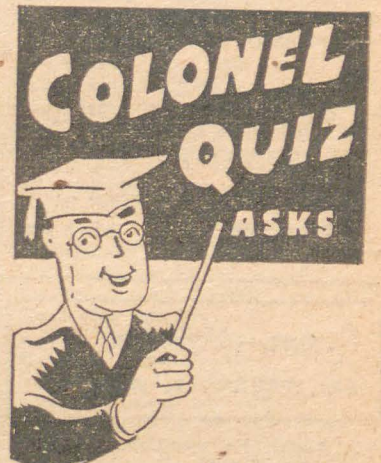
"Don't be funny," he countered gently. "A group of actors opened a show called 'The First American Dictator' at the Nora Bayes Theatre, a story based on Huey P. Long. It opened on Nov. 10, 1939

and closed Nov. 19, same theatre. From there I got myself a more solid job in Washington. I was three years in the War and Navy Department, starting as a photographic assistant, advancing to supervisor of the commercial photo lab and ending as supervisor junior accountant of the supervisory cost inspector's office, an accounting and auditing unit for the third naval district."

"What about the hobbies?" we asked, and then we almost retracted the question as we saw the gleam in his eyes.

"Hobbies," he chorused, "that is what I got the most of—philately, tropical fish, deep sea fishing, old and new classical recordings, cartooning and photography. I had some dandy 'life' charcoal etchings but I couldn't get anyone to come up and see them."

"And—'Pins and Needles' we suggested hopefully; but Stone was off on his hobbies. We fidgeted and squirmed, then we knew that we were on 'pins and needles.'



1. Does dew drop from the sky, or does it form on the object where you see it?

2. You know what a Major General is, but what is a Major Domo?

3. What is the smallest number of Senators that can transact business?

4. Are there male and female plants and flowers?

5. Arrange in order of bumpiness: shantung, chenille and seersucker.

6. If your door doesn't have a spring lock and you lock it from the inside by turning the key to the right—do you turn it to the right or to the left when you lock it from the outside?

7. When you order that tasty cheese dish, is it correct to ask for Welsh Rabbit?

8. Can the average person see more or less than 500 miles?

9. The average woman is 10, 15 or 35 per cent muscle?

10. Are more men knock-kneed than women, or more women than men?

Answers on Page 6

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1st. Lt. Mark A. Smith

Base Chaplain

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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.

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7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Capt. Alfred J. Carmody

Catholic Chaplain

MASSES

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

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

OTHER SERVICES

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

Know Your Officers



Official U. S. Army Photo

Captain Raymond A. Drescher

One person you should get to know right now is Captain Drescher, the newly arrived Special Service Officer. In spite of his protestations to "let it go for awhile", we want you to know him now.

Captain Drescher comes to us from Bradley Field in Connecticut where he served in the Special Service department of that field.

He was born in New York city and spent most of his life there. The College of the City of New York was his alma mater and he graduated from there with a master's degree in education.

As for sports he is greatly interested in baseball, having at one time coached several New York city championship teams. Other sports that interest him are basketball, golfing, tennis and fishing. While on the subject of baseball we would like to add that he played in the outfield on a semi-pro baseball team for a while.

Capt. Drescher taught in the New York city public school system subjects as history and physical training.

He acquired his gold bar in April of 1942; the silver bar followed soon after in October of 1942, and he was made a captain in May of this year.

Captain Drescher is married and Mrs. Drescher lives in New York city.

Colonel Quiz Answers

Questions on Page 5

1. It forms on the object where you see it.
2. A man having charge of a great household; a butler or steward.
3. 49—a quorum consists of a majority of the Senators.
4. Yes.
5. Least bumpy is shantung, next seersucker, then chenille.
6. You turn it to the left (opposite direction).
7. Yes. Welsh Rabbit is correct.
8. More, you can see the stars which are millions of miles away.
9. 35 per cent.
10. More women are knock-kn than men.

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 46 MAIN BANGOR
Over a century of fair and honest dealing at the same location.

Dow Field Activities

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

Letter Day. Start the week right. Write the long delayed letter home. Keep the home morale high.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

Aviation Sqd. Informal dance at T6. The couples will jive to the rhythm of the Rhythm-Airs. Dancing begins at 8:30.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

Cribbage, ping-pong and card games at T15. Two cribbage champs defy anyone to beat them.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Weekly broadcast and dance at T6. Following the weekly broadcast of "Dow Field on the Air" there will be dancing. Music will be furnished by the Troubadors. The Guard Sqd. will sponsor the dance and is inviting certain other guests. Enlisted personnel may bring their guests and wives. Dow Field hostesses and WACS will be present.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

Get-Together Night. Bring your wives and lady friends. Dancing to

the juke-box, and games form the program.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

Read your favorite book or magazine while you listen to your special radio program.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

Station Service Complement Dance. Dancing and novelty games are on the program. The Troubadors will give forth with their best. A gala time is planned for all. Dow Field hostesses will be present.

