

Vol. No. 44

O. K. folks, grab your partners
and let 'er go!

Name
Organization
Address of Apartment
Facilities

Rent Problem

Continued from the First Page

make use of it; or you may need more facilities, a different location, or perhaps have received special orders to move.

A coupon is provided below to be a guide to your present accommodations. Please fill it out, if you are living off the Post, and turn in to Mrs. Shaw at your earliest convenience.

Chamberlain

Continued From the First Page

variety. Corporal Jack Eaves had the audience thoroughly enjoying his singing of "Rosie the Riveter. As a sound effect, Corporal Stanley Zape would rat-tat-tat on the drum rim and did he beat it out. At the appropriate time the band would join in with Jack.

Sergeant George Edwards merrily sang on Funiculi, Funicula.

Tech. Sergeant Bob Barrowcliff tenored the currently popular hit "For Me and my Girl."

In Medley time, found three numbers combined that fitted perfectly together. The Troubadours started it off with "Take it from There." Sergeant Al Jeruservice sang the poignant "Time goes By." Corporal Mayer warbled his whistle in "Constantly."

S-Sgt. Geden discovered that March 21st was an anniversary of the famous Patrick Henry speech. To a background of "Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean," he quoted an excerpt.

The Troubadours opened the show with a snappy number called "Let's Be Buddies," and the Community Sing was "This is the Army Mr. Jones."

Costumes were provided by Mrs. Madeline Shaw and Helen McKinnon.

Fresh Air

Continued from the First Page

good deep breaths of clean fresh air, natural foods and combine frequent exercise, and there you have the answer to 34 push-ups in 20 seconds."

Only five feet four inches tall, Corporal Tedeschi weighs 140 pounds and all of it solid muscles.

In civilian life, Jimmie was ace baker for several large baking concerns in New York and New Jersey.

In the exercise department he specializes in football, baseball, swimming, boxing, dancing, and bowling. You can see from the variety of his sporting activities where he gets his all-around development.

Dog Experts

Continued from the First Page

teachers. Sentry dogs will, as the name implies, be used principally on interior guard duty as watch dogs, to give warning at the presence of intruders. This type of dog is habitually worked on a leash. After a dog gives a warning, the sentry being thus alert, must be prepared to cope with the circumstances, whatever the case may be. At this point all past training is brought into action, and in most cases the situation ends in the apprehension of the intruder.

However, the sentry class of dog is not trained in the more advanced type of attack work, but will prove to be a great assistance in most types of patrol work. At no time is it to be considered that the dog is a companion of the sentry. When not on duty the dog is never allowed liberty, teased or petted, nor should any members of the guard not assigned to the dogs be allowed to get close at any time. The men and dogs have an approved time schedule, for duty hours and time off for leisure. This is done to keep both men and dogs sharp.

Great care is given the diet of the dogs. Unfortunately most people have not been properly educated in the proper rationing for dogs. Through ignorance, stinginess, superstition, hearsay, and carelessness, the stomachs of a large majority of canines have been mistreated. The idea that a dog is a sort of an animated garbage can for garbage, odds and ends, or the scraps thrown at him,

is entirely wrong. Five important requirements are followed, proteins, fats, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins. There are commercially prepared foods that can be used.

Some of the harmful meats to feed dogs are cornbeef, pork, veal, bacon, canned ham, raw fish and other prepared pork products, all starchy foods are to be eliminated. All mature dogs are fed one good meal a day. In case the dog is not up to his proper weight a special diet is prepared.

The grooming of the dogs is another important feature that Pvt. Spada and his helper, Horn, attend to each day. Every dog should be groomed every day. Grooming should begin with a type of comb that will penetrate through the coat to the skin. The dog is completely examined throughout and any defects are attended to at once.

All supplies that are needed for the dogs are drawn through the quartermaster office. Also the special training and directions are prepared by the same branch.

There are many other important items that have not been mentioned in the above interview. This is just a brief summary to let the personnel know the importance of the dogs, and to heed the warnings not to familiarize yourself to the canines.

From the various duties of the trainers the old phrase "leading a dog's life" seems to pertain to the men instead of the dogs, but all in all, it all leads to the road to victory.

Quartermaster

Continued from the First Page

having difficulty to stop the urge from visiting the pin boy on each ball thrown. Sgt. Correa and Carlson said a little prayer each time they faced the foul line, trying to compete with Sgt. MacQuarrie's banana ball.

Cpl. Simoneau of Q. M. was upset because he could not find an investment for the night. The carrot top Spada was very much provoked at the Finance boys for not observing the rules and regulations of bowling. Mrs. Winn's coaching of her corporal fared better than Mrs. Solomon as the scores will indicate. Cpl. Johns with his famous wiggle could not wiggle enough to get over the 250 mark.

All in all a grand time was had by all, with the entire group going to a local hotel to top the evening off with a little refreshment of their choice.

Grave Decoration In National Cemeteries

On Memorial Day the graves of soldiers buried in Arlington Cemetery and the Presidio of San Francisco Cemetery will be decorated by the Chaplains.

A standard floral emblem at the cost of \$2.00 will be placed on the grave.

If you have a relative buried there and want further details, get in touch with the Observer Office.

Guard Commendations

The following men have received citations for outstanding performance of Guard Duty:

Sunday—Sgt. Vincent Rybaltowski, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Luther Jackson, Aviation Sqdn.

Monday—Pvt. A. Vellucci, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. A. Brown, Aviation Sqdn.

Tuesday—Pvt. Melvin McConnell, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Harold Nelson, Air Base Sqdn.; Pvt. Antonio Strong, Aviation Sqdn.

Wednesday—Pfc. William Troutmen, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Oliver Grey, Aviation Sqdn.

Thursday—Pvt. George Lombardi, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Alvin Carter, Aviation Sqdn.; Pfc. S. Seitenko, Air Base Sqdn.

Friday—Pvt. Melvin McConnell, Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. M. Davis, Aviation Sqdn.; Pvt. J. Asti, Air Base Sqdn.

Saturday—Pvt. Joseph Bryja,



"Confound it, Lieutenant! I thought you brought me here to forget about the war!"

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Last Monday was a sad, sad day for the Q. M. ping-pong players, when they invaded the medics day room. Ten sets were played and the scores handed in, low and behold I saw not one in favor of the Q. M. boys, thus the omitting of the scores. The boys who took part in the lessons were as follows, Solomon, Gottfried, Levine, Psenko and Goyette. The boys have passed on encouraging words that a better showing will be made on the home table, we wish you luck boys.

