

DOW FIELD OBSERVER

Published Weekly

DOW FIELD OBSERVER—MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1942

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Squadron Party At Auditorium A Huge Success

**Soldiers and Girls
Enjoyed Gala and
Entertaining Eve'ng**

Saturday night the dine and dance party of the Air Base Squadron was held at the Bangor Auditorium with both soldiers and gals having a grand time.

Shortly after seven the call to chow was sounded, and the party was on. Plates heaped with lobster salad, chicken salad, ham, pickles, olives, and potato salad began to appear. Farther up the line came a choice of breads, and then blocks of combination ice cream and crackers. The Mess Hall boys took everything in stride and really dished out a swell meal.

All around the hall soldiers could be seen completely engrossed in annihilation of their food. Some had the makings of good acrobats, as they skillfully balanced coffee on their knees and stuffed pieces of lobster and chicken with cardboard forks into their mouths.

After the food was finished there seemed to be a tendency to want to dunk the paper plates in hot water, and clean them off. But this was kept well in hand.

At eight o'clock the Troubadours started in their famous smooth rhythmic style, and jitterbugs and ballroom experts strutted their stuff.

Several hundred attractive USO hostesses, especially invited for the occasion, helped the lonesome ones to get into the proper spirit.

At 8:30 while the entire assembly stood at attention the Color Guard marched down the hall. Sgt. Quimby, Sgt. McCauley, Sgt. Burton and Pvt. May made an effective appearance.

The decoration of the hall was cleverly handled by PFC. Paul Kramer and PFC Ralph Woodall. A series of silhouettes were placed on each column around the hall. They told the story of the quick

Party

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Dow Soldiers Entertained at Stillwater

**Guests of Grange,
Good Time Had by
All Those Present**

A real turnout greeted the soldiers who visited Stillwater Grange on Tuesday. After the regular business meeting of the Grange, the soldiers were introduced. Sgt. Hopkins, Cpls. Adamson and Geden, Pfc. Munson, and Pfts. Perkins, Scovell, and Gagne answered the roll call.

As a stunt Adamson and Geden were put on the platform and blindfolded. The mistress of ceremonies then placed a doll in the lap of each; diapers and pins were added to the knees, and a minute later a nursing bottle was put in their hands—to complete the picture. As each addition was made the audience howled with delight, and when the blindfolds were removed, were the faces of the corporals red?

Pvt. Perkins gave intimate glimpses of a soldier's day, and Cpl. Geden contributed a chalk talk.

Dancing and refreshments finished off the evening in fine style.



(NEA Telephoto)

ARNOLD RECEIVES MEDAL FOR RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT—Washington, D. C.—Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, Chief of Army Air Forces, receives Distinguished Service Medal from Robert H. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, on his return from an inspection of the Pacific War zone. Arnold flew from Brisbane, Australia, to San Francisco in 35 hours and 53 minutes, breaking the previous record. Members of Arnold's crew look on.

Promotions Granted Last Week To 46 Members Of Base Squadron

Forty-six members of the Air Base Squadron are enjoying promotions received on the 1st of October. Those getting more pay, power—and responsibility—:

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT

Sgt. Jacob E. Abig
Sgt. Ralph Powers
Sgt. Calvin H. Heffington
Sgt. Leonard W. Church

TO BE SERGEANT

Cpl. Joel L. Gibson
Cpl. Ernest W. Baker
Cpl. William J. Leonard, Jr.
Cpl. Raymond W. Robarge
Cpl. Ralph G. Scott
Cpl. Dennis C. Winkler
Cpl. John E. Loeb
Cpl. Frank D. Beemer
Cpl. George Howell
Cpl. Pete P. Scarnati
Cpl. Ludger J. Pelletier
Cpl. John D. Hartman
Cpl. Clifton H. McCauley
Cpl. John McGahey

TO BE CORPORAL

Pfc. Willis H. Baker
Pvt. Dale K. Miller
Pvt. John P. Winchester
Pvt. Harry T. Wise
Pfc. W. K. Marles
Pvt. Harold W. Eldridge
Pvt. Richard A. Williams
Pfc. Morris W. Clement
Pfc. William B. Hoyer
Pfc. LeRoy E. Cunningham
Pfc. Howard F. Johnson
Pvt. Lawrence Angove
Pvt. Joseph Osterholt
Pvt. Lewis Licurgo
Pvt. Doria Cardin
Pvt. Charles Swiconek

TO BE PRIVATES FIRST CLASS

Pvt. Martin W. Morse
Pvt. Donald R. Petty
Pvt. William J. Baratt

Pvt. Fred C. Seibert
Pvt. Robert G. Taylor
Pvt. Atwell L. Carpenter, Jr.
Pvt. James C. White
Pvt. James A. Dale
Pvt. Anthony Mascia
Pvt. Robert W. Welsch
Pvt. Raymond Stow
Pvt. James Hutchinson

Trucking On Down With the Monday Hiking Division

**Shuttle Movement
Gave Bunion Derby
Members a Thrill**

CPL. PAUL GEDEN

A neat trick called the Shuttle movement was the piece de resistance of the hardy hikers. It is an ingenious answer to a convoy problem. Problem: what to do when there are more men than can be transported at one time. If you are up on your maneuvers the answer will be—do a shuttle movement. O. K., now let's go shuttling.

At the gate the trucks were all lined up—waiting—and this hike looked like a pushover. A good morning, too, for a nice brisk ride in the country.

The whole group was divided into two parts, and our division must

Hiking

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Army Institute Offers Correspondence Courses

**Soldiers Given Opportunity of Utilizing
Spare Time to Good Advantage by Sub-
scribing to Any One of 64 Interesting,
Instructive Subjects**

For soldiers who want to study in their spare time, the Army is offering correspondence courses through The Army Institute.

According to an announcement dated August 28, 1942, a soldier who has been in the Army at least four months may enroll for any one of 64 courses if he pays two dollars for the privilege. All he has to do is to get an application form (available at the Post Library), fill it out, secure his commanding officer's endorsement, and send the blank with a two dollar money order to the Army Institute, Madison, Wisconsin.

COURSES AVAILABLE

The courses include: English for men of foreign birth or parentage, English grammar, Business letter writing, American history, civics,

Army Institute

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HEADLINES

Sunday President Roosevelt appointed Associate Justice James F. Byrnes of the Supreme Court to be Director of Economic Stabilization, gave him sweeping authority to control civilian purchasing power, created a board to help him coordinate and command the war upon inflationary living costs, and ordered the immediate stabilization of farm prices, urban and rural rents, wages and salaries paid in industry. Justice Byrnes resigned his court post.

Red Army seizes vital positions in drive northwest of Stalingrad, retakes streets, yields a suburb to Germans. The battle for the city is now in its forty-third day.

U. S. troops have moved down to new Aleutian base, and are about 125 miles east of Kiska, the main base held by the Japanese in the Aleutians (islands to the west of Alaska).

Leon Henderson has put a ceiling on virtually all food prices, and will soon put a ceiling on all rents in country.

The war in the Solomon Islands continues with the Guadalcanal-Tulagi area the focal point. A crisis is expected soon.

Wendell L. Willkie has reached Chungking.

The national drive for salvage is to be permanent.

Edouard Herriot, one of France's great patriots, and a critic of Laval, has been ordered 'detained' in his country home.

The Grand Central Station, New York City, will open a big lounge for Service men.

The Cardinals defeated the New York Yankees, 9-6 for 3-1 series lead.

Tennessee upsets Fordham, 40-14; Williams topples Princeton, 19-7; Columbia aials sink Maine, 34 to 2; Penn beats Harvard by 19 to 7.

Fire Chief Turner Says ...

Do not pile salvage or rubbish up against your buildings while waiting for the pick-up truck. Place it at least ten feet away. This little foresight might save the building from catching on fire. Thank you.



CHOICE — Mary Marlin (above) was named "Miss Blue Ribbon" by the California Models' Guild because she has won so many awards for her charms. She's also ...

Exchange Opens Book Counter

Pvt. John A. Russell

Any soldier who wants to know why we ever got into this war, and how we can get out of it in the quickest way, can find a lot of help in some new books the Old Exchange has just put on display. They fit in well with the training program under way at Dow Field

Exchange

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Fire Flashes

Band

Cpl. Burton Schaperow

Last week the band acquired two new members, Pfc. Joseph J. Raimo, trumpet, and Pfc. Thomas J. Keane, trombone. They were transferred from the Band at Westover Field.

T/Sgt. Raymond E. Erwin returned from his furlough full of pep and energy, ready to resume his duties as First Sergeant and sousaphonist.

At the same time Sgt. Keith M. Huffman left on his furlough, heading way out to Indiana.

The Troubadours played their part again at the radio broadcast. Also included on the program was the Woodwind Quintette, directed by Cpl. Morris Levine. Members of this chamber music group are Cpl. Egidio V. Bisceglia, flute; Pfc. Leo Viner, oboe; Pfc. Leo C. Thayer, clarinet; and Cpl. Burton Schaperow, bass clarinet.

At the Air Base Squadron party and dance Saturday, the Troubadours gave out with some solid jive, and really "sent" the soldiers and guests.

Sgt. Robert B. Scott, pianist, acted as master of ceremonies and took an active part in the entertainment during last week's Lions Club dinner. Cpl. Morris Levine played "The Old Refrain" and "Gypsy Airs" on the violin and was warmly received. Cpl. Burton Schaperow was heard in ocarina (sweet potato) selections, and Sgt. Scott was joined by Cpl. Paul A. Kline in a duet of "Wrecking the Piano".



SIGNAL CORPS

PFC. REINHOLD HERZOG

Our hats are off to the Quartermaster Girls Rifle team, for their fine shooting, Thursday night, Sept. 24th, at the local YMCA, when they vanquished our riflemen 762 to 641. Cpl. Larry Wennerberg starred for the losers.

We welcome Pvt. Homer Madewell, formerly with the Airbase Squadron, into our midst. Homer is no stranger to us, having worked for some time in the message center as runner. He was a lineman in civilian life, so should be quite useful here.

To finance dept.: We hear a lot about your fine softball team going out of town to play while there are teams right here on the base that are challenging you to games. We add our name to the list; do you accept the challenge? Game can be arranged by calling Signal Supply at Phone 229. Come on finance "get on the ball."