The iron and ironing board at T15 have been working overtime. In case some of your boys haven't heard, we have facilities for you to Police up at a moment's notice here in T15.

When you suddenly decide to go to town and discover that missing button, run over to your Recreation Hall. The sewing kit is handy, and if you can't sew, there is help near at hand.

Does your gift that you are sending home need wrapping? Bring it to T15. Mrs. Shaw will gladly see that it is wrapped just right.

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

Although he won't be here to read this, we'd like to mention anyway, how sorry we are to see Frank Chamberlain leave. He's been an asset to the outfit in many ways and what the boys classify as a "good guy." We're glad to see him walk into a "good deal" seeing as how he must go and there's no doubt that the Dow Field broadcast is losing a fine entertainer. Good luck, Frank.

Easily taking first spot in the comm.'s news this week is "Red" Lewis' wedding, which we understand was quite an affair. There's nothing like a good old knot tying party to bolster the morale and from the looks of Kelly, Garcia, Mader, Moore, and Cunningham Monday morning, somebody had something bolstered. . . We hear that Evaristo really steps out of character when imbibing certain types of "refreshment" and is a virtual wolf in sheep's clothing. Who would ever think it. Incidentally we're all very glad to see this "undercover wolf" make corporal and we wish him all the luck in the world in A. S. T. P.

Wonder why McLiesh wasn't at the fights the other night? ? ? It was free : : that will be the first time he ever passed up anything like that. A most unusual occurrence.

Joy abounds in the Comm. of late as newly made Pfc. Dunham Hamilton, Randal, Trusel and O'Donnell proudly become ranking men. This momentous event was the occasion for much celebration as these men take their rightful place among the "Pfc personnel" and may now officially walk with a swagger without fear of being mistaken for corporals. In looking over the "make" list we also find that "Bleach Blond" Holstead and Jack Mader are entitled to be greeted as "Sarge," and as we continue down the list we discover it's Cpl. Caron and Cpl. Link and last

but not least we find that the personality kid himself has at last gotten a suitable title to replace the affectionate nickname "G. I." from now on it's Corporal Jones.

Welcome back for a little while—Sgt. Schmidt, do you notice any changes?

We never realized we had so many potential all-Americans in the outfit till we saw the workout the boys gave the old pigskin not long ago. We want "Randy" Randall (otherwise known as Quentin) and "Wa Wa" Donaghue on our side in the kicking dept. And "Moose" Brill and Ingram in the passing section. We'll take both Kellys too if they'll promise to stick to the training schedule and work off the excess.

Feeling the urge for revenge this week we can't help but comment on the symmetrical lines of Harvey Hamilton's ever expanding waist measurements. We could use the word portly to describe "Hammy's" avoirdupois but then we'd be stretching Webster's definition : : "Pee Wee" (pardon please we mean Cpl. Hardin) informs us that that much heralded addition to her family did not arrive as yet. We'll just have to bear up a while longer.

Congratulations are in order for 1st Lt. Ruhl on his promotion. Incidentally the Lt. smokes very good cigars.

It looks as if another confirmed bachelor has been bitten by the matrimonial bug. A communication from far off Brockway, Penn., is the basis for this unconfirmed rumor, in which "Snorky" (he prefers Howard) Provin requests additional time for the purpose of tying the knot to his O. A. O.

Got a copy of the paper published by the boys at APO 677 the other day. Of all names it's titled the "Keekiekrier." The fellows there send their "love."

The word discharge has found its way into Comm. conversation a lot lately. All right so we are a bunch of 4-Fs but why keep reminding everybody.

Two things the Comm. specializes in, it appears, are moving and marriages, not being stingy with the amount of either. Don't be surprised if you find the orderly room in a different spot again shortly.

Comm. Capers: The fellows forgetting themselves and walking in to 207 by mistake; Garcia using a tombstone to jack up the rear end of a certain sgt.'s car to repair a flat tire then later walking into the PG with a flower in his button hole as big as his head; "Red" Lewis looking surprisingly chipper after a hectic weekend; all the boys

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.

USO Activities

MONDAY, SEPT. 20

Informal Dancing, 8:00 to 11:30. USO Hostesses. White a Letter-on-a-Record.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 21

Variety Show Night. Songs, vaudeville, cabaret style. Informal dancing. USO Hostesses.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22

Dance Night. Dow Field Troubadors. Dancing 8:30 to 11:30. USO Hostesses.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 23

Movie Night. Full length feature, 8:30. Informal dancing, 8:00 to 11:30. USO Hostesses.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 24

Ping-Pong Tournament begins. Register at office. Informal dancing, 8:00 to 11:30. USO Hostesses.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25

Special Dance Night, music by the Maine University Soldiers' Orchestra. Dancing, 8:30 to 12:00. USO Hostesses.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 26

Special Letter Writing and Mailing Facilities, 9:00 a. m.-1:00 p. m. Jam Session, 3:15 p. m. Special Recordings. Informal Dancing, 8:00-11:30. USO Hostesses.

