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Bulletin

THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
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OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, SEPT. 6, 1943

Vol. No. 67

Puppets, Magic Torch Songs At U. S. O. Show

Tommy Tucker, did double duty. He not only tossed around on tricky magic stunt but kept the show moving as the M. C.

"Keep your eyes on this rope," he warned—with a slick motion he suddenly had the rope more than five times its original length.

High spot in his Magical Clowning was the Two Volunteers. He had one practically hypnotized and for fully five minutes. The place was in an uproar as the stooges tried to outguess Tucker.

Ann Sharon, almost as sylph-like as her graceful puppets, cleverly maneuvered her suitcase-size mannequin. Her Katherine Hepburn puppet swooped and danced to the music of the accordeon. The impish doll Lew Lehr, did a nifty hula dance, complete with grass skirt, proving that monkeys are not the CWAZIEST people, to quote Lew. Kay Kyser was there in spirit, his white cap and gown floating in the breeze as he jounced to the Jersey Bounce. He finished by neatly lifting his pasteboard hat suavely. The final puppet was the South American female Blitzkrieg, Carmen Miranda, in a miniature Rhumba—her dance was both snappy and saucy.

Tucker came out again to show "how you learn to do magic from a correspondence course. Nonchalantly he clicked off disappearing eggs. Card changes and cigarettes that appeared from incredible places.

Personality plus is the way Frances Carroll sings. "He's 1A—in the Army," she carolled. Then she was bringing him back with "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer." Her interpretation of the Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker left nothing to the imagination. Most unusual song was a new one to us called "Make with the Bullets, Benny," the cleverest lyrics we've heard for a long time.

Tucker apparently pushed a scissor through Pvt. Rodman's (legal dept.) flight jacket—but no grounds for a suit.

Lucille Rich put her dancing feet through two numbers. Lucille put plenty of oomph and rhythm in her act.

Nellie Jay, handled the music department with her expert playing of the accordeon. She accompanied all the acts and took a solo spot on, Stardust, Tea for Two, and a football medley.

Prizes Awarded To Riflemen

JOHNNY of Philip Morris fame presented special awards to the following men of the Quartermaster Company: S/Sgt. Orioli, Pvt. Hodges, M/Sgt. Skypok, Pvt. Courville, Cauthorn and Boyd, these are the six leading men that fired the 30 caliber rifle for record.

During the brief ceremony Johnny gave a brief review of his work for the past nine years. Lt. Mahoney took the part of MC and after taking Johnny over the coals, about his pet peeve Ginny Simms he was brought to an abrupt halt, when Johnny asked where he found time to listen to the daytime programs.

The Q. M. company is very proud of their record as rifle men, seventy-one out of ninety-five qualified, pending an official announcement it can be said that the company qualified over seventy per cent. Mr. Pozzi W. O. J. G. and his several coaches are to be congratulated for their fine instructions passed onto the men.

Of course last but not least Johnny put over his main point when he passed a generous amount of cigarettes to all those present. And a final word, thanks to Johnny for making the presentations and to the men for their fine showing.



HELPING THE CAUSE—Constance Dowling, blonde film actress, poses fetchingly for the boys in the service, whose demand is for more and better "pin-up" pictures. This is her contribution to the campaign.

Air Base Team Leads Depot Ten In Softball Duel

The "Little World Series" of softball for the championship of Dow Field got underway to a roaring start last week with the Air-base Squadron combination grabbing a one game lead after having the opener with the Sub-Depot Gremlins going to a 0-0 stalemate in 8 heated innings. The Air Base wrestled the lead in the series from the Gremlins last Thursday evening by icing a 7-4 win with a timely offensive in the clutches.

The opening game in the five-game series was one of the finest softball games ever played in this city. Only one error marred the encounter and only two men reached third base in eight innings. Maid-

Softball

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DeVincentis and Klux G. I. Soap On Thurs. Show

Making noises like a crying baby and Donald Duck, Sgt. Al DeVincentis confessed his all on the Personality Parade, Thursday night from T-6. Al it seems is a link trainer, but he became so absorbed that we almost didn't get him out. However, he continued his life story touching on such highlights as experiences as a butcher, a bar-

Radio Show

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Dow Field Diary

MONDAY

Here we are back at the old stand after a week's absence in good old basic training. Ah! memories of our rookie days—but it was a good refresher course.

A friend of ours has been doing some experiments in anagrams. Anagrams, you know are rearranging letters in a word to form a new word. The point to remember is that you have to use the identical letters, no more, no less—but in sequence. Now that that's clear—here's what he's done to ADOLPH HITLER—a few changes and it becomes—FATHER DO ILL or with another flick of the pencil—FAIL THE LORD—a few more read like this—DRILL THE OAK, DAFT ILL HERO—I FORD AT HELL. Our vote for the most interesting is HEIL FAT LORD. As far as we can figure out—no matter how you change his name, there's still a bad odor left.

TUESDAY

Trying to pin down Al DeVincentis for a personality parade interview is like trying to get a 3-day pass to visit your Aunt Matilda—a modest lad—every five minutes he would renege with "Aw, let it go till next week." At least a half dozen times he insisted but we turned a deaf ear.

Clipped from the Craig Field Journal, in a recent inquiring reporter column, the question of the week was this—"What American custom do you think would lead to a lasting peace if it were spread all over the world?" That was the question—at the top of the list one Sergeant summed up his answer in one word "Bundling," he said simply. Among some of the other

Diary

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"That's All, Brother" Hager, Harmon And Morgans Wow At Camel Caravan

Capt. Olson Makes Hit Helping Drummer

"Pitchman" Clyde Hager set up his stand at T-6 Wednesday night and proceeded to sell a load of laugh. "Here's your handy little potato peeler," he began. Then he furiously whipped it around a sweet potato in no time at all. The first three rows had a shower of potato peelings. With equal nonchalance he threw the rest into the audience. He held up the final result. The potato peeled "naked as Sally Rand." Weird pills, elastic stretchers, and itchy soap—he smeared this over the stooge's face—ending with a beautiful spit curl that wouldn't stay put. "That's all, brother," Hager explained as the stooge looked bewildered.

Three gorgeous gals—known as the Morgan sisters took all the feminine vocal honors. Lead off song was a musical version of the Pied Piper. "I don't know why I love you like I do." They harmonized "Put Your Arms Around Me." They sang as we wished we were an octopus or something with lots of arms. They also put over a neat novelty number called "Bobble Oh." With hardly a change they were soon "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer."

Camel Caravan

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Gay Nineties Formal Dance At Com. Center

Tonight, Sept. 6th, at the Community Center, The Spirit of the Gay Nineties will re-live. It will not be necessary however for the guys and gals to dress the part. Gals will come formal, the fellows regular G.I. The entertainment, atmosphere and decorations will do their best to recreate the nineties. Norman Lambert's orchestra will furnish the handlebar, moustaches and music.

A Bangor couple are scheduled to do a special Gay Nineties number.

The dance starts at 8 P. M. Prizes will be given and refreshments served.

The Community center is located at the corner of French and Somerset streets.

Labor Day Picnic Planned By USO For Tonight

The place is Phillips Lake in beautiful Lucerne-in-Maine. The leaving time from the U.S.O. is 6 o'clock. Food and games will be the piece de resistance. U.S.O. hostesses will be your picnic partners. Get in touch with the U.S.O. as soon as possible today if you are interested. That's all, brother.

Air Base Holds Party At T-15

The Air Base Squadron played host to over thirty beautiful girls last night at T-15. Tag dances, number dances, and stunts and games were all part of the fun. Lt. Graham was the idea man behind the party. An abridged edition of the Troubadours supplied the music. Mrs. Shaw took care of the hostesses.

Promotions

The following men of the Base have received promotions:

TO BE MASTER SERGEANT
Technical Sergeant Stephan E. Lubich.

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT
Sergeant Kirby A. Halligan.
Sergeant Robert G. Taylor.
Sergeant Vincent W. Duff.
Sergeant Arvin B. Wood.

TO BE SERGEANT
Corporal John Holick.
Corporal Clayton E. Sumner.
Corporal Irving L. Berkson.

TO BE CORPORAL
Private LeRoy E. Rodman.
Private First Class Robert L. Smith.

Private Louis F. DeSantis.
Private Anthony Mangus.
Private First Class John W. Spring.

Private Jack S. Sharmins.
Private Thomas E. Golladay.
Private Chester X. Jackson.
Private George E. Reeves.

TO BE ACTING CORPORAL
Private Harry L. Boskind.
TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
Private Clayton B. Randall.
Private Donald E. Lilly.
Private Albert Stone.

AVIATION SQUADRON
To be Eergeant: Corp. William Willis.

Meet Mr. Reardon



The New Bangor
U. S. O. Director

Step right up fellows and meet John Reardon. John has been buzzing around the base lately trying to find answers to help you spend pleasant hours off duty. In fact he has been at the U. S. O. Club for the past five weeks, becoming familiar with local problems.

Mr. Reardon is married and has two sons. Mrs. Reardon and the younger son have already joined him here. The older son, who was recently in the city on a short leave, is a petty officer in the Navy, stationed at the Norfolk, Va., Naval base as an instructor in anti-aircraft gun assembly and repair. Mr. Reardon, Sr., is a First World War veteran and a member of the American Legion.

Before joining the U. S. O., Mr. Reardon, who received his preliminary education in North Adams and Glen Falls schools and attended Union College, Schenectady, was director of all non-construction programs of the federal government in the nine counties of northeastern New York. He advised communities in the obtaining of funds for war service under the Lanham act and aided them in setting up such programs as school lunch, nursery schools, adult education and clerical assistance for offices of civilian protection.

Camel Caravan

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Michael Harmon not only carried the male vocal department but deftly handled the difficult job of M. C. In a rich baritone voice, he gave out with, "The Donkey Serenade, I Had the Craziest Dream and a melodic Western Medley."

Charlie Masters, drum sticker extraordinary, turned in a terrific performance on the skins. He was everywhere, not content with drumming on the regular drum, he bounced around the stage tapping, clicking the sticks on everything in sight. Walls, the M. P.'s belt and teeth, Captain Olson's head, and step ladders all came under his rhythmic drumming.

