

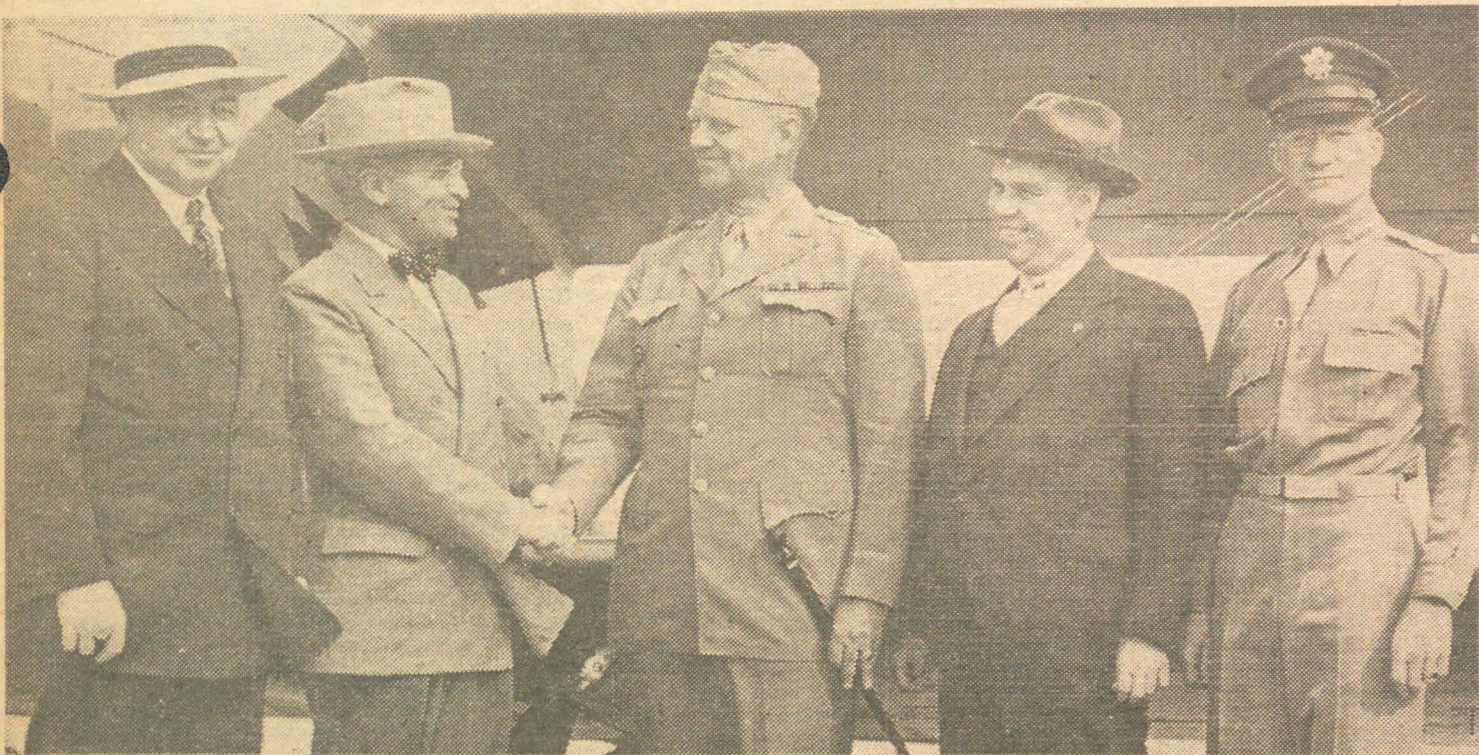
DOW FIELD OBSERVER

Published Weekly

BANGOR, MAINE, AUGUST 24, 1942

Vol. No. 12

TRUMAN GROUP VISITS DOW FIELD



OFFICIALS INSPECT BANGOR AIR BASE—Three members of the important Senate Truman committee and Major General Sherman Miles were visitors at the Bangor air base Wednesday on an inspection tour. The Truman committee members arrived by plane and were greeted by Col. George E. Lovell, Jr., commanding officer of the base, and General Miles who had arrived earlier. In the picture, left to right, are: Senator Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia, Senator Harry E. Truman of Missouri, General Miles, Senator Ralph O. Brewster of Maine, and Col. Lovell.

Impressed With Progress Major Gen. Miles Present

Following an inspection of Dow Field in which Major General Sherman Miles, commanding general of the First Service Command, also participated, Senator Harry S. Truman declared in an interview that he and other members of the important Senate committee bearing his name were "very much impressed" with the network of army air fields in this section of Maine.

Senator Truman together with Senator Ralph O. Brewster of Maine and Senator Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia and General Miles toured the vast Bangor air base in company with its commanding officer, Col. George E. Lovell, Jr., who later conferred with his distinguished guests at base headquarters.

It was an important occasion at the Bangor base, marking the first time that so many governmental and military leaders have been assembled on the field.

Truman Group
Please Turn to Page 4

Gas Attack Finds Base Squadron Alert and Ready

**Hikers Surprised
With Genuine
Tear Gas Barrage**

**SURPRISE HIKERS
WITH TEAR GAS BARRAGE**

We had just finished untangling ourselves from a barbed wire fence, and crossing a bumpy clearing—and then it happened. A puff of smoke was the first indication, then more and more puffs, and the gas attack was in full force.

Pvt. Louis Welch insists he saw it first, and he went into action. When he tried to unfasten his mask his hat fell off, then he groped for his hat, and the gas fumes sent tears streaming down his deep tan. There was another struggle and even more confusion as he tried to find his way out of the gas area.

Finally he pulled himself together and with curly lock waving defiantly in the breeze manfully strode out of the clearing.

We've got a suspicion that in his confusion he tried to put the can-teen on, because, every time he took a breath, he got a mouthful of water. Louis stoutly maintains he was the hero of the occasion, because his jumping around warned the rest of us of impending danger.

A smarting sensation on the back of the neck was the only unpleasantness we experienced. The boys sure got those masks on in a hurry.

A fine sight we were, too. Some of us look better in a gas mask than without. At any rate those of us who don't have glamor puss profiles get a break by making us all look alike.

We know now why there's a rubber shortage. They're using it here to stretch those roads longer and longer with every hike.

Know Your Commanders



Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps

Major John C. Wriston

Major John C. Wriston, recently assigned to the Air Base Squadron, Dow Field, as officer in charge of Base Messes, comes to this post as a specialist in his particular field.

Major Wriston was born at Cohasset, Mass., on Oct. 31, 1897, and received his elementary schooling in that state. Moving to Vermont in 1913 he graduated from the University of Vermont in 1922, his university work having been interrupted by two years service with the Navy.

His military training, in addition to Naval service, has included four years of R. O. T. C. work, one sum-

Major Wriston

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Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps

Major William F. Fletcher

Major William F. Fletcher, commanding officer of the aviation squadron separate, was born in Medford, Mass. He graduated from Boston university in 1924, and was given his commission as second lieutenant in the infantry, in June 1925.

He served on the staff of the commanding officer at Fort Devens, Mass., as administrative inspector. From Fort Devens he came to Dow Field, August 6, 1941, and served as mess officer of the General Mess, and as commanding officer of the air base squadron.

Afterwards he took courses in the

Major Fletcher

Please Turn to Page 4

Many Promotions Among Personnel At Dow Field

**List Announced
Includes 47
Advancements**

Forty-seven men have been promoted at Dow Field, including four staff sergeants, nine sergeants, one technical sergeant, 17 corporals, two technical corporals, and 14 privates first class.

The promotions follow:

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT

Sgt. Harry C. Tindel.
Sgt. Henry F. Bufalino.
Sgt. Donald D. Boucher.

TO BE SERGEANT

Cpl. Robert D. Stepp.
Cpl. William L. Smith.
Cpl. Frank Wood, Jr.
Cpl. Miles B. Davis.
Cpl. George N. Templeton.
Cpl. Leonard W. Stevens.
Cpl. William Ruff.
Cpl. Ralph Powers.
Cpl. Robert A. McLarty.

TO BE CORPORAL

Pvt. William H. Beemer.
Pvt. Leslie A. White
Pfc. Paul J. Geden.
Pvt. Marshall W. Clark.
Pvt. George R. Edwards.
Pfc. Robert D. Brinley, Jr.
Pfc. Hewitt R. Spaulding.
Pfc. Franklin A. Spurr.
Pvt. Francis J. McNally.
Pvt. William D. Taylor.

Promotions

Please Turn to Page 4

Dow Field Men Aid in Search Of RCAF Fliers

**Proceed to Scene
Of Plane Crash
Near Brownville**

Soldiers of Dow Field figured importantly in rescue work recently, when two successive searching parties, consisting of men from the Air Base Squadron and the Medical Corps, were dispatched to the scene of a Canadian plane crash near Brownville Junction, Maine.

Thunderstorms, deep woods, and innumerable other difficulties hampered the men almost all the way, and their speedy success was a tribute to their willingness and determination. The first group, which left the Base early last Saturday morning, did not return till Monday afternoon. They were relieved by a second group of men which left Monday morning, and returned the same night.

In the original party were: Sgt. Julius Caesar, Pvt. John Joyce, Pvt. John Raffa, Pvt. Robert Brinley, Pvt. Robert Baranowski, Pvt. Joseph Komoroski, Pfc. William Willfong, Pvt. Francis Rowe, M. Sgt. Frank Pawlowski, S. Sgt. David Flanigan, Pvt. Richard Sturkie, Cpl. Clifton McCauley, Pvt. Franklin Burnham, Pfc. Basil Munson, Sgt. John Meyers, Cpl. Joseph Gibson, Sgt. John Smear, Pvt. James Chiarelli, and Pvt. Acker.

The second party assisting were: Sgt. John McNaught, Cpl. William Love, Pfc. Franklin Spurr, Pvt. William Beemer, Pvt. L. Angove, Pvt. John Braden, Pvt. Wentworth Beede, Pvt. John Russell, Pvt. Dale Scoville, Pvt. Edward Kromm, Pvt. Paul Kramer, Pvt. Edward Tracy, Pvt. Joseph Regan, Pvt. William Stark, Pvt. William Beatty, Pvt. Anthony Mascia, Pvt. H. Sullivan, Pvt. William Whittaker, Pvt. Dale Edgerton, and Pvt. William Rice.

Help Wanted

Soldiers' wives, who are experienced in selling, and would like to work in the new Exchange, should see the Manager, Mr. Cleary, at once.



BARRACKS NEWS

Quartermaster

Pfcs. Charles Scranton and William Anderson have passed their tests for Officers' Candidate School, and are now standing by. Here's to an early call.

Pfc. Edward Greives was called for Officers' Candidate School while on furlough. He made a hurried trip to straighten out his affairs at this Base, and now is en route to the school in the South. Good luck, Soldier.

The new training program put into effect the past two weeks is bearing fruit rapidly. There are weekly hikes, daily classes, and daily inspections with Saturday being the great day.