sporting new G. I. jewelry around their necks; Jupin nonchalantly smoking a doctored up cigar unaware that it's about to explode and the look of disappointment that came over the faces of the jokesters when they discover that the stogie is harmless and that "Jup" has the last laugh; Amato's sudden popularity due primarily to a certain jug; Price and Herring, from Penn., and Oklahoma respectively, staging a "knock down drag 'em out" session in the latrine for the purpose of determining who came from the best state . . . Result two down and no decision; Butch Kelly looking like a private "dick" walking around with his hangar line button pinned secretly to the inside of his jacket; Jim Clark's pronunciation of the "remote" station; S-Sgt. Kelly going out for a pass then crawling back on his hands and knees. Ain't it awful to be out of shape : : :

Apologies for the length of last week's column but as we've said many times before, the Comm. news is largely dependent on the items which you fellows turn in, so let's have 'em—all you've got. Running true to human nature, the only time we ever hear any comment on this mess called "Communique" is when something is wrong.

All right turn the page . . . that's undoubtedly what you've been wanting to do all along.

Adios till we pop in on you next week.

Jap Pep Talk For Hungry Men

A Jap commander in the South Pacific felt called upon to address his troops in this manner:

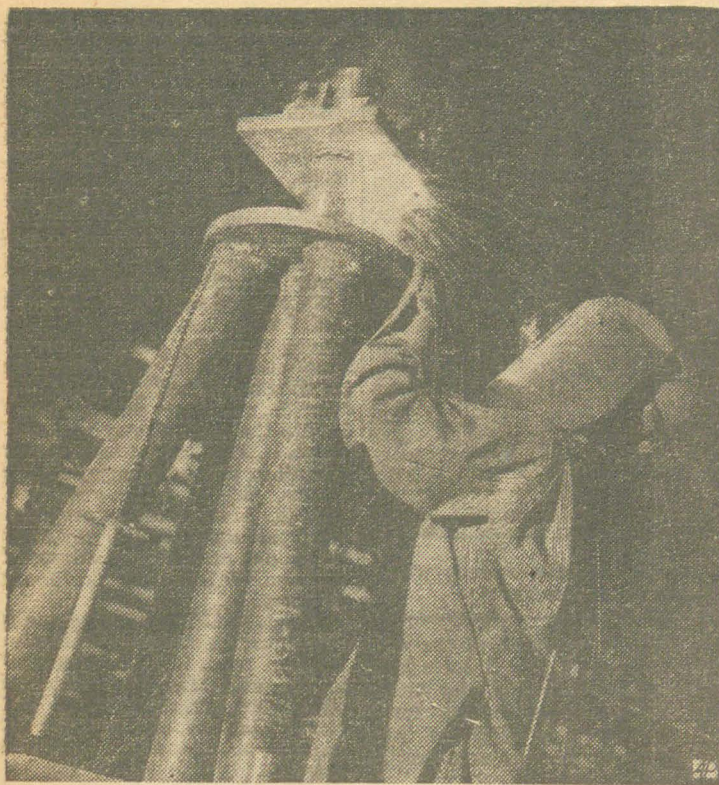
"Endeavor to forget unpleasant incidents and to remember only the good. It is useless to brood over matters as an hysterical woman does. We are all thin from lack of food, but we must not show a haggard countenance when we get on the vessels. There is a saying that 'the Samurai displays a toothpick even when he hasn't eaten.' This is an example worth emulating at the present time. Since we have been here, there have been those among us who have worked well and also those who have been lazy. The men of the 'suicide squads' and those with similar aspirations are among the bravest of the brave; on the other hand, those who have neglected their duty can only be considered despicable. Every individual must aspire to be a hero."

An Army Ordnance maintenance battalion carries complete tools and replacement equipment in 100 trucks for all field maintenance for an armored division's weapons and mechanized equipment.

R. C. WILLISTON

OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN

13 Central St., Bangor, Me.
EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES
FITTED, LENSES GROUND
WHILE YOU WAIT



PLANE WELDER—Ray (Arky) Goodwin, 34-year-old welder, performs one of the delicate operations necessary to assembling a plane in Douglas' new Chicago plant. Welding is required to keep parts from shifting.

CIVILIAN SLANTS

SUB-DEPOT NEWS

MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT

We are all sorry to learn of the death of Adelbert Reaviel, father of Marise Smythe, who work in the Planning & Production Control Branch.

Arline Harriman, Drafting & Reproduction Branch, is receiving congratulations on her recent marriage to Warrant Officer Charles R. Kibler, formerly of the 332d Sub-Depot but now located in Syracuse, N. Y.

Charles Gilmore leaves this week to attend school in Sacramento, Calif.

Evelyn Spencer, Planning & Production Control Branch, is visiting her fiancé, Ensign Floyd Bull, who is at his home in Presque Isle on leave from Pensacola, Florida.

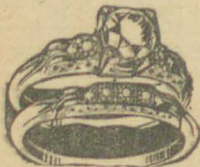
Antoinette "Toni" Trahan, the attractive person in Engine Branch, is helping out in the Stock Tracing Unit since the departure of Donald Dare. Mr. Dare was inducted into the Army on September 14th and the best wishes of Maintenance goes with him.