Sgt. Russo's WAAC friend Mary O'Kern sent him a telegram, expressing her inner thoughts. We hear that you will get a copy of this, so say hello to all the bowlers for the Q. M.

We hear the guard squadron is wondering when Pfc. Red Spada is going to transfer his thoughts and body to their company, all his off duties hours are spent with the Q. M. friends, which are many, he is acting shadow for Ted Johns.

Blackjack Fuela tested the patient of commando Roy last week, and it was a case of a good little man getting the best of the good big man, orally I mean, better go easy on him blackjack he is suffering from a small corn.

The boys from Salem, Mass. usually have a monopoly on the sugar bowl when in the mess hall, but when the contents get low anyone can have it, guess we will have to send them a copy of the golden rule, here is hoping that the private rationing will cease.

T.-Sgt. Avasharian says, that he is glad that he is back with the boys and that the worry from hunting something to eat has passed.

S.-Sgt. Innocente is back and looking well after his recent illness. He also expresses the same thought as the little Tech.

Pfc. Schwartz has expressed his desire to be a teacher in military affairs, some of the boys wonder where he would start in, what is your answer soldier?

Last week we asked the ball hawks to get going, but as yet not even a whimper. How about starting something before the season ends, don't forget the early bird gets the base hits.

Pvt. Beaulieu wants to know if a certain party will break out with a smile now and then. I have been told they would, when he does something amusing. Can you?

I see that Pfc. Gottfried has a bruise on his forehead, could it be

Guard Sqdn.; Pvt. Elmore Williams, Aviation Sqdn.

that he was hit by a ping-pong ball in his recent match game?

To all the new men that recently came in to our company, we take this opportunity to welcome Pvt. Saffro, Jones, Ernsberger, Hodges and Isham. We hope that you will make many friends and enjoy your new company.

Wish some of you boys would do something sensational so that we could make this a much longer trip.

The Q. M. boys have both Base titles and are waiting for the final City of Bangor rolloffs. The city rolloff will end up a very successful season for Q. M., our last match which was with finance turned out to be the hottest contest of the year, full details can be found in another section of the

Red Badge of Courage

(From Time Magazine)

The tales told at war's end will not all come from the men in the fighting forces. Red Cross workers also contribute their share. This week, the Red Cross workers will also contribute their share. This week, as the Red Cross opened its \$125,000,000 War Fund Drive, some of those tales began to drift home.

Twenty-eight-year-old Red Cross Field Director Thomas S. Montgomery could hardly miss being nicknamed "Tiny"—he stands 6 ft. 8½ in., weighs a whopping 275 lbs. Too oversized to enlist, he squeezed his bulk into a Red Cross uniform, soon became noted on Guadalcanal for his front line chant: "Chewing gum, candy, pop corn, soda pop. What'll you have, boys?" Wandering around the jungle alone, Montgomery recently met a group of marines. Said he: "Aren't we pretty close to the front line now, fellows" Said a marine: "Front lines, hell. They're half a mile behind us. This is a patrol." Says Tiny Montgomery: "I ducked the bullets and watched them wipe out a machine gun nest. I was glad to get back in one piece."

Pretty Susan Tate used to live in Washington, D. C. Now she is attached to the Moresby Hospital in New Guinea, is used to being proposed to three times a week. Her job is less adventuresome than Montgomery's—to cheer the wounded, write letters home, fulfill odd requests. One request: to cable \$65.50 worth of unbroken I love you I love you I love you's to a soldier's girl back in the states.

Insurance Officers Appointed For Organizations On Base

1st Lt. Norman Levine, Det. Medical Dept.
Major George Devoe, Finance Dept. at Large.
Lt. Martin B. Mahoney, Det. Q. M. Co. Avn (Sep).
Lt. Carl J. Bloom, Det. Signal Service Co.
Lt. Edward M. Graham, Jr., Air Base Sqdn.
Lt. George A. Ormiston, Aviation Sqdn. (Sep).
Lt. Warren R. Smith, Guard Sqdn.

paper. I wish to thank all that assisted the team to a successful climax.

Heard that Sgt. Russo really had a red face last week when sent on an errand to exchange some merchandise. He ended up in the lingerie dept. of a large store in Bangor, when asked what size he desired, you can imagine his thoughts when he actually found out the contents of the parcel, they were nice, soft and silky and something a man does not use. For the benefit of little Mary down south, the sergeant was a victim of a certain Lt. who was too shy to make the exchange himself.

Orchids

This floral bouquet goes to Mrs. Alyce Connor, our base librarian. Far too seldom is her assistance appreciated and far too often her task minimized.

Dow Field has a library as good as some and far better than most camps. With the knowledge that we have a splendid library should come the realization that it does not care of itself. Filing and recording are tedious, but thoroughly necessary tasks.

Enter Mrs. Connor: the lady with the looks, who tends the books. We book-worms—and possibly the termites of T-33—do appreciate your work.

Exit,
Cpl. McAvey.

ATTENTION ENLISTED MEN



See

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Felt, 5.00

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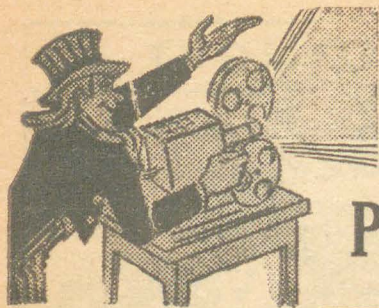
WHERE GOOD FELLOWS
GET TOGETHER

AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR



Post Theatre PROGRAMS

Monday, March 29—HIT PARADE OF 1943—John Carroll, Susan Hayward

Tuesday, March 30—AFTER MIDNIGHT WITH BOSTON BLACKIE—Chester Morris, George E. Stone

HE'S MY GUY—Dick Foran, Irene Harvey

Wednesday, March 31—PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Walter Brennan

Thursday and Friday, April 1 and 2—AIR FORCE—John Garfield, Gig Young, Harry Carey

Saturday, April 3—HE HIRED THE BOSS—Stuart Erwin, Evelyn Venable

Sunday and Monday, April 4 and 5—FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM—Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall
Also: Community Sing

Tuesday, April 6—GHOST RIDER—Johnny Mack Brown, Raymond Hutton

THE PURPLE V—John Loder, Mary McLeod

Wednesday, April 7—THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, Robert Benchley

Thursday and Friday, April 8 and 9—(Technicolor) HAPPY GO LUCKY—Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Eddie Bracken, Rudy Vallee

Also: THE MARCH OF TIME No. 8

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.