Lieut. Martin Mahoney commended the entire personnel for the excellent condition, and effort the men made. He said, and I quote: "I am proud enough to have any officer inspect the barracks."

Lieut. Mahoney praised Sgt. Hicks on the manner in which he instructs the men under him. His entire squad passed a rigid inspection and no gigs were issued. Now that it has been proven that it can be done, it is up to the men to keep from getting giggled as these inspections will continue. So keep up the good work, men.

Last Tuesday a certain party broke in on a class held at T-211. The remark made as Lieut. Mahoney climaxed his talk was quite humorous. It was too bad you made such a quick exit, and I mean quick. The next time please wait for an introduction.

Pvt. Charles Nicholson entertains the girls in the Q. M. office with his famous imitations of farm life. He specializes in the cackling hen.

Orchids to Lieut. Martin Mahoney. The enlisted men like the way the classes operate when you are in charge. They are very plain, no punches are pulled. There are no pets, and last, but not least, the classes are educational. They say it is a pleasure to listen when you talk. It's the makings of a good team, so Lieutenant, more power to you.

Well, well. Here is Lieut. Mahoney again. Maybe too often, but there must be a few comments as to his ability as a speaker. This time on the radio, station WLBZ in Bangor.

Your reporter was in the studio at 8:15, Wednesday, for the regular Q. M. quarter hour. Now, without too many bouquets I'll say Lieut. Mahoney was very good, and that final wink to a young lady was not so bad either. I believe it was Mrs. Mahoney.

Mr. Hogan, of Bangor, interviewed the Lieutenant about the motor units used in the field. Details were given, such as the advantages, and the improvements over units used in the last war.

The laundry unit was stressed so that the public may learn to what extent the Army goes to insure sanitation for its entire personnel. A review from the start—soiled clothes—to the finished product was given. Space does not permit us to tell the complete story. The cooking units were described minutely, and some of the savory meals as pictured by the Lieutenant, sounded quite tempting. So one minute after the broadcast I headed for the nearest lunch counter to eliminate the empty feeling.

I recommend that soldiers of the Base listen in to WLBZ on Wednesday of each week. There is much to be learned.

Finance

Cpl. Walter Keppel is enjoying the privilege of staying in town with his wife, who is up from New Haven, Conn., for a visit.

Cpl. Walter Eyer, recently transferred here from Mitchel Field, N.

Y., and Sgt. Joseph Gardner have been transferred to Grenier Field, Manchester, N. H., on temporary duty.

Recent promotions are Pfc. Louis F. Wise to technical corporal, fifth grade, and Pvt. Walter F. Keppel to the same rank. The following men have become privates first class: Antone L. Correa, Howard E. Cornwell, Richard Delorme, Dominic Semeone, and Curtis S. McQuarrie.

Medical

The Medics challenge the bombers to a game of baseball.

Sick call is running very smoothly, now, since they acquired the services of the straw boss, Pfc. Albus.

T-Sgt. Guy Goins will be spending many quiet evenings in the barracks now that his heart is going back to Fitchburg. Sorry, Guy.

Pvt. John J. Sheehen is recuperating from a minor operation and may be seen in Ward No. 2. Good luck, John.

Happy birthday to Pvt. Smallwood, who is celebrating his 24th anniversary. Presents may be sent to Barracks T-206.

Sgt. Earl Machan, Aircraftman, 2nd Class, Royal Canadian Air Force, the only survivor of an airplane crash near Brownville Junction, Maine, is recuperating from his injuries in Ward 1.

Sgt. McHugh has no rival for the name 'Chowhound' since Mrs. Biehler has agreed to come to Bangor, and cook for Sgt. Biehler. Apparently Mrs. Biehler's cooking agrees with the Sgt. for whenever he does eat a meal here, he never goes back for seconds.

Pfc. Mace, Pfc. Garretson, and Pfc. Boyd, are leaving for the Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C., to special in Dental, Medical and Surgical schools, respectively.

Sgt. Henderson's green hornet gave birth to another V-8, this week. Mother was so badly damaged that she died, but the baby is alive and kicking (and I mean kicking).

T-Sgt. Carmine J. Torchetti and Miss Helen Kleger were married at St. Rita's church, Bronx, N. Y., August 6, 1942, climaxing a six year courtship. An excellent way to spend a ten-day furlough, Torchy.

Sgt. Williams Jenkins and Miss Geraldine Sullivan will say, "I do" at the Post Chapel on Sept. 3, 1942. We wish you and the prospective bride the best of everything, Red.

T-Sgt. Max Messing became naturalized in Portland, August 12th. Having as his witnesses T-Sgt. Clark of Base H2, and Sgt. Danny McHugh. We suppose that Max will now put his heart and soul in his cooking. Dish it out, Max, we'll eat it.

Lieut. Shapiro requests that all Goldbricks stay away from Sick Call a little while. The castor oil supply is running very low.

Capt. N. A. Famularo is on leave for ten days. He is visiting the state of West Virginia. We are all hoping you have a good time, Captain, and we are also hoping you will hurry back. The Goldbricks are coming up by the millions.

The Medical Softball team are knocking over all opposition. After losing their first few games, the Medics really got a very good team together. The team is made up from the following men: S-Sgt. Mullins, Pfc. Timmons, Cpl. Murray, Pvt. Ciaburro, Pfc. McNamara, Cpl. Karl, Cpl. Diaco, Pvt. Tedeschie, Pvt. White, Pvt. Jezak, Pvt. Weiss, Pvt. Miratonda, Pfc. Maniscalco, and Pvt. Luffs.

Looks like T-Cpl. Peter Kolatsky will be more careful in the near future. While walking through the outskirts of Bangor, he kicked what he thought was a dog, which turned out to be a skunk. Poor Kolatsky had to call the charge of quarters in order to get a new uniform. He had to bury his old cloths overnight.

The Medics wish to congratulate the following officers on their new appointments: Major Lilly, Captain Kelly, and Captain Gillespie. The

personnel of this organization wishes them the very best of luck.

At 8:10 right on the dot a certain laboratory technician receives a phone call. Not only are the Medics wondering who this early morning caller-upper is but how he can so consistently call on the split second. So punctual is he that the boys in the department actually have been known to set their watches by him.

Aviation Squadron Separate

Cpt. Grimes and Pvt. R. H. Daniels have been busily trying to build up a recreation hall for the men. The building has been changed considerably from the barren hall the men saw when they first arrived. The windows are now decorated with curtains and shades which help to give the room a more cheerful atmosphere. The small but well planned library is entered often by the men when off duty. The pool table is in constant use (this table will be replaced by a new table as soon as money is secured). The men all enjoy ping pong as much as pool, and many other types of games are to be found in the hall. Recently the Squadron received more games, and two pieces of lounging furniture from the Special Service Department. The recreation hall is fast becoming the most popular place for the men in the squadron, and "let's go to the rec." seems to be a favorite suggestion.

Plans for the future call for the organization of a squadron band and orchestra for the men. Prospective members can sign in the Rec. Hall. Plans also call for the presentation of a camp show, after most of the men are through their basic training. All those who have talent should come forth, and make themselves known. If there is anything you can do and would like to do, ask for a chance. If you have any instruments, come out and aid in the regular Saturday "jam sessions."

The men of the Squadron are busily engaged in an intra-barracks hardball league, in the evening after Retreat. Every barracks has organized its team, and every game is keenly contested. So far T-46 has shown the most punch when the score was close. The new boys in camp are anxious to meet them on the diamond to test their ability. From all the men in the squadron we expect to choose the best players in the very near future and challenge the Post Team and The Air Base. Recently the team from T-46 played the representatives from the Aviation Squadron and defeated them after being behind 12 to 2. The final score was 13 to 13. What a score, and what a game! Sounds more like one of those gridiron scores.

Pvt. R. H. Daniels. It has been observed by this reporter that almost every evening Pvt. Melvin Davis has just about let the boys down with his renditions of "Blues in the Night." More power to Pvt. Davis.

Well the boys are out of quarantine, and the "first nighters" have come back with all types of tales of their adventures in a strange town. Remember, fellows, all's well that ends well.

Pvt. Harold W. Harris. Sgt. Clarence Carter took the Browning Machine gun apart and mounted the parts together correctly while he was blindfolded.

On Wednesday, there were two soldiers who did not know their general orders, and Sgt. Carter gave the two a very short time to learn them by memory. He promised them that the orders would be taught them in the G-7 fashion if

they didn't know them by the end of the period. They knew the general orders before their time, believe it or not.

On Saturday, August 15, William Mitchell, private, from T-45, had the privilege of going to Portland to play baseball with the Dow Field Baseball Team. On Tuesday, August 18, Mitchell and Pvt. Richard Sery played with the winning Post Team.

At the weekly entertainment presented last Tuesday at the Base Hospital, the Aviation Squadron assisted in presenting a group of performers who were very well received.

After several fine performances by the Hospital personnel, the band members, and Sgt. Ross, the Squadron opened with a new tune, "Lover Man", sung by the T-46 quartette: V. Troyli, Hal Williams, E. Cyril, and Joe Huntley. "The song was composed by Jimmie Davis, also of the Squadron. Jimmie Thompson and Hal Williams did a few song and dance varieties which won approval. The T-46 four then proceeded to ring down the curtain with a new swing version of "Blues in the Night". The boys will reappear next Tuesday by request.

This Wednesday became "blue Monday" for the Squadron. Farewells are always hard to say, especially when they must be said to so fine an officer and gentleman as Major Fletcher. At the farewell program given for him, the Squadron attempted to express its appreciation for his sincere interest and understanding. Among the officers, non-coms, and enlisted men, there were many who shed tears fondly and unashamedly at the parting.

Pvt. Lseler Grant read a poem in honor of the Major, and Pvt. V. Troyli led the entire Squadron in the singing of "My Buddy" which was rendered with a sincerity which left no doubt of the feelings of the Squadron toward its Commanding Officer.

The sentiments of the men of the Squadron were expressed by Pvt. R. H. Daniels.

Goodbye, Major Fletcher, may the good wishes of the Squadron follow you in your every venture.

Pvt. Ernest Cyril.

Ordnance News

Hats off to John Ganett, who renders a rather unusual service to the boys of the Ordnance outfit. It seems that when the boys need nickels, they look up Johnnie . . . most of the time he will be found carrying a change purveyor attached to his belt. Just ask him if he has a couple of nickels, and he will answer smartly, "Yes, if you have the dime!" . . . Great boy! . . . but what would we do without nickels?

Speaking of hats, we have another "museum piece" over here at Ordnance. "Where Did You Get That Hat" would be a very appropriate theme song for a chap who sports one of those pith helmets (rain or shine!) . . . Don't worry, Jim Buanocore, we won't tell that it's you . . . you're not the only one now with a Livingston

topper!

Take it as a rumor if you wish, but we'd like to know how much fact is in the statement that Bob Selter plays an accordion. We've heard some very fine compliments paid him, so there must be a lot of truth interwoven in the statement . . . Why hide your talents, Bob? Give us the "lowdown." You should get together with S. Sgt. Powrie and Pvt. Hicinbotham.

