

DOW FIELD OBSERVER

Number 11

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Volume 11



THE HEAD TABLE INCLUDED COL. AND MRS LANDERS
MAJOR AND MRS. BERMAN AND LT. BARKER

Col. Landers and Major Berman Speak at Seventh Dinner

A record turnout greeted Lt. Cleveland Barker as he welcomed the guests and invited officers at the Air Base Squadron party held at the Bangor House last Thursday evening.

Lt. Barker introduced Colonel S. F. Landers, Commanding Officer of Dow Field. Colonel Landers pointed out that men maintaining a base were doing a much needed job in the war effort. He cited a recent occurrence as proof of the present situation. He ended with a quotation from an article called "I Am A Mechanic", published in the "Jefferson Barracks Hub".

The next speaker was our Base Executive Major Berman. The major's advice on safeguarding military information was a classic. Very neatly, he brought up a question that was in everybody's mind out in the open, discussed it briefly, and then took his own advice on safeguarding information.

Mrs. S. F. Landers climaxed the dinner with a brief message of warmth and cheer to the assembled guests.

Dancing immediately followed the speakers. The Rythm-aires played for dancing.

Sgt. Harry Richardson master-minded the whole affair, with Lt. Barker as co-planner. A delicious broiled chicken dinner with all

DEVINE, FALTINSON AND WASHINGTON STAR IN USO SHOW

Lithe-limbed Joane Rexer, tap dancer, had suave Cpl. Devine hip swinging in a conga specialty.

Jack Spoons, hillbilly player of odd instruments, clicked spoons, squeezed music out of a tire pump and gave Pvt. Maurice D. Washington a haircut with spoons. On paper that sounds incredible, we know but it has to be seen.

Yvonne Sutherland torched a couple of popular songs including the hit "My Heart Tells Me".

Al Small handled the musical background and also soloed in a group of old favorites.

Cpl. Joe Devine did a conga, Faltinson mystified himself and Washington got a G.I. haircut with spoons at the USO Show Thursday night at T-6.

Tommy Tucker, MC and magician, persuaded bashful Pfc Bob Faltinson to assist him and then turned loose a weird barrage of tricks.

the fixings started the affair.

At the head table, Colonel and Mrs. Landers, Major and Mrs. Berman and Lt Barker were seated. Several visiting officers from Rome, New York were among the guests.

The way to success is to keep your head up and your overhead down » »



SGT. HAZLE SMILES FOR THE CAMERA, WHILE
OTHER G. I. s DANCE BY



THIS GROUP WAS TAKEN DURING THE BRIEF INTERMISSION

Bangor News Interviews Military Groundhog at Dow Field Guardhouse.

According to the Bangor News, page 18, 3 Feb. there's a groundhog under the guardhouse at Dow Field. Their reporter insists that he tried to interview him, but no go. He further claims that one of our MP's showed him the hiding place.

So far we have been unable to locate the MP who had the location all charted. Not only that but we took a personal look-see under the guardhouse and this is all we could find - a pile of wet Bangor snow, some old copies of the OBSERVER (plug) a few broken cans, several small burrows (probably field mice) but definitely NO groundhog!

Major General Walter Frank Air Service Command head receives safety award

Last Friday, Major General Walter H. Frank, Commanding General of the A.S.C. was given the 1943 "Distinguished Service to Safety" award. Colonel Stillwell, President of the National Safety Council, presented the award from New York. General Frank accepted it from Dayton, Ohio.

Enlisted men interested in becoming Coast Guard Cadets can get the details in the Classification Office. Check in immediately!

The NEWS, however redeems itself with this conclusion, "He was a military groundhog, so he wouldn't talk".

2 THIS PAPER USES
CAMP NEWSPAPER SERVICE
Colonel, S. F. Landers,
Commanding Officer.

The news material appearing herein is prepared and edited by personnel of Dew Field. In many cases, columns or editorials are presented as personal opinions, are identified as such, and are in no way to be construed as representing 'Official' information or opinions of the United States Army.

News matter pertaining to Dew Field, at Bangor, Maine is available for general releases.

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Editorial

During a lull in a conversation between a famous writer and Oliver Herford the wit, someone knocked at the door in a very peculiar manner at the studio.

It was a rat-a-tat, thrice repeated, followed by a double tap.