First Show, 1800; Second Show, 2000

Short Subjects Featured Daily

Guard Squadron

By CPL. FRANK SHEA

In the playoffs for the championship of the Base Basketball League, the Guard Squadron team handled this end with neat dispatch. It required only two of the scheduled three skirmishes to establish the fact that the boys from this squadron are of a decidedly superior stock. The ardour of our opponents was dampened considerably by the scores of 37 to 25 for the first game and 46 to 32 for the second. Yes, the boys from the 38th AVN, were good, but not good enough. A capacity crowd attended the finals of this fast moving game and the spirit of rivalry was rampant. The players responsible for this sporting performance were Sgt. Roger Wilson, Cpl. Charles Downing, Cpl. Vincent Trickey, Pvt. Sam Neustadt, Pvt. Mel McConnell, Pvt. James Crosby, Pvt. Bill Davis and Pfc. Russell Westdyke.

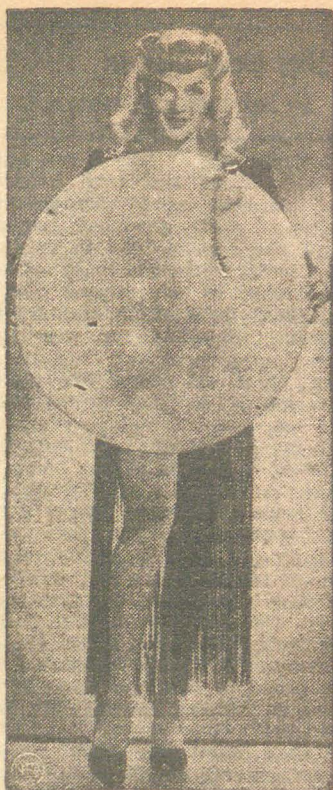
Another Squadron party was held last Wednesday evening for the guardsmen who were on duty and were unable to attend a previous affair. Sgt. Vincent Rybaltowski in the role of master of ceremonies, had many of the sentries a trifle goggle-eyed with his often and self told tales about his many harrowing experiences with giant reptiles in the wild marshes of Trinidad. The listeners, however stalwart, were unable to withstand this inhuman treatment and voiced their disapproval with shouts of derision, as they neared the threatening stage, the Sarg adroitly approached an exit and bolted for a safety zone. Another highlight of the evening was a very interesting discourse on Indian folk-lore by Rain-Maker Spencer Bennett. Pfc. William Troutman held the interest of the party with his many renditions of Southern ditties while doubling in brass as a waiter.

To the new arrivals to this organization, a word of welcome is extended along with a wish that they find the duties and new surroundings to their liking. . . . Congratulations to Pvt. Joe Mirrena

and the new Mrs. on their matrimonial venture . . . Pvt. Wabash Benedetto is rumored to be gathering color for a future novel, the name of which will be Trials, Tribulations and Skirmishes of an Army Cook. . . . Pvt. Roy Crowder, when asked by a statistical minded person what dishes were in the greatest demand, quickly replied, "cups and saucers." . . .

A rookie with a horrible aversion for spending his own coin was overheard needling a prospective victim to accompany him on a date. After an unsuccessful half hour he demanded to know the reason for his would-be victim's refusal. "Frankly," replied the harried one, "I'm broke." "Why in hell didn't you say so in the first place," was the retort, quickly followed by, "I'll see you later." . . .

Pvt. Frank Petan was the special guest of Cpl. Myer Popkin and Sgt. Eddie Lubich at a session with the paste-boards. Pvt. Petan is still a little numb from the going-over, but he perceived the general idea that it is folly to stick your face in a flying buzz-saw. . . . Pfc. Ed Yanko is a nightly patron of the bus line between Bangor and Old Town. . . . Pvt. Benny Bensinger has finally met the party that reminds him to wash behind the ears. . . . Lean and hungry, Pfc. Charlie Mason checked in from furlough, with nothing but contempt for the point rationing system. Charlie claims you can't even trust a pork sausage these days. . . . Pvt. Mario Messina, the good will ambassador from Penn., is organizing a unit to combat loneliness among the belles of Bangor. . . . Pfc. Fred Love, who hails from Texas, and should be a capable horseman, failed to impress anyone while astride a spirited steed recently. Love, being off more times than on, gave up the uneven struggle. The reins were taken over by Sgt. Jack Wunderlich, a real plainsman from Nebraska, who shoved the Lovey-Dovey what a genuine rodeo rider looks like. . . . Pvt. Howard Tuttle, while visiting recently, found time rather heavy and remarked to his companion, Pvt. Henry Steele, "Let's go to the Zoo." The startled Steele quickly replied, "Naw, if they want us bad enough they'll come after us." . . .



BUBBLING OVER with pulchritude, is cute Martha O'Driscoll. The original caption said that this was the last Hollywood balloon. Oh well, who wants to look at balloons anyway.

Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

SUNDAY

About 11:30 p. m. we made a hurried scouting expedition around the composing room of the Bangor News to find pictures for the coming edition.

Paul Shanley, who is responsible for most of the make-up on page one must have been born with printer's ink in his blood. The skillful way he handles type and the beam on his face when the front page looks good is positively terrific.

MONDAY

The Red Cross up in Lincoln, Maine asked for a group to entertain at a benefit dance. Rounded up some of the boys in the band and all six of us burst on the good people of Lincoln.

The whole town turned out and gave us a real reception. More pretty girls than we knew existed were there. What a spot for six soldiers. For about 45 minutes we galloped through our repertoire. The response was very encouraging. To the martial music of the band, we paraded around the hall ending with a V formation.

The slippery floor didn't help any to cut square corners. All in all the dance worked out very successfully and we give our thanks to Miss Charlotte Bailey for being such a gracious hostess.

TUESDAY

Back to school and Corporal Fred Newman to initiate us into the mysteries of Army Sanitation.

Pvt. Frank Chamberlain agreed to try "Old Man River" with the band. That fellow sure has a powerful voice.

Today we received another copy of the wild and wooly Kodiak Bear. In the upper left hand corner headed "The Weather" is the following comment "We're not talkin', but that white stuff ain't goose feathers." The editors of that sheet really cut loose on occasion.