In the automotive department we hear stories too. . . Is it true that Bill Price really simonizes his truck? It has been said that his next step will be to bivouac in the parking area, so that no harm will come to his "baby" . . . come on, cut it out, fellers!

An interesting sight was noted the night of the Warehouse fire when First Sergeant Maguire and T. Skt. McKeefry were seen running to ring in the alarm at a nearby alarm box. The 1st. Sgt. claims he saw the fire before anyone else on the Base.

Cpl. Toomey does not like to be addressed as "Cecil"—he claims correct name is Cyril Aloys Gabriel Toomey.

Cpl. Schlanser is enjoying himself on furlough. Sgt.-T. Passaro has returned from furlough and says that the salt water and girls at Rockaway Beach, New York, are better than ever. He is sporting a sunburned nose as a result of his furlough.

Cpl. Gilhauley and Pfc. Greiner are gradually becoming sun happy—the result of a week's stretch of Guard Duty at the Ammunition Area. Gilhauley claims he is the best shot in the outfit now with the little extra practice.

The Ordnance Swingmasters are still practicing hard and soon will make a command performance. A new vocalist has been added making everything complete. She is really good!

Quite a few of the men in the company were promoted this past week: S-Sgt. McKeefry, T-Sgt.; Sgt. Levenhagen, S-Sgt.; Cpl.-T. Miller, Sgt.; Cpl.-T. Selter, Sgt.; Cpl.-T. Nash, Sgt.-T.; Cpl.-T. Kallery, Sgt.-T.; Cpl. Passaro, Sgt.-T.; Pvt. Novack, Cpl.; Pvt. Schlanser, Cpl.; Pvt. Reed, Cpl.; Pvt. Greiner, Cpl.; Pvt. Gilhauley, Pfc.; Pvt. Guidi, Pfc.; Pvt. Ramsey, Pfc.; Pvt. Price, Pfc.; Pvt. Thogerson, Pfc.; Pvt. Vella, Pfc.; Pvt. Roberts, Pfc.; Pvt. Smith, Pfc.; Pvt. Campbell, Pfc.; and Pvt. Gustavus, Pfc.

At Foster Field, Tex., the men in advanced flying school are plugging for paper napkins with war zone maps printed on them for the mess hall tables. It seems that the "table generals" like to chart out new ways to surprise the enemy, and the linen is now taking a beating as the strategists gulp down their food. So, war zone napkins might do something to lower the laundry bills.

Here's why

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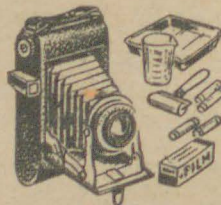


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Analysis Of Handwriting

By Bill Ruff



T. A. J. An introvert's handwriting, showing sensitivity, and refreshment. The exterior part of your character suggests a bold front—but this is not true of your real character.

Phyllis: I have read lots of handwritings, and I have never met anyone who didn't say, 'This isn't my real handwriting, because I wrote it in a hurry.' Your real character shows through nevertheless—fast thinker, fast actor, good talker, but a little excitable.

IND. L. B. Rather a poetic nature. Your handwriting suggests that you are either very busy or very tired, perhaps both. Do you ever sing that once-popular song, 'I love me, I love me?' . . . it might interest you.

C. R. F. Were you ever a school teacher? At least you are as neat and precise as a school teacher, and you have the same unselfish attitude towards the world.

F. J. S. When you make a mistake, in your work, ask yourself if it isn't because you get too excitable, or fail to carry through a project. Maybe it is because you don't finish a job with the same steady pace you started it with.

C. G. S. Keen perceptions, delicacy of insight, in a character that is easily upset by trifles. You rarely check to see if you have done a job well.

P. A. T. A lazy man's hand, but a successful one's. In any gang you would stand out because of your dress, and manners. If people did not notice you at first, you would make every effort to attract attention.

R. C. M. Active, alert, but always trying to do three things at once, and never able to decide what the right thing to do is. You alternate between fits of laziness, and lots of activity.

P. L. O. The sort of person who keeps a tight rein on his emotions, is thoroughly able to take care of himself. Probably subdued in real life, lets himself go in his writings. Frank, downright honest.

E. L. R. You don't like to write much, partly because you are always busy, or have a lot of things to occupy your mind and time. You don't like your first name, do you? Curiously reserved in type.

Jo. Generous, frank, knows how to please. Bothered about details. Best quality is unselfish consideration of others.

W. R. R. Firmness of character outstanding, and self control. No nonsense here about temperament. Artistic ability, yes, you'll be happier when you get control of all the petty details that bother you.

Guard Squadron

Pvts. Hank Ruthiewics, Earl and Arthur Roy are spending furloughs at their respective homes.

It's merely deduction to say that Cpt. H. H. Rickers plans to be married in the near future. Quite often he's been seen proudly showing pictures of a lovely looking female from his home town, Norris-town, Penna., and the glint in his eyes tells you of a pending furlough. Take it easy, corporal.

Cpt. Richard J. Rush and Miss Mildred Wheaton of Millinocket, Maine, were recently married at a simple, but very pretty ceremony at the Base Chapel. Father Carmody officiated. In attendance were Sgt. J. H. Wunderlich and



PROMOTED TO MAJOR—Officials at Dow Field announced Thursday that Captain Edward H. Shothafer, base adjutant, had been promoted to the rank of major.

Post Theatre Program

Week of August 24

War Dept. Theatre Restricted to Military Personnel and Civilians Living On Base

MONDAY, AUGUST 24

HOLIDAY INN
Color Cartoon
Movietone News

Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25

JOHNNY EAGER
Looney Tune

Robert Taylor, Lana Turner,
Edward Arnold

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26

CALL OF THE CANYON
Terry-Toon
Variety Views
Wings of Defense

Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette

THURS. & FRI., AUG. 27-28

THE TALK OF THE TOWN
Movietone News

Cary Grant, Jean Arthur

Fast-Paced Musical Show Played To Packed House

"On The Loose" Gave Boys Grand Entertainment

"On the Loose" swept Dow Field with a combination of music, gags and impersonations last Wednesday night at the Recreation Hall.

Ken Whitmer, Almost a one man band, proved amazingly versatile in playing at least a dozen different instruments. Trumpet, saxophone, clarinet, violin, French Horn, flutes and several other instruments (including the inevitable toy-horn) were skillfully and entertainingly played for the audience.

Especially clever was his imitation of Tommy Dorsey, Clyde McCoy and Henry James. He finished his act "the hard way,"—playing two flutes simultaneously.

Miss Beatrice A. Dorr.

A wedding breakfast for the family and friends of the popular couple was served at the Penobscot hotel. Here Sgt. Wunderlich turned in a brilliant performance as master of ceremonies. After a honeymoon trip to Boston, New York, and Washington, the couple plan to make their home in nearby Millinocket.

"Dear Miss," wrote a particular mother to the teacher, "don't whip our Tommy. He isn't used to it. We never hit him except in self-defense."

Milton Douglas polished up the show with his suave M C'ing; he exchanged some snappy dialogue with a stooge in the audience. He added a toe-tickling tap dance and ended with a vocal.

Sylvia and Clemence pounced nimbly all over the stage, in a skillful knockout act. Both girls know how to take plenty of punishment and come up smiling for more.

Vernon and Draper were partners in a smooth and sophisticated dance number that easily gave evidence of their much announced fame in the theatrical world. Rhythm was definitely their business.

Goodrich and Nelson kept on the jump with tricky Acrobatic manoeuvres without batting an eyelash. We understand that a near-serious accident occurred to the performers during one of their more difficult stunts. But they returned to their skit in true showmanship fashion.

Constance Miller turned in neat job of showing how Bill Robinson does his stuff.

Again Dow Field thanks U.S.O. for giving the boys an evening of real entertainment.

Standing room only in a packed hall proved the popularity of the show.

Remember The Alamo

COOLEST PLACE IN TOWN

Light Lunches and Sandwiches

POST OFFICE SQ.

Cocktail Lounge Dining Room

We Welcome the Boys in the Service

Penobscot Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St. Dial 4501

ALL KINDS OF NOVELTIES JOKES TRICKS

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

There have been thousands of stories told about the complications of getting mail to service men. A non-com at Fort Sheridan, Ill., is still trying to figure out what happened to him. It all started when he forgot to send home his complete mailing address. In a weak moment he thought 'U. S. Army, Fort Sheridan' would do the trick. It wasn't long before a soiled and tattered letter addressed in his name, care of the U. S. Army, finally got to him. The envelope carried mute bewildering testimony written in varied handwriting on the outside. The notes ran: 'This man not in 621st, try 702nd . . . Try 881st . . . Why don't you mind your own business? . . . This man not at Fort Bliss . . . Not at Fort Custer . . . Canton, Ohio: Not here . . . Not in Yokohama. So sorry.'

The biggest boom on training fields, posts, stations, camps, and overseas bases is—service newspapers.

Approximately 500 have popped up all over the earth, coming forth each week with the latest items about everybody from the camp mascot to the general's daughter. Favorite reading matter of American troops in the British Isles is the revived The Stars and Stripes. Occupation forces in Iceland get their news from The White Falcon. On Kodiak Island the justly-heralded Kodiak Bear bravely comes forth each week under unprecedented difficulties. At Ladd Field, Alaska, it's the Midnight Sun.

Probably the most strangely named of them all is one published at the Pensacola Naval Air Station in Florida. It carries the name Gosport, with an accompanying explanation that a 'Gosport is a one-way speaking tube used by flight instructors.'

Down in Panama City, Florida, the folks are still talking about the eternally alert private at nearby Tyndall Field. The eternally alert private's full name is Clayton C. Myers. Just like every other army fellow he has a home town, Bloomington, Ill., walks, eats, drinks, talks, and— Well, it's all about

the way he sleeps. And that's why they call him eternally alert. Sometimes when his bunk-pals are in a heated discussion they toss a question at him and the chances are they will get a solemn snore in return. The eternally alert private sleeps with both eyes wide open, 'as if peering directly in front of him, at another person, guy, or object.' His awe-stricken buddies admit that the eternally alert private 'wears no glasses, has no eye trouble, and claims to rest quite well.'

Official publication of Fort Greley, Alaska, is the Kodiak Bear. It ran the following notice that you won't find in your own camp newspaper: 'Attention men! Don't shoot more than one bear this year. That's the law. The bag limit on Kodiak and Afognak Islands has been reduced from two bears to one. So if you've already shot your bear for this year, and a second one attacks you, run like ———.'

A soldier from Fort MacArthur was talking to a marine somewhere in a bowling alley in Hollywood, Calif. The marine turned to the soldier and remarked: 'Soldier, why on earth did you ever join the army? Why didn't you enlist in the navy or the marine corps?' The soldier didn't say much. He just tipped back his hat a little and with a half-smile on his face said slowly, 'Leatherneck, if the army's good enough for MacArthur it's good enough for me.'