Cute as a dimple, Florence Robinson, twinkled all over the stage. Red headed, dynamic Florence daintily pranced to Kuhn's melodies.

Music was supplied by Bobby Kuhn's band—beating out the melodies and adding ideas of their own for the fun and general good time.

Our thanks for a swell job—Camel Caravan.

Radio Show

Continued from the First Page

ber and a hand leader. His interpretations of a crying baby and Donald Duck made a hit with the audience.

STONE'S DEBUT

A new personality made his debut on this show. Pfc. Al Stone originated a burlesque of the daytime soap operas. Stone neatly satirized the oh, so smooth announcers who set the scenes for the dippy dramas. "Klux G. I. Soap," he pointed out "düz all the work any other soap düz."

Rosalie Lief played Emma Smeltz, giving a testimonial to Klux G. I. Soap, in her best "snooty puss" manner, she explained, "my face came from the same mould as my pretty sister only mine is mouldier."

A star-studded cast took care of the vocal department. "Baritone" Sgt. Frank Chamberlain carried us musically through, "Through the Years," with Vincent Youman's classic. Frank always goes over in a big way.

Louise Buckinger, WAC romantic singer proved that love did not go by a calendar singing, "Sunday, Monday or Always." "Bucky" rates tops in our opinion in ballad numbers.

Take five voices, blend them together and you have the melodic tones of the Rhythmairs. The ace singing stars of the Aviation Squadron. Their version of "Baby" had every toe in the audience tapping out cadence.

In a special Oklahoma melody, Al Jarusevice took a vocal on "People Will Say We're In Love." The entire medley was a job beautifully done.

Corn straight from the jug was given a novel treatment in "The Little Brown Jug." First the band played a chorus, then Sgt. Stedman and Sgt. "Red" Marsdon did a gag, another chorus and Stein and Bob Scott did another gag.

In the skit section, Pfc. Al Stone was a meek little soldier trying to return money he had been overpaid. S/Sgt. Geden playing straight man accused him of everything from a Benedict Arnold to being a nut.

The opener had three branches of the service represented.

"Everything I've Got Belongs to You," pulled up the curtain and the band managed to get the tick of the clock in the "Fuddy-duddy Watchmaker."

S/Sgt. Geden and Pfc. Stone were responsible for the script.

Softball

Continued from the First Page

low was superb on the pitching hill for the Air Base in limiting the Gremlins to two singles. Lanky Charlie Robinson opposed the heavy swatting soldier team and was nearly as effective as Maidlow, yielding four scattered bingles, a pair of doubles combined with two widely spaced singles.

Chaplain Mark Smith was the hottest player on the field with the

stick, lashing a terrific double and then nearly duplicating the feat in the seventh only to be nipped at second base attempting to stretch the smash into a double. The Air Base didn't like this decision even a little bit and didn't hesitate "telling off" the base umpire in typical Brooklynese fashion.

The second game started off along the lines of the first game with the Gremlins holding a 2-1 lead going into the fifth inning. The Air Base opened fire with big Ed Bierma tagging a smash into right field for a triple to score on an error. Chaplain Mark Smith corked his best swing on a fat Robinson pitch and rifled it into deep left field for another triple and continued home when Buil, Gremlin's shortstop, fumbled the ball. When the Gremlins had doused the fire, four runs had registered and the Air Base went ahead 5-2. The Gremlins rallied a mild uprising in the final half of the sixth by sending home a single run. The Air Base salted the issue in the seventh stanza on hits by Joe Komoroski and Norman Cottier for two more markers to entrench themselves firmly in front 7-3. Pete Buribye opened the Gremlins' half of the final inning by smashing out a single and scoring to end the tussle 7-4.

Bit From the Bleachers: The playoffs will continue next week with games scheduled for Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. The team copping three out of five will rule the roost as field champions. The attendance at the games last week was encouraging. Among the bleacherites who sat through the games were Capt. Paul Riley and Lt. Leonard Blank of Base Quartermaster. Uncle James Longstaff led the Sub-Depot cheering section. Jim can never be accused of a lack of volume when it comes to needling the opposition. Eddie Miara, Gremlins' second baseman and Joe Komorski, 7th shortstopper, stood head and shoulders over the rest of their mates in the fielding department. Chaplain Mark Smith can really swing the wagon tongue. When the Chaplain steps to the dish with a bat the outfielders subconsciously take to the outskirts. Don McInnis, manager of the slugging Air Base aggregation, was on the butt end of the ribbing from the bleacherites. Mac patted the umpires' backs with barbed adjectives. The betting favors the Air Base to grab off the bauble.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

bright-eyed answers were these: Whisky sours, and Strauss waitzes (how long has Strauss been American). Sportsmanship—and the American game of Post Office.

Attended the U. S. O. show and enjoyed every minute of it. Incidentally, these entertainers don't confine their efforts to the two scheduled shows. They went to the hospital, to the bombing range and everywhere they could bring in a chuckle or a smile.

WEDNESDAY

Somewhere we read about a fellow who has a unique filing system. For instance, all his rent bills he puts in an old copy of Dicken's "Bleak House." His automobile insurance policies find a home in "The Covered Wagon." Doctor's bills meet other chronies in "The Way Of All Flesh," gas and electric bills are filed in "The Light That Failed," phony name stocks in "Great Expectations," and Oh! yes, we nearly forgot, cancelled checks suitably find shelter in "Gone With The Wind."

The Camel Caravan played to two packed houses—practically every star got curtain call after curtain call. They certainly go to town on dressing up a stage—spot lights—overhead lights—back drops and what have you—a well staged show.

THURSDAY

Before the broadcast we experimented with a few gags to "warm up" the audience. One came right back at us—as was our face red—so was our collar, shirt and blouse.

NAVY SCORES HIT DURING LEGION PARADE



Evidently acting on the theory that faint heart never won a fair lady, this sailor watching the parade of the 25th annual state convention of the New York American Legion along 5th Avenue, rushed from the sideline and planted a kiss on the face of this pretty drum majorette leading a crack Legion drum and bugle corps. Legion pageantry eclipsed by the war, is expected to have a vigorous rebirth with many new drum corps and dazzling majorettes when the two-war American Legion starts rolling after the war.

General Mess

SGT. D. F. McAVEY

Dear Giggles:

Well, darling, the epidemic of seared, smeared, and severed fingers has finally caught up with yours truly. However I can still sit up and take a little nourishment. Ah yes, but not the kind

The gag was supposed to go like this. Al Stone comes out on the stage, with a turban and yells, "Do you want your palm read." Then we agree, he then proceeds to paint our palm red. That's how it was supposed to work. We put out our mit all right, but Al, in a burst of enthusiasm swung a mean brush and literally doused us with red paint—what a mess.

FRIDAY

After spending all evening last night rubbing out the red paint—and explaining to the little woman that it was not lipstick, we've finally got out of the red.

Oh, we forgot to mention yesterday, we also shook hands with Johnny, the Call Boy of Phillip Morris fame. Last we saw of him he was heading for the hospital to spread some good will around.

Weather note: Hawaii's climate remains the same all-year-round, so they have no word meaning "weather" in their native language. Up there (or is it down here)—they have only one word—to describe the weather—BRR-RR!

SATURDAY

"Things we never knew 'till we got in the army dept." Maps that we have been looking at show how easy it is to fly over the North Pole and get places. We always imagined that it would be a pretty chilly trip—but that apparently is not so. An Army map points out that the cold of the Arctic offers no barrier. In fact the best and calmest weather is in that area where there are very few storms such as we know in the temperate latitudes. To aircraft, up, not north is cold. That's all brother.

that they had out at the club—G. I. Lemonade.

A little of that dynamite goes a long way, as can be testified by Charlie Johns.

General Mess had one of it's Bang-up affairs last Tuesday evening and it turned out to be a tremendous success. There was plenty to eat and drink, but then, what would one expect from the mess? Our hearty thanks go to "Mom" Shaw who supplied the girls and who also supplied us with our first laugh of the evening when she received an unexpectedly fast ride on the swing. (Everyone is familiar with the air holes in the fun houses: well, the result was the same.)

And then there was Mrs. Connor trying to scratch her back with a sandwich smearing mustard all over her blouse.

I am sure that all and sundry—and all those not so dry—will agree that 'Queenie' Geotzke's strip tease was the highlight of the party. The band accompanied the act with the undulating, sensuous tones of the 'Strip Polka.'

There we were in the semi-darkness, pulses throbbing, lips dry,

G. I. Get Go-By Filing Income Tax

WASHINGTON—Although most civilians are busy now figuring up their estimated income for the year and getting ready to file a declaration on September 15, servicemen and women can forget all about it—for the time being.

Even if you did have an income this year which didn't come from Uncle Sam—that is, from an independent source or previous to your donning a uniform—you are given an extension of time for filing a declaration, but only until March 15 of next year.

Here's how the Treasury puts it in official language:

"Any taxpayer who is a member of the military or naval forces of the United States in active service on September 15, 1943, is hereby granted an extension of time for such period as may be necessary but not beyond March 15, 1944, within which to file the declaration of estimated tax required by section 58 of the Internal Revenue Code, as amended, and to pay such estimated tax or any installment thereof otherwise required to be paid before March 15, 1944. If under the terms of the extension herein granted the time for filing a declaration of estimated tax is extended beyond the close of the taxpayer's taxable year and the taxpayer makes his income tax return and pays the tax for such taxable year on or before March 15, 1944, no declaration of estimated tax need be filed for such year."

and eyes asparkle, when the door flew open and in breezed 'Queenie,' silk and satin personified. What a thrill to see those shimmering shakes and quivering quakes, A' la Geotzki. First, it seemed that one roll began to oscillate and then the others followed in rapid succession until nothing much was left for the imagination. Shortly after his brilliant performance the party broke up.

Lt. Hurlihy was among those present and pleased.

There are several of us who are wondering what became of the anonymous writer of the article, 'The Dow Found Chow Hound.' Cold feet?

Tommy Dowell is having his hands full with this latest batch of K. P.'s. Poor Tom! The public always sympathizes with the K. P.'s, but never a word on the agonies of the pushers.