When Spring comes to Dow Field, so does much gooey, sticky mud. If, at the end of the day, you don't end up with whole bottom sole encrusted with parts of Dow Field, brother, you just ain't been anywhere.

WEDNESDAY

The turn-out for the play, "Out of the Frying Pan" seems to be encouraging.

Saw the film, "Next of Kin" and in our opinion it was the best British film so far. Most training films have a tendency to be rather academic. This one, however, had

"Air Force" Film Here Two Days

Thursday and Friday this sensational film will be shown at the Post Theatre.

"Air Force" was made to the prescription of Lt. Gen. H. H. Arnold, commanding the AAF. It is the saga of the B-17 "Mary Ann" and its crew as they are involved in the action at Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, the Philippines, off Lingayen and in the Coral Sea. It is made with a cast which includes Harry Carey, John Garfield and George Tobias. Produced and directed by Howard Hawks, a flier in World War 1, the film shows the work of ground crew technicians as well as airmen.

plenty of suspense and human interest, and a realistic story. The necessity of keeping silent was driven home with punch and drama. The whole cast was well chosen and brilliantly believable.

THURSDAY

All morning Corporal Eaves sweated out the numbers for the broadcast. Originally, Sergeant Edwards was going to do a comedy song based on bugs. A checkup on rehearsal showed that not enough zip was in it. Funiculi, Funicula was substituted.

At the training rehearsal, Pvt. Chamberlain was standing near the mike. When he started to let go with all his vocal dynamite, he almost blasted the place to bits.

Split-second timing brought the program to an ending that was right on the nose.

A squelcher we picked up somewhere when somebody complained about the meat shortage, "Sure, we know it's tough to get meat, but, brother, it's not nearly as tough as learning to speak Japanese.

FRIDAY

Reports indicate a good general reaction to the program. Listeners tell us that the troubadours are sounding better and better on the air. We haven't found out yet how to make an audience really sing out on the community sing.

We even tried a boompsey, daisy numbers at the dance last night. Corporal Eaves and Pfc. Junior Thayer came down on to the dance floor and whooped up a few boompsey daisies. In spite of Jack's

COLONEL QUIZ ASKS



1. The most famous hill in America is Bunker Hill, where the first pitched battle of the Revolution was fought. Where is it?

2. There are forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes in our flag—a star for every state. What state is represented by the forty-eighth star?

3. Who was the only dictator of the United States as well as one of our greatest patriots?

4. The United States came near having a war with a European power over the Oregon Country. What power was this?

5. Who wrote "The Crisis"?

Answers on Page 7

exhortations, we had only a few takers. We always had an idea that soldiers were ready to clown a bit to have a good time. Maybe the Dow Field Variety is a little more dignified. You wouldn't think us, though, to see them downtown.

SATURDAY

The second series of Army films showed today. It follows in the footsteps of Frank Capra's "Prelude to War." "The Nazis Strike" in an almost incredible summary of Hitler's first territorial claim. The scenes, in Germany, the pattern of secret military development seem almost unbelievable.

We don't know how the Signal Corps got the picture, but we have never seen anything that equals the description of the Nazis strategy. As Walter Houston the commentator pointed out, "to have a non-aggression pact with Hitler is a sign that you are on the spot."

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

WOMAN IN THE WAR!

Virginia Donnelly, who makes filaments for radio tubes in Army communication sets at a Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company plant.

CAMELS
DON'T TIRE
MY TASTE...
THEY'RE ALWAYS
EASY ON MY
THROAT—IN
FACT, THEY
SUIT ME TO A
'T'



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OLYMPIA This
Week

MON., TUES.—ROY ROGERS in
SUNSET SERENADE

FRI., SAT.—CHARLES STARRETT in
FIGHTING BUCKAROO

SUNDAY

CITY OF SILENT MEN

SUNDAY ONLY—FIGHTING DEVIL DOGS

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Editorial NEXT OF KIN

He had told her only one little fact about where he was going. Even then he had not actually told her, just sort of suggested it. And then of course it was his girl friend. What could be the harm in that? Besides he could see her again and nobody would be the wiser. But somebody was the wiser and that little secret joined others of its kind and became a big secret.

How was he to know that his story was listened to by eager ears? How did he know that his date could have such far reaching consequences? You and I know because we were behind the scenes. It was perfectly obvious to us who were the spies. Yet they were not marked with crayon. They were very human people. Misguided, but still looking like our friendly neighbors.

Enemy seekers of information do not advertise their work. Their very reason that they are dangerous is that they are **not** suspicious looking.

But there is one way to make sure. There is only one way to absolutely safeguard military information. Don't tell **anything** of a military nature. Don't brag about your outfit to strangers. When plans go haywire, someone talked out of turn. Your buddy, your friends, may be the loser. You yourself are in danger from your own tongue.

When disaster occurs it is customary to notify the next of kin.

Keep your mouth shut and your next of kin will be there waiting for you when we win.

Signal Corps

By PFC. REINHOLD HERZOG

After winning the first volleyball game with Ordnance Dept. by the score of 21 to 5, our volleyballers, though fighting all the way, lost the other two games by the scores of 21 to 18 and 21 to 12, last Monday afternoon. Sgt. Larry Wennerberg starred for the losers and was aided and abated by Sgt.-T. Joe Harrington, Cpl.-T. Merle Hodgkins, Pfc. John O'Donnell, Pvt. Nelson Lieber, and Pvt. Armond Rosini.

Believing in the old adage "better late than never" we have started a bowling contest among our men, even though the season is nearly over. Most of the soldiers have only bowled "big-pins" and "duck-pins" and the local "candle-pins" are quite a novelty. We had a good turnout last Monday and will continue these "meets" every

Monday night till the end of the season.

Cpl.-T. Merle Hodgkins is conducting a "first aid" class in the Signals Corps classroom, which is very interesting. Merle had quite a bit of experience in this work and knows what he is talking about. Also in conjunction with this course Sgt. Larry Wennerberg gave lessons on artificial respiration and also told us about his personal experiences when he put this knowledge to actual use and saved a life. We were very much interested and hope we get the chance to some day do the same.

Pvt. Louis Ciminera returned from a three day pass with a certain gleam in his eye. He isn't going off the base anymore, and we wonder if something didn't happen while he was home that changed the Signal Corps "wolf" into a "lamb." Come on Louis, out with it, did she finally hook you? We wonder what will happen on his furlough, could be that the wedding bells may chime then.