To Medical Department: So you have a volleyball team? Well, so have we, and we're quite proud of it. Do you want a game? Name the time and place. Game can be arranged by calling Signal Supply at Phone 229. How about it, are you game?

We said goodbye to Pvt. Frank "Tammy" Tamsett, of the Air Base Squadron, who worked at message center as radio operator. Frank left to become a flying radioman, at which we know he will be good. Lots of luck, soldier, and take care of yourself.

To John H. what's the lowdown on the thirteen girls you were supposed to have a date with at a

local hotel? Aren't you trying to bite off more than you can chew?

Pvt. John A. Budewitz and Pvt. Harold Cannon, of communications, have taken over the duties of radio operator at message center.

At a secret meeting behind locked doors, an election for basketball captain was held and a spirited session, Corp. Larry Wennerberg emerged victorious by a close margin. He will have the expert assistance of Pvt. Nelson Leiber, who was elected manager. Others on the team so far, are, Sgt. Tech. Joe Harrington, Sgt. Tech. Art Sprague, Corp. Tech. Howard Taylor, Pvt. John O'Donnell, Pvt. Meety Lefko, and Pvt. Homer Madewell. Best wishes for a fine season, soldiers.

Guard Squadron

PFC. FRANK SHEA

Monday and Thursday mornings are trying times for First Sergeant Walter C. Berger and S/Sgt. Paul Kelcourse. On these days they are confronted with the task of turning out all Squadron members for the scheduled hike. In carrying out their duties, they become amazed at several of the Guardsmen's talents for bringing forth new and varied excuses, to dodge the issue at hand. The laments of the would-be Dodgers are sometimes weird and fantastic and take in every known ailment—from falling arches to housemaid's knee. Most of this bleating is in vain, however, as the unsympathetic sergeants listen in stony silence, with faces expressing complete boredom. Anyone can readily see that the minds of both sergeants are working as one, and the bunk loving soldiers are doomed to a forced march.

It took the combined efforts of three non coms and a passing chambermaid to awaken, dress and coax Pvt. Herbert Linenschmidt into ranks for last Monday's hike. Herbert was a little hazy as to the procedure until the Guidon was placed in his hand. He figured as long as he was trapped he'd go along willingly.

Pvt. Selgo, C. W. Smith, and E. Trenca, took off for Gunnery School. Good luck, boys, you've picked out a man's game, filled with plenty of action.

It is the general opinion of the girls in the Quartermaster Corps that Pvt. Bill Tudsbury is Cute. Cutie Tudsbury, when not rushing for the Chow Line, can be seen squinting at passes at the Main Gate. Tuds is the strong masterful type that compels a second glance from the opposite sex. Cutie is having a whale of a time at this Base, but admits a frequent fond yearning to be back puttering around his flower garden in Red Hook, Brooklyn.

Cpl. S. E. Lubich returned to duty, after having his tonsils removed at the Station Hospital. He was welcomed profusely by Pfc. Popkin who missed the Corporal's uneven opposition and cash donations via the pool table.

Cpl. Clem Worrall is all set to show the folks back home what a real soldier looks like. Clem hails from Pennsylvania and is quick to prick up his ears and bristle when someone speaks ill of his home state.

Cpl. Paul Streater of the personnel division was promoted to sergeant at the direction of Lt. George H. Olson. We're glad to see you make it, Paul, and don't forget there is still room for a couple more on that sleeve.

Sgt. John Wunderlich is back on duty, after making a flying trip home to Lincoln, Neb. Arriving in time to hear, with just pride, some very complimentary remarks on the appearance of his town Patrolmen, delivered by none other than the Base Commander.

Cpl. Tom Shanley of New Haven, Conn., a former post office clerk, has just become reconciled to Army life. This was brought about by the receipt of a roster mailed from the New Haven post office, informing him that the total number of men called to the Service from that office was forty-five.

Sgt. George (Rocky) Streeter, custodian of the M. P., desk at

Headquarters claims to be an Army man of the old school. This is noticed on the weekly hikes when giving orders in his ringing tenor voice. (That's the way they do it at Langley Field, eh, Sarge.)

Two former M. P.'s, Tom Tomlinovich and Cpl. Malloy were recent visitors at Dow Field. They are now stationed at Mitchel Field, and returned to say hello to some of their former buddies.

Quartermaster



QUARTERMASTER CORPS

PVT. THEODORE JONES

The Boston Post wrote up a Greater Boston photographer Sept. 27, and among the choice photographs taken by them was one of Lt. and Mrs. Martin Mahoney cutting into the wedding cake at their nuptial party.

The recent promotion of Cpl. Barr was not the only headache that he acquired; it also seems that Red Spada has appointed him nurse maid of the recently adopted four weeks old puppy. The way they argue it is hard to determine the rightful owner, so until that time Art LeBeau has taken over.

To the new men in the company: If you have any news items, jot them down and hand them over to your reporter. Since this paper started Q.M. news has been very scarce, and there has been plenty of criticism. This does not help make up an interesting column, so if you cannot speak well of a brother do not speak ill of him. Let's Have Some Barrack News.

Starting in the next issue I want to have a personality write up of a man in the Q.M., and every week following there will be another man chosen. Will someone step forward and be the first? He will be known as the Man of the Week in Q.M. Please do not make me have to use my Intelligence Service to get this data.

Pushaw lake is believed to offer a fairly good opportunity for fishing (for experienced fishermen). Ask Lt. Riley or M/Sgt. Pozzi. The lake was calm when they started out in a small motor boat; they had covered some distance when simultaneously a storm blew up and the motor on the boat went dead.

While Lt. Riley exercised his mechanical ability by trying to start the motor, Sgt. Pozzi (more on the practical side, and possibly in a very pessimistic frame of mind) removed a section of the floor boards to be used as paddles. After paddling sufficiently to travel a half-mile, things became so serious that our fishermen were forced to abandon ship and not only to wade ashore, but to push the disabled craft back to its anchoring place.

Incidentally, there will be no "fish stories" as a result of this trip, because our fishermen were more concerned with reaching shore safely than in the art of fishing.

The Line Boys

PVT. CROOK

Don't think the boys of the Emergency Crew were rugged and tough before they became members. They obtained this fitness from their easy existence. The home sweet home for the boys has a few minor, irritating details. It so happens that the heat it nil—no furnace. The lights are perfect for a blackout. No electricity. So if any stranger happens to see the boys getting up with wool sweaters on, socks, and, before long, flight suits, don't call us sissies. After all, it is a job to chip the water out of the spigot to wash.

That tough B. Beratt sure can take it. He sleeps rather raw but he says he can stand it as long as no one takes his two comforters and two blankets.

T-Sgt. Carter never changes clothes when he comes in. He just adds more.

If we had our way we would make adjustable bunks, for in the summer we get blisters from rubbing our feet on the ends, and now the bunks are not wide enough to curl up in without a knee flapping in the aisle.

Lt. Taxter, sure has the support of the boys. As they all say, 'He's a regular.'

We have one bad boy here, though. For some reason we can't

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

The Base Library Recommends

Cpl. GEORGE R. EDWARDS

THE SEVENTH CROSS by Anna Seghers.

This is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for October.

The world at peace in the future may consider the story of George Heisler's escape from Westhofen prison camp the finest and most deeply understandable book of all that have been written on the greatest theme of these times—the fight against Nazi tyranny. To those who helped him escape George Heisler becomes a symbol of the eternal hope for freedom. To those who sought to destroy him, he stood for the infinitely small, but terrifying beginnings of the crumbling of their power.

MAGAZINES FOR SPECIALISTS.

If you want to know more about your specialty, whether it's working on airplanes, radio, or automobiles, try a few of our magazines that are written especially to interest and please you.

There is a whole table in the library full of such grand reading as Aero Digest, The Aeroplane, Army Ordnance, Aviation, Radio News, and Flight.

PAMPHLETS ON VOTING

Do you know how to go about voting in your home state? If you want information, come to the library. The Office of War Information has sent pamphlets on state absentee voting and registration laws. Your state is probably represented here.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

At last the library has a good set of encyclopedias. Through the very kind efforts of Chaplain Carmody a set of ten volumes has been added. Whenever I'm asked questions nowadays, and I get hundreds a week, I turn to this set, and find the answer.

get Pvt. Overhall (alias Short-stroke) to stop picking on the little boys around here. That is one of our really difficult problems.

For such a rough bunch of boys, we have many a talented one. In fact, one is none other than Pvt. Don Sullivan, the singing cowpoke. He broadcasts every Tuesday at 7:45 on WABI. Tune in and lend an ear.

T-Sgt. Senerchia has finally (I hope) caught up on his sleep. Those night hours sure did do the dirty work. Those were working hours, boys.



FINANCE DEPARTMENT

Finance Office News

KENNETH B. FISHER, Tech. 3rd

Manager Flodberg read with interest the reference to a softball game with the Quartermaster boys.

Ask Master Sgt. Miller about the Old Town hike he went on last Monday. He will probably tell you that it limbered him up so that he is now ready for the toughest of them.

Buck Private's Prayer

Oh Lord, in Thy mercy, please list to my plea;

Though I'm only one, there are thousands like me.

We're subject to orders from high rank and low;

Wherever they send us, we're destined to go.

We do all the drill, the labor and Lord,

The cost of real pleasure we cannot afford.

We grin and we bear it, we give,

THRILLERS

DEATH IN THE HOUSE by Anthony Berkeley.

The story opens with a critical meeting of the Cabinet at No. 10 Downing Street after the murder of Lord Wellacombe, Secretary of State for India, who had been killed on the floor of the House while introducing a bill of vital importance to the British Empire! The hunt is on.

THE GRANVILLE CRYPT MURDERS by Melville Burt.

A smooth society Raffles hands a package to the wrong young lady . . . she is a lovely wench but she gets inextricably involved in gem thefts and a couple of murders or so . . . robbery and murder on an ocean liner . . . gangsters take over an old English manor house.

DEAD MAN'S SHOES by Evelyn Cameron.

Every member of his household hated Russell Parminster, and they were delighted when he disappeared. . . . He left them each a bequest, but they could not get hold of the money. . . . Fear stalks them all.

THE CHUCKLING FINGERS by Mabel Seelye.