And so it goes,

With love and kisses.

Mom.

P. S. Andrew got his ovens fixed.

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

for Neatness—
OFFICERS & PRIVATES
Wear
Spiffy
COLLAR STAYS
HOLDS COLLAR POINTS DOWN



INVISIBLE UNDER COLLAR

BEFORE



AFTER

Prevents collar curl. Makes uniforms look crisper, snappier, smarter. Spiffy eliminates starching and saves laundering. Makes your shirts last longer. Easy on—easy off. Stays put. Officers and privates in all branches of the service wear the adjustable SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS. Don't forget! In military as well as in civilian life—NEATNESS COUNTS!

The Stay with the Self-Adjusting Spring

COSTS BUT A FEW CENTS

AT ARMY AND PX STORES

What's Playing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MON., TUES: THE EAST SIDE KIDS AND BELA LUGOSI
GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY
FAULETTE GOODARD—RAY MILLAND in
CRYSTAL BALL—ALSO—REPORT FROM THE ALEUTIANS

FRIDAY-SATURDAY: CHARLES STARRETT in
LAW OF THE NORTHWEST

SUNDAY ONLY—LADY FROM CHUNGKING

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Manhattan Taxi

Telephone 9241

Park Theatre Building

Telephone 9241, Bangor, Maine

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



A poverty-stricken woman dressed in rags, was passing along a street in a French town, holding her little son by the hand. Suddenly she stopped to pick up an object from the ground, tucking it within the folds of her ragged garment.

A policeman standing near was attracted by the woman's act, and his suspicions were aroused. He demanded that she produce the object she had concealed, whereupon, with downcast eyes, she revealed a jagged fragment of broken glass, saying: "I was thinking only of the barefoot children."

A writer in The Rotarian relates this incident, and comments: "Each of us can go a step out of his way to aid in some small way an aged or blind person, or a frightened child wishing to cross a busy intersection. In a word, all of us can go through the streets picking up the bits of glass so that they may not injure unsuspecting feet, though our own feet may be well shod."

A poor, lame man worked twelve hours daily in a hot room as a saddler's apprentice. He had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to one's honor, but he had never understood the meaning of those words.

One day the saddler looked out of his window and saw a runaway horse drawing a small wagon on which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A man across the street ran up to the horse and caught it by the bridle, compelling the horse to stop.

The saddler soliloquized: "What if the bridle on that horse had not been well sewed, or poor thread had been used? The bridle might have broken and the mother and child been killed! What if it had been I who sewed that bridle?"

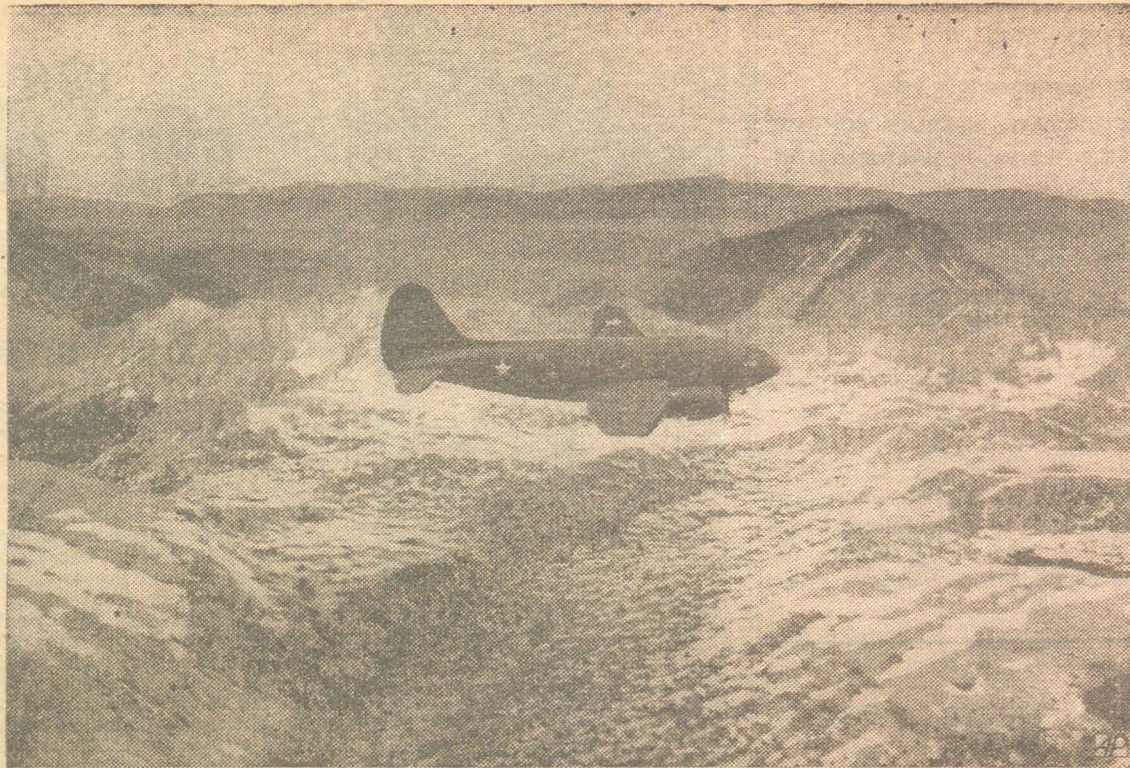
Filled with these thoughts, the saddler ever after performed his work with more faithfulness and satisfaction. He had found the secret of joy in his work."



"Do you new women drivers always look like that in the morning?"



Meet Me at
LARRY'S
FOR DELICIOUS
HAMBURGERS . . .
HOT DOGS . . .
ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT
POST OFFICE SQ.



BIG PLANE OVER BIG MOUNTAIN—A C-46 Air Transport Command cargo plane flies high over Mount Whitney in California. Many ATC planes are flown by former airline pilots.

Finance

SGT. CARL P. HESSING

Get "EM" Paid—that's the motto and the goal of the Finance Detachment. And that's just what the Finance Detachment is doing; in maintaining its efficient reputation in the Air Forces.

Word has been received from the boys down South, Sgt. Frank Bertrand Cpl. Stan Thomas. It seems the comforts of Dow Field are not in evidence at their new post. However they state they are withholding judgment until things get going as there are many things to compensate for any disadvantages. One thing which will keep brothers Deery, Bertrand and Wallace from getting homesick will be the fact that there are, with out a doubt, many Penobscots in the adjoining city. Lt. Wirth, Sgt. Frank Deery, Frank Bertrand, Hap Wallace, Stan Thomas, and Dominic Simone; all send greetings to the Dow Field Finance Office.

Bedlam in the barracks, Thursday evening. Just ask anyone how annoying to one's comfort developments were. The guilty? Parties? We don't know, but we have our ideas. Barracks Chief and his gig list please take note.

With football well underway on Dow Field, the Finance Detachment has had two initial set backs. The latest at the hands of a good Aviation Sq. team. Sgt. Dick Carlson handled the full back position in veteran style except for a few misinterpretations of rules. It seems the Finance played the most part of its game between the goal line and the 20 yard line. Sgt. Harry (I can still get around) Johnson; snagged three long passes, with the aid of glue on the tips of his fingers. Coach-player, Carl (just call me Lieutenant) Youngdahl, played his usual bang up game. Shorty Delorme, was so frequently in the Aviation Sq. back field, he broke up many of their plays before they got started. The Aviation, piling up a total of three safeties and two touch downs defeated the Finance 18 to 0.

With a full length mirror in the barracks, our romeo and fastidious dressing members need no longer climb on chairs in the day room to look themselves over in the high hanging mirror. T-Sgt. J. Pollak, Pfc. Beals Snyder, and T3-rd, Tony Correa, please take note.

Having one of those famous fairwells again were the members of the Finance Detachment in honor of our departing C. O.-Lt. Lambert Eben. Breaking the silence of a Sunday evening at the Penobscot Exchange Hotel, the Finance Detachment enjoyed themselves no end. With the capable rendition of a solo by E. R. Koss, W. O. J. G.; the stock of the Illinois representa-

tion in our organization soared to new heights. Shorty Delorme gave out with his talented voice, soft love ballads, that temporarily soothed the boys. This however didn't bring him any fan mail (mash notes to you) like his broadcasts do. Pfc. Beals Snyder did a worthy job of accompanying the group, singing. Not to be outdone was the phenomenal flash, Pfc. Duke Lilley who tickled the ivories as deftly as Fats Waller, for a good share of the evening. However, due to unforeseen obligations, Pfc. Duke left the party early. Except for one uninvited guest, (an airborne cavalryman from Texas-of un-G. I. issue) the evening moved on smoothly. The Finance Detachment will miss greatly Lt. Lambert Eben; and wish him the best of luck in his new assignment.

P. S.: As this was the first farewell without the attendance or should I say participation of Lt. R. J. Wirth, Sgt. Frank Deery—(alias the Mayor of the Penobscot) Frank Bertrand, Dominic Simone, Frank Wallace, and Stan Thomas; their absence was keenly felt.

Meet the Mrs.



Crowned queen of married ladies at Palisades Park, N. J., was Mrs. Betty Stedman of Kalamazoo, Mich., who was a runner-up in the Miss America contest before her marriage last year.

OLD MAIL BAGS

By Cpl. Theodore "Chink" Toombs

Well, fellows, I see by the calendar that we, the squadron, were just one year old on the 27th of this month. (They say the first year is the hardest).

As a committee of one on behalf of the members of the Squadron I wish to thank the members of the Socialites for the many fine events they have staged for us during the past year.

The dance that was given on last Friday night at the U.S.O. by the Socialites was without the shadow of a doubt the crowning event of the year, our Commanding Officer, Major William Berman spoke about the progress the Squadron has made during the past year.

Reverend Milton Geary gave a short talk on the merits of a soldier, or more or less the definition of the word soldier.

Mrs. Lucille Gaskin sang Jerome Kerns' immortal "Summer Time," and she really made an impression on the crowd.