Pvt. Kenneth Sealy, Pvt. Francis Rousell, and Pvt. Richard Ryan, used to be "barn-dance callers" in civilian life. Last Monday night at the local YWCA dance, they tried out their "voices" and "routines," which were liked, but due to their different "styles" and different type of music locally, than what they were used to, they weren't able to really do their best. They expect to get together again soon and after the wrinkles are ironed out they should form a very good combination. Good luck boys and we're looking forward to a real old-fashioned barn dance soon.

We just received word from Pvt. Sam Profeta, (who is spending a few days at our "GI rest-home on the hill") that he will present an-

General Mess

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL

I would like to take a few lines to talk about two very efficient and likeable cooks who deserve oodles of credit for their helping hand and sincere help to us student cooks. These two cooks are always ready to help anyone who is interested in learning the art of cooking. Speaking for myself—I have found them very helpful in many ways. Of course like all of the rest of us, they go to town and help paint it red occasionally. And maybe you will see them with a blond or red head but when it comes to work they are "strictly on the beam" and they never push their work aside. Yes, these two men that I so very highly praise are our friends to the end and they are none other than our first cook—Sgt. James Owens and Sgt. Richard Ovitt of shift No. 1. Sgt. Owens is also our Barrack's leader and we are proud of the fine work he is doing in keeping Barrack 217 "on the ball."

I have permission to let you all in on a secret that is taking place the thirty-first day of March. Sgt. Nathaniel Raymond (QMC) of shift two is to be married to Miss Ernestine Sheafe of Brewer, Maine. The entire cooking staff hereby takes opportunity and pleasure in wishing them the best of luck and everlasting happiness.

Lots of good luck and hearty congratulations to our kitchen superintendent, Edward F. Yanuski, on his recent promotion from Corporal to Sergeant.

There is another good cook that was promoted recently. Congratulations and best of luck—Cpl. Donald McAvey.

Speaking of promotions—last but not least, our very excellent baker, its Cpl. Andrew Recchia now. Best wishes Cpl. Recchia and more stripes for you!

Oh! Boy! These California boys are really in earnest when it comes to work. Pvt. Louis Machado from California turned down his furlough and said "Let's keep cooking boys."

The beautiful lady you see Pvt. Culbert Averitt with is not his girl friend but his wife from Louisville, Kentucky.

We are glad to notice the improvement on Raymond Stow's condition. But are we surprised? Not the least—he never fails and it's never less than three or four helpings at every meal.

other original melody on the Dow-field radio show, in the near future. The last song he presented was "Someday We'll Love." We are looking forward to hearing the new song and wish the composer good luck. (By the way, who is the composer of this one, Sam?)



HOLLYWOOD HAS called Miss Esther Williams. We don't know what they called her, but we could think up a few adjectives. Anybody who can't think up a few snappy descriptions is definitely not Dow Field.

★ IN THE SPOTLIGHT ★

By David O. Alber

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

DEPT.: Here Rosalind Russell has only recently released the news of her impending motherhood—and the Columbia studios can barely wait for the blessed event before putting mama-to-be to work. Scheduled as Miss Russell's first production after the birth of her baby, "Ten Percent Woman" is already in the process of being adapted for the screen. It's a comedy dealing with a female actors' agent in New York.



ROSALIND RUSSELL

Forgive us if we're cynical, but somehow we can't imagine (as MGM's press dept. would have us) that an Aviation Cadet with the Middle East Forces in North Africa would have either the time or the inclination to sit down and write MGM a letter telling them in detail of the reception given a motion picture in that battle area. According to all reliable reports, there's a War on there—and to our way of thinking, the boys have a little more on their minds.

Decibelle, Hollywood's most glamorous, and most prolific, studio cat is missing. She had a lovely life, having been tripped over by Garbo, and fed by Greer Garson, Clark Gable Lana Turner and a hundred others. The 3,000 employees of the lot are search-

ing for the haughty queen of felines—who was, incidentally, a sucker for rubber studio mice.

Ed Gardner, producer, director and star of "Duffy's," the saga of the joint "where the elite meet to eat," is in a soft spot—at long last. Some years ago, Gardner was directing stock companies and literally begging Hollywood to look his way. But Hollywood has a tradition all its own in these matters—and Gardner was up against the proverbial stone wall. Now that his radio program, "Duffy's," heard Tuesday nights at 8:30, EWT, via the Blue network, is an established success, Gardner can practically write his own ticket. Hollywood is not only beckoning—it's practically pleading!



ED GARDNER

We rarely go out on a limb for a motion picture—but this is the picture exception that proves it. Hitchhike if necessary, but don't miss the March of Time's latest release, "One Day of War." Taken during a single day in wartime Russia, the film shows—as graphically as only truth can—how a nation can completely dedicate itself to a job that must be done. And personally, we hope all the hoarders in the country get to see this picture and wince in shame.

The Base Library Recommends

9:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. Monday through Friday.

9:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. Saturday.

1:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. Sunday.

All the latest magazines:

Reader's Digest, Life, Look, Time, National Geographic, Popular Science, Popular Photography, Esquire, Coronet, Field and Stream, American, American Mercury, Collier's, Saturday Evening Post, Liberty, Newsweek, New Republic, Popular Mechanics.

Third Class World by Prof. Marion Bradshaw.

All you men who attended the field chapel on Wednesday and saw Prof. Bradshaw's motion pictures will be interested in this book.

Prof. Bradshaw travelled third class on this trip which took him to the East. He tells of his wanderings in such an interesting way that the book is very enjoyable and makes you feel as though you were along too. The book contains 100 pictures taken by the author and

for these alone the book should not be passed up.

Arithmetic:

For you men who are taking Army institute courses in arithmetic we have the textbook and workbook that will help you in these courses. Also you men who are not taking the course, you will find these books invaluable in brushing up on math or learning some short cuts.

The Fortunes of Richard Mahony by Henry H. Richardson:

The story of a cultivated doctor who was reared in Dublin and Edinburgh. He suddenly decides to leave all his comforts and success and go to Australia. Here he tries to contend with the raw rusty Australian frontier of the 1850's and 60's during the gold rushes. This is a very unusual novel but well worth reading.