A remote lodge on a lonely shore of Lake Superior . . . a beautiful wife suspected of insanity . . . acid thrown about . . . words scrawled with a child's blue chalk on a rock . . . characters you will enjoy hating, and then the startling conclusion to the question, who struck down that lonely figure at midnight?

APPOINTMENT WITH THE HANGMAN by T. C. H. Jacobs.

A striking villain, gaunt, green-eyed Kasper Kron, is suspected by Scotland Yard of being the center of an ingeniously unpleasant money making scheme. Several guests, including a lovely girl, all staying at a lonely seacoast hotel have been marked for murder. Read and see what happens.

never take,

So I'm asking Thee, Lord, to give us a break.

We don't want the world, with a fence, for our own;

We don't ask for luxuries we've never known;

We don't want to fight, but we will if we must

And stick to the end for a cause that is just.

We do want respect (that sometimes we lack),

A chance to be noticed, a part of the plan

That makes for the right and the freedom of man.

Please make the hardtack a little less hard . . .

A little less K. P., a little less guard,

A little less work, a little more play,

A little less drill, a little more pay,

A few less inspections, a much lighter gun

A little less crabbing, a little more fun;

And let it be known, Lord, they'd be out o' luck

Without that one soldier, nicknamed "The Buck."

The "Defender"

. . . a watch designed especially for the men in the Service? It is very good-looking, but extremely sturdy . . . is waterproof, shock-proof, anti-magnetic, and comes with a second hand and luminous dial.

\$35

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YOUNGS

26 STATE ST.

Tobacconists Extraordinary

Analysis Of Handwriting By Bill Ruff



E. E. P. A good sense of humor and proportion — sometimes concealed from the general public. You like your fine flourishes, I notice, and try to make a good impression on people around you, whether they are important or not.

P. D. C. Methodical, neat, far-seeing. Tight self control here. I would trust you with a large sum of money, because you would be certain to save most of it, and know where every penny went.

J. D. The good sport, pleasant companion. Good talker, and listener. Your job is probably to cheer up people who fall into fits of depression, and keep your friends going when they don't have enough energy of their own.

R. N. Definitely the type with lots of ideas, and plenty of energy to put them across. So many ideas that it is hard to put them on paper when you write a letter. You know how to say the encouraging word, give the lift at the proper time. Artistic ability which runs to grasping new conceptions, seeing patterns where other people see only stray facts.

G. W. Ups and downs, maybe, if you look back on your past life, but you are remarkably successful on the whole, and likely to continue. That well developed flow of energy will always help you.

C. G. H. The busy man. Lots on his mind, also the type who does not like to give his secret thoughts away, or get too enthusiastic over anything that happens. Enjoys pleasures, but does not care to share his enthusiasm.

E. L. B. I do not know your physical size, but I suspect a small hand, a neat way about things, a precise way of thinking, and not too much love for extravagance.

E. L. I. Emotional type, given to outbursts of energy, then relapses.

M. W. M. Changeable qualities everywhere in this handwriting. Unselfishness, too; and a nervous energy which sometimes lands you in trouble.

C. W. D. You need more initiative, and more trust in your own ideas. Artistic talent.

V. M. M. Fond of colors, fine dresses, display of all sorts, even though others sometimes disapprove.

L. E. B. Entirely and thoroughly trustworthy. Your job should be caring for other people's affairs—you are capable of doing much in that direction.

General Mess

Pvt. Charles W. Stubbs

The boys in General Mess all had the blues Tuesday morning when they received notice that five cooks were leaving for gunners school. We wish Cpl. Morandi, PFC Campbell, Pvt. Westergaard and Troge all the luck in the world in their new adventure.

Pvt. "Hollywood" Natri the pride and joy of 217 has now been promoted to night cook. No more of "those" nights in Bangor. We all bet Jonason will be glad.

Pvt. Tanenbaum was in grave difficulty Tuesday morning trying to prepare for his first hike in his blooming career as a so-called soldier. The after-effects of the hike had him miserable for five days.

Latest reports have it that Pappy Shields had a tough time marching past the Chateau without stopping. Pvt. Herbert Boo should split his

Post Theatre Program

Week of October 5

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

MONDAY, Oct. 5
MY SISTER EILEEN
Grantland Rice Sportlight
Movietone News

Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne

TUESDAY, Oct. 6
SPIRIT OF STANFORD
Popeye the Sailor
Magic Carpet
Stranger Than Fiction

Frankie Albert, Kay Harris

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7
APACHE TRAIL
M. G. M. Comedy
The F. B. I. Front
Speaking of Animals

Lloyd Nolan, Donna Reed

THURS. & FRI. OCT. 8-9
ICELAND
The Battle of Midway
Sammy Kaye's Orch.
Movietone News

Sonja Henie, John Payne

mail with the boys in the barracks. Tuesday morning he received seven letters. One of the boys found out that he belongs to a lonely hearts club.

It looks like Sgt. Vanik has his application for a section eight, if he makes the grade Sgt. Geradi's application goes in, Pvt. Swistara next, with "Shorty" smiling with his third stripe.

Pvt. Cardon was visited the past week-end by his wife and niece from West Warwick, Rhode Island.

We wonder why Pvt. Swistara hangs around the Exchange nights—could it be that he don't trust the soldiers?

Pay day has come and gone. Sgt. Quimby is feeling the after-effects of his rendezvous downtown with his chicken with the turned up nose. Orange juice diet now? Well, liquid anyhow.

A feud declared between Cpl. Lindsey and Pvt. Tannembaum, the deep south coming out in two rebels

The boys in General Mess are wondering whether or not Cpl. Sullivan is married; having to go to town each night makes us think. How about it "Sully"?

Sgt. Burkhalter is back chasing K. P.s. Get on the beam, boys, he's a rebel.

General Mess has some difficulty with certain K. P.s. This duty is one of the most essential duties on the base, so be good soldiers and give it your best when on K. P.

Pvt. Max Bronfin wishes to know how one can be busted to a civilian.

Pvt. Pellitier explaining to M/Sgt. Hanes that he is not going to radio school. Who you kidding, Pellitier?

Contrary to reports Cpl. Hart is not going to cooks and bakers school. He is going to radio school; he heard there were twice as many women in Washington as men.

What corporal running around the mess hall refused latrine duty Saturday morning? My, my, "Shorty."

We wonder why Sgt. Monclova waits for the other boys to shower? Not bashful are you, Sergeant?

There is one thing we know: Sgt. Monclova will never go hungry while he's slowly cooking his goose.

Why was Pvt. Franciose tipped out of his bunk Thursday morning? Maybe the corn flakes in the boys' beds was the reason.

Why is it Cpl. Crockwell always takes his camera with him when leaving the base? Does he think he will find a movie queen in Bangor?

Seen on the way home from the football game Saturday: Pvt. Melville taking pictures of six cheer leaders of John Bapst high school. Why don't you wait till they grow up, Ken?

Pvt. Stubbs still wondering when

LIFE SAVERS

Gas Attack

Hold your breath after a gas alarm is given until you are sure that your mask is well adjusted to your face. Then clear the face piece of gas by blowing vigorously into it while holding the outlet valve.

If possible, remain quiet and avoid unnecessary moving around during a gas attack.

Keep cool and remember that your protective equipment will save you if properly used.

During or immediately after a gas attack keep your mask on, even if in a gas proof dugout.

Do not remove your gas mask until permission is given by an officer or a gas non-commissioned officer. Violation of this rule was the major cause of gas casualties during World War I.

Keep out of unprotected dugouts after an attack. Mustard gas or other vesicants may remain in an

his baby is coming to Bangor. He has just about given up all hope of getting married.

The boys miss our tree surgeon the "Greek." We wonder if he is on furlough?

Pvt. Yunker back with us again after a siege in the hospital with a cold.

CHRISTMAS MAIL

Clip the article called 'Mail Soldiers' Xmas Gifts Before November 1' to the folks at home. Even if you will not be abroad it may apply to other boys who are not so close to home as you.

area for days.

Clothing that has been in contact with mustard gas should be removed as soon as possible.

Use gloves to remove another man's equipment that has come in contact with mustard gas.

If your duties require you to go into areas in which there has been mustard gas, remain as short a time as possible even though you are wearing protective clothing and a gas mask.

Avoid drinking water or eating food that has been exposed to a gas attack. Do not use material that has been exposed to gas until it has been decontaminated.

Remember that all gas casualties require: first, rest; second, warmth; third, fresh air. If gassed, do not talk, walk or move about.

Your mask will save your life in a gas attack. Handle it carefully and never put anything in the carrier but the mask and tube of 'antidim.'

Soldiers Dine With Kiwanis and Lions

Five soldiers were the luncheon guests of the Kiwanis Club at their weekly meeting at the Bangor House on Wednesday. Enjoying their hospitality were Cpl. Geden, and Pvts. Toomey, Varela, Morton and Clark.

A musical program was the highlight of the luncheon.

Over at the Penobscot Hotel the Lions Club had members of the Band as guests: Cpl. Morris Levine played a violin solo, while Sgt. Robert Scott, and Cpls. Kine and Schaperow joined in the musical program.

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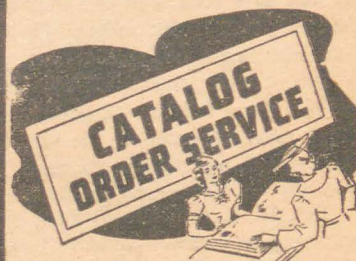
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BANGOR, MAINE

THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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The Inquiring Reporter

With this issue we begin a new feature: a question submitted to six soldiers, and the answers that result.

This week's question is—"Should servicemen marry while they are in the Army?"

PFC Jack Bullman—Does the prospective husband have adequate means for supporting his wife after the war? If this obstacle can be hurdled then I would say, yes.

Pvt. John J. Toomey—If a couple have been keeping company for any length of time, and feel that they should marry, I see nothing wrong with this, even if the husband-to-be is in the Army. I do not approve of hasty marriages, however.

Pvt. Arthur Mason—Being a married man—and a soldier—I can say this to answer this week's question: After a two-and-a-half year courtship, I married, entering the service a few months afterwards. My wife lives close to my station whenever possible. We've been very happy, and I can see no reason why any other couple could not do the same thing.