On the edge of the United States-Canadian border in Maine, the Houlton air force base has come forth with a new paper named The Hanger. It put it this way:

'Spawned from an empty filing cabinet—a typewriter borrowed—a desk from supply—a table from personnel office, assorted chairs from various sources, and 'blood, sweat, toil, and tears' of the staff, The Hanger was born . . . It is written, planned, and produced by men of the Houlton air force base for the base—it is your baby—foster it, support it, and you will be proud of it.'



A Delicious Treat Anytime

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Freshen up, Soldier!

Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

Yes, you've got to be in the armed forces to really appreciate how much a little stick of chewing gum can mean.

Man, how it helps to chew gum when you're tense, tired or thirsty! Cools your mouth—moistens your throat—seems to give you a refreshing lift. Aids digestion, too.

Enjoy refreshing delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum during strenuous flights—after hard work—when you're off duty—at other times, too. It does things for you.

THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

Monday, August 24, 1942

Published by the Bangor Publishing Company, a civilian enterprise, in the interests of the personnel of Dow Field.

News matter pertaining to Dow Field furnished by the Dow Field Special Service Office is available for general release.

Edited at the Special Service Office, Dow Field, Bangor, Maine—Telephone 6401 extension 328.

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An Editorial—

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED MORALE?

Gallons of printers' ink have spilled over miles of type discussing the morale of the American Soldier. It has been admired, praised, fretted over, criticised and cheered, but never have we seen it defined. A lot of us have often wondered about this morale of ours that is so fine, so poor and so much the subject of everyone's concern. We cannot define it, but we would like to make an attempt at indicating what we think the word refers to.

Morale is a soldier strutting down the avenue with his chest out, his chin up and that 'I can lick the world' glint in his eye.

It is his absolute confidence in the ability of the American forces to clean up the whole mess as soon as he can get there.

It is his readiness to fight any marine or sailor who claims their outfits are better than his. And his even greater readiness to fight anyone who claims that any other marines or sailors are better than ours.

It is his grumbling about mopping the floor, shining his shoes, and straightening things up, yet his indignation at even the suggestion that his tent is not the neatest one in the squadron.

It is the proud feeling of smartness he experiences as he gives a military salute to an officer on the streets in town.

It is his uncontrollable rage as he sees newsreel shots or reads newspaper reports of American defeats or tragedies due to 'superior numbers of enemy forces.'

Finally, it is his unshakeable opinion that he is the best soldier in the finest squadron in the highest branch of the service in the greatest country in the world.

Pvt. Richard Dann, Brookley Field, Ala.

Major Fletcher

Continued from Page 1

graduate command and general staff school, Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and returned to Dow Field to become commanding officer of the aviation squadron separate.

It is the opinion of Major Fletcher that, with the fine cooperation received from non-coms and members of his organization, it will not be far distant before the Aviation Squadron will look like an old outfit.

Major Wriston

Continued from Page 1

mer at Camp Plattsburg, N. Y., and subsequent Army Correspondence School courses in the Quartermaster Branch of the Reserve Officers Corps.

He spent a number of years in hotel management work, and in 1941 was superintendent of the Waterman building at the University of Vermont, and manager of its cafeteria.

Major Wriston's expressions are enthusiastic in connection with his assignment and appointed duties, and he hopes to be of value and service to all Base Messes as he

becomes better acquainted with the splendid routine now in force.

ODDITY

A single train can travel in three California counties at the same time. The oddity occurs where a small triangle of San Bernardino county is sandwiched between Riverside and Orange counties.

ELEPHANTS CATCH COLD

Boiling vinegar is used to treat elephants suffering from colds. A large bag is slipped over the trunk and the elephant made to inhale the vinegar.

William was thirsty for knowledge and interesting facts shone like jewels in his brain.

"I read today," he remarked to Michael, "of the wonderful progress made in aviation. Men can now do anything a bird can do."

But Michael was tired of wonders. "Is that so?" he answered. "Well, when you see an air pilot fast asleep hanging to a branch of a tree with one foot, I'll come and have a look at him."

The Signal Corps

(The material on Dow Field was prepared by 1st Sgt. Schlegel, and that on the Signal Corps in general is adapted from THE UNITED STATES Army, by Lieut. Col. Earl C. Ewert.)

The Signal Corps might be called 'the central nerve system' of our Army. It is the network of 'nerves' by which orders are carried from the 'brain' to the various parts of the body.

In charge of the Signal Corps at Dow Field is Lieut. Carl John Bloom, who graduated from Portage High School, Portage, Wisconsin, and the University of Wisconsin. Lieut. Bloom was formerly an electrical engineer.

The Message Center handles personal and official communications sent by Western Union and Postal Telegraph, and never closes its doors. It is run twenty-four hours a day during the entire week. T/Cpl. Joseph Harrington, known by everybody as Joe, is in charge.

The Signal Corps controls all the field telephone lines which cross and recross to every outpost of the field. The commercial telephones on the Base are operated from the Signal building by the Signal Corps also. The lines of the Field telephones usually break down at night, and under the direction of T/Cpl. James Devine, the wire chief, they have to be repaired in rain, mud, and snow. In fact the lines MUST be maintained in working order no matter what happens. Jimmy Devine, a former New York bus driver, is quite a sight up almost to his knees in mud while he tries to fix a dead line.

The Base Signal Supply under T Sgt. Jack Phillips is very important as well. This Supply has almost every thing used in Signal Corps work, including all supplies for the radios on the Base. Jack runs his supply room like a clock. He's a former bakery employee from goodness only knows where in Massachusetts who has become very popular on the Base and in Bangor. Every second person in Bangor speaks to him . . . he's a bird worth knowing.

Even the Chapel organ is under the maintenance of the Signal Corps. They say that if the Army Air Corps goes anywhere the Signal Corps has already been there. When an outfit pulls into Dow Field, they always go directly to the Signal Corps for telephones and their radio needs.

When the Signal Corps came here, the Base was so new that the men had to live in town, and help with the unloading of materials to make a base. That was when Dow Field was one big field of mountains and mud.

THE SIGNAL CORPS IN WAR

When an Infantry square division goes into combat, it requires over 500 miles of wire to establish telephone circuits. Each month in a long campaign it will need 250 more miles of wire. After a day of hard fighting, a square division may have to have 200 miles of field wire replaced; a triangular division, almost 150 miles of wire. Communication in modern warfare is vital.

Without the Signal Corps, the Army could not function as a unit. If lines of communication broke down completely during a campaign, all the armed forces in the field would be in danger. The various forces would not know what the others were doing, and any army with such bad communications would be like a football team without any signals.

The Signal Corps depends much on the telephone and telegraph. Wire lines are laid from half-track cross-country trucks, or by man-carried reels. In battle, when breaks occur often, especially from fragments of exploding shells, the Signal Corps linesman must follow the line in the open, find the break, and repair it—often under fire.

Certain arms that have to keep moving rapidly, such as the Air Corps and the Armored Force, rely chiefly on radio. But radio has disadvantages. Since the enemy with his receiving sets can hear what is

An Ode To Love

Love is not a 'song and dance'—
Oh no, it's not a gay romance.
Believe me, it's something here inside.
A something, perchance, you cannot hide.
Love is not for fools—I've learned.
They say that fools in love get burned.
For love is an ecstasy supreme—
Beyond your wildest dream.
I know 'cause—I'm in love!

Pvt. James E. Davis

said, all important messages must be coded, and this involves delay. Also the enemy may jam the air waves with his own radio, or fill the air with false messages to confuse our troops.

The use of radio is limited also by the number of usable channels; for we all know what happens when two nearby stations broadcast on the same wave length! However, portable radio sets, called 'walkie-talkies,' are often found useful to maintain close liaison between organizations. Also, some of the Army's motorcycle messengers, who speed about with confidential messages, have radios in their machines. Tanks, too, are regularly equipped with radio.

In emergencies, when radio, telephone, and messenger communications break down, the Army uses carrier pigeons. Thousands of these birds have been trained to carry messages tied to their legs. With a little training, in battle they might get messages through when all other means had failed. In the First World War, when the famous 'Lost Battalion' of the American Army in France was cut off and threatened with annihilation, it was saved by a carrier pigeon which flew the news back to the main forces.

The Signal Corps must knit all its communications together by an intricate system of switchboards and control stations, so that the Commander and Staff of the Army can operate with complete co-ordination. When any organization changes its position, the Signal Corps must tear up and reconstruct the lines. And, even if under fire, it must maintain service all the while, so that the various headquarters will never be out of touch with one another.

In time of war, the Signal Corps could tap the many telephone and telegraph lines now operated by private companies. In addition it could rely on the War Department's big radio stations in the U. S. and overseas possessions. These stations form a world-wide network by which the Army, in peace as well as in war, can send and receive messages over thousands of miles within a few seconds.

Truman Group

Continued from Page 1

Senator Truman, spokesman for the senators, told reporters that they had "enjoyed very much" their aerial tour through northern Maine during which they inspected the Houlton and Presque Isle army bases and the Caribou civilian field. "We are very much impressed with the progress made in Maine in military aviation," the senator declared, "and are impressed with the marked efficiency noted throughout."

Senators Truman, Brewster and Kilgore landed at the base in a Beechcraft biplane at 9:15 a. m., after flying from Greenville where

they had spent the night with friends on Moosehead lake.

There were ceremoniously greeted by General Miles, Colonel Lovell and their staffs and started at once on the inspection of the base.

Immediately following the inspection General Miles left for his Boston headquarters by automobile.

Senator Truman said he planned to go back to Washington at the conclusion of the Maine tour, while Senators Brewster and Kilgore will continue on an inspection coast defenses.

Senator Truman spoke of the beauty of Maine scenery and told reporters that "your senator (Brewster) is an excellent host."

Asked if he cared to single out a Maine army base as particularly impressive, Senator Truman replied with a smile that "you know diplomacy is a basic qualification of a senator."

Promotions

Continued from Page 1

Pvt. Robert A. Walker.
Pfc. Edward L. Underwood.
Pvt. Franklin H. Burnham.
Pvt. Harold E. Davis.
Pvt. William J. Leonard.
Pvt. Charles I. Fuller.

TO BE PRIVATES FIRST CLASS

Pvt. Ralph L. Woodall.
Pvt. Robert R. Schotta.
Pvt. Sidney Delaney.
Pvt. Paul S. Kramer.
Pvt. Odis B. Dickinson.
Pvt. John A. Boykin.
Pvt. Robert E. Robertson.
Pvt. Kenneth H. Breunig.
Pvt. Robert J. Walters.

PROMOTIONS IN ORDNANCE

TO BE TECHNICAL CORPORAL

Pfc. Louis F. Wise.
Pvt. Walter F. Keppel.

TO BE PRIVATES FIRST CLASS

Antone L. Correa.
Howard E. Cornwell.
Richard Delorme.
Dominic Semone.
Curtis S. McQuarrie.

PROMOTION IN ORDNANCE

TO BE TECHNICAL SERGEANT

S-Sgt. Russell T. McKeefry.

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT

Sgt. Edward P. Levenhagen.

PROMOTIONS IN QUARTERMASTERS DEPT.

TO BE CORPORAL

Pfc. Austin R. Kalish.