"Sh-h!" cautioned Herford in a whisper. "Don't say a word! Don't make a sound! That fellow's a frightful bore. If he gets in here, he will talk all afternoon."

The rapping was repeated several times, but finally the sound of departing footsteps indicated that the caller had given up and gone away.

"You must know who he is by the peculiarity of his rap," remarked Paine, "but I am curious to know how he happens to rap in that manner."

"Oh," said Herford, "I taught him that. I told him that a lot of people came and bothered me, and I would open the door only to my special friends, and I would know the difference by that peculiar knock"

That is known as getting your signals crossed. Many a G.I. thinks he is getting a reputation as a big shot disclosing military information when actually, he is hanging out the sign "I can't be trusted."



Job Frozen and Vice Versa

One of the MP's at the Main Gate stood shivering in the icy cold Bangor wind. A passing civilian made the general remark, "I've been frozen on my job."

The MP lifted an icicle covered eyebrow and muttered, "Me too!"

KNOW YOUR Officers



Lt. John J. Kennedy
Finance Officer

Lt. Kennedy missed World War I by exactly a year. He was born in 1919 on Nov. 11, in Waterbury, Connecticut. After completing courses in Waterbury High, he attended Yale University, majoring in Economics. Upon graduation in 1941 he was employed by the Scovill Manufacturing Co., in his home town and was selected to attend an executives training class.

Lt. Kennedy was inducted into the Army in November 1941 at Camp Lee and was assigned to the Medics. From there he went to OCS at Duke University specializing in Finance. He was commissioned on October 28, 1942 serving as Finance Officer at Grenier Field and arrived at Dew Field on November 1, 1943.



Mystery of the Week: Several potential marksmen went out into Tuesday's raging blizzard to the Rifle Range to qualify. After shivering from 8.30 to 10.00 A.M. the ammunition finally arrived. Our heroes loaded up the rifles, ready to fire and....no targets. It seems that furry fifth columnist has nibbled them to tatters.

The biggest mystery, however is the disappearance of the scout. A man had been sent out to warn of approaching trains to prevent stray bullets from doing damage. He was last seen (up to this writing) going on duty. S/Sgt Riley went out to get him—reported footprints stopped abruptly in the middle of the field.... It makes you sort of wonder.

The whole thing is particularly annoying to Sgt Harold Lynton. Three times in a row he has worn his longies to brave the elements. Three times in vain.

M/Sgt Lubich reports a very busy furlough. Had to tie up a lot of loose ends in his real estate business. Wonder if he was the one who advertised "get lots while you are young."

Home Cooking Item: - Cpl Ken Bishop dined at Cpl (Special Service) Snyder's house while the Missus was away. Ken describes Fred's culinary ability thusly, "I had scrambled eggs and a stomachache"

In the recent dental inspection S/Sgt. Charlie (Mess Hall) Hart had to get back to his kitchen pronto. His solution, "I'll leave my teeth here, you look at them, and I'll pick them up later."

Quick Flashes:

Tall, rangy 1st Sgt. Shanley dive bombing the volley ball over the net - Cpl Scroggs hopping in and out of tables at Seventh dance - S/Sgt Christopolis and Johnson continually arguing about their physical prowess - how about matching muscles boys? Sgt. Steve (Rubberlegs)

Swetenko's fancy hat at the dance set new G.I. style. T/Sgt. Freddie Neumann hoping against hope that the word "Questionnaire" had only one "n". While we are on the subject, the Providence Journal carried a picture of a very smooth looking gal. Directly underneath it says "we quote in part" engaged to T/Sgt Fred Neumann.

At the dance the other night my gal showed me some new steps. So we sat on them.



T/Sgt Freddie Neumann

Practically everyone attended the dinner dance of the Base Squadron held at the Bangor House last Thursday. The social lights of Headquarters were out in full force. Noticeable was the late arrival of T/Sgt. and Mrs. Koonze. T/Sgt. Berkson missed his side kick M/Sgt. Lubich. All agreed it was a super affair. Lt. Barker please note.

Anyone want their floor G.I.'d? Just proposition Sgt. McConnell 'cause we know he's a whiz. Last Friday eve S/Sgt. Pursley reclined on his bunk while Mac scrubbed his floor.