Mrs. Roxie Illery held down the job of mistress of ceremony admirably, her satirical quips were put forth in the true Pittsburgh style.

Our accomplished pianist of the personnel department, Cpl. Joseph C. Cooper played a semi-classic, the Idilo by Theodore Lack. Cpl. Joe was painting a mood of horticultural nostalgia when lo, and behold, the piano commenced to groan and squeak, the younger set snickered in childish glee, but the Cpl. carried on in the grand style of a trouser and ended his rendition in a blaze of glory.

S/Sgt. William Toles electrified the audience with his rich baritone voice as he sang that ever popular "My Buddy."

Refreshments were served by members of the committee, Major Berman and 1st Sgt. H. W. Trott stood on opposite sides of the anniversary cake and upon the signal the cake was cut in half, and the members of the committee served it with ice cream.

The broadcast a week ago Thursday night was really swell. "Poppa" Johnson's "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues," was fine as a bottle of port wine. I think he has been burning the midnight oil and



DIAMONDS

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25 Hammond St.
Next to Bus Station

practicing a little.

Cpl. "Les" Wilson's Anniversary Waltz a week ago Friday night was really a masterpiece, and the only thing I can say is more power to a really swell fellow.

Hear that Cpl. Clarence Riley is doing a fine job at the non-coms' physical training school in Florida.

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and His
Family



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Bangor, Me.

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS
GET TOGETHER

AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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

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Editorial:

Forget The 10% Buy War Bonds Until It Hurts

Scared, Red???

Hell, no! I don't scare easy, but I'm no fool, either. I know where I'm going—and it's not to a church social. But I am an American—and all my buddies are Americans. We've got a messy job on our hands and we're doing it—because we know it's got to be done.

You folks back home have a job too—like buying War Bonds. I don't mean war bonds you can afford, either. That's just a good investment I mean War Bonds you can't afford.

War Bonds that mean being inconvenienced—one-thousandth as much as those guys who haven't had their wet, stinking clothes off in three weeks of crawling through the jungle killing Japs.

War Bonds that mean being uncomfortable—one-thousandth as much as those kids laying out there in the desert, waiting for the medical boys to give them a hypodermic.

So forget the 10 per cent stuff. Buy War Bonds until you can look at the guys who come back with one arm or one leg or no eyes, without a guilty feeling in your heart.

Medical Corps

By T. Cpl. Robert V. Howard

Here comes the Medical Corps (be careful how you spell Corps!) again with a few more crazy antics.

Some of the strangest things have been happening in the mess hall lately. Pfc. Gordon Bailey, it is rumored, went for a morning swim not so very long ago. While getting up from the breakfast table he lifted one foot over the seat and right down in a pail of water. Bailey said nothing for an instant but when he finally looked down at his predicament, he snapped out of his early morning coma and the bucket went sailing across the room. And what a vocabulary that boy has! Someone said that he used so many new swearwords that Torchy's I. Q. jumped up 10%.

The hikes are working out fine and from where your reporter sits it looks like the boys don't mind a bit, even though they holler about lame feet and blisters, etc.

We already miss the winning smile of Pvt. Iozzio and the funny patter of Pvt. Brady. Lots of luck to you, fellows!

Tuesday evening, the Medics took

the Signal Corps, winning by a score of 12 to 0. The game was touch-football and the pace was fast and furious! The boys played together well but we understand that "Big Boy" Daly was a little rough in spots!

Pfc. George Carpenter is proving to be an up-and-coming bowler. He wanted me to print his highest score of last week in this column, but why don't you readers just go see George and ask him?

We extend our hearty congratulations to Pfc. Murray and the Mrs. They were married last week and will live happily everafter.

Good old pay day! Seems like the Medics are broke earlier in the month than any other outfit on the base! That sure was a hot game of "Tiddlee Winks" out back of the day rom yesterday!

Sgt. Marcus reports that his tomatoes are coming fine, (meaning the vegetable species, of course). He picked them and hid them away in some field to ripen. He says, "anyone wanting to swipe my tomatoes must go through mosquito infested area and plenty of 'stickers' to find them." Don't forget about them, will you, Jack?

By the way, T4 Katz! Your shining face is seen quite often in the WAC day room. Nice over there, isn't it, Gabe?

"Glamor Boy" Pohlman is apparently popular at the WAC day room, too. Drop in any night and you're apt to find him playing and crooning "Paper Doll."

Glad to see you back, Johnnie Palasek! How about some more Boston cream pie?

Well, fellows, again we say, "if you've any funny episode, a little dirt or even a tall story, give us the low-down." And if something unusual doesn't happen pretty soon let's start eating goldfish or something!

So long till next week.

Your Reporter.

FREE!

Fluid for Your Lighter
DROP IN, SOLDIER

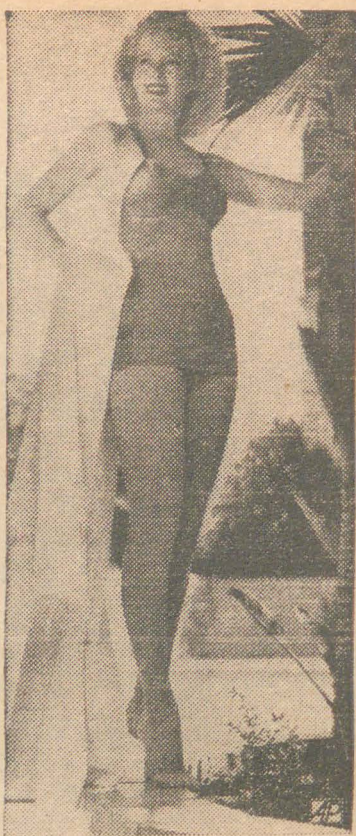
Fill Your Lighter and Look Us
Over

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YOUNGS

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Tobacconists Extraordinary



EYEFUL — Wearing something neat in swim suits, pretty Evelyn Keyes relaxes from her film labors at one of Southern California's palm-shaded recreation spots.

Signal Corps

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

Last Sunday, August 29, at Pushaw Lake, thrills, chills, and spills were provided in overwhelming measures as part of a gala entertainment for our Signal Corps members and officers attending the grand outing. Throughout the merry session, recreational activities went off with a bang. The sports consisted of swimming, row-boating, baseball and football. Refreshments were lavishly served comprising chiefly of a clambake dish style. Twilight had its share of excitement and laughter with the boys singing melodious songs and airing out humorous puns until late evening. Yes, everything blended splendidly for all in a loving harmony of contentment. This picnic marked the second successful party staged in recent weeks.

Attended by a large throng of soldier friends and ardent relatives from afar, the Army Base Chapel, on Sept. 1, unveiled one of the loveliest weddings witnessed here in some time. The former Miss Barbara Florsberg of Jamestown, N. Y., became the bride of Pfc. Raymond A. Johnson of this company. It was a stirring military pageant which held many dramatic moments for the onlookers as Chaplain Mark Smith officiated the matrimonial rites. First, Lieut. Carl J. Bloom, our company commander, was showered with the honor of giving the sweet, happy bride away. A majority of members from this command participated in a great day of celebration held in Bangor at the Penobscot Hotel. It's only fitting at this time to extend to you both the company's sincere best wishes for every happiness and say "Congratulations!"

He's here, there and everywhere! Yes, that vagabond Cpl. Nelson Lieber is once again with us after attending school at Mitchel Field, N. Y. Say, Lieber, will you please leave your suitcase unpacked this time? You may be heading on another trip soon, eh, kid?

Cpl. Louis Ciminera and Pvt. Richard Ryan are now taking a new outlook on life after staying in nights (by request) this past week. (Oh, the glory of it all... Tsk. Tsk.)

Back to their respective duties are Pfc. Armond Rosini and Pfc. Charles Cala, who have been away on furlough. (Rosini, we have all missed you, but not like the way your girl friend has here... Now ain't I the tattle-tale.)

Look out Rousell! Beware of his sharp teeth and claws! Hit him on the head. Don't faint Pete, he's really harmless. (All this quibbling and jitters actually took place in the barracks the other night when "Oscar," our little friendly lobster, was found hiding between the blankets of the poor fellow's bed while retiring. Pete had the silly assumption the creature was a snake in the dark. Ha! Ha! I can't get over it.)

Warrant Officers Arthur Sprague, Irvin Markham and Pfc. Robert Lux have departed for D. S. We

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Crying Baby And Donald Duck Given Voices By Versatile Al DeVincentis

The boys were marching in ranks one day, everyone minding his own business, when suddenly the unmistakable squawking of Donald Duck was heard. The sergeant looked around, glared for a minute, then yelled "who was that?" An air of injured innocence was registered on every G.I. pan. Once more the sputtering of Donald, vigorously protesting in Army language came from the ranks. Once more the drill sergeant yelled, "Who was that?" To a man the squad chorused "Donald Duck." The real answer to the \$64.00 question could be seen written on the impish features of Sgt. Al DeVincentis.

Al is a link trainer man at Dow Field. But that's only one phase of his busy life. His civilian career has run from supervising a meat department for the A. & P. to cutting hair to booking bands.

"Where did all your trouble begin," we started with a very direct approach.

"Jeanette," he answered simply. "Is that the name of your girl, or the place you were born? we shot out very snappily.

"Jeanette," he repeated absent-mindedly "Glass ware, window panes—iron steel.

"Are you building a house or plugging your home state?" we inquired briskly.

"I was born in Jeanette, Penna., 27 miles east of Pittsburgh and I'm proud of it," he suddenly explained. First I was a mechanic,

then I became a tonsorialist for five years.

"Did it take five years to take tonsils out," we asked not fooled by his big words.

"Tonsorialist," he snorted indignantly, "is a barker." "Then I got a job in the meat department of the KROGER grocery store. Then the A & P offered me higher wages so I worked as assistant manager of their meat department. From there on was just a step to a full managership.

BOOKED BANDS

Then I got another angle; when we delivered the meats to hotels and restaurants they would ask me if I knew any bands. Rounded up a couple of music boys and soon they were going the rounds.

"Are you a musician, yourself?" we asked dubiously, looking around for musical instruments.

"Well I did try the trumpet—once," he admitted. "But my lip got sore so I just got along to listen."