He: "I hear they're going to fight the battle of Bunker Hill over again."

She: "Why?"

He: "It wasn't fought on the level."



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KHAKI KOMICS

A soldier went into a barber shop to get a haircut. While the barber was snipping away a dog sat by the chair watching the proceedings with an intent, hungry expression on his homely face.

'Your dog likes to watch you work,' commented the soldier.

'No, 'taint that, exactly,' explained the barber. 'But once in a while I snip off a piece of ear.'

The minister had just said the words that made a blushing young damsel and a not so young man husband and wife. He sat down and began to fill out a marriage certificate. 'While you're writing,' said the bridegroom, 'you might just as well sign this paper. It's my will. I'm going to an army camp tomorrow and I want to fix up my affairs. I believe in taking care of my people, so I'm leaving the most to my wife—all my property to my mother and all my debts to my wife.'

An island is a piece of land entirely surrounded by traffic.

Mussolini and Hitler were in close

conference. Weighty problems were under discussion. 'Herr Hitler,' says Musso, 'when this war is over you and I will be the greatest dictators the world has ever seen. We'll have everything we want; of course we want everything there is!'

'Righto,' said Hitler as he patted Musso on the head. 'Now go ahead and shine the other shoe.'

'I don't see any point to this joke,' said the copy reader to the editor.

'Our readers will,' replied the editor. 'They're smart.'

A young soldier wangled a furlough for himself and, after a few days, returned to his station, grim and morose. He was usually a cheerful chap and the boys from his home town knew there was something out of joint. In answer to their questions he told them that his family was okay, but that he'd had a bust with his best girl. 'I found her at church with another fellow,' he said. 'That was all right, but the thing that burned me up was she was sittin' close and he was fannin' her with his exemption papers.'

Distinguished Service Medal



The distinguished-Service Medal is awarded to persons who, while serving in any capacity with the Army of the United States, distinguish themselves by exceptionally meritorious services to the Government in duty of great responsibility, and to all enlisted men of the Army to whom the certificate of merit had been granted under the conditions of previously existing law. It was instituted in 1918.

On the medal the coat of arms of the United States in bronze is surrounded by a circle of dark blue enamel bearing the inscription 'For Distinguished Service.' On the reverse is a scroll for the name of the recipient. It is suspended by a bar from a watered-silk ribbon, composed of a band of scarlet, a

Flying Generals Really Work Hard

Flying Generals form a powerful weapon for the Air Forces. The loss of one of them, like Maj. Gen. Clarence L. Tinker, commander of the Hawaiian Air Force, leaves a deep gash in our fighting machine. So did the earlier deaths of Maj. Gen. Herbert A. Dargue and Brig. Gen. H. H. George.

But when your generals are flying generals you can expect action, and therefore casualties. General Tinker was a good example of what we mean. It's no secret that he was itching for action, that he didn't have to participate personally in the Midway action, and that you couldn't have kept him out of it with a .50-calibre machine gun. They didn't come any tougher than 'Tink.'

The name 'general' has too often been linked with grass hat. In the Air Forces it can only be associated with leather helmets. The record of our general officers is a record of action—of dog-fighting in the last scrap, post-war barnstorming and test piloting, of bailing out, crash landings, and pioneer long hops. Our generals are made of the same sort of grease and dirt every cadet and mechanic knows about.

All told, there are 83 Air Force generals—five lieutenant generals, 23 major generals, 55 B. G.'s. Every one of them is a pilot. Every one has been through the mill. The names Doolittle, Royce and Brereton stand out as generals who have personally led missions in this war. But you can expect plenty of our other generals to be in the thick of it. They are built that way.

stripe of dark blue, a band of white, a stripe of dark blue, and a band of scarlet.

General Arnold Praises American Planes, Describes Warfare Conduct

Lieut. General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General, Army Air Forces, has recently summarized the part American planes are taking in the war.

There is ground for solid satisfaction in the record as it stands, he says. Our airmen are proving themselves in actual combat, and I can tell you, without reservation, on the basis of the factual record of eight months of war, that the equipment our men are taking into war also is good. In fact, a great deal of it is better than good; it is superior in quality and performance.

American combat airplanes have met the test of modern war on battlefronts around the world and have performed with a high degree of efficiency even when opposed, as in most cases to date, by numerically superior enemy forces.

The American-made fighter plane which has seen the greatest variety of aerial warfare is the Curtiss P-40.

The Curtiss P-40 airplanes, from the earliest P-40 to the latest and entirely different P-40F, have fought on every United Nations front before and since the entry of the United States into the war. These planes are known to the British as Tomahawks, Kittyhawks, and Warhals, according to their position in the series.

Playing a new and unsuspected role in the Libyan Desert, Kittyhawks have recently taken a large part in the smashing British counter-offensive which brought the Axis drive on Alexandria to a halt. The Kittyhawks, equipped with bomb-racks, have become Kittybombers' and, as such, are being used both against Nazi tanks and mechanized ground equipment and against Nazi aircraft, with great success in both cases.

The Kittybomber, according to reports from Egypt, is fast enough to take on any fighter built, even with bombs in the racks. As bombers they are not as vulnerable as the Stukas, according to the Egyptian reports. The pilots are using their regular gun sights as bomb sights.

In one of their first forays as fighter-bombers, a formation of



Lieut. Gen. Henry H. Arnold

Kittyhawks flown by Australian pilots was attacked by a formation of ten Messerschmitts. The Kittybombers went into a twisting dogfight with bombs still in the racks, shot down two of the Messerschmitts, drove off the others, and then went on with the bombing attack.

Adding to the score of brilliant actions by P-40 fighters in the Middle East, a British Air Observer at Cairo has reported that on May 18, eight P-40s (Kittyhawks) and four British Beau-fighters intercepted twenty Ju-47's (transport planes), escorted by three German Messerschmitt Me-110 two-engine fighters. The P-40's accounted for seven of the transport planes and two of the Messerschmitts according to the British observer, who reported the R.A.F. pilots fluent in praise of the P-40's.

Other American fighter planes which have revealed superior qualities in actual battle are the Bell P-39, or Airacobra, and the North American P-51, or Mustang.

These planes, like the P-40, are medium-altitude fighters. While

designed for maximum effectiveness at altitudes of about three miles, they have been defeating enemy fighters and bombers up to a height of five miles, far above the range for which they were intended.

A report from Russia has stated that a squadron of P-39s engaged and destroyed 73 German airplanes with the phenomenally small loss of only two planes. All types of German aircraft are reluctant to close with these fast, deadly, cannon-firing fighters, the report declared.

Recently it was announced officially from London by the Royal Air Force that the new North American P-51 Mustang fighter, recently put into combat operation by the Army Cooperation Command, has given a splendid account of itself in action over the invasion coast. Until they are needed for close army support, the P-51's are being employed as Fighter Command aircraft by the R.A.F.

In one attack, a British pilot flew his Mustang through an enemy radio antenna between two pylons. Another pilot described the sturdiness of the Mustang as 'wonderful' and said that some of them 'have taken punishment which would have been too much for most fighters.'

The Lockheed P-38, or Lightning, however, has already engaged the Japanese with notable success. The first battle action for the P-38 twin-engine interceptor fighter took place recently in an undisclosed theater. Two P-38's intercepted a K-97 four-engine Japanese flying boat and shot it down in flames. The P-38's later attacked a second ship of the same type which was shot down out of control and presumed to crash.

Another Army Air Force high-altitude fighter—the Republic P-47, or Thunderbolt—now is in production and ready for delivery to combat theaters.

This plane is regarded as a tremendous package of power and is believed able to outfly and outfight any other known airplane. It

carries enough guns to generate at maximum firing speed an impact equal to the force of a five-ton truck hitting a brick wall at 60 miles per hour.

Moreover, it is built not only to give but take rough treatment, weighing some 11,000 pounds as compared with the 6000 of ordinary pursuits or fighters, most of the weight being in armor, armament, supercharger and equipment for high-altitude flying. Definitely in the 400-mile-per-hour class, it will be at its fastest between 25,000 and 30,000 feet.

The Boeing B-17, or Flying Fortress, has gained world fame in the present war. The Consolidated B-24 Liberator also has made an impressive reputation in all parts of the world. The smaller, agile Douglas A-20 attack bomber, known to the British as the Boston and, in a night-fighter version, as the Havoc, also has performed notable. The North American B-25, in which General Doolittle raided Tokyo, and the Martin B-26, a fast bomber which has 'doubled in brass' by carrying torpedoes at Midway and in the Aleutians, are other bright stars in the galaxy of American bombers.

One of the men in the Medical Detachment at Napier Field received his laundry back with a note on the third which read: "Teeth in Pocket." He's still wondering whose teeth.

COLONEL QUIZ ASKS



1. What major Civil War battle was called the battle above the clouds?
2. What president gave the shortest speech?
3. How many Americans signed our Constitution, and who was the first?
4. Only one father and son team have served as presidents of the United States. Who were they?
5. What flag, called the Stars and Bars, once waved over a large section of our country?

Answers On Page 7

Every night before climbing into bed, a certain advanced school cadet at Craig Field plants a kiss on the photograph of his girl friend, which he keeps next to his bed. One night recently he came into his bunk after lights were out and he followed his usual habit, then got into bed and went to sleep. When he awoke the next morning, he flew into a rage. And no wonder. Someone had replaced his girl's picture with that of Adolf Schickelgruber!

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8:30 A. M., Wednesday

1st LT. ALFRED J. CARMODY

Catholic Chaplain
Masses

6:30, 9 and 11:30 A. M., Sunday

7:30 A. M., Daily

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

MASSES

Six thirty, 9 and 11:30 a. m. Sunday, and 7:30 a. m. daily. Catholic confessions at 3:30 to 5:30 and 7:30 to 9:00 p. m. Saturday, and before each mass.

The Blessed Sacrament is now reserved in the Catholic Sanctuary at the front of the Chapel.

All military chaplains and other priests who have the spiritual care of the men of the Armed Forces, have the following faculty which will be in force until the end of the present war:

To celebrate Mass during the hours after mid-day, provided the Mass is begun not later than half past seven, and the men of the Armed Forces are unable to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the morning.

In virtue of the same delegated power, we dispense from the observance of the Eucharistic fast, during the hours mentioned above both the priests who will celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the men of the Armed Forces who will receive Holy Communion, under the following conditions:

1. That they abstain from solid food for at least four hours previous to the celebration of Mass or the reception of Holy Communion.

2. That they abstain from liquids for at least one hour previous to the celebration of Mass or the reception of Holy Communion.

3. That the liquids taken after midnight up until one hour before the celebration of Mass or the reception of Holy Communion be non-alcoholic.

4. That all danger of profanation, sacrilege or irreverence be removed.

5. That the usual dispositions of body and soul required for the celebration of Mass and the reception of Holy Communion be observed.

This dispensation from the Eucharistic fast will be in force until the end of the present war.