Marion Moore's husband, Newman Moore, a former employee of Maintenance and now a Seabee, spent his leave at their home on outer Hammond street. His sister, an Ensign in the WAVES, had her leave at the same time.

It will be of interest to the feminine employees to know that "Jim" Longstaff is considered an expert washing machine repairer. At least, that's the opinion of some of his friends.

Muriel "Mimi" Young had a birthday Monday. A certain Master Sergeant presented her with a lovely gift. Later in the day she had the unhappy experience of falling downstairs. It happened when she encountered an officer on the stairs who wished her a "Happy Birthday." Luckily the major damage done was the breaking off one of her high (and I mean high) heels. Suppose it being the 13th had anything to do with it?

The current curiosity is—just



DIAMONDS

Engagement Rings
Wedding Sets

Always a Good Selection

BOYD & NOYES

25 Hammond St.
Next to Bus Station

Mrs. George Van Leatham, Identification Unit, who is going to spend all her time from now on domestically. "Peggy" was presented with a beautiful pin by the girls in Headquarters. "Peggy" is going to be greatly missed because her cheerfulness was a great morale lifter in this department.

Mr. Harold Royal, Administrative Assistant, is in Rome, N. Y., on business.

Mrs. Evelyn Bragg is spending her Annual Leave in Rome, N. Y., visiting her soldier husband, Harold Bragg, who is stationed there.

SUPPLY

Mrs. Annie O'Connell of the Motor Pool has been recently transferred back to the Supply Department and is now working in the Shipping Department.

"Joe" Rolland, who was starting to wilt after a week or two on Shift No. 1, is now enjoying a five day vacation in Boston.

A harrowing experience was suffered by our Teletype Clerk, Thelma Annis recently. She started out in high spirits with hubby and the children for a gay evening at the World of Mirth. All went well until during the course of the evening Thelma found herself and small daughter suspended 150 feet in the air, head down, in one of the cages of the "Octopus" which had broken. After remaining in this decidedly embarrassing and uncomfortable position for an hour and ten minutes, the mechanism was duly repaired and the occupants sank back in their seats with a sigh. No ill effects were suffered other than a case of "prickly feet." Thelma herself added a humorous touch to the situation when she remarked that she certainly got her money's worth as she was given three extra rides after the cage was repaired while the men below made sure that the thing was running okay.

We wonder who was on Mary Mullett's mind last Friday when she boarded the Old Town bus on her way home from work. Did you really expect to get to South Brewer that-a-way?

Latest grapevine reports are that Mary Rostzinko's trip to Portland to take up nursing has been postponed until the 15th of September.

Colleen McNulty has returned to her duties after a trip to Boston.

Mrs. Bowden, Major Mackey's secretary, has returned to her duties looking very refreshed after a well earned vacation.

We think that Phil McKeen should have a housewarming and invite all us guys and gals when he moves into his new home this week. P.S. We'll bring our ration books.

Supply was represented at the Engineer outing at Pushaw lake recently by three of the fairer sex. Guess who?

Francis Kearnes has returned to his duties after being confined to the Eastern Maine General hospital.

Madelaine Parkhurst's many friends at Supply wish her a speedy recovery from her recent illness.

We were all sorry to hear about Marie Gagnon's accident last week and sincerely wish her a speedy recovery.

Lost and found Column—Whose picture adorned the front entrance one night recently at about twelve-forty???

Charles Leveille, better known as "Papa" Leveille, assumed Supervision over Unit 7 starting 7, September. It will be the team of "Mama Brochu" and "Papa Leveille" now. Sounds Good.

Harold Delano and wife are spending annual leave at Newport, Maine.

Hugh O'Hear enjoyed a fishing trip to New Brunswick on his recent vacation.

Jeannie Kane spent the weekend at Alligator lake although a certain Test Pilot consulted his road map and couldn't find it and doubts very much if there is such a place.

We wonder if there is a painter on the Base who could spare a few hours of his leisure time finishing a paint job which was started last weekend. Sophie Gass says if the painter doesn't return before long she is going to have a paint brush sale.

Mary Andrews is enjoying a few days leave. The reason?? Husband Andrews of the Merchant Marines is in town.

Kay Marston wore a happy smile recently while hubby was in town on vacation.

The Warehouse will lose three of its employees in the near future when "Freddie" Murphy, "Billy" Nelligan and Roy Day are inducted into the armed forces.

We're glad to have "Barb" Wormlight back with us after a week of sickness.

Welcome back to Supply "Ginny" McKenney after your long siege in

the hospital. It's swell to have you with us again.

"Sammy" Wilson spent a short vacation recently at Green lake.

"Walking in a fog" was Estelle Witherly recently when her boy friend came down for a furlough from Rome.

HEADQUARTERS

By BUD LEAVITT, JR.