"We have heard you do Donald Duck, but where does the Crying Baby gag come in," we asked.

"Well I got fooling around one day and with a twist of the teeth I had a couple of boys looking around for diapers. Since then I do it just for a laugh."

"So help us, just at that point we heard the gurgling and bubbling of an infant, we looked around hastily. We were sure no one had come in. Al looked up sheepishly — sure enough — there was our baby.

Commendations For Guard Duty

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

AUGUST 28, 1943

Pvt. V. Yancey, Aviation Sqdn.
Pvt. A. Payne, Guard Sq.
Pfc. O. Sinnott, Air Base Sq.

AUG. 29, 1943

Pvt. Dumford, Guard Sq.
Pvt. A. Strong, Aviation Sq.

AUG. 30, 1943

Pvt. R. Westwood, Guard Sq.
Pvt. T. Chunke, Air Base
Pvt. H. Webster, Aviation

AUG. 31, 1943

Pvt. G. Feison, Guard Sq.
Pvt. E. James, Aviation Sq.
Pfc. H. Wheeler, Air Base Sq.

SEPT. 1, 1943

Pvt. C. Wall, Aviation Sq.

SEPT. 2, 1943

Pvt. F. Henderson, Guard
Pvt. H. Webster, Aviation
Pvt. S. Gaskin, Aviation Sq.

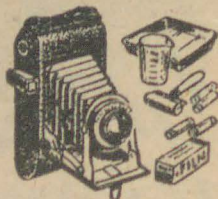
SEPT. 3, 1943

Pfc. V. Sorrentino, Air Base Sq.
Pvt. A. Payne, Guard Sq.
Pvt. J. Tompkins, Aviation Sq.

He who cuts his own wood warms himself twice. (Ralph Waldo Emerson.)

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

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

A WAACY VIEW

(A diary of doings on the WAAC Reservation)



A. F. C. SHIRLEY HIRSHAUT

In order to escape the wrath of S. Sgt. Paul Geden, I am endeavoring to get this week's column in early. As early as I do get it in, it isn't too late to tell you about the whooping good time we had at the picnic given us last week by the Medical Corps. We had it in the WAC area. The boys built fireplaces and the fires going at once gave us hungry people a chance to partake of the refreshments more quickly. There was dancing in our dayroom at all times so that anyone who cared to trip the light fantastic could do so when they wished. It's surprising how one has to rush for bed to make bed check after a party like that.

I just asked Pfc. Kay Solomon if she had any news for me and she said that she "don't get around much any more" . . . and she doesn't. Kay works nights . . . every night, but she doesn't lack for dates. In her spare time one seldom sees her alone.

Last week two of our K. P.'s asked me to inquire as to what member of the male sex has the serial number R-3495 and wear size 36 or so short. While washing dishes, the girls discovered the number on their rag, and spent the rest of the day wondering what kind of a man had worn those shorts . . . I'm curious too, aren't you?

Speaking of K. P.—The WAC mess hall has inaugurated a new system, "Corporals on K. P." The day our beloved non-coms did this fatigue work they received commendation. It sure helps on the gig sheet.

Our new mail clerk Sara Colsher is sure on the ball. I don't know whether our male admirers know it or not, about her I mean, but she certainly has been bringing in the mail.

Mess Sgt. Boone went to Boston on a three day pass last week. She was escorting her niece Jo Hepburn who has been visiting us for a while. Jo is the girl who is always in slacks, in case anyone is interested.

Congratulations to the girls who made ratings.

Corporal Mary Fogg cut her hair so as to keep it well above the collar. It looks adorable, but no matter how hard Mary tries that few strands of hair won't obey orders, ever Army orders.

Corporal Kay Levy told me if I ever mention her in the column again she wouldn't answer to the sequences. Thus I carefully snuggled down every night to be sure that it isn't short skirted.

Congratulations are also in order for Cpl. Rosalie Lief for the grand job she has been doing on the radio show each week.

I don't think we all appreciate our cooks as much as we should. Our WAC cooks are very short handed and they are still turning

PRIVATE BUCK



"Buck says the pen is mightier than the sword—and he's been in it enough to know!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Overheard on a Bangor Bus:
She: "Why don't we get a taxi?"
He: "Darling, you're beautiful. In a taxi no one would see you, but on a bus I can show you off to everyone."

Draftee: "Do you think they'll send me overseas, doctor?"
Examining Physician: "Not unless we're invaded!"

Sweet Young Thing: "Do you want to spoon?"
Pvt. Poolpuddle: "Spoon? What's that?"
S. Y. T.: "Why, look at those other couples over there, that's spooning."
Poolpuddle: "Well, if that's spooning let's shovel."

First Sergeant: "Did the corporal tell you what to do?"
Recruit: "Yes, sir, he told me to be sure and wake him whenever I see you coming."

Enlistee from Brooklyn: "An' whu'did you do before yu joined de Army?"

Buddy: "Worked in Des Moines."
Brooklynite: "Coal or iron?"

Sweetie: "My soldier friend is a bone specialist."
Another: "Why, I didn't know he was in the Medical Corps."
First One: "He isn't. He rolls 'em."

The corporal's mother and father had just finished dinner. The father was reading the evening newspaper and the mother was scanning a letter from her son. She interrupted the father's reading. "Bill says Dow Field is wonderful. He likes his buddies fine and needs more money for ammunition."

Then there's one about that mosquito that settled on a South Pacific air field one night and the men poured 60 gallons of gas into it before they discovered it wasn't a P-47.

Observed on the back of soldier's letter:

If not delivered in five days, take another five. Everybody's gotta be somewhere.

out the same swell quality of cooking.

Now that winter has come to Dow field those girls on furlough had better stock up on snuggles. The girls are: Pvt. Freeman, Pfc. Solomon, Pfc. Elder, Pvt. Haines, Pvt. Glose, Pfc. Hardin, T/5 Kingston, Pvt. May and Pfc. Mitchell.

Excitement prevailed when Katherine Ellsworth received her Pfc. stripe. It prevailed to such an extent that she sewed her stripes on upside down.

Surprise of the week was when the long awaited handbags arrived. Awaited anywhere from four months to a year.

I'll toddle along. See you next week—if Levy doesn't get me first.

WACs To Be Given Service Ribbon

WASHINGTON—The War Department announced this week that members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps who become members of the Women's Army Corps are entitled to wear a WAC Service Medal.

While the medal will not be manufactured until after the war, ribbons will be worn in the meantime. The ribbon is of rayon moire, of the same size as other service ribbons, and has a moss green center with old gold edges at each end.

Authorized to wear the ribbon are those women who have served honorably as enrolled or commissioned members of WAAC and who subsequently enlist or are appointed in WAC.

Award of the ribbon is authorized to be made at the time of enlistment or acceptance as a member of WAC. The ribbons now are on requisition.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

We believe that the Q. M. excels in the important army programs such as our Motor Pool being the best in the area along with being highest in the physical fitness tests and without a doubt second to none in rifle marksmanship. The Motor Pool is directed by Lt. Mancuso and the rifle classes by the talented Mr. Pozzi, W. O. jr. grade, and of course yours truly handles the PT end.

Answer when your name is called is an old familiar phrase, but it seems that Cpl. Ramsdell was doing a little day-dreaming when his name was called. The result being that he was locked in one of the commissary buildings. It is a good thing that he is in popular demand when muscles are needed or he might still be there.

Leave it to the Q. M. to pull hot ones. In this case it turned out to be a very cold bit of humor. It must be that the commissary boys just want to be different, this time Sgt. Hicks being the victim. From all indications that dept. must have their pests or flies flying around with fur coats and other things to keep them warm while in search of food in the ice box. Sgt. Hicks has been hanging fly paper in the ice box to catch these polar flies, etc.

Did you know that M-Sgt. Sain wanted to beat M-Sgt. Skypok's record fire score? To accomplish this he had his family and guests keep the Sgt. up as late as possible so that his condition would be at a low par on firing day. The plot must have had some effect as the Sgt. missed Expert by two points.

Heard that the football team lost a heartbreaker last week. Now that the range duties are over for a spell we can concentrate on a good team. Lt. Mahoney has been assisting making plays for the team and on one of them I hear that it went to his head. How about that?

Quite a few of the boys want to know if when firing a rifle and getting injured by the recoil, they are entitled to wear a wound stripe.

Sgt. Roe got a kick out of shooting and if you don't believe it just look at his nose. From the mark or scar one would think he was trying for a pistol record, as that scar is a duplicate of a .45 revolver.

Cpl. Bargonier, the old soldier, veteran of many record firing contests, Judo expert and other commando tactics, was really a sad sacker on the Q. M. firing day. Surely one little bit of criticism should not upset a commando.

Pvt. Feeney must have been singing the Air Corps song while he was shooting. It would have been disastrous had he been in enemy territory, their planes would have dropped like flies.

Cpl. Connors claims the sand bag title, but as an observer I must dispute his claims. The following men have more claim to it than he: Morrison, Feeney, Geesey, Isham and Byrnes.

Said a T-Sgt. to a S-Sgt.: "Doesn't that guy ever work?" Of course that guy is your reporter. For the benefit of everyone that may have the same ideas I shall give a brief outline of what I do. The first remark was made on the range the 28th of this month. To answer that one first here is my very good reason. First of all I was on a pass and at the request of Mr. Pozzi to assist in coaching, I gave up that day, would you? Next I take care of all the typewriters on this post and outlying posts. Could you do it? The answer is no. Next I write this column, which I agree is not

himself is liable for the hospital bill.

A man's furlough ceases automatically upon admittance to any hospital. But he resumes the uncompleted portion on release from the hospital.

COLONEL QUIZ ASKS



- What places were once called:
 - Etruria
 - Aragon
 - Helvetia
- What state claims him:
 - Charles Lindbergh
 - Wendell Willkie
 - Colin Kelly
- What is the literal meaning of:
 - pince-nez
 - Persona non grata
 - entre nous
- Near what town is:
 - Fort McClellan
 - Fort Bliss
 - Fort Benjamin Harrison
- What are three of the six Central American Republics?
- What famous foods come from these places?
 - Aroostook County, Maine
 - Bar-le-duc, France
 - Neuchatel, Switzerland
- Complete these sayings:
 - "The world is so full of a manner of things . . ."
 - "Early to bed and early to rise . . ."
 - "Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells . . ."