Pvt. R. V. Carmen—I think your question is a very timely one. I am sure anyone familiar with history will agree with me when I say that some of our best soldiers have been married men. When a man believes he has found a suitable mate, by all means see a preacher. Being a soldier only makes for being a better husband.

Pvt. L. S. Downs—In answer to your question I would have to say, no. I believe a man should center all his attention on the great task at hand. When this job is finished he can return to civilian life better equipped to cope with any problems that might arise, even matrimony.

Pvt. J. Roche—This question has been cropping up ever since we went to war and has been answered by practically everyone but me. I would say that it is hardly fair to the girl when the husband is in the Army. Unless they are to live apart, she must leave her family, friends, and surroundings, for a life that is entirely new. I would say, wait until this scrap is over before starting another.

Air Base Squadron

Cpl. DON McINNIS

What an expression came over Pvt. Joe Mainolfi's face when he looked for that third ace.

Things have been pretty quiet around the Orderly Room since Pfc. Bluegrass Marles has left. He is working down in the Clearing Station. You had better clear right out, Bluegrass, because we hear George Bunch is headed right down there.

The familiar face of our well liked M-Sgt. Frank Pawlowski will be missed for about a month. Frank has gone off to school.

That was quite a debate between the boys from South of the Mason-Dixon line and the boys north. M-Sergeant Martin Haynes, S-Sergeant Harry Tindel, S-Sergeant Ray Weeks, and Pvt. Don Sullivan were hardly a match for Pfc. Murray Krug.

Cpl. Horstmeier and Pvt. Frank Rowe are always broke the day after payday. We believe these two boys have found a way of investing their money very wisely.

The Air Base Squadron welcomes its new First Sergeant—Paul F. Higer. Good luck, Sarge!

S-Sgt. Bob Crabbe back from school and looking very good. Bob claims he kept early hours out there. Quite different from the ones he keeps in Bangor.

Cpl. Jimmy LaMond has left the Orderly Room, and the Squadron to become an aerial gunner.

We wonder why Bob Walker stopped going to church? Maybe Betty had something to do with it. Cheer up, old Boy, Sgt. Doss has left.

Now that Cpl. Prettyman has settled down, the Emergency Crew boys can go to Old Town. It's safe, now.

Kirby Halligan, the Arkansas Traveler, now at Base Flight. Probably one of Cpl. Gibson's distant cousins.

Cpl. Arthur Fisher is still getting those blue envelopes via airmail from Long Island.

The Air Base Squadron has more boys from Pennsylvania than any other state. Who said the Minors couldn't produce?

We wonder who was the corporal in 221 who sewed his stripes on his pajamas?

A certain PFC, back in his home state of Georgia was a stump-speaker of the old days. I understand it took a pretty large stump to hold him while he was making his talk.

Look out, Jap planes, now that John Stone is going to Gunner's School, also Bill Marles will be leaving soon, so the Mountaineers are getting their fighting blood boiled up.

Remarks of Great Men: "Don't blow your stack on your first hitch." Leo J. Madore.

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Capt. Bernard L. Pelton

Capt. Bernard L. Pelton, M. C., an Ohioan, was born on October 27, 1914, attended Toledo grade and high schools and later the University of Toledo. A member of dramatic and debating societies, active in journalism, especially interested in American history, he was student president at Broadview Junior College.

He accepted a commission as First Lieutenant in the M. C. Res. upon graduation from the College of Medical Evangelists at Los Angeles in 1939. As a reserve officer he considered it a privilege to undergo summer training at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in 1940, and later, despite personal sacrifice, to close his office when ordered to active duty at Bolling Field in February, 1941, where he was in charge of the laboratory and X-ray departments. He received his captaincy on December 24, 1941, attended the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, and Maxwell Field, Alabama.

A diplomat of the National Board of Medical Examiners, Capt. Pelton foresees medical science in the future, as in the past, playing a large role in the development of range and design in both civil and military aircraft.

Reporting at Dow Field on September 17, 1942, as aviation medical examiner, assisting Major Kantor in the Flight Surgeon's Office, Capt. Pelton believes, "the great responsibility of each soldier is the immediate winning of the war, which will preserve the freedoms of worship, enterprise and speech, thereafter we must maintain an adequate Army, properly trained reserves and insist through intelligent voting that our defenses will be adequate to protect us from any combination of aggressors."

Original Song Featured On Dow Field Broadcast

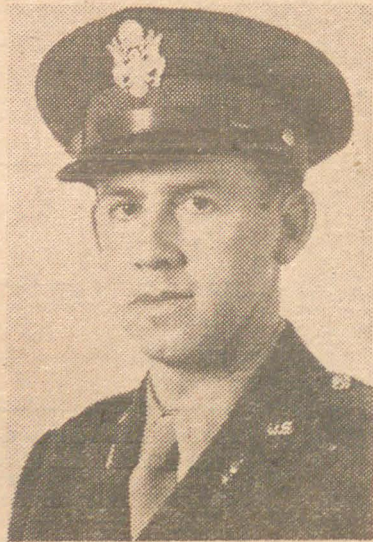
Lilting, Bouncy
Number Captivated
Radio Listeners

The Rhythmairs took the spotlight with an original composition by Pvt. Lester Wilson and Pvt. Spurgeon Illery. A lilting, bouncy number called "Frances" that had plenty of answers for Frances.

Under the direction of Cpl. Morris Levine a new group called the Woodwind Quintette made its bow. "Tambourine" by Gossec, and "Rondeau" by Buononcini were the selections. The Quintette is composed of Cpls. Schaperow, Bisceglia, and PFCs Vimer, Thayer and Eaves.

Pvt. Douglas Catto took a solo spot with "My Gal Sal" and did all right by the gal. Doug also tenors as one of the Three K. P.s.

The Troubadours went Army style to the nursery rhymes with "Little Do Peep Has Lost Her Jeep." The full orchestra played Car-



(Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps)

Capt. Jack T. Donovan

Captain Jack T. Donovan was born in Newport, Rhode Island. He matriculated at Rhode Island State College in Kingston and at George Washington University in Washington, D. C., where he received the degree of Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering. While at Rhode Island State, he was active in athletics as a member of the basketball team.

Prior to being called for active duty, he was employed by the Department of the Interior to assist in research, the purpose of which was to determine the effect of earth vibrations on nearby structures due to Quarry blasting. The results of this work were published by the Interior Department as Reports of Investigations. This research also included some study of the damage caused by both ground vibration and air blast pressure from bombing and firing tests made at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland. Following this work Captain Donovan was transferred to the War Department at Wright Field, Ohio to assist in the study of the effects of the vibration of airplane motors on the body structures.

While engaged in this work, Captain Donovan was called to active duty in February 1941. He attended a two months' course in Aviation Ordnance at Langley Field, Virginia, after which he was assigned to the 449th Ordnance Company (Bomb) at Manchester, New Hampshire as Executive Officer. In February 1942 he was ordered to Dow Field as Base Ordnance Officer.

Capatin Donovan has a wife and one son and resides at 12 George street, Bangor, Maine.

Michael's classic, "Stardust" and then the cowboy doubletalk, "Jingle Jangle Jingle."

The program opened and closed with the Three K. P.s keeping their "Thumbs Up" to music.

MARRIED BETHLEHEM GIRL

Sgt. Vanic was drafted on May 17, 1941, following his marriage of a week to Miss Florence Chickey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael A. Chickey, of 1015 East Fourth street, Bethlehem. Mrs. Vanic resides with her parents and is employed at the Mode Bag Co., Bethlehem.

He left the employ of the Bethlehem Steel Co., where his father and five brothers now are employed. He has three sisters living at home with his parents.

Vanic is a graduate of Liberty High school Bethlehem.



(Official Photo, U. S. Army Air Corps)

Capt. Kenneth K. Mackey

Capt. Kenneth K. Mackey, Supply Officer of the Dow Sub Depot, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., moved to New Jersey as a boy, and has resided in that state ever since. He attended Lehigh University in the class of 1930 and took post-graduate courses at Columbia University and New York University.

In civilian life he was a dealer in Municipal bonds, and conducted his business in New York City.

He has been interested in aviation since boyhood. He took his first flight in the summer of 1920, at Langley Field, Virginia. Capt. King was the pilot of the Vought plane then used. Capt. Mackey received his pilot's license in 1936, a license which is currently effective.

He was called to service September 1941, and reported at Middletown Air Depot on October 17, 1941. He was appointed officer in charge of the Officers' Training School at Middletown in December, 1941—being relieved to report to Dow Field, August 15, 1942.

Try this on your telephone! Every time Sgt. Thomas G. Snow picks up the phone on his desk in headquarters at Camp Blanding, Florida, he has to say: "Special Service Section Section, Sgt. Snow speaking."

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SABOTAGE SQUAD

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
PRAIRIE GUNSMOKE

SUNDAY
BALL OF FIRE
ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW



Ordinance

PVT. CHAS. F. HICINBOTHEN



Hail the conquering heroes! Seems as though about ten fellows went out duck hunting . . . on two occasions . . . total number of birds . . . who really knows? Yep, the hunting season is here, and our Ordinance men started it off with a bang. The hunting party included Capt. Donovan, S-Sgt. Fowrie, Sgts. Hartwell, Howell and Luehm, and Pvt. Wainwright. You'll understand now why we'll never know just how many birds were really shot . . . 6 hunters means 6 stories. Some of the quotations were: "Boy! I hit him on the wing, and he just dove right down! Came down so fast he hit the water and sunk!" (Is that true?) "That darn duck just wouldn't get off the water, so I flushed him (whatever that might be, says you) and after he gained flight, wham! I let him have it!" (Ed. Note: Never DID hear whether the bird was hit or not.) Of one thing we are certain, and that is that one bird was shot anyway . . . cause we saw it . . . where? Listen. Visiting Corporal Robert Shortledge in his "private apartment" the other evening, we were amazed upon entering, to see that he had a bed companion . . . a beautiful red head . . . or was it brown . . . Gosh, upon thinking about it, it may have been black . . . anyway, there was this beautiful head peeking out from under the covers of his bed . . . very touching . . . we didn't know you cared, Robert! But we are very grateful to you, Corporal . . . at least you proved that ONE duck had been shot, anyway! (Another Ed. Note: Next time, I think I'll try to get an invitation to go on these hunting expeditions . . . probably couldn't hit a cow with an ironing board, but at least we'd get a true picture of what happens when "good fellows get together." . . .)