SERVICE FLAG DEDICATED IN NORTH BREWER

A service flag containing 21 stars was dedicated last Sunday night at 7:30 at the North Brewer-Eddington Methodist church with Chaplain Fellows in charge of the program. Chaplain Fellows was ac-

companied by 35 men from Dow Field, including the organist, the choir, and 21 to represent that number of boys from North Brewer in the service. Lt. Ruth Farrar represented Miss Flora Rand, who will enter the Army Nursing Service the first of September.

The program was as follows: organ prelude, Pfc. Morris Levine; anthem and incidental solo, "I Need Thee Every Hour", Sgt. James Ross and choir; invocation and Lord's Prayer, Mrs. Raymond L. Hart; anthem and incidental solo, "Holy, Holy, Holy", Pvt. Marshall Clark and choir; Scripture reading and prayer, Chaplain Fellows; offering; anthem and incidental solo, "Angel Gabriel", Pvt. Douglas Catto and choir; dedication service, Chaplain Fellows; hymn, "Come Thou Almighty King"; benediction and choral response, "Abide With Me"; organ postlude, Pfc. Morris Levine.

At the close of the service the soldiers, members of Daniel E. Geagan post and Auxiliary, and families of the boys in the service

were guests at a fellowship hour, in the basement of the little church. During the latter festivities the genial Sgt. James Ross entertained with a series of spirituals, beautifully sung.

Pvt. Harold Davis of the Photo Lab took a series of pictures at the suggestion of S-2, some of which will be enlarged and presented to the Official Board of the church as mementoes of the occasion.

All of the men who attended this unique function seemed pleased that they could participate in so worth-while a project, and we noticed that the parents were quite moved by the fact that men from other homes the nation over would give up a hot and muggy Sunday evening to worship beside them as adopted sons during the blessing of the flag.

Mrs. Hart, who serves as the minister of the little cross-roads church, will preach at the 10:00 o'clock Service in our Chapel on August the 30th. Her husband has recently sailed for foreign duty as a Chaplain with a Medical Unit.

The Chapel all this week has been in an uproar, with the men of the engineering division sanding, staining, waxing and polishing all the floors in the place. Those engaged in the work are: Royce Tuscan, J. A. Mooney, T. E. Canning, T. E. Keenen. These men were supervised by their foreman, Mr. G. L. Barton.

It is hoped that from now on the Chapel will present as finished an appearance as any in the FAF. As it is the Chapel has far better equipment throughout than any we have seen, save those at Mitchell Field, N. Y.

The Worship Service for Protestant Officers and men were especially attractive this Sunday, what with the Chapel newly redecorated and the special music offered at both.

The 8:00 o'clock service attendants were thrilled by Sgt. James Ross, who sang two request numbers—"When I've Done the Best I Can", and "Precious Lord Take My Hand".

At the 10:00 o'clock service Sgt. Charles Marston of the Band played two trumpet solos—Gounod's "Ave Maria" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes". The choir sang "Holy, Holy, Holy" as its morning anthem, and the chaplain preached on "The Narrow Gate".

We have jumped about 500% in worship attendance during the past month, thanks to the Aviation Squadron Separate, and the larger number of officers and men who are bringing their wives and sweethearts to worship.

This week the choir will record its full repertoire over the facilities of WLBZ on Thursday evening, with a view of ironing out any rough spots in their first radio broadcast to the nation.

recently assigned to—believe it or not—Ward 3. Maybe that's his lucky number.

Elimination of the red circle in U. S. military aircraft markings in no way affects the design of the AAF shoulder patch. The red dot was removed because it could be mistaken for the Japanese rising sun emblem . . . but the dot in the shoulder patch is still with us.

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

MONDAY, AUG. 24

8:00 P. M.—Dancing tonite. USO hostesses. New motion picture. Program of Shorts (8:45).

TUESDAY, AUG. 25

8:00 P. M.—Dancing tonite. USO hostesses. Scavenger Hunt.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26

8:00 P. M.—Dancing tonite. USO hostesses. Spelling Bee. Community Singing.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27

8:30 P. M.—Dancing at the Bangor City Hall, Hammond St. (one blocks below the YMCA.) Norman Lambert's Orchestra. Dancing 8:00 to 11:30 P. M. Refreshments.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28

8:00 P. M.—Dancing tonite. USO hostesses. Feature Motion Picture. Abe Lincoln in Illinois, with Raymond Massey, Ruth Gordon and Gene Lockhart. Short Subjects. (8:30).

SATURDAY, AUG. 29

8:00 P. M.—Dancing tonite. USO hostesses. Game nite; Swing Bowling. Movies: Feature and Shorts.

Facilities available at your home away from home: Exercise room, shower room, lounges, canteen, ping pong, music room, game rooms, writing rooms, reading rooms, horseshoes, badminton, volley ball, basketball, croquet, tetherball, symphonic and popular recordings, valet service, fully equipped handicrafts room.

Phonograph Given To Dow Soldiers

Officials of the Harmon Piano Co. of Bangor have recently given a much appreciated phonograph to Dow Field. It is given in honor of Capt. Roland C. Harmon, who once worked in the firm.

Capt. Harmon was born in Southwest Harbor, Maine, and was educated at Hebron Academy, N. Y. Military School, and Boston University, where he was a track star.

He was called into service Jan. 19, 1940, and is now stationed at Camp Hoode, Texas.

Well, the word "Air Corps" is back again. That is, for use on signatures. The name Army Air Forces still goes, and the designation of General Arnold remains Commanding General, Army Air Forces. But for the rest of us, the official moniker is now John Doe, Lieutenant, Air Corps. It was that way for years and years, but changed over to John Doe, Army Air Forces, a few months ago. It seems that the name Air Corps is a designation of an arm of the service by an act of Congress and would need an act of Congress to change it. The name Army Air Forces was adopted for administrative purposes by executive order.

The "Defender"

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Lieut. Comiskey Has Amazing Curio Collection

World War I Souvenirs Hold Vivid Memories

At first it looked like an ordinary thirty-five-cent whistle, but a closer inspection revealed a startling story. Sharply engraved, by a German prisoner, it tells the story of Lieut. Comiskey's major battle engagements. Clearly lettered the inscription reads: "To Sergeant Comiskey. Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse, Argonne." He tells us that it was given to him by his Platoon Commander, when he was first made sergeant, and he was told to use it, but NOT abuse it.

Four times it has been lost, but each time was returned by the finder who appreciated its sentimental value.

On his desk is a shattered French mirror covered in one corner with friction tape. The tape was put on way back in 1918 to hold it together after a smash from German shrapnel. The flying metal narrowly missed Sgt. Comiskey and damaged the mirror which was just back of his head.

Lying on his bunk is another prize possession—a wool blanket that he picked up in a coal pile at Newport News on his return from the war, and has carried all over the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, Japan, the South Seas—and Brooklyn.

From his footlocker he fondly lifts out a baseball cap. It seems it was worn by Bobby Veach, sensational player for the 1910 Detroit Tigers. Veach ran back to the stands and leaped for a fly ball; his cap was thrown into the stand and snatched up eagerly by young Comiskey.

A sport sweater, originally worn by Gloria Swanson, a rifle team

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Pvt. Joseph White Remains On Job As City Councillor Of Quincy

Keeps in Touch With Meetings, Uses 3-Way Telephone Hook-up

Elected in December, Pvt. White took office in January, 1942, and was inducted into the army in April. He still keeps things humming in Ward 3 of his home town. In spite of the miles of handicap White (better known as Jerry, has ingeniously managed to keep close contact with his home needs.

Every time a special meeting is up, the deputy sheriff calls White by phone with the city clerk listening in by a connecting phone. White then swears he has been duly notified. The city clerk then reads him the orders coming up for discussion, and Pvt. White makes notes on those bills he is particularly interested in. The next day the wires and mail are hot with pros and cons on every bill. So far every bill he has introduced has come

plaque, and—a red handkerchief. (We'd like to know more about the mysterious lady who wore it.)

Lieut. Comiskey cited numerous close calls during actual combat. One time a French mortar shell tore off his sleeve, and nary a scratch! He claims that his name never appeared on Sick Report during his over-seas service (twenty-one months). At one time a pack was blown right off his back, and the payoff is this—two weeks after he got back, without damage of any kind, a trolley car ran into him and injured his knee.

through with flying colors.

His election was a triumph of clean cut, hard hitting strategy by which he ousted the rival candidate who had held the office for three terms. The victory was won by a narrow but complete margin of 86 votes, three thousand votes being cast in his ward.

His term lasts two years, so he will be in office until December, 1943.

In addition to this he is a member of many committees in the Quincy city government. He is chairman of the pension board, trustee of the Quincy City hospital, he is a committee member of the fire and police departments and the health and welfare department. He is the youngest member of the council, and the first elected official who has gone into service during his term of office.

He feels the army has given him a broader perspective of human needs, and a chance to talk with men all over the country. He finds Dow Field soldiers make an excellent cross section, and he likes to get as many reactions to local governments as he can.

He constantly reads the Quincy Ledger and last week was pleasantly surprised to find he had been re-elected vice chairman of the Democratic city committee.

At present he is in the medical detachment of Dow Field, and was

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Fire Flashes

(Anonymous, for the Present)

This being our first visit to the Dow Field Observer, I think introductions are in order. Reading from left to right, we are: Gas-Happy Bullman, Old-man Simpson, Old-dog Abbott, Yo-all Bernard, Sleepy Breighner, Rebel Lee, Gimme-a-rating Lowe, Tex Madewell, False-Alarm McClary, Smoky Winslow, Co. 2 Brun, and last but not least, Sparky Davis.

Heard a rumor to the effect that when our good friend Simpson's baby was born, it had Pfc. stripes on the arms. Is that true, chum?

Sparky Davis is just content to stay in the fire-house on his day off . . . could it be that he is waiting for another fire, maybe?

Why does our good man Lowe insist on going to Old Town? That is he question. Pulease . . . remember the gal back home.

Heard by Old-dog Abbott, before he left on furlough. 'If another fire breaks out while I'm away, send me a telegram, keep piling wood on it and keep it burning. That is the true spirit, chum.

Pvt. Robert E. (Rebel) Lee is now on furlough, so we must wait until he gets back before we have any dirt.

Camera fiend Tex Madewell is looking for some good prospects. Have any of you guys got any good phone numbers that he can try out?

Heard by a certain guy whose initials are Alfred Brun. 'Hello . . . operator give me . . . 88, I mean . . . 558 . . . I mean . . . 5881.' What is the dope on that number, pal,

The only thing that we have on Winslow is that he likes to go out swimming. Right now it is his story, and he is stuck with it.

One of these days, those cigars that Bullman smokes are going to get him. Hope I'm around when it happens.

No one can say that McClary isn't 'on the beam.' He even brings the ships in for a landing while he is asleep. Ask anyone.

Bernard's favorite pastime is . . . censored. But, Breighner's is of a different nature. His is . . . also censored.

Well, fellas, take it easy and we will be back again next week, providing the editor will let this copy get through. So-long.

General Mess

Cpl. Nash has been promoted to sergeant. Congrats—and best of luck.