T/Sgt. Berkson chalked up his three hours of P. T. jitterbugging at the Bangor House. Yes sir, that furlough was a wow.

Sgt. Hardesty gets our vote for president of the Sad Sack Club. He always looks so lonesome. Never goes to town and refuses to budge from his bunk except when he's working at the theatre.

M/Sgt. Lubich was caught cursing this Maine weather as he returned from furlough. The wind tried to keep him from making the barracks Sunday.

Here's hoping the groundhog doesn't see his shadow tomorrow. Then we can count on the arrival of spring real soon. (Well - anything can happen in Maine and we might as well make our wish a corker.) Cheerio folks.

PLAYING THIS WEEK

POST THEATRE

Monday 7 Feb. 1944

JANE EYRE, Orson Welles, Joan Fontaine.
Merrie Melodies - Movie Tone News

Tuesday, 8 Feb. 1944

THE PACKET MAN, Tom Neal, Jeanne Bates.
How to be a Sailor - Walt Disney
Swimcapades - Grantland Rice
Task Forces - Service Special

Wednesday 9 Feb. 1944

CRASH DIVE, Tyrone Power, Anne Baxter
(in technicolor - a revival)

Meatless Fly Day - Merrie Melodies
Thursday & Friday 10 & 11 Feb.

A GUY NAMED JOE, Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne
Movie Tone News - March of Time

Saturday 12 Feb. 1944

SWINGTIME JOHNNY, Andrews Sisters
Nabonga - Buster Crabbe

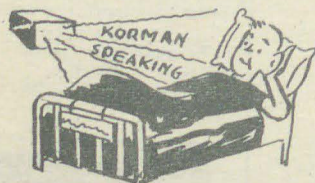
Sunday & Monday 13 & 14 Feb.

IN OUR TIME, Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid
Movie Tone News

DOW FIELD'S post personality

CPL. ALBERT KORMAN, REPORTER
HAS LISTENERS FAN CLUB.

An audience that any radio commentator would give his right arm for, listens to Cpl. Korman's voice as he gives his morning chat over the hospital loud speaker. Albert Edward Korman knows he has an audience. The officers see to that, and he knows they hear it, the fan letters prove it.



At about 10 o'clock, Korman walks into the Colonel's office in the hospital, picks up the mike and starts. "These views are not necessarily the opinions of the speaker", he begins briskly. Then he launches into an interesting discussion of subjects that range from post war problems to reports from foreign listening posts.

"I try to get material that will cheer them up", Korman remarked brightly, "and at the same time keeps them informed on the latest military activities. It's all part of their orientation course."

Al is remarkably well suited for this job as a keen student of human nature. He puts everything he's got in the job of Special Service for the hospital.

Realizing that the patients themselves make news, he began chummy notes on their reactions and so started The Sick And Wounded Column.

Korman started his business career giving pep talks to salesgirls of the Allen's Cut Rate Store Chain. Each girl was educated in the subtle art of snaring extra sales from unwary customers. His nimble brain turned out many a catchy phrase for hauling in reluctant shekels.

Korman had made a definite policy of not dating the salesgirls. But one night when he had a date, one of them suggested that her girl friend had a car and would drive him to his date's house. The driver looked attractive, Korman dated her the second night. She is now Mrs. Korman.

To be near his wife, Al decided to go into business near her - in Hartford, Conn. So he opened up an office as a Credit Investigator. His brother in the finance business started him on the road. His methods of tracking down dead beats are a story in themselves. He will have to tell you himself.

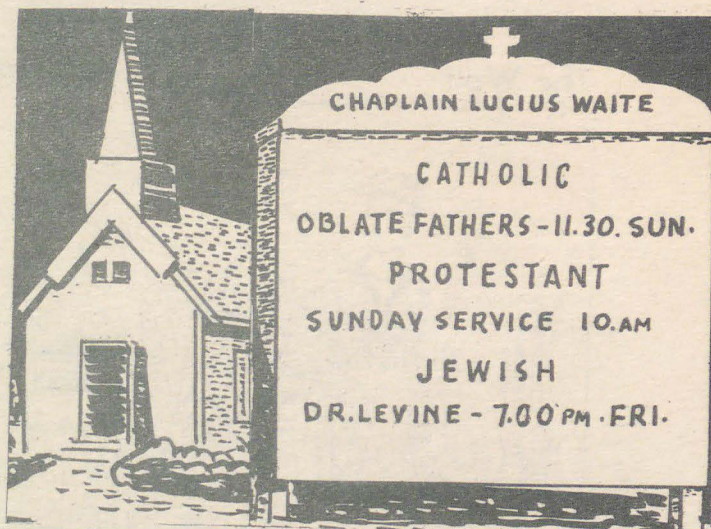
His big pride of the moment is his baby daughter, "Merle", 11 weeks old. "Don't forget to put that in", he cautioned us.