Answers on Page 8.

essential, but a job that I see no one accepting and don't say it hasn't been up for any takers. Last but not least, Special Service NCO is the next duty and this job is for the benefit of the entire company, no one barred. This duty was created to help the men with any troubles, to put things into effect that will benefit all concerned. I have told many that I will do more good for the men than harm, and that is just what I intend to keep on doing at all times. Don't forget the good old golden rule, it is still paying good dividends.



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"I only have four days' leave—thank goodness!"



REGULAR SERVICE

7:30 A. M. to 12 M.

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"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

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

The Chapel Spire

1st. Lt. Mark A. Smith

Base Chaplain

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

WEEKDAYS

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

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

Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative
Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

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)

LT. ELMER J. WATRY Aviation Squadron

Lieut. Watry brings to Dow Field an unusual combination of business administration and ordnance background. The business end was developed at Marquette university. He also starred in the backfield of the Marquette football team.

His civilian activities put his academic studies to work as an insurance adjuster for the Employers Mutual.

In November, 1940, when the fateful numbers were drawn out of the goldfish bowl in Washington, the second number called was Lieut. Watry. He soon became a member of the 52nd ordnance. In February, 1942, he became attached to the ordnance department of the Southern California section of the western defenses at Pasadena. Nineteen men were given a roving assignment and they traveled over the face of the land, Lieut. Watry among them. Recognizing his wide experience, he was named a member of Gen. Kutz's staff of ammunition inspection.

His gold bar came on Jan. 1943. It turned to silver on May 5, 1943. His home town is Fort Washington, Wis.

would say, is a harrowing tale. To quote Haislip, "If inhabitants of Maine are known as 'Maniacs' then people living in Baltimore must be 'Baltimoreans.' Sound reasoning but a little insulting to say the least.

Looks like some hectic times ahead with the Comm. all in one barrack. The rush for the choice locations was a sight to see.

Lt. Hamel is sporting a new lip decoration these days, the question of the week is whether he should keep same. Our unqualified opinion is that he should by all means. That distinguished look you know.

Conversation in the latrine concerning the death of King Boris of Bulgaria: "Did you hear that Boris was dead?" Foesburg, "Yeah, but what outfit is he in, the Airbase Squadron or the Comm.?" Reply, "Airbase Squadron, why?" Foesburg, "I was afraid I'd have to wear a shift."

What is the "secret" that Lt. Hamel and Joe Caron are concocting over in the school?

Ask "Butch" Kelly about last week's embarrassing incident. After inviting some friends out to the P. G., he and they walked all the way up to his house to get his car only to discover that he'd left it downtown, wonder what type of "refreshments" he was enjoying?

As much as we hate to leave we must say "Adieu" for another week. We'll bet that makes you awfully unhappy (???)

The high cost of living doesn't seem to have any effect on its popularity.

Cocktail Lounge
Dining Room
We Welcome the
Boys in the Service
Penobscot
Exchange Hotel
139 Exchange St. Dial 4501

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. 6

Labor Day picnic, 6 p. m. Let us know if you wanna go. Formal dance 8:00-11:30. Orchestra, USO hostesses. Refreshments.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 7

Night Club Night—Tables, hats, noise makers. Fun. Dancing. 8:00-11:30. USO hostesses. Make a Letter-on-a-Record, 8:30-9:30.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 8

Air Corps Night. Everybody welcome. Dow Field Troubadours for dancing 8:15-11:30. USO hostesses. Radio broadcast 10:30-11:30.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 9

Movie Night. Full length feature, 9:00 p. m. Informal dancing 8:00-

11:30. USO hostesses.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 10

Pool tourney continues at 8 p. m. Enter at office. Cash prizes. Informal dancing, 8:00-11:30. USO hostesses. Letters-on-a-Record made, 8:30-9:30.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 11

Engineer Corps Night. Special dance. Music 8:00-12:00. Smokes for the Engineers at the Snack Bar. USO hostesses.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 12

Special letter writing and mailing facilities, 9 a. m.-1 p. m. Jam session 3:15 p. m. Special recordings. Informal dancing, 8:00-11:30. USO hostesses.

greeting from the gang, "Chet".

The area in front of the orderly room looks more like the base motor pool than the base motor pool does lately, with the Comm. "scientists" running in and out with new and strange looking vehicles and apparatus.

Two very unusual sights seen recently: "Corncob" Niles actually mopping under his own bed in the barracks and Al Potente catching a fly at Bass park. These two miraculous events are so out of the ordinary that they should have headlines.

Congratulations are in order for "Hawk" Haughney on two counts, first and probably foremost (she might be listening) is his recent marriage while home on furlough (we hope you are very happy), and second his acceptance for aerial gunnery school. In either case he's taking a "flyer" (we couldn't resist that one).

Payday (the holiday that comes in the middle of the week) was very usual as far as the Comm. was concerned. The usual group went to the usual spot, dropped the usual "cabbage," imbibed the usual "refreshments" and returned in the usual condition. The following a. m., however, the usual hat didn't fit the unusual head.

Donaghue and Haislip, who have definitely become "date bait," will, we predict, soon be dropped from the ranks of the group known as "the boys." There's as the nose

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

After hearing about it from dawn to dusk of every day for quite a while and now that it has become a reality we find ourselves forced to give it top billing as the item of the week. We speak of course of "Pee Wee's" promotion to Technician Fifth Grade or to be less practical two stripes with a T. Now that we find ourselves "rated" by the weaker sex we're going to have to watch our "conduct." All kidding aside—nice going Cpl. Hardin. (Going to be hard getting used to that title).

Best wishes to Sgt. Libby who was confined to the hospital last week. Here's a "get well quick"



KEEN-EDGED ALLY—A Goumier, one of the fierce Berber fighting men attached to the U. S. Army in Sicily, hones his American bayonet in preparation for a night raid. He wears the French helmet and carries a U. S. rifle.

Under the STARS AND STRIPES

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

Detective Story. The waiter was very patriotic, and as he served chicken salad he heard the two men at the table talking. One said to the other:

"I'll make the sketches while you distract their attention. If we get their secret design, it will be our biggest victory of the year."

The waiter called the F. B. I. As the two men were paying their checks an F. B. I. man arrived at the restaurant, questioned them.

They explained. They were dress manufacturers and were going to a fashion showing with the intention of sketching a competitor's new model.

An Indian by the name of Fire When Ready was recently inducted into the Army. They have asked him to change his name to Fred Smith. Yelling "Fire When Ready" at the wrong time might cause some confusion, as you can understand.

Attention men over 35 years old!

Dow Field Activities

Wednesday, Sept. 8—Co. B, 1906, "B" dance, cabaret style. The formal dance will be held in T6. Dancing will begin at 8 p. m. and last

until 12. The Rhythm Airs will give forth with their best jive.

Thursday, Sept. 9—Broadcast and dance. The regular weekly broadcast and dance will be held in T6. The broadcast begins at 9. At 9:30 the Troubadours will give forth with their sweet swing music.

Friday, Sept. 10—Co. H. & S. Pushaw pond is the place. Fried chicken dinner is the menu. The Rhythm Airs will complete the party with music for dancing.

Sunday, Sept. 12—Come one, come all. See what has been done to your Recreation Hall. Spanish murals adorn the walls. New piano has been added. Open house for everyone.

R. C. WILLISTON
OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN

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



AUTOGRAPH PLANE—Covered with hundreds of workers' signatures, the 2,000th Douglas skytrain cargo transport rolls from the production line at Long Beach, Calif. Some signers added personal comment.

Guadalcanal Boys Build Chapels

Soldiers on Guadalcanal solved the problem of no chapels by building their own, the War Department has been informed.

Chaplain (First Lieutenant) Christian Neuman of Woodlawn, Maryland, reported that the men of his regiment built three make-shift chapels within a few weeks after the last Jap had been eliminated from the island.

"These chapels have plain-leaf roofs and coconut-log pews, but they serve the purpose very well," Chaplain Neuman reported. "The men, too, are proud of their work and I believe they attend services as regularly as if a great stone cathedral were available to them."

Chaplain Neuman said the regiment arrived on the island December 17, 1942, and although much fighting still was going on, they were able to have a "fine Christmas day service" eight days later. He added that when fighting ended, Guadalcanal natives began to join in the regular Sunday services.

"At each service we now have quite a group of natives in the congregation," the Chaplain said. "These people had previously been visited by missionaries of the Church of England and seem to like Christianity. They have proved themselves pretty valued additions to the choir, too."

Asked about the personal problems of the men of his regiment, Chaplain Neuman said:

"They haven't many such problems that regular letters from home won't cure."

Headquarters

By Sgt. Freddie Neumann

T-4 Sally Neary proved recently that striking the wrong typewriter key can lead to embarrassing consequences. Do you dare ask her?

The Sgt. Major's Office informs that its boss—the one and only Sgt. Paul Bolden—is shy when it comes to one thing—a radio appearance. They're trying to coax him to accept an offer to appear on a local broadcast, but to no avail. Is it really true, Paul—the shyness, I mean?

The "Winsome Quints" have become a foursome during the absence of Cpl. Gert Kingston. She's back home on furlough. What's been doing lately, girls?

S-Sgt. Ernest Baker returned from a three-day pass just full of pep. What's up Ernie? By the way have you sent that picture to your home newspaper yet. We all want to send for the issue.

Sgt. "Red" Roy dood it again. He

222,249 Books

Soldiers May Borrow Free From The

Bangor Public Library

145 Harlow St.

9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Daily Except Sundays

lost his hat the other day and appeared stumped until he remembered what he did in a similar case a few weeks back. So off to dinner he goes wearing the chapeau of one of the WACs. We wonder what she did, Roy.

S-Sgt. "Wolf" Eldridge is busy trying to squelch the rumors concerning his now overdue matrimonial venture. In the Tech Office, I received a new slant on the wooing S-Sgt. They call him the "main(e) wolf." We would appreciate a clear cut statement, "Red."