Off and on, providing we can secure a quantity of clothes-pins, we'll hang out the wash on notes of interest dealing with civilian topics. If, occasionally the news appears to possess a "tattle-gray" tinge, blame it on the quality of the soap.

Here are a few paragraphs purloined from a publication named the "War Dept. Worker" and circulated by the First Service Command Headquarters: "Thousands of Nazi agents have infiltrated our factories, churches, schools and homes to obtain all information that may be useful to the Axis. They are disguised, just as they were in Paris and Vienna, as waitresses, taxicab drivers, private secretaries, doctors, lawyers, bank clerks, statisticians and streetcar conductors. They look and act like you and me. Indeed, if they are to escape the firing squad, they must be so plausible that no one suspects them.

"They are eager to pick up all kinds of information. They want to know where our men are going, when, by what train or what ship. They want to know what is being manufactured in that factory, when that production job is going to be finished and whether there are any wrinkles in the product's design. They want to know how our men are equipped, what type of training they are getting and where."

We civilians of Dow Field can beat 'em at their own game. Let's keep what we know to OURSELVES!

Safety being our business, we may as well pass along a nutshell of information with some very timely and startling accident figures. Would you believe that in thirty months, July 1940 to January 1943, covering the defense program and the first year of the war, no fewer than 48,500 workers have been killed in job accidents! In addition literally millions have been temporarily maimed, entailing a loss in number of days worked totalling 110,000,000, or more than 375,000 man years.

And, by way of contrast, in the first 18 months of the war, our announced battle casualties have numbered 12,123 dead, 15,049 wounded, 40,435 missing and 10,628 prisoners of war, a total of 78,235.

Those are pretty gruesome figures, Chums. Safety is an enormous problem and the assistance of all hands of the cook is very much essential! Your help will be greatly appreciated.

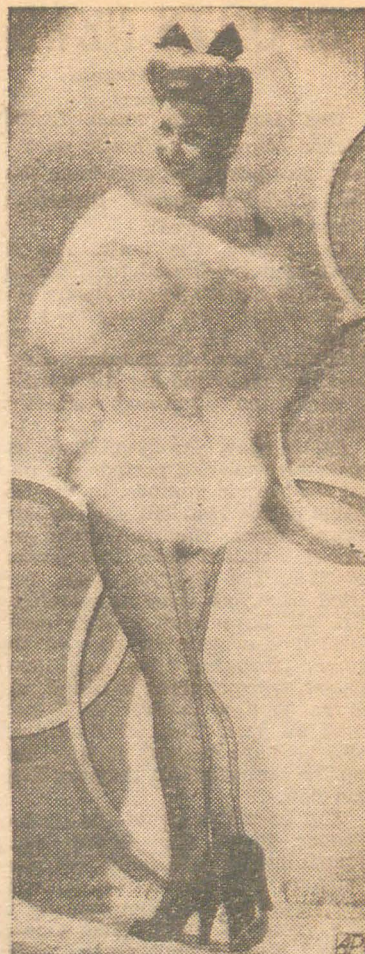
Monday's musings: According to Lt. Sheard, Base War Bond Officer, civilian employees of Dow Field are smilingly decorating the mahogany with the extra money to purchase another War Bond and aid the post's effort to boost the Third War Loan. . . . In the event some of you missed the newsreel, it just went up another street, the 7th Air base wiggled past the third and final game of the Post Softball playoffs by halting the Sub-Depot Gremlins 5-3. . . . The oversigned is anxious to remind the fight fans of Dow Field there's a hum-dinger in the making when Portland's Coley Welch tangles with Soldier Mentofoya here in Bangor. We ain't working for the promoters, but we saw the soldier socker level Waterville's Jackie Fisher in one short heat last week and can't help but think it'll be a Pier Seven brawl when he squares off with Welch. The Portlanders has fought about every top middleweight in the world.

Post Engineers

Well, well,—little old Dan Cupid sure worked overtime, but he finally caught up with Frank Ames. Perseverance, we call it! Good luck to you and yours, Frank!

With all the fancy cabinets and bins being built in the shops now, they will surely look a lot neater—and the ratings on weekly inspection will go up to 4.0. A place for every tool, and every tool in its place. . . . yes, sir, they do look good.

In this "Back the Attack" Bond Drive, let's all swing from the hip pocket (or don't you carry your pocketbook there). Oh, yes, have you looked at the Post Engineer Department Bond Chart lately—there has been a few changes made—in your section? Yes? No? Remember we have many boys



Music is supposed to soothe the savage—and this is Ann Savage. Personally, if we were that hunk of fur, we'd be singing "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey. . . ."

in the service from our shops this year—so let's all make it our job to see that each one gets a carton of cigarettes this Christmas, too. They are our own gang—so let's not forget one. Get the numbers in the address right the first time!

How are the Victory gardens coming—or are they going into cans? Ours did just fine.

Well, Mr. Geaghen is back on the job again. Long siege in the hospital, wasn't it Frank? We are all glad to see you back.

How was the weather down on the coast, boys? You—Frank Clark and Louis LaPointe—nice trip, huh?