For once the Ordinance has a question to which it can't find a satisfactory answer . . . we've explored tomes of literature . . . spent hours in a library . . . called up a hundred places of information (not really) . . . and yet we can't find an adequate answer to this all-perplexing question. Now we are really desperate, and we call on anyone to help us out . . . The question follows: "WHAT is the difference between a 'peep,' a 'jeep,' and a 'beep'?" If you know . . . we mean REALLY know . . . please tell us before we hit Ward Eight!

Did you ever see "The Dance of the Seven Veils?" No? Y! . . . you ought to see it! If you think Pavlova was an interpreter of

KHAKI KOMICS

I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twelfth general order?

Nearly all raised their hands. That's fine. You're the group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twelfth general order.

Why do you charge two cents extra for each of my cuffs?

Because you make pencil notes on them.

Why should that make such a difference?

The girls waste so much time trying to make them out.

Frederick, when you came home last night you told me you had been to the Bangor House with Mr. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson just called and said you were both at the Penobscot Exchange. Why did you lie to me?

When I came home last night I couldn't say 'Penobscot Exchange.'

(Tattooed soldier has operation) Doctor: Sorry, son, but I had to blow up three tanks before I could get to your appendix.

Was this soldier ever operated on before?

terpsichore, forget it! . . . Our own Phil Bloomberg is tops. Atta boy, Phil!

This column can't pass a week without mentioning something about music . . . and this week it concerns a Barber Shop Quartette, who, because they haven't received any better offers, practice in the Latr . . . whoops! that might be censored . . . but you know what I mean! This group hasn't been organized long enough to predict any future for it, and the way it sounded the other night, I'd rather not predict anything! That's okay, fellows, go ahead and enjoy yourselves . . . we don't mind. . .

Ike and Mike, they look alike . . . well, the two chaps we have in mind don't look anything similar to each other, but when they get together, they really get off some pretty funny (I mean funny ha-ha, not funny peculiar) stuff. Brother Bloomberg threatens to write a script for Pvts. Pettiglio and Ruggero . . . Pettiglio is even funny in his sleep! The other evening he was sound asleep, and started chattering . . . very audibly and coherently, too. Well, before many seconds had passed, the upper floor of Barracks 215 was in an uproar. Sorry, fellows, what he was saying would be rather difficult to express (that's better than saying it would be censored, isn't it?) but perhaps by word of mouth, some of the boys who were in on it will inform you. Pettiglio of course denies any and all of this, but don't believe him . . . he slept, he spoke, and we laughed . . . And by the way, Pettiglio, when are you going to pay for that ton of coal?

Quite a few of the girls employed on the Base are moving into their own apartments of late . . . (we only know what we hear!) To those whom we know, and not meaning to be perfidious, we extend our best wishes in your new abodes. Why, certainly, girls, we'll be glad to have a steak dinner with you . . . just ask us once! (or twice!)

How'd you like to receive a two-pound box of chocolates every other day? Private Tenedios does, and are we glad. It must be swell to have your girl (it is a girl, isn't it?) take care of you like that. He's not at all bashful, and offered to disclose the name of his charming admirer. We felt that maybe he was a little too willing, so we're going to make him (and you) wait until next week. In the meantime,

Yes.

What for?

Three hundred dollars.

What did he have?

Two hundred and fifty.

No, I mean, what was the complaint?

That the bill was too high.

No, that isn't what I mean—what was he sick of?

Operations.

When I was in the army, we studied cootie arithmetic.

Cootie arithmetic—What have cooties to do with arithmetic?

Well, they added to our troubles, subtracted from our pleasures, divided our attention and oh how they multiplied.

You certainly look cute in that gown.

Oh, this? I wear it to teas.

To tease whom?

Mary was quite decollete at the dance last night, wasn't she?

Why, I didn't know that she ever touched a thing.

You have three invitations. One from the Kiwanis—one from the Elks—and one from the Mess Sergeant.

Medical Detachment

PVT. HERMAN HENAULT

The fellows in barracks No. 1 will be glad when Torchy finds his dog Nellie. He probably saw too many "Topper" pictures.

Back from furlough is Sgt.-T Bill Clarke, looking well and ready to start giving the needle in Sick Call.

Pvt. Milton Weiss is probably going into the hair tonic business, judging from the amount of bottles he put on display one night last week, and all coming from the confines of one small footlocker. Well, Milton, there is something about smelling pretty when about to start out on the hunt.

The Medics went out on the pistol range last week and for being out but once before the scores were gratifying. High score honors went to Pfc. Crow and Pvt. Sundberg.

Sgt. William Cable is now back with us, after having attended school in Washington at the Army

a little message to his girl . . . "Don't let him down . . . keep the packages coming in . . . we enjoy them!"

Hooray for our hikers! The inaugural march for Ordinance was amply taken care of by Cpls. Cotter, Shortledge, Pvts. Mitchel McKinnon, Johnson, Casey, and Heldman . . . they all admitted it was a cinch . . . and then promptly fell down! Don't take us too seriously, boys, we're only joking. You'll have the chance to get back at us later in the week.



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TRAINING FILMS

The following is a list of training films to be shown on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 1300 in the Base Theater:

Identification of Aircraft: The Whitney Bomber.

Identification of Aircraft: Japanese Medium Army Bomber 98.

The Technique and Mechanics of Search and Arrest of a Person.

Medical Center.

We now have in our happy family about fifty new members, coming to us Saturday night, and after being well received, well fed and catered to were put to bed. They will no doubt soon be going around asking questions as to the best ways of policing the grounds, do K P. and a lot of other jobs and unable to understand how that work should be done while undergoing a basic training period. On their sixth day in the Army, they went on their first hike and stood up very well. Maybe they don't know the way down to sick call yet.

Sgt. Joseph Joubert, Corp-T Jack Marcus, Pfc. Joseph Dursi, and Pvt. Donald Price have left for the Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C., where they will attend schools in Veterinary, x-ray, surgical and medical technique.

I wonder what kind of a bird Sgt. Eddie Hirth is trying to imitate as soon as he rolls out of his bunk in the morning?

These wartime words composed by Sgt.-T Carmine Torchetti are to be sung to the tune of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

We can't give you anything but bombs, Hitler, Every morning, noon and night, just bombs, Hitler, One ton bombs, two ton bombs, and we've got more, Through the Air, we'll be there, All United Nations fighting, Gee, we'd like to see you roast in Hell, Hitler, Benito and Hirohito as well, Hitler, Victory is ours, we can foretell, Hitler, We can't give you anything but bombs.

Pvt. Herman Henault

His buddies have a peculiar nickname of Pvt. Calvin Thomas, of Camp Berkeley, Texas. They call him "Rumor". Thomas is one of those people who always seems to manage to get next to the latest gossip before anybody else. Many a time he has passed news on to his buddies, reports that in the end turn out to be the straight goods. Members of his company got so they accepted as gospel his word of coming events. The other day Thomas reported he had heard an official order was on its way under which each man would be required to have his hair trimmed to a maximum length of one inch. His mates, remembering past experience, immediately made a bee-line for the barber shop. At the moment, no such order has been issued. Pvt. Thomas is about the only soldier in his company with two-inch hair. His buddies claim he won't have it long!

A soldier at Camp Davis, North Carolina, was standing guard one dark night. Through the still night air he could hear someone approaching. "Halt! Who's there?" came his traditional challenge. Loud and clear he heard the answer: "You wouldn't know me, I just got here!"

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1st LT. ALFRED J. CARMODY

Catholic Chaplain

Masses

6:30, 9:00 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

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

WEDDINGS

Since we last went to press with the "Observer" there have been four Protestant marriages, divided among the men of the Aviation Squadron, the MP Detachment, and the Downs and Stevens families out Carmel way. The first in the series concerned a bit of missionary work on the part of Chaplain Fellows and five enlisted men from Dow Field. Pvt. Vaughn Atlee Stevens finally got his furlough to come all the way from Louisiana to marry school-teaching Miss Mittie Sara Downs. On the gloomy and blowy evening of September 20 we stored the Cross, the candle sticks, the communion kit and a marriage certificate in the Plymouth, put Cpl. Marshall Clark, Pvt. Charlie Hicinbotham, Pvt. Doug Cato, S-Sgt. Ralph Vaughn, and Buck Sgt. Frank (Pocahontas) Wood in beside them, and steamed away in the night to do our duty by the AUS.

The little church was packed to the doors by 7:30, and by 8:00 the Chaplain, "Pokey" Wood, and the groom threaded their way to the altar at the first strains of the wedding march. The place reeked with romance, what with candles stuck practically everywhere, and the bridesmaids looking for all the world, (as "Legal Eagle" Vaughn would have said) "Like little China Dolls."—all four of them were school teachers, too! Mittie even had a flower girl and a soldier-uniformed ring bearer. The ceremony itself was quite impressive, and went off smoother than any of us expected. The bride's mother refused to faint, and nobody yelled "Stop!" from the back of the hall.

A reception followed the wedding but there were so many people kissing the bride and kidding the groom that the six of us warriors stayed outside, flirting with pneumonia until the mob cleared a bit. Then we went in again to have our pictures taken. The photographer had a terrific job, and at one time completely lost his sense of humor. We got home at about half past ten and some of us have been back to Carmel for chicken dinners since then. Each of the members of the Dow Field party received gifts of appreciation from the groom and the bride.

The second in the series was the quiet evening wedding in which Ralph Anion Birchfield of Georgia and the MP Detachment wed pretty Miss Elizabeth Brown Beal of Bangor and its excellent Public Library. Fellow-soldier Joseph M. Boackle stood up with Ralph, and sister Margaret E. Beal served as maid

of honor on the 22nd of the month.

Then the following morning the Aviation Squadron took the spotlight with two weddings. Clemente Pinkney married Miss Vernice Paige, with Verdell L. Payne and Earl Maddox as witnesses. They were followed by Bruce D. Underwood of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who took to wife the charming and winning Miss Ethel Miley of New York City. Irving G. Smith and Thessalonais Petr Wyche stood up with the happy couple. All day long Bruce proudly paraded Ethel all over the Field showing her off to his friends. (Your correspondent doesn't blame him in the least.)