S-Sgt. Ralph Vaughn has threatened me with a full week of his snoring concerts. He's on basic this week, and I'm afraid it's going to show in his snoring. Woe is me—and the rest of you in upper 219.

Lt. Ort now has his office over at the Gym. He gave his boys a good workout moving him over yonder. But we didn't see Sgt. Eddie Thomas. Could be he was busy somewhere else.

Went into the Sgt. Major's office the other day only to be enveloped in a blast of frigid air. It seems the romance thermometer had taken a sudden nose dive. But now—well just stop in as you pass by.

Charlie Morrett returned to Dow Field for a visit. He's been discharged and has come up to recall past memories. It's nice to see you again, Charlie, and the best of luck to you.

Next week there's a surprise in store for you, so just sit tight and look for the next issue.

Eating Corn Is American Art British Find

The War Department has been informed that members of the British 1st Composite Antiaircraft Battery, now in this country for a nationwide tour of Army Ground Forces installations and an exchange of training information, don't have to seek entertainment in their time off, because, as one of the soldiers explained, "it's wonderful just walking about the streets with the lights on at night—every night."

"There is a great shortage in England of many items you Americans have," explained another of the British soldiers, "but conditions are difficult, and so we really don't mind it."

Which probably accounts for the attitude of one man who stopped another as he left a mess hall to ask: "Have they got oranges?" The other replied: "Yes, and fresh milk and . . ." But the first was already on the run.

Watermelon and corn on the cob are two prime favorites of the unit. One soldier said: "This corn on the cob is all right. It's the first time I've had it, and I dare say some of the lads have never heard of it."

Which was proved by one who asked the proper eating procedure. "Just hold it in both hands," said an American sergeant. "You eat it like you play a harmonica."

"Thank you, sir," said the always polite British soldier. "By the way, sir, what is a harmonica?"

A radio commentator was making an excited address about the glories of the helicopter. Said he: "It can land anywhere, even on a whale."

CIVILIAN SLANTS

SUB-DEPOT NEWS

SUPPLY

The annual outing of the Employees Welfare association held at Hermon pond last Thursday was voted a huge success by all Supply personnel who attended. A more congenial crowd would be hard to find. A highlight of the evening for we of Supply was the specialty dance featuring our Chief Clerk Davis and Alice Matheson. Johnny Ward and partner offered some keen competition and finally came off with the top honors and prize waltzers.

Arlene King and Maxine Powers are back from a pleasant vacation in Boston. They report that they had "gobs" and "gobs" of fun. Where did you pick up that Navy lingo, girls?

Ann Bois, our efficient order clerk, has recently been transferred to the Receiving Department.

Who is the culprit who pilfered Dave Richardson's cucumber bed in back of the pump house at the Aqua System? Dave threatens to take the matter up with S-3 if he doesn't find a clue before long.

Sophie Gass, Supervisor of the Coordinating Branch, has returned to duty after an interesting trip to RASC on detached service.

Ruth Glidden spent a "scenic" vacation atop of Charleston Hill recently. One would have to travel far and wide to find a pleasanter place to rest and feast the eyes on beauty, vows Ruthie . . . and no rose colored glasses either.

Sarah O'Donohue is back to work after a period of sickness. It's nice to have you back Sarah.

We also miss Vic Hanna, supervisor of S. R. Unit II, who has been very ill with complications from her recent vaccination.

Speaking of vaccinations, Ann Fisher seems to have recovered beautifully from hers and is back to work gayer than ever. Is it the "Major" duties of your job which keeps you so happy?

Merle (Flash) Gordon has been transferred to Tool Crib No. 1. Your pals here in supply will miss you, Flash, and wish you good luck on your new job.

Ruth Worthley is in the Russell hospital recovering from a back injury.

Philmore Willey, former Supply employee now with the armed forces, dropped in for a chat with his former co-workers last week. Did he look swell? Just ask some of the girls.

Bernice Meath's son was home on leave from Camp McCall and paid the warehouse a visit on Monday.

On the sick list also is Bernard Constantine, who is suffering from a sprained back.

Gwen Hessert, former Receiving Unit employee, paid us a visit last week.

MAINTENANCE

MAINTENANCE DEPT.

The whole Maintenance department was saddened this week by the departure of Lt. John H. Simons, assistant maintenance officer. Lt. Simons was with us for almost a year and won innumerable friends among the 332d Sub-Depot civilian and military personnel.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Genevieve Marcus whose brother, Lloyd K. Robinson, U. S. Merchant Marine, died recently at the Marine hospital, Brighton, Mass., following an appendectomy. Lloyd was but 20 years old and his death came as a great shock to his family as they were so proud of his advancement while in the Merchant Marine Service having just completed a course in pharmacy at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., graduating with one of the highest ranks in a class of 100 boys.

John and Jeanne Breslin spent the weekend in Waterville where they attended a party for Celia Travis, a Waterville, Maine girl who has made good in Hollywood.

One would never recognize Lt. Sidney Dyke these days due to his new hair cut and the tickler on his upper lip.

Richard Rall, Planning & Production Control Supervisor, has returned from a conference at RASC, Rome, N. Y.

The Guard Squadron's Goat having authority to enter any enclosure area at Dow Field has shown an interest in Walter Pearson, our Engine Branch Assistant Foreman.

The goat follows Walter around daily and we're wondering if it has Walter confused with a tin can?

Hester Reynolds, Propeller Branch, recently returned from Portland where she spent her vacation.

Ulysses A. Providence, Cable Unit, enjoyed a much deserved two-day vacation and is back with us again.

Highlights of the successful picnic held last Thursday by the 332d sub-depot: The baseball game participated in by Alice Lytikainen, Jeanne Breslin, Evelyn Bragg, Becky Libby, Carmen Conlogue and Bobby Curran. The tug-of-war between Supply and Maintenance girls. The smooth dancing of Jim Mutty, Amasa Sherman and Almon White—three Fred Astaires! Ed Long's socialbility—shaking hands with everyone at the outing. Louie Thibeau looking for his lost gray stetson hat and his fancy green and white tie. Laurice Hatt putting his false choppers in his pocket just in case. Ken Karnes showing up with a deep flesh wound on the left side of his face. There are signs of nail polish in the wound but Ken says he was showing brother Hatt how a bulldozer worked. Now is there or was there a woman in the case? Jeanne Breslin surprised us with her ability as a song leader. Those community songs were very good Jeanne. George McKenney, our shop superintendent, with his boundless energy had the picnickers gasping when he attempted to scale the wall of the dance pavilion without a ladder. Probably getting his initial practice for future stunting! A baked bean supper was enjoyed by all, and dancing later in the evening to the good music of Norman Lambert's orchestra, was also enjoyed. A vote of thanks goes to the committee who made this "Outing" possible.

Civilian Guards

Patrolman Harry E. White who is on annual leave is very active in V. F. W., and will give much of his time to above organization while the World of Mirth Show is in Bangor.

We are glad to report that Patrolman George L. Fitzgerald is back from Veterans Hospital at Togus, Maine, and will be on duty starting the first of September.

Patrolman Parkhurst is very pleased that he is to be on the First Shift during the month of September.

SIGNAL SECTION

Wilfred Dorley has just left us to return to his own home town. Sorry to see you leave.

We have word from Mrs. Barnes, a former employee, that she is enjoying New York City very much. Welcome, Miss Virginia Wood, to Signal Branch.

Days come and go but Monday there was a new light on the situation. It seems that Mr. Boone, Chief Clerk, wanted to do all his work standing up. The reason—it seems as though Sunday afternoon Mr. Boone went horse-back riding and enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon.

Welcome back Stewart Hodgman. Mr. Hodgman has been away to school the past month at Philadelphia, Penn.

Glenn Sillman celebrated his 8th Wedding anniversary Sunday 29, August 1943. Congratulations to you both.

The Signal Branch baseball team is now in the progress of organization.

Cleon Chestnut will probably wear a tight collar the next time he goes on a test flight.

HEADQUARTERS

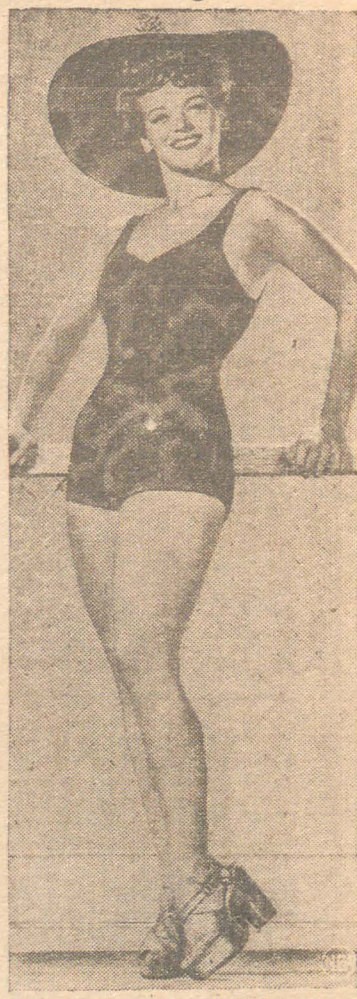
The Sub-Depot was very much pleased with the visit of General Kane, Col. Skerrett, and party last Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1943.

We are all pleased to see Major Fennell back in his office again. Our Commanding officer has been in the hospital for the last few days.

Mr. Hultgren is back with us again, after attending the funeral of his father recently in Pennsylvania.

Classification experts from the secretary of war's office, Washington, D. C., have been at the Civilian Personnel Office classifying all employees of the Army Air Forces at

Camouflage Cutie



U. S. camouflage unit must not have had concealment in mind when they designed this war-toned swim suit for streamlined figure of their favorite pin-up girl, Martha O'Driscoll.

this Sub-Depot, as well as all base personnel.

Capt. Eckhardt and Capt. Talbot are both back from Detached Service at RASC, Rome, N. Y.

We are glad to hear that "Gusie" Padgett is out of the hospital and are hoping to see her back to work soon.