Pvt. Joe Premer and Sgt. Joe Burkhalter found something in common to talk about. Seems the peaches we have been serving were helped upon their way this season by products sold by these two men—fertilizer and baskets.

Cpl. Tarantino has been gifted with a new name—Lambo. If any one knows the connection kindly inform the corporal. He's in a daze over the whole affair.

The butcher from Wisconsin got a big kick from going to the Skowhegan Fair, which was given an O. K. by Charles Hart and Crockwell of the office staff.

Fritz kneels every night in prayer hoping he may be given the privilege of seeing Hotchknox.

Sgt. Hanes reports his dog is doing very well. He brought it to the vet's because of a bad eye. Claims its the best bird dog on the post, but then how could it be anything else, coming from Maryland.

All the fellows were wondering why Sgt. Asmandis took such good care of the soup the other day. It seems someone told him they had lost their watch in the vicinity. So next week they're going to sell him the Brooklyn Bridge.

Sgt. Buttercup Weeks, better known as Sweet Pea, is an ardent lover of the classics. You know Flat Foot Floogie, and Beat Me, Daddy, with a boogie beat.

The General, that's Private Stow, that indestructible personality from Connecticut, is receiving cards from his girl friend which say such nice things if you read between the lines.

What Quartermaster K. P. took a glue bath last week at the insistence of a few of the Mess hall personnel?

Why is it that Sgt. Louis Monclova is seen taking the Brewer bus so much? Is it that he has found someone who understands him and his seven languages?

The Barzydio's are expecting.

Now we know why he hasn't been able to sleep for the past three weeks.

Most eminent K. P. of the week: Pvt. W. W. Tucker, Link Trainer, Operator, has this to say about K. P., between pots and pans, and we quote, 'It stinks.' Asked if there were all, he declared, 'That's enough.'

Why is it that Pvt. Crockwell is seen in the vicinity of the Broadway Park? Can it be that little blonde?

Cpl. Sullivan is back pushing K. P.'s after an enjoyable furlough of ten days.

Pvt. Victor Branca spends his holidays over at the mess hall trying to make the bakers give out some of their pies and cakes.

Sgt. Vinack, chief baker, is bucking for Major. He hasn't heard of starting from the bottom.

Pvt. Gatti, one of our new cooks, just back from Cooks and Bakers School, better known as Jersey City Gatti, can't understand why the girls leave him—the wolf.

Sgt. Asmandis was approached the other day by one of the cooks to split peas for split pea soup. Said he couldn't spare the men just then but would get around to it.

Why does Pvt. Baffi want to spend his furlough at Moosehead Lake instead of at Little Rhodie, his home state?

Cpl. Stiensic, a K. P. pusher, should wear his stripes. They tried to put him on K. P.

Cpl. Ed Yanuski said if anyone wants to meet Millie, just see him.

Pvt. Hollywood Nastri wants a furlough so he can marry his girl friend, Mary, at home.

The baseball game played last Friday between the Mississippi Maniacs (T-34 cooks) and the Brown Bombers (Aviation Squadron Separate) resulted in the Bombers winning 14-13. Game was called after six innings due to darkness. Highlights of the game were two homers by Olsen and Garcia of the Maniacs. Spectacular catch by Pvt. C. Tanenbaum who came in with lightning speed from left field retired the side with bases full. The Maniacs were leading 13-8 until the 6th inning when the entire infield blew up.

Pvt. A. Stephens while feeling good the other evening packed his barracks bags, and said there was some mistake, that he was in the wrong place. Wanted to take a plane home. He soon found out he belonged here.

Pvt. Tanenbaum no longer walks the floor these days. His gal finally wrote him after two weeks.

If Pvt. Recchio can bake cakes as well, as he can build ships . . . Yum . . . yum.

Who stole Pvt. Spear's sock in town?

Wonder when Sgt. Onyzen is going to take off his left shoe and come up with some of the money he has stored there?

Sgt. Quimby moved in bag and baggage upon his return from furlough. Welcome! Hope you like your new quarters.

Sgt. Shields has become quite a Lothario from the stories we hear about his recent jaunts into town.

Past master in the art of fisticuffs in our midst—Pvt. Carol Mullins. Will take on all comers. Call 282.

Cpl. Yanuski returned from his furlough with a picture of a beautiful damsel. Does he really rate?

We wonder. The Baron Munchausen had nothing on him.

'French' Melancons' debut on the airwaves was very successful, and was immediately signed to do a show at the Grange.

The entire personnel of T-34 has been transferred to the General Mess. This is the group who came up from Keessler Field, Miss., and major in culinary art.

Pvt. Yunker has never recovered from that parade that took place a couple of weeks ago. Three times around the field at 3 a. m., no less.

Pvt. Yunker is laboring under the delusion that he is the champ with the gloves. Well, he may find out he is mistaken, one of these days.

Officers' Mess

Among the unsung heroes of the kitchen are the boys who please the fastidious taste of the officers. They really know their stuff in making a plate appetizing and vitaminizing.

Pfc. Bill Hoxie, for instance, is an Army man from way back;

graduated from Cooks and Bakers school, and knows the answers to whipping up a good meal.

Pvt. Joe Traino had a wholesale meat business before his number came up, and knows just where and when to cut up the best meats. Joe's brother works on the New Haven Register as a Linotype operator, and sends Joe the most unusual letters these eyes have ever seen. They are printed like galley proofs—and look like a regular newspaper column, with sub-heads that carry out the effect of a printed page.

Cpl. Ervin White, in the cooking department, was one of the first to cook for officers' mess, and has consistently come through with tasty tempting dishes.

Cpl. Frank Nardella, Pvts. Lucian Carrella, Leon Legg, James McDermond, and Alfred Reynolds, do a neat job in the waiter division, and look slick in their white uniforms. Legg is a veteran of the officers' mess, and is kiddingly referred to as the Old Man.

Pvt. Donald McAvery turns out some of the neatest baking in the business. Pies and cakes, all kinds, leap to life under his masterful touch.

Pfc. Stephen Leoras must have hidden artistic talents from the gay appearance of the salads he designs. Pvt. James C. Koonce and Pvt. Dorian Cardin go to town on cooking and butchering.

In the "what are we going to have on the menu" department, Cpl. Edward Heine and Cpl. Lou Gutilla do a shrewd job of anticipating the preferences of their customers.

Lieut. Oomiskey keeps his eagle eye on the general running order.

Weather Squadron Detached

Parting salutes and good luck handshakes were passed out last Monday when Lieut. Robert M. Rados departed from Dow Field to parts unknown. He left behind him a squadron of men who highly respected him, and an outstanding record.

Lieut. Philip J. Gilinson has taken over the position of Base Weather Officer. He has just returned from duty in the Arctic region. Already the Lieutenant has started his new job in A-1 style.

Pvt. Chuck Ricci seems to be having a bad time with his itchy head. What the weather boys can't understand is why he scratches it by cracking the old cabeza on the upper bunks.

Cpl. Fritz Vehlow returned from his furlough last Tuesday and as usual was full of fight for the regular duties again. His home is in the state known as the 'Dairyland of America'—which is Wisconsin to the rest of the 47.

Pvt. Joe Rousseau and Cpl. Nelson Clark are the next two representatives from Dow Field to attend Weather Forecasters School at Chanute Field, Ill. They will start classes in September and not long after that it will be S-St. Rousseau and S-Sgt. Clark.

A can of sardines has nothing on the Base Weather Station these days. Due to Sgt. Dick Nibeck's art work (painting the station floor) all the tables, chairs, teletype machines, and book cases, are crowded into one side of the room. Maps are spotted and observations are taken as usual, but with three or four men on a shift the boys have to do some fancy twisting to keep things going. Hats off to Sgt. Nibeck's work, though. When completed the station will be a real office to work in.

Cpl. Carlton M. Smith.

QUARTERMASTER

Sgt. Roth, who works in the commissary, celebrated his fiftieth birthday, Sunday, Aug. 9. The celebration was held with friends in Bangor, with turkey as the main issue. Many happy returns from the entire Q. M. personnel, Pop.

Cpl. Tom Winn and Pfc. Beyerlian say they had an enjoyable week-end but they won't divulge the story. Must be something wrong. What is it, soldiers?

T-211 has donated a very good

ball player to the Base Team in Tony Correa. He hails from Plymouth, Mass., and formerly played in the Cape Cod League.

Capt. A. J. Goguen has returned to his duties on the Base after a ten day special course in Quartermaster work.

The bowling season is near at hand. Your reporter suggests that Q. M. have a team represent them in a league on the Base, or in a Bangor group—perhaps both. Will one of the personnel form a team by the elimination process, and give each man an equal chance to qualify for the team. All men interested, please sign up for the trials, or if anyone has better suggestions, let's hear from you.

Red Spada is lost to the Ball teams on the Base, at least for this season. The old soup bone is not healing, he says, the sugar bags at the Commissary aggravate it.

S-Sgt. Avashirian is back after visiting his home in Detroit, Mich. Of course he had a good time!

It sounds like wedding bells are near for a certain Q. M. sergeant. He is humming love songs, and looking over the jewelry ads. That usually is the sign.

T-Sgt. William Butler is a proud father of a baby boy, and he is really beaming. The report is that Mrs. Butler and the baby are doing nicely. The complete personnel congratulate you.

To the personnel of Q. M.: If you have any news you wish to enter in the OBSERVER please contact your reporter. Jot down your notes, hand them in. Each member has the same privilege. It is nearly impossible to contact each one, so if you have news, let's have it. I'll make a story out of it.

Lt. Paul Riley, supply officer of the Quartermaster on this base gave an interesting talk over the Radio Wednesday night at 8:15. The subject was pertaining to the base laundry and the motorized laundry unit, which carry 6 separate units into the field. Lt. Riley pointed out the modern method as compared to that used years ago, after explaining in detail the process in which the clothes went through, until the finished product, the officer answered many questions by a prominent Bangor doctor. Each Wednesday at 8:15 there is a commentary on one of the many branches governed by the Q. M.

AVIATION SQUADRON SEPARATE

Uncle Sam presents the Aviation Squadron Separate which is now stationed at Dow Field. It is unique in many respects. It is the first colored squadron on a major air base in the United States, and the training of its personnel is far more extensive and complete than any outfit previously trained.

The men of the squadron are draftees from the New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania areas. They are developing a very high squadron morale and are cooperating to the highest level of their ability. Their aim is to make their squadron the best trained outfit in this area.

In the evening "jam sessions" spring up almost spontaneously, as soon as chow is over. The New York City boys alternate with the boys from Philadelphia in presenting old tunes in a new way. Johnnie King of Philadelphia dropped quietly at the piano the other night, and began a little "gut bucket" while Jake Wilson strummed a few mellow bars on a steel guitar that just happened to be handy. To keep the New York boys from feeling homesick, Bill Davis, Joe "Lone Wolf" Russell, Jimmi Thomkins, and Cpl. Eneed harmonized the theme song of the Harlem Amateur Hour, and a few other tunes. The New Yorkers have promised to return the favor with the aid of a few of their singers. James Davis, composer, and

arranger of music for several orchestras in New York City, is forming a male choral group which seems to show signs of a very bright future.