The Dark River by Charles Nordhoff and James Hall:

By the same men who wrote Men Against the Sea, Hurricane and many others. This story deals with two Englishmen who return to Tahiti. One is returning home and he easily slips back into the life of the settlement. The other comes to recover and rest and he finds the countryside more to his liking. While in a remote part of the island he finds himself in the valley of the Dark river. Most of the valley belongs to a single family, where there is a young lady. The traveller stays on, first held by the beauty of the land and later by the love of the girl.

The descriptions of the storms are as realistic as only these two authors can make them.

OFFICERS' PROMOTIONS

The following officers are to be congratulated on their promotions:

To be captain:
Lt. Mason Trowbridge, Jr.
Lt. Benjamin Becker.
Lt. Burt W. Larsen.

Promotions

The following men of the Air Base Squadron are to be congratulated on their promotions:

To be corporal:
Pfc. Frank Saladino.
Pvt. Robert L. Cook.
To be technician fifth grade:
John F. Nichols.
To be private first class:
Pvt. Frank Leone.
Pvt. Edward McCormick.
Pvt. Joseph Minton.
Pvt. Bernard Kennedy.
Pvt. Cuthbert W. Averitt.
Pvt. William H. Ford.

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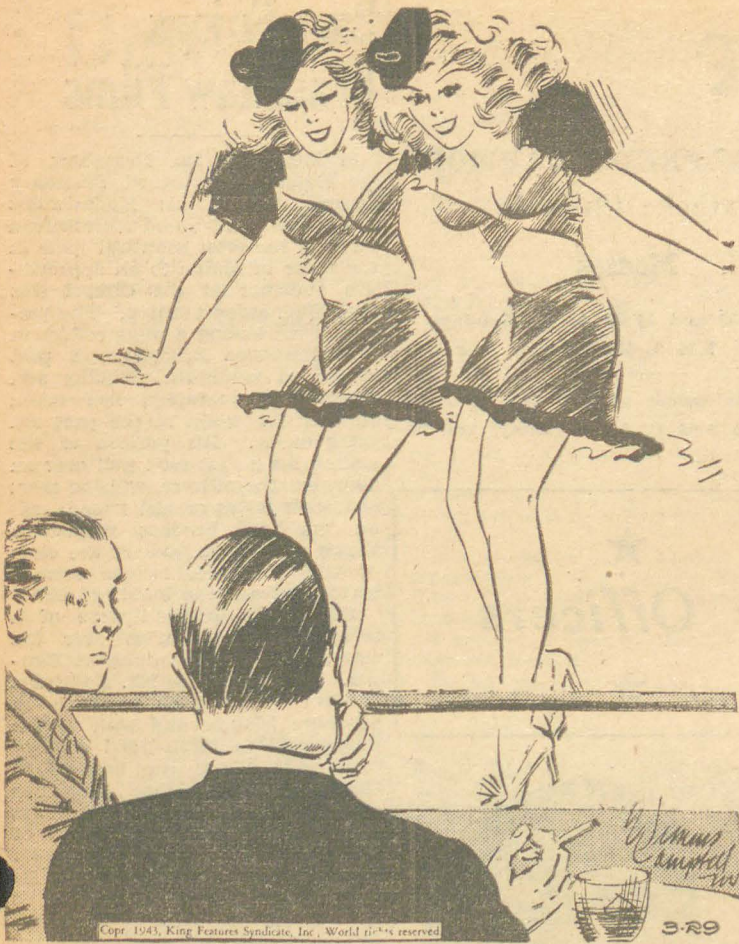
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"What diction! I can't understand a thing they're singing!"

KHAKI KOMICS

General McClellan's stalling tactics finally exhausted every Lincoln and the President sent General Hooker to take over. Wishing to create an impression of decision and vigor, Hooker rushed into action, reporting his various movements in an urgent dispatch dated: "Headquarters in the saddle."

"The trouble with Hooker," Lincoln remarked to his cabinet, "is that he's got his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be."

A very small and very freckled boy led a team of donkeys past the entrance of Camp Lee, Virginia. A soldier, just leaving on furlough, called out to him, "Why are you holding on to your brothers so tight, young fella?"

"So they won't join the army," answered the lad promptly.

A hard-boiled Sergeant at Ft. Dix was having trouble putting his rookies through their parade paces. "When I was a little boy," said the Sarge sweetly, "my mother told me not to cry when I lost my wooden soldiers. 'Some day,' she said, 'you'll get those wooden soldiers back.'" Then, with a full parade ground roar, he bellowed: "And Believe me, you wooden-headed scarecrows, that day has come!"

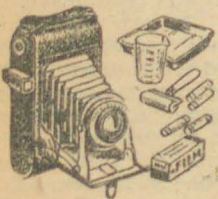
Umpires' restrictions in Army combat training maneuvers are an endless source of restraint on the soldiers. They often don't see the sense of some ruling.

One trooper on scouting patrol starting across a small bridge over the Red River, was stopped by an umpire with: "You can't use this bridge. Theoretically, it has been destroyed."

The soldier shot back: "Very well, sir. Consider me theoretically swimming."

Then he sauntered over the bridge.

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A Betty Grableish young beauty was watching drill one day. Suddenly a rifle volley rang out. With a surprised scream, the lovely young lady shrank back directly into the arms of a young private who was standing behind her. "Oh," she stammered with a blush, "I was so frightened by the rifles. Won't you please forgive me?"

"Not at all, not at all, spoke up the quick-witted private. 'Let's go over and watch the artillery.'"

A soldier from up North returned to an Arkansas camp from his first week-end leave.

"The slow Southern drawl is right up my alley," he reported with delight. "You ask a Little Rock girl to kiss you and, before she can say no, it's too late."

Our airplane plants are turning out new bombers and fighter planes with dizzying speed. Last week at Lockheed it is reported that they built a plane in eight hours flat. Five minutes later a pilot took off in it. Six hours later the plant received a cable from him. It read: "I am in Australia. Please send motor."

Pilot, just after tailspin—I'll bet 50 per cent of the people down there thought we were going to be killed that time."

Student pilot—"Yes, sir! And 50 per cent of the people up here thought so too."

Hot Off the Wire

AN ODD kind of goat found in Tennessee, whose origin has never been determined, baffles scientists. A sudden clap of hands, a yell or the unexpected sight of a person will cause these goats to collapse in a faint! They roll over frozen in unconscious rigidity for 10 seconds to one and a half minutes.

Ed: We know sergeants that get the same effect of yelling "ten-shun."