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNIT

Last week the First Unit of Christian Endeavor organized with Pierce Parkhurst as its temporary chairman. This Unit is for unmarried men of the Field, for nursing lieutenants at the Stations Hospital, and for all other unmarried officers who care to join. Its second meeting was held last Tuesday evening, and a splendid increase in attendance was recorded. From now on it will meet at 8:30 on Tuesday evening unless that hour proves unsatisfactory. Designed to carry on a full program discussion of problems of adjustment to Army life, Christian principles in social and personal life, and the study of the Holy Scriptures, it will be self-governing with Chaplain Fellows serving in an advisory capacity only.

SCHOOL PLANNED AS PART OF UNIT

The Second Unit of Christian Endeavor will be formed among the men of the Aviation Squadron. Since they face spiritual problems of adjustment which no other group on the Base can possibly share in entirety. Already the key group of these men has men. They have studied with their Chaplain the possibility of forming an adult school within the organization itself: William G. Wilkerson, William Toles, Arnold Caffee, Harold Wood, Chester Sutton, Ernest Cyril, Hugh Talley, Joseph Brooks, Frank Walker, Alvin Jackson, and Lester Grant. Subjects such as Drama, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Elementary Biology and Personal Hygiene, the History of the Negro People, Public Speaking, Business Administration, Geography and Map-reading, the Background of This War, Elemental Airplane Engineering, Civics and Citizenship, a Man's Moral Responsibility to His Squadron and American History.

This educational program will be dove-tailed into Major deKay's training program, and, coupled with the Christian Endeavor Unit work will provide the Squadron with the best of backgrounds for top-flight Army living.

This Third Unit of Christian Endeavor will be formed after the 1st of November, with all married officers and enlisted men and their wives eligible for membership. This Unit will function in such a fashion as to foster friendship between couples in the community, and to solve certain social problems peculiar to Army life.

LT. FELLOWS LEAVES FOR CHAPLAINS SCHOOL

Chaplain Fellows has left for Chaplains School at Harvard University, and will return in time for the Sunday Services on either the first or the second Sunday in November. In his absence the Services will continue at the usual hours. The Rev. Milton R. Geary

will conduct Services at 8:00, assisted by Pvt. Hugh Talley, and the Down Field Four. Yesterday at the 10:00 Service Dr. Charles Gordon Cumming, Ph. D., a member of the faculty of the Bangor Theological Seminary, spoke. Next Sunday Dr. Marion J. Bradshaw or Dr. Andrew Banning of the Seminary will preach, and for the last two Sundays of the month the preacher will be the Rev. Dr. Harry Trust, President of the Seminary. All Protestant men are urged to attend.

THE G. I. BIBLES ARE HERE

The Federal Government has gone into the business of printing the Holy Scriptures, and the first shipment for Dow Field is stored in the Chapel for distribution to those who desire copies. Bound in excellent board cover, colored a neat brown, a little longer and as wide as the printings by religious agencies. The Protestant issue runs from Matthew's Gospel straight through Revelations in the usual King James version form. The Roman Catholic issue is the topical and event arrangement done so well by Father Stedman, while the Jewish Scriptures are a complete rendition of the Law and the Prophets and the Wisdom Writings of ancient Israel, arranged by the Jewish Welfare Board. The foreword is written by our Commander-in-Chief, and very well spoken, to boot.

READINGS FOR THE AVIATION SQUADRON (SEP)

The other day, thinking about our "off-time" G. I. School for the Squadron, we spoke to L. Felix Ranlett, Librarian at the Bangor Public Library, about the possibility of making up a shelf of books written by or for Negro men. Late last week Mr. Ranlett came through in wonderful style with the following list, any book of which will be gladly loaned to any man of the Aviation Squadron (Sep.) who cares to trot downtown and fill out one of those little pinkish cards. (For that matter, it would do some of the rest of us no end of good to high tail it down there for the same purpose.) The list includes:

Alain Locke, "The Negro in America"; William Du Bois, "The Gift of Black Folk"; James W. Johnson, "Black Manhattan"; Clarence Cason, "90 Degrees in the Shade"; Benjamin Brawley, "The Negro Genius" and "Negro Builders and Heroes"; James W. Johnson, "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man", "Along This Way"; E. G. Robeson, "Paul Robeson"; Langston Hughes, "The Big Sea"; Mary Ovington, "Portraits in Color"; Benjamin Brawley, "Paul Laurence Dunbar"; Kosti Vehanen, "Marion Anderson, A Portrait"; Raleigh Merritt, "From Captivity to Fame"; Benjamin Brawley, "Early Negro American Writers"; V. F. Calverton, "Anthology of American Negro Literature"; Countee Cullen, "Caroling Dusk"; Sterling Brown, "Southern Road"; Paul Laurence Dunbar, "Complete Poems"; Willis Richardson, "Negro History in Thirteen Plays"; Paul Green, "Lonesome Road: Six Plays"; Alain Locke, "Plays of Negro Life"; DuBose Heyward,

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Manhattan Taxi

Telephone 9241

Park Theatre Building

Telephone 9241, Bangor, Maine

U. S. O. Activities For Week Of Oct. 5

Monday, Oct. 5, 8 p. m., new program of movie shorts. Square dancing under the direction of Dale Scoville of Dow Field. Modern dancing, USO hostesses.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, Dancing, USO hostesses, 8 p. m.

Wednesday, Oct. 7, 8 p. m., dancing class of beginners.

Thursday, Oct. 8, regular USO dancing.

Friday, Oct. 9, 8 p. m., "You'll Find Out," with Kay Kyser, Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, and Bela Lugosi. USO hostesses.

Saturday, Oct. 10, dancing, USO hostesses. Soldiers' wives especially welcomed.

Sunday, Oct. 11, Community singing, USO hostesses.

you'd never be able to stand it.

The Captain is usually a little more human. Captains never make unnecessary noises and utter no words not related to the situation. Captains are always a little desperate.

Better than the Captains are the Majors. All orderlies like majors, even if they are the most sarcastic, and have the heaviest trunks.

But the most welcome person at any officers' lodge is the Colonel. He is usually a shy, retiring person, and is always apologetic if he arrives late, or if his suitcase is heavy. (The weight of an officer's luggage is in inverse ratio to his rank.)

We can think of no person, and that includes our mother, who can wake us more gently than a full colonel. And what are his words?

Maybe you start to do a double somersault out of your bunk, as the dim light flashes on the eagle. But you are quickly put at ease.

'No, don't get up,' he pleads. 'Just tell me the room number and I'll find it.' (Oh, my back!)

Yes, sir, Colonels is right guys. And that is about all the Board of Censors, or somebody, will let us tell you about this here dog-rob-bing.

When two girls begin to quarrel and murder is in the offing, Sgt.-T Bauer fades like the autumn leaves. He denies it, but we still wonder if the argument was over him.

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Pvt. R. H. DANIELS

My PLEA

Father I pray with all my might
Help me to do the thing that's right
Help me in Life's brief course and
Span
To and be loved by fellow man
Help me to soldier in this great
Strife
To give it my all—if need be my life
Help me forgive those with hatred
born
To greet with a smile those whom
others scorn
Help me to live so when life is done
And my time on Earth has passed
and gone
Those who survive me will often
recall
The memory of one who had given
his all.

Lt. Isadore H. Hurowitz

While visiting the city of Bangor recently the reporter had the opportunity to meet the wife of our banjo player, Pvt. Lester Wilson. Mrs. Wilson is here to reside with her husband for an indefinite stay. The boys in the kitchen seem to rate more visits by the fair sex than any other group. Pvt. George Young, of the mess hall staff, has been all smiles since the arrival of Mrs. Young from Mamaronock, N. Y. Pvt. Clement Pinkney, also of the mess hall staff, has been busy recently entertaining his wife while she was visiting the Base.

The mother of Sgt. Willie O'Neil was a recent visitor to the Base. Mrs. Cooper was accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Willie O'Neil.

Have you noticed the change in our Squadron barber lately? Nothing is wrong and he certainly is not sick. Oh, yes, that is the answer. His wife arrived to help him pass away the time. Mrs. Arthur Johnson arrived on Monday to be with her husband, Pvt. Arthur Johnson, for a few days.

At last Mrs. William Willis has arrived to cheer up our truck dispatcher, Pvt. Willis. Mrs. Willis and William, Jr., who is seven weeks old, arrived on Monday, and did you notice our genial dispatcher spruce up? Mrs. Willis comes from Plainfield, N. J. by way of Boston.

Why is Elmore Williams smiling so much these days? Why he doesn't even make much noise when busily engaged in the game of pool. It was with much regret that we saw the troop train pull away with our friends last week. We sincerely wish them the best of luck.

We recently received a better piano for our recreation hall. The piano came as a gift of the Citizens Committee which is an affiliate of the USO Committee.

During the month of October our Chapel services will be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Geary.

Lt. Waldron read the Articles of War to the Squadron on Tuesday, after which he gave a brief and informal talk. The straightforward manner in which he answered the

questions and the sincere and convincing way he talked impressed the men very much.

M.-Sgt. Randall has the patience of Job. He has to listen to more complaints and stories than Mr. Anthony of radio fame; and through it all he maintains the calmness of a diplomat, the integrity of a general, and the solicitude of a father.

Pvt. Ancel Boyd is an expectant father. Naturally it will be a boy, and subsequently a member of the Squadron.

Have you seen the picture the lovely young lady sent to genial Cpl. Toles? It has the inscription, "Remember Me." We would like her to know that the entire personnel of T-45 will remember her. Cpl. Ed Wood, Pvt. Ralph Toney (Black-Jack), and Pvt. Francis Tilley have a little bet all their own. They are trying to see which one can annoy the other the more.

Too much cannot be said in regard to a soldier's appearance and deportment. Police up yourself, boys, as we want to have the sharpest looking outfit on the Base. Cpl. Bailey, Pvt. John Warren, and Pvt. Lorren Lobban are good examples of the kind of neatness we want. On the Beam, Boys, from Books to Buttons.

Pvt. Bruce Samuels.