Korman's home town is New Haven, Conn. He attended both high school and college there. "Always managed to be manading something - athletic clubs - camp paper or what have you."

As we were leaving a mailman brought a letter and a box of cough drops and left them on his desk. "From my listeners" he commented briefly.

A SOLDIER'S COLOR SCHEME

BACK on the job, brown as a nut, and everyone green with jealousy. I'm in the pink of condition, but I'm in the red financially!"—Copper's Weekly.



Sgt. Joseph C. Cooper

This week we welcome three fellows, who, tiring of Aviation routine, sought to pursue a clerical course at Fort Logan, Colorado, and upon completion of the course, returned to us for duty. It's really nice seeing you fellows. And believe me, you've certainly got work waiting for you. Incidentally, I'm speaking of Pfc's Charles E. Bowser, Clavin Price and Alfred L. Samuels. They lived up to the usual Squadron tradition and graduated with high averages, honors and stuff.

Guard commendations are still pouring in. It seems that the fellows are actually sprouting horns and the like from guard duty. Just the other day, I understand, a fellow dreamed that he was posted as a sentinel on a certain post, and woke up to find that it was actually true. Oh well, it's all in a day's work. Or is it.

The Squadron dance last week was a huge success. Cupid seem-

ed to be making his usual rounds with success too. The Rythmaires scored with excellent music, the Squadron Mess furnished us with a delicious repast, and the Base Recreational Director, Mrs. Shaw was a perfect hostess. Thanks, although awfully inadequate, is extended to the Rythmaires, Squadron Mess, and Mrs. Shaw for services rendered. And speaking of the Rythmaires, they have made some noticeable improvements. Congratulations.

News has reached us that a class in Skiing will be formed very shortly.

USO Celebrates 3rd Anniversary

Over the weekend the Bangor USO held "open house" as their part of the USO birthday celebrations. Ordinarily only men and women in uniform are admitted, but on this occasion the general public were given a chance to see the USO in action.

On Saturday, a tea dance, and a broadcast were the highlights of the program. On Sunday the doors opened at one o'clock. Dances, concerts, and a radio broadcast completed the entertainment.

Of all the sad surprises, there's nothing to compare with treading in the darkness on a step that isn't there! » »

Male Call by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Wipe That Opinion Off Your Face.



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(In Hawaii)



"If you've made no plans for tonight, may I suggest something?"

MEDICAL

Ed Lyons

The Medics were very well pleased with the new edition of the Observer and extend their congratulations to S/Sgt Geden and his staff for a good job done under adverse conditions.

Our boys are showing considerable enthusiasm over the P.T. classes and several of the boys have been to the tailors having an inch taken in here and there.

The revamped Bombers are well fortified with Medics as Hirsh, Finnell and Banas are now members of the team.

The past week was rather quiet up here on the hill as January's five weekends sapped the boys strength as well as leaving us financially embarrassed.

The argument that has been raging between the Maxus-Farkas duo and the Hirsh-Hamburger team was finally settled when Hirsh pleaded with Farkas to arrange a date, as Sgt. Hirsh's young friends can't obtain parental approval to stay out after 9 P.M. Farkas remained adamant so Hirsh has been spending his nights at the gym.

Last weekend we were busy entertaining Pfc Brown's girl friend from Malden, Mass. She was the cynosure of all eyes and Brown received many compliments for his taste.

Was Pfc Lamoureux bucking for a 3 day pass when he volunteered to clean up the Day Room? He did a very thorough job so the pass should be almost in his hands.

Pfc Hamburger's twin brother, a member of the Merchant Marine, also visited last weekend, much to the enjoyment of the patrons in a downtown tap room. Joe and his twin should join with a USO show as they inject humor into any gathering.