Pvt. Ernest Cyril.

It happened in the Recreation Hall, as everything usually does. A fellow, namely Pvt. Costello Howe, a Philadelphian, was entertaining the rest of the ranks. While playing "Yes, Indeed," a second lieutenant from another outfit came into the hall unknowingly. After hearing a few renditions of the "St. Louis Blues" which was played excellently by Pvt. Howe, he gave a dollar bill to the player. So excited was Pvt. Howe that he went straight to the Post Exchange and secured a bar of candy. What a surprise to a man 35 years old, broke, and a long way from home.

When a pretty young stranger sends you a sweet-scented letter, describing herself as "rich, lovely and lonely"—run, don't walk, to the nearest ash can. Deposit the billet-doux firmly therein, to avoid Uncle Sam's frown. Correspondence between Army personnel and unknown civilians (sex not specified) is out for the duration. No approval will be given "Lonely Heart" clubs or other plans intended to encourage such correspondence. However, this policy is not designed to discourage normal letter writing between soldiers and friends, relatives or—of course—the girl back home.

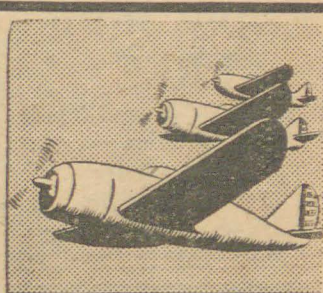
You, too, may be entitled to wear that yellow faille ribbon with red and blue stripes that recently made its appearance over left breast pockets. It's the American Defense Service Ribbon, and as widely publicized, appeared to be restricted to officers and men who completed a year of active service between Sept. 8, 1939, and Dec. 7, 1941. Actually, however, ANY officer or soldier who STARTED active service at any time within the above dates is eligible to wear the ribbon and receive the award of the American Defense Service Medal.

One of the feminine gender, so help us, called her soldier at Fort Bliss, Tex., all the way from good old New York. Company Headquarters informed her he was AWOL. She expressed her thanks for the information and hung up. A minute later the sweet young thing was back on the line. "Is there any way to reach him at AWOL?" she asked.

Quiz Answers:

Questions on Page 5

1. Lookout Mountain. It was called the battle of the clouds because it was fought near Chattanooga, Tenn., on the slopes and summit of Lookout Mountain with the clouds sweeping down and hiding both Federals and Confederates.
2. George Washington—He talked for less than two minutes, and said only 134 words in his second inaugural address.
3. Thirty-nine signed the Constitution, and George Washington was the first.
4. John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, were both presidents.
5. The flag of the Confederate States.



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Swimming Trip

A truck leaves the Recreation Hall at one and six every day for swimming at Hermon Pond BUT ONLY IF FIFTEEN MEN GO EACH TRIP.

Bombers Blast Infantry in Walk Away Game

Clean Up at
Searsport 13-1

The Dow Field Bombers again unleashed their fury in a game with the Infantry at Searsport, Sunday.

Belkowitz uncorked a beautiful homer that sent Saladino and Seay home and sent the Bombers romping to an easy victory.

Saladino and Belkowitz both came through with triples and cleaned up the bases.

Every inning was packed with Dow dynamite and with Pancho Varela breezing through with 18 strikeouts the contest was just a warm up session.

Mitchell, Correa, Saladino, Belkowitz, starred in the "knock 'em out in the woods" department, consistently sending the Infantry back on their heels.

To say the field was picturesque would be an understatement, but the left field could better be called left ocean, with the water backing up the players. Center and left field should have water wings and bathing trunks as standard equipment. The field just beyond 3rd base dropped so suddenly that frequently all that could be seen of the outfielder was his hands reaching for the ball.

For contrast, the right field should have been called right jungle. In fact some of the boys thought that they were back in the bush league.

Varela's streamlined pitching however left the fielders practically jobless.

The only run by the Infantry was scored when Giravic got on base when he was hit by a pitched ball and went home on a miff by the catcher.

Box score:
Pitcher, Pancho Varela; catcher, Ebeshi and MacInnis.

Infantry — Pitcher, Kretzer; catcher, Mack.

Dow 300 013 114—13 16 1
Inf. 000 000 001—1 2 0

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"THE HOUSE OF UNIFORMS"

110 EXCHANGE ST.

BANGOR, MAINE



SONG OF THE SIGNAL CORPS

1.

In the time of war, no matter where you are,
There you'll find the Signal Corps!
When the long lines file weary mile by mile
They're the ones who are at the fore.
When there's big news coming and buzzers humming
When Springfields rattle and the big guns roar,
With a flash and flare, over land and air,
Comes the word; that's the Signal Corps.

2.

In the time of peace, our duties never cease,
There is drill and work to spare.
In the field we go with our radio,
And we talk thru the empty air.
From our short wave stations, we call the nations,
From Greenland's mountains to the South Sea Shore.
Ev'ry day we say, we're in the Corps to stay.
'See the world with the Signal Corps.'

3.

When the doughboys hike on the hard turnpike,
We'll be there to show the way;
When the big guns roll toward their far-off goal
We will follow them, day by day;
If you take a notion to cross the ocean,
We're there with radio on sea and shore,
For the sun can't set on our short wave net!
That's the boast of the Signal Corps!

Air Base Squadron

Father Carmody has nothing but the highest praise for the manner in which the men from our squadron conducted themselves at the funeral of soldier Philip R. Rollins, who died recently in Bangor. The services were held in the Grange Hall of Olamont, Maine, the home town of the deceased. Sgt. Blain, Cpl. Horstmeier, Cpl. Dulea, Pvt. Moleski, Pvt. Rockwell and Pvt. William Stark acted as honorary pallbearers, while those on the firing squad included: Sgt. Quimby, Pvt. Varela, Pvt. Morton, Pvt. W. D. Taylor, Pvt. Shelly, and Pvt. S. Montgomery.

Cpl. Herbert Horstmeier, Air Base Squadron Duty Corporal, has announced his engagement to Miss Eleanor Tolman; Miss Tolman is a local resident and has a position with the General Ice Cream Co. of Bangor. As yet the couple have made no definite plans about their marriage, but they expect it to take place within the next few months.

Pvt. William Welch is engaged to Miss Mary Ellen Moran of Bangor. No date has been set for the wedding.

You'd have been amused at the rapt expression on Bluegrass Marles' face if you had seen it, a few days ago. He was munching candy that his girl friend had sent him, and reading her letter which accompanied it . . . and which was sixteen pages long . . . and which took him the whole box of candy to read. Three pieces to each page.

Sgt. G. E. Ogilvie and Cpl. Jerry Rosenbloom are going to Officers Candidate School. They have both selected the Adjutant General's School. Congratulations!

To maintain health, about 2000 cubic feet of air is required every hour.

Team Hits Stride, Bombers Defeat Brewer Sox 4-1

Trotting out his star colored battery for the first time this year, Manager Henry Bufalino's Dow Bombers turned back the Brewer Red Sox for the second time this year, by the score of 4 to 1.

The Bombers scored in the first inning after two were out when Sturkie reached on an error by Burnett, advanced to second on a passed ball and scored on Correa's line single to left field. They made it 2 to 0 in the second inning when Varela walked and Kalish and Mitchell singled for the run. Scoring again in the third when Sturkie tripled to deep right center, and scored as Correa smashed a line single to right field. In the fifth inning Bombers made it 4 to 0 when Seay opened with a single and scored when Chute let Correa's hard hit ball get by him for a triple.

Meanwhile Mitchell on the mound for the Bombers had the Red Sox completely baffled, allowing only four hits, striking out seven batters and not issuing any passes. He was ably supported by his battery-mate Jeff Strawthers, who thrilled the crowd with his rhythmic performance.

The score by innings:
Bombers 1 1 1 0 1 0 4 7 1
Brewer 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 4 1

Belkowitz's Triple Fatal to Old Town Advertisers Team

Johnny Belkowitz's smashing triple to deep center field, in the sixth inning, enabled the Bombers to win their second game this week.

The score was tied at 1-1, and Vanadestine of Old Town and Miller of the Bombers were pitching brilliantly, when Belkowitz opened the sixth inning with his triple. Correa then flied deep to Spinney and Belkowitz scored easily after the catch. As Miller retired Old Town in the sixth that was the ball game.

The game was featured by Miller's pitching, the aforementioned triple by Belkowitz and the fielding of Seay, third baseman of the Bombers.

The score by innings:
Bombers 100 001—2 6 1
Advertisers 100 000—1 3 2

Medics Softball Team Defeats Medical Officers

Carrying their winning streak along, the Medics went to work on the Armour Packing Co. team, until there was nothing left but the whistle. They sent the Armour men packing, with well placed hits, to the score of 12-10.

Sgt. Mullen performed a major operation with a home run in the 5th. The whole team played smart and fast ball.

Girls Outshoot Old Soldiers

Friday night the Quartermaster Girls' Rifle team invaded the local YMCA and blitzkrieged the Old Army (QM) soldiers, to the staccato tune of 767 points to 742 points. At this writing the Old Soldiers have not as yet voiced their opinion of the shoot.

The Annie Oakleys, with their scores, were: Lillian Batchelder, 192, Elva Barrows, 194, Betty Ireland, 180, Barbara Leighton, 166, Zanie Nawfel, 186, and Mary Pozzi, 195.

The Old Army soldiers were: Sgt. Butler, 181, Sgt. Skypok, 185, Sgt. Savage, 181, Cpl. Szmid, 101, Lt. Dilatusy, 166 and Sgt. Pozzi, 195.

It has been reported that M-Sgt. Pozzi (coach) now addresses his wife, who got the same score he did—195—as "Yes, Sweetie Pie."

The Girls are now seeking better competition. Matches may be arranged by calling Ext. 256—Sgt. Pozzi.

Medics Win Over Armour In Softball

To a score of 9-6 the enlisted men came through with a win over the officers at Union Field Tuesday.

Starring for the officers were Capt. Finks batting out hits, Major Bohannon spearing a neat fly, and Capt. Gillespie—who is at home in any position, tagging one for a circuit clout.

Major Cantor hurled for the officers, while Wise turned loose his steam for the Medics.

T-46 Softball Team Noses Out T-212

Sensational
Rally Defeats
Mud Cats

T-46 SOFTBALL TEAM

Heading into the seventh inning with the score against them 12-2, the T-46 Hurricanes slashed their way to an amazing winning score of 13-12.

James Kee and Jean Arnold gathered in home runs, while Kee also played air tight ball in the field.

T-46 hasn't lost a game yet, and it sure looks as though they had a 100 per cent fighting spirit.

Pure bred Dalmatian puppies are born pure white, with the spots making their appearance later.

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Good Music, Chicago Skates

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Cordially Invited to Visit
FREESE'S
"The Shopping Center of Maine"

Browse around the store as much
as you wish—Use the short cut
from Main Street through to
Pickering Square . . . Come in as
often as you like and make your-
self at home here!

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