Medical

"Tommy" Hardy, formerly a messenger at Station Hospital and a recent visitor here, has been promoted to the rank of Petty Officer, 2nd Class, his friends will be glad to know. He is now serving with the U. S. S. Connor.

Mrs. Ruth Varney is now in Winn, Me. Her mailing address is Lincoln Center, RFD I.

Pvt. and Mrs. Galen Veayo were August visitors at the hospital. Pvt. Veayo was employed as a janitor before he was inducted into the service. He is now stationed at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.

Miss Evelyn C. Woods of Washington, D. C., has been the guest of Miss Mary K. O'Connell. Miss Woods is employed in the Navy Department there.

Joseph Cullinan has returned to his duties after a week's vacation home. Thomas Witham spent his "furlough" at Speck Pond and enjoyed a week's fishing there.

Miss Eleanor Higgins entertained her fiancé, Sgt. Carr F. McInnis of Camp Edwards, Mass., over the week-end.

Pvt. Thomas E. Tyrrell may be reached at Camp Sutton, N. C., 53rd Replacement Bn., Co. A. He also "served in the ranks" of janitors here.

Thomas P. Bird has written his friends to visit his friends at Station Hospital in the near future. Formerly employed here he is now a pipefitter's helper at the Charles-town Navy Yard.

Mrs. Catherine C. Kearns is busy at her duties in the kitchen after taking a few days off to do some "school" shopping.

The Misses Mary O'Connell and Eleanor Higgins have been enjoying beautiful floral bouquets, courtesy of their friends among the Gray Ladies.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St.

Bangor



BATHER — A gay figured swimming suit with palm-tree pattern is modeled by Janet Blair, film actress, at the edge of a California pool.

Signal Squad Nose Out Q. M. To Win 7-6

By PVT. SAMUEL PROFETA

A smashing hard fought victory was captured by our Signal Corps squad in defeating the well represented Quartermaster team by the narrow margin of 7 to 6. Trailing desperately at the closing of the second-half by 6 points, the determined Signals strengthened with fresh reserves unshackled new effective fighting talent to notch the tying touchdown. W. O. Arthur Sprague attributed the gem play for the winners by out-caging and running his rivals to the goal area. Pfc. Robert Lux was credited for the extra marker that accounted for the necessary win. Additional honors went to 1st Sgt. Larry Wennerberg and Cpl. John Bryant for their sparkling efforts throughout the contest. A word of praise is extended to the field referees for superb management.

Minus the presence of some of its regular players, the Signal Corps touch-football team suffered its first defeat of the season to the powerful Medics by the score of 12 to 0. Out-played and matched all the way, the Signal clan unit really appeared helpless in facing the rugged, charging forces of the challengers. It was a loosely played affair, although interest and excitement never once failed the witnessing crowd with spills and thrills galore. Glittering performances executed by Lt. Levine during important intervals, inserted much inspiration to revive weary spirits anew among his men in annexing the glorious earned triumph.

perfectly on everything—they even have the same answer to the question "Who killed Cock Robin?"... We had the pleasure of viewing some of Pvt. Nyme's landscapes last Sunday eve—he did a scratch portrait of the beautiful blond we were with—but we still think she's beautiful. Cpl. Switlenko stole the spot light Tuesday night at the USO Tabloid Show—we always thought there was a little of the histrionic art in Steve... Our boy Pvt. Kumis has become quite a philosopher—he puts the gravy on the potatoes with the feeling of an artist... we wish a certain private would stop calling his girl friend "Happy Bottom"—just because her name is Gladys... Cpl. Martino's still in the hospital but he wants us to know that he has plenty of vim, vigor, and vitality... M-Sgt. Hanes was on the ready line when the boys were being paid off—seeing to it that Non-Com club dues were paid in before foolish squaderings could begin—oh yes... and remember only 117 shopping days before Christmas... Military Secret of the Week—M-Sgt. Bolden has the unusual hobby of collecting miniature quadrupeds—horses to you—one night he even confided to us the fact that he has a thousand miniature horses at home—and then proceeded to unwrap a package containing 2 miniature glass unicorns—we almost wept in our beer... The phone almost exploded when we suggested to S-Sgt. Martinuzzi that he take care of refreshments at the forthcoming Air Base Squadron 7th dance—the next time we see Frank chasing stray dogs down Bangor's alleys we'll really have something to pin on the guy... we wonder how Pfc. Shepard's wife is coming along—is it true what they say about Mildred? ... Mother always told us—"Be good—if you can't be good—be careful, and if you can't be careful—get married"—being a single man we say "so long" until next week... please note that nasty Butch of Penobscot fame didn't get into our column this week...

Cheesecake With Wheels



Right out of a photographer's dream are these roller-skating beauties from the 1943 Skating Vanities, show on wheels now touring the nation after Cleveland opening. Gloria Nord, left, stars in the roller follies as a ballerina on skates, while Shirley Barnhart is drum majorette

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Here are the final scores of the Q.M. record fire of the last group. The first group congratulate you all on the fine showing.

Orioli	188	Goyette	145**
Skypek	176	Reyes	145*
Boyd	170	Lackey	145**
Conway	169	Geesey	144
Myzerjewski	168*	Randolph	142
Williams	168	Kreiman	141*
Lussier	160	Traylor	141
Bidoli	159	Brooks	139
Sain	158	Repine	137*
Casey	156*	Zaslloff	137**
Kileoyne	156	Conner	137**
Carlen	156**	Clifford	136*
Winn	155	Saffro	136
Adkins	155*	Flora	135
Purser	153	Costello	134
Sucher	153**	Kempton	128
Works	153*	Morrisson	125
Hicks P.	151	Isham	44
Jones H.	150*	Winters	+
Acuna	150	Alves	+
Ernstberger	147*	Hickey	+
Reed	147**	Byrne	+
Roe	147***	Feeney	+
Bargonier	146	Wolf	+

*Indicates did not fire.

†Indicates did not fire.

134 to 167 Marksman.

168 to 177 Sharpshooter.

178 and up Expert.

A health expert says that human beings are smartest at the age of 50. This should confine virtually all the brains to men, as few women ever admit being that old.

After gazing at a lot of samples we can't see why a Jap should be so concerned about saving his face.

Col. Quiz Answers

- (a) northern Italy; (b) northern Spain; (c) Switzerland.
- a) Michigan; (b) Indiana; (c) Florida.
- (a) pinch nose; (b) person acceptable; (c) between ourselves.
- (a) Anniston, Ala.; (b) El Paso, Texas; (c) Indianapolis, Ind.
- (a) Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama.
- (a) Potatoes; (b) Jams and jellies; (c) cheese.
- (a) I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings; (b) Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise; (c) And the Lowells speak only to God.

Air Base Squadron

Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

There are smiles that make us happy—there are smiles that make us blue—but the "cat eating glue" smile of 1st Sgt. Higer gets our vote as the heartiest smile on the base... T-5 Duane Halze has a new theme song "Peg o' My Heart"—and Hazle has really been nailing that peg all right... To put some boys at ease—Sammy Brown found his teeth... We spotted Superman Di Cola with 2 Blackstones in his pocket 3 days before payday—and so we rapidly halved his capital... S-Sgt. Casey Duran is on the ball so much it almost hurts—notice how he's quieted down to a solemn existence once again—such is life without a wife... Cpl. Brewer just got what he most wanted in the army—a Class "A" pass—of course he had to get married first—what some men won't do for a Class "A" Pass. This week's Gruesome Twosome goes to Sgts. Krug and Mascia—they both agree

Guard Squadron And Aviation Ends 3rd Week Of Play In Tie For 1st Place

SGT. EDWARD THOMAS

The inter-squad touch football league ended its third week of play with the Guard Squadron and the Aviation squadron in a tie for first place. All games so far have been closely contested and hard fought. On Monday the Air Base and Aviation Squadron game was postponed. On Tuesday the Medics won a very rough game from the Signal team. Score 12-0 for their second win. On Wednesday the Finance won a tough game from the Quartermaster, 14-8. Coming from behind at the second half the Finance overcame the Q.M. lead of 8-0 on a safety and two bulley passes from Dick Carlson to Don Wallin to make the final outcome of 14-8. Thursday the game between the Signal and Aviation Squadron was postponed.

We move into our new gym sometime this week and will have our

new equipment ready as soon as possible for all men on the Post to use. All the latest equipment in the athletic and gymnastic line will be available to all personnel on the Base. It is planned to have a boxing room and handball courts, basketball courts and many others. Lt. "Bill" Ort left us for four weeks for Special Service School as of Saturday.

The Air Base Squadron soft ball team defeated the all stars team from Sub-depot league. Andy Zufall gave only one hit with "polka Komoroski Smith and Bierma leading the attack. The Air Base star pitcher is laid up in the hospital so maybe the Sub-Depot team was lucky. The final score was 7-4. These teams played a nine inning scoreless game last week.

Logic Dept.—Lord Chile, when yuh ain't got no education, yuh jest gotta use your brains.



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NEW

Blade Master

Here's that clever little gadget that makes your old razor blades as sharp as new...and SAVES steel! Sharpens and conditions both sides of both edges in one single operation. Handy, compact, sturdy!

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SERVICE CAPS, GARRISON CAPS
TIES, SOX, BELTS

WEB BELTS with Solid Brass Buckles or Solid Brass
Buckles with 24-k. Gold Plate

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With Elastic Garter Tops

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BANGOR'S M.&P. THEATERS HITS FOR THIS WEEK

BIJOU Theatre TEL. 5307

Today and Tuesday
BEST FOOT FORWARD

LUCILLE BALL
Harry James and His Music Makers

Wed., Thurs., Fri.

JITTERBUGS
LAUREL and HARDY

TEL. 5308
OPERA HOUSE BANGOR

ENTIRE WEEK

WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED

Richard Quine, Anne Gwynne
Noah Beery, Jr.

PARK THEATRE BANGOR TEL. 3660

Today and Tuesday

TALK OF THE TOWN
Cary Grant, Jean Arthur

—Also—

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO

Franchot Tone, Akim Tamiroff

Wed.-Thurs.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE

Ray Milland, Loretta Young

—Also—

LADIES' DAY

Lupe Velez, Eddie Albert