CHAMELEONS — seven inches long—can "shoot" flies 12 inches away by means of their lightning-fast tongue.

Ed: We're breeding some on the side for active duty snaring food at the Mess Hall.

FISH suffer little if any pain when they are hooked, for there are very few nerves about the jaw which could cause the sensation of pain. Some trout have been known to be hooked two or three times in the same day—by anglers using the same type of bait.

Ed: Some anglers have been known to hook listeners with the

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The Band

By SGT. ROBERT B. SCOTT

Monday night of last week, Cpl. Paul Kline, Pfc. Leo Thayer, Sgt. Burton Schaperow and Sgt. Scott went to Lincoln, Maine, to participate in a Red Cross program in honor of men from that town now in service. A dance followed the program and expecting 50 soldiers from Dow Field the gals were a bit disappointed when only six put in an appearance, the other two men were Sgt. Paul Geden, who acted as our master of ceremonies, and Cpl. Frank Meyer of the Medics.

Tuesday night the band went to Orono and played a concert for the Maine Farm Bureau Federation—the evening was devoted to a Recognition Program of Maine's Outstanding Farmers and Homemakers and the program of music offered under the direction of Bandleader, Mr. Clapper, was as follows:

The National Geographic March
Thomas F. Darcy, Jr.
Overture, "Oberon"
Carl Maria von Weber
Suite Espagnole "La Feria"

P. Lacome
Selection from the Comic Opera, "The Serenade" Victor Herbert
Cpl. Jack Eaves led the singing that preceded the illustrated lecture by Prof. Marion Bradshaw Wednesday night at the Base Chapel. This over with, Jackson had to hie himself down to the Rec. Hall to sit in on the reading of the play to be given under the direction of Sgt. Geo. Edwards and supervised by Prof. Bicker of the University of Maine. Cpl. Gene Hunt is also set for one of the parts in "Out of the Frying Pan."

Mrs. Vivian Byers, popular P. X. clerk, entertained several bandmen at her home on Ohio street recently. She provided an excellent lunch and was aided in pouring by Pfc. Junior Thayer. Since Sgt. Al Jarusevic got all the attention from the feminine guests, Junior, I suppose, felt less conspicuous keeping busy. Too, it gave him more excuse to stuff his face, which he does so well and often.

Sgt. "Pappy" Sheridan arrived back from furlough Thursday evening and was given a most hearty welcome. We really missed you, Pappy, and hope you won't leave us again for a while.

Friends of Mr. Clapper will be interested to know that he is confined at Base Hospital with a touch of the grippe. He is quartered in ward 4 and will be glad to see visitors.

Sgt. Red Marston and his fiancée, Miss Shirley Armstrong, were guests of Red's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marston of Yarmouth, Maine, over the weekend.

Once again the band is falling out for the morning march around the Base and from Pfc. Vahe Boyajian, who left the band to become Chaplain Fellows' assistant, comes the following: "I didn't appreciate just what effect the band has on those listening until I heard it passing the chapel—it really gives one a lift."

Strictly T-223

By Sgt. S. J. Ferris

Tony Mascia was walking back to the base the other night and saw a drunk walking along with one foot in the gutter and the other on the sidewalk. Tony followed him for a few blocks and then approached him saying: "Come along, Buddy, and I'll help you home. You're drunk." "Thank God," said the drunk, "I thought I was a cripple."

Congratulations to our new corporals: Jerry Lucey, Ev Perkins and Dick Sturkie. Keep 'em flying, boys.

Seems as though George Gregory and Joe Provost could sit and listen to the same radio program by the hours. It isn't often that two persons are in such harmony over the same type of radio programs desired.

Willie Gomez says that horse sense is something that a horse has that keeps him from betting on people.

same story, too.

WHEN the "stork" arrives at a whale's family, he brings a baby that weighs 4,000 pounds!

Ed: WE'll bet his mother loves him in a big weigh.



How to put vigor in your victory gardening is athletically demonstrated by rake-vaulting Hollywood starlet Neila Hart.

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Sgt. S. J. Ferris Discusses Various Topics; Mostly Muriel

Sgt. S. J. Ferris, whose column, "Strictly T-223" has attracted world-wide attention, is in almost all respects a normal fellow. Bring up the subject of his wife Muriel, however, and he suddenly loses all sense of proportion. For this reason, we found it difficult to make any sense out of the interview we had with "The Great Ferris," as he is affectionately called by his friends.

"What was the high spot in your life, Sam old boy?" we asked in a familiar slang, because although he has three stripes, Sam has retained his democratic attitude.

"When I met my wife, Muriel."

"What's your ambition?"

"My ambition was to marry Muriel. Which I did."

"That's all very interesting," we said. Then, trying to change the subject, "Who's your favorite musician?"

"Muriel."

"Actress?"

"My lovely wife, Muriel."

We smiled patiently and drummed our toes against the floor. "What did you do before you met Muriel?"

"I didn't live."

"We were under the impression that you'd written a book called 'Oh, That Reminds Me,' and that it was a collection of stories told in the style of 'The Decameron.'"

"Yes, I did. But it was no good. Threw it away."

"What happened after that?"

"I met Muriel."

"What are your hobbies?"

"Chess, H. G. Wells, Henric William Van Loon and—"

"Muriel!" we finished for him.

He looked surprised. "How did you know?"

"Black magic," we muttered.

Sgt. Ferris, we discovered from other helpful sources (the original source was no help at all) is half Irish, a quarter English, and a quarter Scotch. (No, not a quart of Scotch, a quarter Scotch.) He

played sax and clarinet with the Jersey Ramblers, the Royal Flush Quintet, and other nationally known orchestras. He belonged to debating clubs and organized a Public Speaking Forum.

He played quarterback in football, pitched and shortstopped in baseball, won several handball tournaments, gave fencing exhibitions before the crowned heads of his high school, was a track star, and coached several football and basketball teams.

All this and he worked for Standard Oil, too.

He left the oil to accept a position as state auditor for a place known as New Jersey. He left there to accept a position as Buck Private in the U. S. Armed Forces. However, a private (unlike a leopard) can change his stripes. Sam did, and is now a sergeant. A buck sergeant, to be sure, but a sergeant.

His extensive travels have taken him all over the state of New Jersey. His municipal patriotism is unquestionable, and if you want to hear all about Maplewood, page Sgt. Ferris. He would like to have twelve kids. (By 'kids,' Sgt. Ferris is obviously referring to children.)