The men of the Aviation Squadron (Sep) are invited to attend the opening of the new U. S. O. recreation center this coming Friday evening. The Bangor Citizens' committee headed by the Rev. Milton Geary, which procured this Columbia St. center, has arranged a variety show. Refreshments and dancing will follow. Every available girl will be present to help the men have an enjoyable evening. Plans are under way to remedy the problem of too few girls. The music will be furnished by Lester Wilson and the members of the Squadron orchestra.

Incidentally the boys in the band have several new arrangements to present. "Lover Man", by the popular composer and arranger, Jimmie Davis, will feature Jobe Huntley and Joe Barnes in the singing role. "Team Up" and "I Am Really in Love", two fine instrumentals by Pvt. Lester Wilson, will keep the joint jumping and the hepcats rocking. The number everyone is talking about and waiting for is "Francis." Cpl. Spurgeon Illery, popular supply clerk, and pianist, has been dreaming about this number for weeks. Every now and then he murmurs "Frances" and then looks starry-eyed. Out of this inspiration has come a new song "Francis." The entire band now wish to meet Frances and so do I.

Pvt. John Dukes returned to Jamaica on a sad mission. We are all eager for furloughs, but to receive one to attend the funeral of a brother is not a pleasant or desired leave. Sorry, Duke.

In spite of the loss of two firemen in the recent shipment, T-46 is still cozy and warm. Our new fireman, Robert Ashlock, is doing a splendid job. Keep it up, Robbie.

The married men of the Squadron are laughing at the bachelors now. Every week some of them receive visits from their wives. The latest arrival is Mrs. Venable McFarland, wife of Pvt. Venable McFarland of the Squadron orchestra.

Dick Seay, one of the outstanding personalities in the Squadron and ex-second baseman for the New York Black Yankees, is sort of blue these days. This is the first World

Series he has missed in twelve years.

The Squadron includes many talented personalities in its ranks. One of these is Cpl. Roger Pryor, one chef who can make G. I. food as appetizing as home-cooked food. An all-round good fellow, he is indeed a profitable addition to any squadron.

Many thanks to Capt. Mitchell, our commanding officer, for the beautiful send-off our boys received. I understand that was the first time the band played for a shipment not going across.

Pvt. Ernest Cyril.

Fire Flashes

PFC. J. C. BULLMAN

The item "FIRE CHIEF TURNER SAYS . . ." which usually appears at the heading of this column will appear on another page of the Observer, effective today.

McClary to Abbott—"You must think you're a pretty brave fellow?" Abbott to McClary—"Sure. I beat six fellows the other night with one hand."

Mac to Abbott—"One hand? Which hand did you use?"

Abbott to Mac—"FOUR ACES!"

Lowe recently enjoyed a very welcome visit from his parents and sister who came up from his home town, Leominster, Mass. . . . From the size of the cake his mother brought along . . . need I say that he had a "swell time."

Orchids, Congratulations and Wedding Belles to "Sparky" Davis, who was married Saturday night, September 26th, 1942, at the "ripe old time" of 8:00 p. m. or . . . to you soldiers that would better distinguish it . . . 20:00 o'clock.

LAUGH AND LIKE IT

"Scrambled eggs," ordered a customer in a Philadelphia restaurant. "Milk toast," murmured his companion who was not feeling well.

"Scramble two and a graveyard stew," sang out the charming waitress.

"Here," corrected the man, "I want a milk toast."

"You'll get it buddy," replied the girl. "That's what they call toast in Pittsburgh where I worked."

The two customers held a conference and decided to "put one over" on the "fresh young thing" from Pittsburgh. The first one wanted a glass of milk, and the second a cup of black coffee.

When the girl appeared, to put a "set-up" of the restaurant artillery in front of the men, the second gave the following order: "A bot of lacteal fluid for my friend, and a scuttle of Java with no sea foam for me." "Chalk one an' a dipper of ink," shouted the girl. She didn't even smile.

Smoky Do-it Winslow and a certain brand of Detective Magazine make mighty fine bed partners. I might even add that civilian fireman "Red" LaFountain finds the same "mag" also very interesting.

"Sparky Davis has this little story to offer: It seems that a soldier wanted to go home mighty bad, soooo, as the story goes, he told his "top-kick" that his mother was in the hospital. When the Red Cross checked . . . as they usually do for the Army . . . they discovered that the soldier had told the truth, his mother was in the hospital, but only in the capacity of a nurse, as

DOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITY

There cannot be many sergeants on the Post as well known, and as well liked as S-Sgt. David Flanigan. If he gets along well it is because he has been through all the stages of being a soldier. He served one enlistment beginning in 1930, and re-enlisted three days after Pearl Harbor. Since that time he has been a K. P., a Mess Sergeant, Cook, Drill Instructor, and First Sergeant.

When he was asked what he likes best he said, "Taking a new boy, and making a good soldier out of raw material. The change is amazing to me."

From his various experiences as First Sergeant he has gathered a lot of information about the modern soldier. The worst person to handle in an Orderly Room, he says, is the fellow who has a complaint and nothing to complain about.

A typical day in an Orderly Room, as seen from the First Sergeant's desk, would consist of making out a Sick Call, first. A group of men wander in early in the morning. The healthiest looking men in the world who want to see and bother a hard working medical staff, are there. Why? There is a hike that morning.

After the Sick Call is finished, there is the job of making up the K. P. Roster. "Why, Sarge," a man says, "I was just on K. P. a few days ago." And some times he is right. He is asked, On what day?

she worked there. P. S. I don't think the soldier got home.

Did the gal friend back in S. Dakota give the "OK" for Lee to go out with a Miss Lowe . . . first name and middle name unknown . . . but definitely Norman Lowe's sister. I won't say a word.

Two psychoanalysts met. Said one to the other: "You feel fine. How do I feel?"

The "Old-dog" Abbott is a "fresh air fiend" at 21:00 o'clock. But . . . at 22:00 o'clock . . . who wants the windows shut. You're right ABBOTT.

FIRE FLASHES

Not mentioning any names . . . BUT . . . it seems a "raw recruit" of a few days mistook one of the firemen for a "loolie". It's a grand feeling having someone salute you. . . . isn't it Mac?

Bobby (disputing with his small sister)—"Fleas are black I tell you." Small Mary—"Not neither, 'cause it says, 'Mary had a little lamb; its fleas was white as snow.'"

A word or two about "Tex" Made-well and Hoibert Bernard. They are due back this week from their furloughs which judging by their lack of mail to any of the fellows must have been a "huge success."

Simpson is hereby awarded the Merit Medal for undisputed "bean picker" in the Fire Department. Long may he have it . . . because Bullman doesn't want it.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE WAY OF BONDS: Bonds are something fairly large in the paper respect with gilt edges, which any baby would like to have once they reach "that certain age." Why not buy up now and guarantee a beautiful future for your children . . . or children to be.

and he answers, Tuesday. He does not say that it was a Tuesday two months before. He has to be handled in the best First Sergeant manner.

Then comes the furlough problem. The First Sergeant likes to have everybody go. It would be perfect for fifteen days just to clear everybody in the Squadron out. But only a fraction of the men are allowed to leave on furlough, and the selection is based on length of service. A First Sergeant knows he cannot make any promises he will be unable to keep. Once he loses that respect he will never get it again. Make no promises, says Sgt. Flanigan, and explain to the particular man why he can't have a furlough—even if it takes all day.

In the old army, says the Sergeant, they had what was called the First Sergeant's Clique, but one thing is sure. In old modern army all men are treated alike, and no cliques exist.

Sgt. Flanigan thinks there aren't any better soldiers anywhere than on Dow Field, and he says that the greatest difference between the army as he knew it in 1930-33 and today is that now the enlisted man is treated as if he were a human being.

The Sergeant is happily married. One child is a girl, eight years old, and the other, a boy, will be a soldier before long. Say 17 years—he is fifteen months old now.

Exchange

Continued from Page 1

under the direction of Major deKay. Some of these books may be classed as textbooks, but the list includes historical novels, and books of general interest to military personnel and their families. The Penguin Military Books (pocket size, and selling for a quarter) are here, for example.

Guerrilla Warfare, by "Yank" Levy, a prescription for soldiers, home guardsmen, state guards, etc., on guerrilla methods, will teach you how to strangle a sentry—and enjoy it.

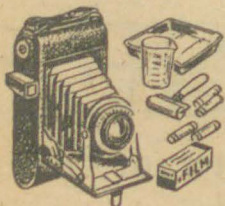
What's That Plane?, also a Penguin Book, is especially interesting because of the recent training films showing how to identify foreign or enemy planes. It includes silhouettes, photographs, and descriptions of American, Japanese and long-range German aircraft likely to be seen over North America.

The New Soldier's Handbook is not an official manual, but it does contain a reprint of material from current official manuals including changes to date (Field Manual 21-100 in its entirety, and parts of Field Manual 21-45). The Bureau of Printing in Washington is so rushed it hasn't time to print a manual for every soldier in our growing Army, so cheap reprints issued by commercial firms will have to take the place of free manuals.

Global War has seventy maps and charts, and a brilliant interpretation of each country's strategic positions as to sea, land and air activities.

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BANGOR

FOR SOLDIERS
FOOT PALS
AND
FLORSHEIM
SHOESJOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST.

BANGOR



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Makes You
Want to Eat

Our menu of fine foods is one of the best tonics for tired appetites. It's filled with a variety of makes-you-want-to-eat dishes . . . home-cooked foods with the full-flavored goodness of quality meats and fresh vegetables. Generous portions make the meal as filling as it is thrilling.

SWEETS
Drug Store
26 MAIN ST.
BANGOR

Christian Endeavor

There are many soldiers on the Post who would like a chance to discuss personal problems with fellow soldiers, especially religious problems, and take an active part in the Christian work of the Service. For just such people a unit of Christian Endeavor has been formed here, and meetings are held at 1830 every Tuesday in the Post Chapel. This is just one of a thousand military units, and has a splendid program to offer. All enlisted men, officers, and nurses are cordially invited to become members. The time: 1830 on Tuesdays . . . the place: the Post Chapel.

Party

Continued from Page 1

romance of a soldier along the lines of the currently popular song, "He Met Her on Monday." Lively spot illustrations on the back of the stage, and on the balcony, added extra touches of humor.