Just look around and see how the road commissioner of Dow Field is preparing for the winter. Cunningham doesn't intend to leave anything to chance. Say, Jim, is it going to be a long cold snowy one? —Brrrrr!

Who finally won the honor of being Mrs. Amundsen's instructor in driving a car? Time now for the reporter to take off for parts unknown or places adjacent thereto.

Japs Fake Fight To Lure Yanks

In the air, as on the ground, things aren't always what they seem. An American fighter pilot found that out not long ago during an air battle in the southwest Pacific. This pilot was without an opponent for the moment, and the other men of his squadron appeared to be taking care of the situation.

Squinting into the sun, he spotted a dogfight in progress about 2,000 feet above him. The pilot decided to climb up and help his buddy. He discovered, just in the nick of time, that the dogfight was a sham battle being staged by two Jap pilots. They were hoping to lure up a lone American plane—and almost did.

Army Ordnance specifications for wrist watches for combat troops are capable of withstanding immersion in 6 feet of water for 8 hours without leakage.

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26 STATE ST.

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SPORTS NEWS

By Sgt. Ed. Thomas

The Dow Field touch football league completed a hectic week of play this past week with more than its share of upsets thrown in throughout the week.

On Friday, the tenth, the Air Base team celebrated the return of Sgt. Jim Dearth to the lineup with a smashing 20-0 victory over the strong Q. M. team, with Jim throwing two touchdown passes, and personally scoring the third on a pass interception and runback of 40 yards.

On Sunday, the 12th, there was a doubleheader of postponed games on the parade grounds. In the first game of the twin bill, the Air Base Sqdn. upset the heretofore unbeaten Aviation Sqdn. by the score of 31-0. The Aviation Sqdn. boys tried hard, but were no match for the Air Base team in this game. Dearth was again the star of this game, throwing five touchdown passes, three of them to Miller, who is as good a receiver as I have seen all year. The Air Base team will be hard to beat if they keep up the brand of ball they are playing now.

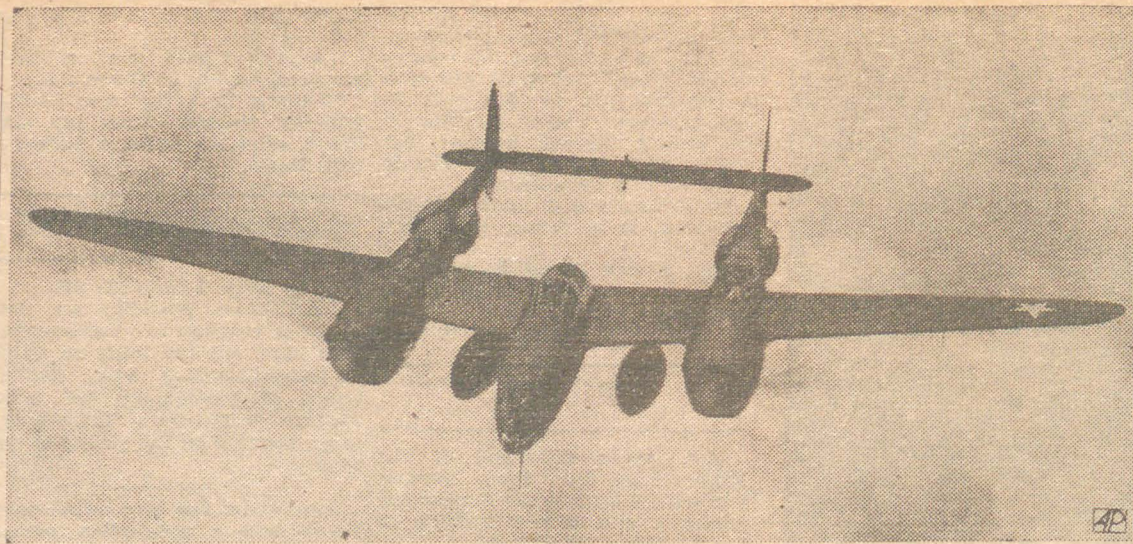
The second game of the doubleheader found the Guard Sqdn. remaining as the only unbeaten team in the league, by defeating the strong Medical Detachment, by the score of 14-6. The Guards scored both touchdowns on passes from Yancey to Westdyke and then Sgt. Roger Wilson kicked both points after on perfect placements.

On Monday the Signal outfit won its second game of the season by beating the Finance in a hard fought, close game, the final score being 18-12.

The game started off as a run-away for the Signals as they scored a touchdown on the second play of the game, but on the next kickoff Dick Carlson put his team back in the game with the gem play of the year, taking the kickoff on his own five and behind very good interference ran the length of the field to tie up the game again but Signals finally edged out a victory.

On Tuesday the Guard Sqdn. met the once beaten Aviation Sqdn. The first half was very close, 7-6 in favor of the Guards, but the start of the second half found the Guards really going to town, with the final score 25-6, with Lt. Yancey throwing all his team's touchdown passes to his teammates.