This week being pay week, we ought to have plenty of gossip for the next issue, so tune in then.



Recreation for the S & W coming fast and furious. With feature movies twice a week, tournaments, bingo parties, and USO shows, the S & Ws have a full week's entertainment. We enjoy giving it to you fellows.

What's become of Shapiro and his high contralto voice singing "Dinah, Dinah"?

McCormick, one of our active S & Ws in the chow line, wrote a letter home to his mother saying, "The food in this hospital is absolutely poison," and then added, "and such small portions."

Stenographers are at such a premium, it is rumored that employers now put the applicant in a room with a washing machine, sewing machine, and a typewriter, and if they can pick out the typewriter, they are hired.

The typewriter gag is dedicated to Capt. Schonberg's wife, who, I was informed, is a reader of my column. Now there's two, she and me.--

The results of last week's poetic contest hasn't been decided on. We are awaiting a few more responses.

DOW FIELD'S Khaki Komics

The girl—I can't learn to love you.

Sgt. —But I've saved \$10,000.

The girl—Give me one more lesson.

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so sweet;
I thought my heart would surely break
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand in all the land
Can greater solace bring
Than the pretty hand I held last night:
Four aces and a king.

Oh, Sergeant, lets not park ...

Oh, Sergeant, let's not ...

Oh, Sergeant, let's ...

Oh, Sergeant ...

Oh ...

Our nominations for S & W Hall of Fame!

Best Worker — Shapiro
Most Cheerful — Santiago
Best Sleeper — McCormick
Most Popular — "The Nurses"
Most Likely to Succeed — Carter
Best Hep-Cat — Moore
Most Anxious to Get Out — Lopez
Most Frequent Patient — Tushinsky
Best Athlete — Woodley

On my trip home, it was grand I ran across a panhandler with two hats, one in each hand, I was surprised and asked him the reason. His reply, "Things are so good here, I decided to expand and open a branch".

Above gag is dedicated to my other reader (myself).

Until next week.

Cpl. A. E. Korman



Q. I want to request deferment from paying my taxes until the end of the war. Do I have to fill out any special form?

A. The Government has prepared a special form for that purpose; you can get it by writing your home office of the Collector of Internal Revenue. By using that form you will be certain of giving the Government all the information it needs concerning your inability to pay your taxes because of military service.

Q. If I'm shipped overseas does my family get a bonus?

A. No. Bonuses for overseas men are provided for members of the armed forces, but not for their dependents. Officers receive 10% increase in their base pay, enlisted men 20%. You may, of course, allot part of your pay to your family.

Everyone is in favor of controlling prices—so long as it is the other fellow's » »

It's hard to figure out which is the most interesting: What an experienced packer puts into his suitcase; what a traveling man puts into his expense account, or what a chorus girl puts into her trunks.

The car motor began to thump, thump, thump and then quit running.

The Slick Chick: Wonder what that was knocking?

The Wolf in OD: Must have been opportunity.

Aeronautical engineers are often baffled by the fact that some of the girls with streamlined figures offer the most resistance.

Sergeant: See that blonde over there, she irks me.

Corporal: Nice irk if you can get it.



We thought we had said goodbye for good and that we had put "Comm.-uniques" to bed permanently so to speak. However with such a very good substitute for the old Observer now being printed, never let it be said that the Comm. wasn't heard from. On the contrary, it will be very much heard from as before. In other words the snoop is in again and aft you had all heaved such a contented sigh of relief on witnessing the demise of "Comm.-uniques". Oh well, we must all swallow a bitter pill along life's tortuous highway. By the way we're still plugging the old line—let us have any items of interest or bits of gossip or just plain nonsense that you might have and which you think would make good copy. They will be welcomed.

The best of everything to Keating who by the time this reaches print will have taken the fatal step. We all hope you are very happy, kids. Pardon us if we sound like Uncle Don, but we really mean it.

It will be a relief when "The Head" alias "The Master" gets his pass. The difficulty he has and the public air they get is a daily occurrence.

Payday comes to the Comm. as a delicious event once more. It costs money for the boys to keep up that "leading lothario" reputation they've got.

We are told that we must be more brief in this new edition of the Observer so we'll have to hold off till next week. Thanks for listenin'.

Cpl. W.R. Baldwin