Although M/Sgt. Pawlowski, head of the Entertainment Committee, was unable to attend, the rest of the Committee carried on successfully. M/Sgt. Hanes with Sgt. Weeks shone in the culinary department. S/Sgt. Flanigan was on hand every minute to see that everybody had a good time. Sgt. Tindel, Cpl. McInnis, PFC Krug and Pvt. Tony Sullivan all contributed to the occasion.

The members of the Committee would like to express their gratitude to the Air Base Squadron for a good attendance, and only regret that all the Squadron did not get in on the fun.

Capt. Aaron Nelson is also to be heartily thanked for his encouragement and invaluable assistance.

If the Observer had its way it would get out a special award for the entire party.

Hiking

Continued from Page 1

have won the toss, because we got first crack at the khaki cruisers. Out of the gate we swept, just in time to wave a fond farewell to the second division, who were hoofing it.

One by one the trucks fell in line, and moved in steady cadence like huge elephants in a trunk-to-tail technique. Our truck came complete with a private bath. The rain had formed a pool on the canvas of the trailer and was merrily sloshing it back and forth. Every time we turned a sharp corner the pool threatened to drown us in one swoop.

Captain Bently could be seen constantly checking progress, and darting in and out like an anxious mother hen watching her brood.

Through covered bridges we rumbled, bumping over rocky roads, until finally we reached our first stopping point. One truck stopped

so abruptly that Cpl. Cottaer went sailing into the rear with the rest of the boys piling up like an off tackle scrimmage.

Then we de-trucked. It was our turn to give the highway the old one-two. Four miles of picking 'em up and laying 'em down.

In the more populated areas the civilians stop and stare, then wrinkle their brows as they wonder what we are up to. An undertaker rushed out, cast an appraising eye over the line, and took a second look at some of the stragglers. We did not like his expression—it was too business-like.

The cows up in this section must be more sophisticated than Bangor bosses; animal calls that wowed their city cousins fell completely flat. In fact they looked slightly bored at even the most heart-rending appeals.

Somewhere four miles from Old Town we stopped and so well timed were we that the trucks carrying the other weary walkers pulled up at the same time.

Hundreds of school children pressed their little noses against the school windows, as they chckled, giggled, and pouted at the hikers who were trying to look like veterans.

Major deKay explained the basic pattern behind this maneuver. One half of the men walk four miles, while the other half ride in the trucks for twelve miles. The trucks then return and pick up the original marchers to bring them up to join the second group of hikers who have just completed their jaunt. This movement was carried on throughout the entire hike.

Captain Bently was warm in his praise of the drivers. As this was their first attempt at convoy, he pointed out how efficiently they had carried it out, and said they had done a swell job. We would also like to throw in our best bouquet and agree with Captain Bently one hundred per cent.

Army Institute

Continued from Page 1

economics, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytic geometry, calculus, general science, physics, and inorganic chemistry. (The last three are nonlaboratory courses).

Business courses include: type-writing, Gregg shorthand, book-keeping and accounting, railroad rate clerk, traffic management.

There are many courses in mechanics, among them: steam engineering, refrigeration, air conditioning, automobiles, automobile repairing, diesel engines, aviation engines, marine engineering, marine boilers, marine engines and equipment, plumbing, steam fitting, heating, machine shop practice, gas welding, mechanical engineering, mechanical drawing, plumbing drawing, heating drawing, and machine design.

There are electrical courses, too: Elementary electricity, industrial electricity, preparatory course for radio, telephony, and telegraphy, radio operating, basic telegraphy and telephony, commercial telegraph operating, practical telephony, electric welding.

Other courses are surveying and mapping, engineering mechanics, structural engineering, water works and sewage plant operation, and carpentry.

The complete list of courses with numbers is at the Library.

COURSES FOR CREDIT

None of the courses already mentioned is given for college credit, but if a soldier wishes to take a course by correspondence in a reputable college, he may easily do so. Seventy-five colleges and universities of the country, including places like the University of Chicago, the University of Illinois, and the University of Wisconsin, offer

correspondence courses for credit in: High School English, English composition, English and American literature; modern foreign languages; mathematics; general science, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, geography, world history and the history of countries affected by the present war, civics, government, economics, sociology, psychology, statistics, health, vocational, technical, and professional work directly related to military activities.

The Government will pay half the cost of text and tuition fee (not to exceed \$20 for any one course) for enlisted personnel who have been in active service for not less than four months.

HOW TO APPLY FOR CREDIT COURSES

A soldier who wishes to take a college course for credit should follow these steps: (a) Obtain a list of approved courses and an application blank from the institution in which he intends to enroll, making inquiry as to special tuition rates for members of the armed forces. (b) Select the course which he wishes to study, noting its title and number. (c) Write to the institution in which he wishes later to use credit for this course to make sure that the course he has chosen will be acceptable. (d) Fill out an Army Institute application (available at the Library) for enrollment in the course, and obtain the approval of his organization commander on this application form. (e) Mail to the commandant of the Army Institute, Madison, Wisconsin: 1. The completed Army Institute application. 2. An application for enrollment on the form provided by the institution under which he wishes to study. 3. A money order, cashier's check or certified check made out to the treasurer of the institution in which he wishes to enroll, for his share of the fee for the course.

Bus Schedule For Dow Field

Both for the boys who just get under the wire, and those who take a more leisurely course downtown, here's the answer to the burning question: "When does the next bus leave?"

As a good rule-of-thumb method the idea to remember is this. Daily, at a quarter past the even hour (6-8-10), the bus leaves the Hospital stop to go downtown by way of Union street. At a quarter past the odd hours (5-7-9) the bus leaves the Hospital stop to go by way of Webster avenue.

And grab your hat, soldiers. The last bus out is the 11:45 one—straight back on Hammond street, but fast.

On Sundays it is every half hour, on the hour.

For the more precise minded here is the complete daily schedule:

The bus leaves Post Office Square

It's New!

And it's what she wants for Christmas!

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A brand-new perfume and cologne, marvelous with furs! From \$1.

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In spite of present-day restrictions, our quality is the best and our stocks complete.

Overcoats, Short Coats, Blouses, Trench Coats, Wool or Cotton Shirts, Slacks, Shoes, Insignia Dress Caps, O'Sea Caps, Chevrons, Ties.



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BANGOR, MAINE

BOWLING



CANDLE PINS

Last Wednesday night yielded some new experiences for some of the personnel of Dow Field. It seems that a few members of the bowling teams had never bowled candle pins before. S-Sgt. Harry Tindel, better known as "Tex," was one who, at first, found it a little difficult to hit the pins and not the spaces between.

We couldn't help but notice that some of the officers were also recruits at the new game, but as the evening progressed so did the skill of the rookies. Some had gained such confidence that they were even willing to bet on what they could do. Everyone is anxious to see what will develop in the line of scores this coming Wednesday. Cordell is setting quite a pace.

BOWLING NOTES

All team captains are requested to report to M-Sgt. Cordell at Base Headquarters sometime before Wednesday night.

All bowlers are requested to be at the Bowling Academy not later than 7:50 p. m. on Wednesday night, in order to get started by 8:00 p. m., as the alleys are reserved for that time.

All men interested in bowling are invited to come out.

The commanding officer of the base will be there on Wednesday, so everybody be on time.

TEAM STANDING

As of Sept. 30, the best team in

in town and runs via Webster avenue at these times:

A.M.	10:55	2:55	7:35
7:15	11:35	3:35	8:15
7:45	P.M.	4:15	8:55
8:15	12:15	4:55	9:35
8:55	12:55	5:35	10:15
9:35	1:35	6:15	11:15
10:15	2:15	6:55	

The bus leaves the Airport and runs via Webster avenue at:

A.M.	11:15	3:15	7:55
7:30	11:55	3:55	8:35
8:00	P.M.	4:35	9:15
8:35	12:35	5:15	9:55
9:15	1:15	5:55	10:35
9:55	1:55	6:35	11:30
10:35	2:35	7:15	

Buses leave the Post Office Square and run via Fourteenth St. at:

A.M.	11:15	3:15	7:35
7:15	11:55	3:55	8:35
7:45	P.M.	4:35	9:15
8:35	12:35	5:15	9:55
9:15	1:15	5:55	10:35
9:55	1:55	6:35	11:45
10:35	2:35	7:15	

Buses leave the Airport and run via Fourteenth St. at:

A.M.	10:55	2:55	7:35
7:30	11:35	3:35	8:15
8:00	P.M.	4:15	8:55
8:15	12:15	4:55	9:35
8:55	12:55	5:35	10:15
9:35	1:35	6:15	10:55
10:15	2:15	6:55	12:10

But don't get the 12:10 bus home or else—

the Dow Field Bowling League is the Quartermasters, which has won four games with a total of 1411 pins. The other teams, in order, are Enlisted "A" (1322), Officers "C" (755); three man team, (Officers' "B" (1197), Officers' "A" (1161), Officers' "D" (717; three man team), Enlisted "B" (1234), and Enlisted "C" (1273).

The weekly high (single string) belongs to Cordell (125). Spader (121) and Belkowitz (121) follow. The Quartermaster team was best with 482.

The weekly high (three strings) also belongs to Cordell (324). Spader (318) and Belkowitz (311) also rank, and the Quartermaster team wins with 1411.

The season high (single string) is represented by Cordell (125); three strings by Cordell (324). The Quartermaster team has the season high (single string) with 482, and three strings with 1411.

The Quartermaster laundry at Camp Blanding, Florida, has its hands full keeping several thousand men in clean clothes. All in all, the service is good. But in the eyes of one Blanding soldier, it could be better. This recruit, not impressed at all with rumors he had heard that each man must polish his own leather and metal equipment, sent his barracks bag to the laundry the other day. In the bag, in addition to shirts and socks and underwear, were his gas mask, canteen, web belt, pack carrier, mess kit, and entrenching tools—along with a written request that the whole works be cleaned in time for Saturday inspection.

Just back at Camp Barkley, Texas, after a recent furlough, Sgt. Gilbert Hays was asked by one of his battery mates if he had married while he was visiting at home. "Almost," replied the sergeant. "Two of us were willing—me and the minister!"

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Oct. 5-6. CROSSROADS. Plus PRIVATE BUCKAROO

Oct. 7-8 HIGHWAYS BY

NIGHT Plus FOREIGN

CORRESPONDENT

Oct. 9-10. LADY IN MORGUE And BLACK DOLL

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