Friday night found the Guard



EXTRA GAS FOR LIGHTNING—A Lockheed Lightning P-38 fighter cruises along, with two extra fuel tanks, doubling its range, which can be dropped when empty.

Sqdn' and Signals playing, a game which found the Guards emerging with a 24-0 victory, for their sixth straight win. This game found Yancey, Downing and Westdyke as the stars of the Guard team, with Leiber and Harrington playing good ball for Signals.

The Dow Field bowling leagues will get going next Wednesday, with a league of enlisted men bowling at 6 p. m. and an all officer league getting under way at 8 p. m. On Thursday at 6 p. m. a WAC and nurse, and girls on the base will get under way.

The Dow Bombers post basketball team will get under way on Monday, when the first practice session will be called at 4 p. m. So all of last year's team and all new candidates report to Sgt. Thomas at the new gym at that time.

Signal Corps

(By PVT. SAM J. PROFETA)

Waging a relentless battle to the finish, the Signal Corps touch football squad emerged victorious last Monday, Sept. 13th over a scrappy Finance team. The score 18 to 12. The Signals enjoyed a temporary 6 point lead in the early first half, keenly garnered by Cpl. Nelson Lieber. Losing complete control of the situation, S-Sgt. Carlson of the cagey Finance clan broke through to tie the count, closing that period. Entering the last stanza, trouble began to mount for both sides. Players tumbled and grumbled with minor injuries being inflicted on some of the participants who fought to nestle away the lead. But once more the Signals managed to overcome stiff opposition and forge ahead with another touchdown credited to Pfc. Armond Rosini. Calm and unruffled though trailing desperately behind, the determined Finance group successfully staged its final important attack to register a tying margin with Sgt. De Lorme making the nod at 12 apiece. Two remaining minutes of play time left, saw the revamped Signals in an all-out effort, send Pfc. Rosini across the field to climax a thrilling struggle of perhaps the best viewed game thus far this season.

Air Base Squadron

Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

The hardest thing about writing a column is starting it—now that we've accomplished that we can move along on our merry way . . . we wonder how far Pvt. Kellel traveled on his trip in the link trainer . . . Sgt. Al DeVincentis tells us that he's headed for California, bon voyage . . . Congrats to the new strippers and to President Paul Higer; he's vowed he'll keep the club on the ball; by the way Paul, Mabel told us to tell you that she just called, and she has a very oophy voice . . . At the Thursday night broadcast we noticed Corp. Woodall waiting at the ladies' room; we walked over wondering what he was sweating out; we saw, we understand and do believe that it was worth all the blood, sweat and tears Woody had . . . Now that our adjutant's away at camouflage school, guess we can expect nothing from Butch of Penobscot Fame . . . That man is here again, the ASTP's knocking at the door, of S-Sergt. Pepper; Pepper's doing his best to keep the wolf away from his door . . . Gruesome twosome unanimously goes to S-Sergt. Caesar and Sergt. Red Wilkins—we know a little about the law of supply and demand—but those two boys demand little and supply plenty . . . M-Sergt. Senerchia really draws a tear—his

boys are going to fire the WAC barracks for the Maine winter . . . We miss Casey this week—but definitely—but his taking basic is our contribution to the war effort for this week . . . "Paper Doll"—we've passed that stage—we want one that when you squeeze it says "mama" . . . Our boy Sergt. Tony Mascia is up in the hospital—here's wishing for a speedy recovery, Tony . . . By the way Sergt. Wright, your prediction that you wouldn't hold the grade of corporal for more than a month held true—but the rest of your prediction was all wet, wasn't it? . . . Anybody see Corp. Duane Hazle at the fights Tuesday night?—when it was all over Lefty was more knocked out from cheering and jeering than Slugger Fisher was after a minute and a half in the ring with a Bangor soldier . . . Is Corp. Martino a somnambulist? . . . Our word is pretty good, eh Predergast . . . Scenes from the sidelines—Sergt. Switenko coming in from the bivouac for a breather, Corp. Hazle waltzing with Miss Shaw, Corp. I Wagner toting a heavy mail sack all the way from the postoffice only to learn there's not a letter from himself, Pvt. Elenes doing a fine job in his new task, and lots more, but we have to run along—so until next week "so long."

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Bowling starts this week, with one team entered in the Base league and one in the City league. Members of the Base league are: M-Sergt. Skypsek, Sergts. Winn, Solomon, Roe, Corps. Payne, Johns and Schwartz.

The City league entry consists of a special group of Spada of the guard sqdn, Correa of finance, Winn, Solomon, Roe, Payne and Johns of Q. M.

It has been decided that the football team is just unlucky. But there are still a few games left and it is a certainty that we shall rise to greater heights from now on.

I see that the commissary has at least one thrill a week. This time several baskets of green tomatoes went tumbling off the platform. Like ants from a hill the boys came out of the doors to retrieve them.

The above incident must have given Corp. Ramsdell the idea of what to do while on a furlough he is hoping to get. His intentions are to pick potatoes up state and earn at least \$10 per day. He claims that he can pick at least one hundred barrels a day. It's nice if one can do it, but oh my back.

I have been trying to organize a basketball team and the results are not so hot. It must be that the boys have seen the new gym floor and they have no desire to prance up and down that long floor. At any rate I am still trying to form a team, so all that want to play this game start signing up now.

At that special table in the NCO

Cocktail Lounge
Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service
Penobscot
Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St. Dial 4501

club, little Russo gazes at the door every time it opens. I have been trying to find out why and finally did. He has been looking for a girl short enough to dance with and naturally he wants to be the first one to ask.

Had Cooky Adams playing in the line during a practice session the other day and he really got lost or I should say he lost the ball. Cooky had been breaking through on nearly every play and something had to be done. The boys proceeded to pull a very fast triple reverse that really worked like a charm and poor Cooky is still wondering where the ball is.

No matter how many honors that boy Kilcoyne pulls, he still claims that he is a master mind on the field of play. If he plays basketball this year, I hope he will remember what team he is on.

It seems that a certain corporal who works at the Odlin road warehouse has been having some difficulty identifying a sheet from a pillow case. We believe the initials are R. B. Now corporal we were all babies once and the fact that they were damp should not confuse that much. How about that?

Hear that our friend Pvt. Scott is way out in Utah, training to do big things over the pond. He said if he ever gets captured he would start in where he left off here at Dow Field and proceed to drive them crazy.

Well I can't write much more as some of the boys are discussing the war. So I shall have to help them decide when all this will end.

Headquarters

By Sgt. Freddie Neumann

Here we go again. The furlough was a knockout. The surprise I promised you some weeks back never materialized, and for that, I apologize. Two WAC members of Personnel promised to continue the column in my absence, but they committed sabotage and reneged.

S-Sgt. Ralph Vaughn had a birthday last week. It's not everybody that gets serenaded on their natal day. Was Vaughn surprised! S-Sgt. Vin Duff was jolted the

other nite at the USO show when the master of ceremonies announced he had a trained snake by the name of Vin Duff. At one point in the act he asked "Duffy" to recede into the basket, but not before he had fallen on his knees and pleaded his cause did "Duffy" oblige.

Who ever heard of S-Sgt. "Red" Roy without a smile? Yet—the same master of ceremonies asked "Red" if he ever laughed. Guess "Red" just didn't have reason.

We enjoyed our visit to the WAC Mess Hall last Tuesday night. Among the KPs serving us was none other than Sgt. Jean Musgrave. She looked as fresh as a daisy behind the serving counter despite the grueling day of Kitchen Police. The supper was delicious and all of dug in to enjoy it. Many thanks, girls, for the invitation.

S-Sgt. Arvin Wood is progressing nicely at the hospital. He expects to be out real soon—perhaps this weekend. We'll be waiting, "Woody," so hurry.

M-Sgt. Paul Bolden did some fast explaining last week, I understand. Yes, he received a card addressed to Mr. and Mrs. He was deluged with the question, "Who is the Mrs.?" Did any of the "Quiz" kids receive a plausible answer? I wonder.

Cpl. Jim Prendergast is the statistical clerk since he disbanded his one man squadron. What next, Jim?

T-4 Erlene Beasley really crack, that whip in the File Room. You should have heard her dishing it out to Cpl. Chester Jackson. He wanted her to help mop the floor, but she'd have none of that. And she didn't!

Transition: Major Ormonde de Kay, Capt. John Kelley, and Lt. Henry Bresky have left to take up duties elsewhere. We wish them the best of luck. Capt. George Olson, Lt. C. H. Ortt, and Lt. C. Barker are away at school—but will be back. Lt. George Ormiston has returned and taken up his job as Asst Adjutant. Lt. Matthew Hirschout is our new Asst Personnel Officer, and Lt. Martha Cross is the new Classification Officer. We welcome them as members of Headquarters & Co. We're always glad to have former members back with us again. Away on leave are Major Berman, Capt. Comiskey, and Lt. Hoofstiller. S-Sgt. Charles Martotta left for another assignment. Best of Luck—Charlie.

In closing, congratulations to those who have received recent promotions. Be back next week with the latest developments.

Alcohol is being used in the manufacture of smokeless powder. That's all very well, but we can't afford to have guns half-shot!

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M.&P. THEATERS
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Wed., Thurs., Fri.
SHERLOCK HOLMES
FACES DEATH
Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce

Tel. 5308
OPERA HOUSE
BANGOR

Today, Tues., Wed.
ABOVE SUSPICION
Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray

Thurs., Fri., Sat.
FIRED WIFE
Robert Page, Louise Albritton

PARK THEATRE
BANGOR TEL. 3660

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TONIGHT WE
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Plus
LILY MARS
Judy Garland, Van Heflin

Wed. Thurs.
PETTICOAT LARCENY
Ruth Warwick, Walter Reed
Plus
CHATTERBOX
with Joe Brown, Judy Canova

Fri., Sat.
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UP AMERICA
George Sanders, Ann Sten

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