"Sam, who's your favorite personality?"

"Muriel."

"What's your favorite topic?"

At that moment, Sam dashed out, wildly, remembering he had a First Aid Class. Our question was unanswered, but thinking we had a slight idea about the way Sam's mind ran, we've taken the liberty of giving the answer for him. (It's probably accurate.)

Sam's favorite topic is Muriel. Muriel, he thinks Muriel is wonderful, beautiful, out of this world.

Sam, you may be a great guy and a great sergeant but you are completely insane.

"Yes—" (Sam just phoned from his First Aid Class) "—I am—about Muriel!"

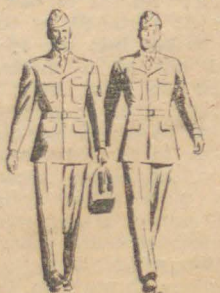
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Base Chaplain

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8:00 A. M. and 10:00 A. M., Sunday Worship

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.

CHAPLAIN JOHN FELLOWS

Some random thoughts about problems we all meet up with:

Some time ago Sgt. Paul Geden requested the Base Chaplain to write up an article on problems that come walking into a Chaplain's office. I demurred, because I felt that such an article would have to be okayed by the Chief of Chaplains' Office, and would lose some of its "punch" in the reviewing. Now I find that this isn't necessary, and from week to week beginning with this issue I'll try to stack up some observations and suggestions.

Making the transition from civilian to Army life is a long and arduous process, and poses some problems that only time and patience and "sweating it out" can solve. For example, in civilian life we have a group of friends upon whom we rely for an adequate social outlet. We've known them for years, and none of them can pull any wool over our eyes because we understand what makes each one of them tick. But when we enter an induction center and begin our basic training, we are temporarily lost souls, and easily fall ready prey to the most extrovert wise guy in the new group. He is out to overcome his own feeling of lonesomeness and inadequacy by collecting as large a group of stooges as he can find. If at heart this natural leader is amenable to discipline he soon becomes the right hand man of the drill sergeant, the platoon leader and the C. O., and his rise, and those who respect his judgment, is rapid. But the wise guy who comes out of an amoral, undisciplined "me first," "let's see if we can get away with it" background, is responsible for a great deal of grief among his erstwhile friends.

I've seen several variations among this type of man. Some become barracks "lawyers," with a smug and ready answer to all problems. The admiring coterie of such a misguided bellwether keeps undermining discipline until some poor inductee gets caught with his flaps down. Bit by bit the followers of the amoral leader shy off, if they are wise to what is happening to sour their Army beginning, until only a twosome or threesome of gold bricks and petty chiselers are left to see how much of the burden of squadron work they can load off on the majority of their barracks mates. I remember such a twosome which, last spring, when a small group moved out to establish a new base, drew into their magnetic circuit a fine young fellow who trusted them with his and his wife's future. At their suggestion he went AWOL from this new base, which was situated in such a manner that his wife could not accompany him. They wanted to get back to Bangor because they couldn't take the isolated existence out in the woods. He came back with them because they "sold" him on the idea that when the Army saw how much he loved his wife, they would let him remain here as part of the Headquarters Squadron.

It didn't take long to "sell" the lad on the right idea, once he was turned in to our guard house with his cronies. We all had noted a difference in the three men, and the leaders had become notorious for their refusal to bow to discipline. It bothered us to see this chap sucked into the scheme. He's pulled out of it nicely, though, because he went back to the new base with an improved point of view, in which he was to keep his nose to the grindstone for the sake of the future, remember how many men, better trained than he, of proved ability, were in foreign service where they couldn't see, live with, phone to, or even get letters through to their wives for months at a time. One thing I've noted well this past year: when you can shame a misguided lad by telling him the simple truth about himself and how his behavior is adversely judged by others, he can quickly redeem his self-respect and his status among

the rest of us by the simple process of publicly confessing that he has done the cheap and selfish thing among the alternatives of his choices, and then working like hell to do the dirty work which is part of his punishment in a friendly, thoughtful, determined fashion.

Most men join the motley procession of guard house inmates because they choose the least line of resistance somewhere along the process of adjustment to the tempo of Army life, which is different in many ways from civilian life. Often their friends, if stronger minded than they, share a great deal of the responsibility. Especially if it appears to the weaker-fibered man that these friends have "gotten away with murder" for long periods of time. Friendships are our most valuable and most dangerous links with life. Make them only after long study of the personalities you meet in each day's work. You can't be a friend to everybody, because everybody isn't worthy to share your deepest dreams, your secret hopes, and the burden of your fears and your anxieties. The spirit that moves your body is too important to be entrusted to the tender mercies of men (and women) who will use it as means to their own gratification. Never allow yourself to be used as a cat's paw by anyone.

So choose those new friends carefully. Choose equals in status and ability because you have so much in common with them. Choose one or two men who are older and more experienced so that they can have the unselfish thrill of passing on to you, as a friend, the arts and sciences of life that they have learned so well. And choose one or two men of lesser spiritual stature than you, who admire you and wish to learn of you the strength and the moral direction which your behavior commends to them as strong and good and true. But beware the cheap man who would use you as a tool for the successful cultivation of cheap and immoral desires, or the perverted man who would succeed in impressing others by making you a fool by placing you by his side to share the blame or take the rap for his misdeeds. Friends can make you or break you. They can help you or hinder you. And you can do the same to them. Once you find a friend you can trust, one you can share your best with, hold to him in faithfulness and in a loyalty that grows from day to day into a structure all the more beautiful because it is so rare an experience.

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

Back from furloughs and ready for duty, are 1st Sgt. Carl R. Carlson and Sgt. Frank Bertrand. Both enjoyed their stay at home to the utmost. Sgt. Bertrand contends he had to come back to duty for a rest.

Letters were received from Fred Dezonis and Herbert Hoener, who were former members of our detachment returned to civilian life. Both men state its very hard to be a civilian these days, with rationing and all. They even go so far as to say they miss G.I.-ing the barracks! And that's not all. Remember boys how Fred would get up at about 5:30 in the morning, be fully dressed and have had his breakfast before 7:00; well to top it off he states he hasn't gotten up before 7:00 since he arrived home.

Cpl. Stan Thomas and Cpl. James Winters left for furloughs to Illinois. Stan left for White Hall and we can't say whether the wedding bells will tingle or not. James Winters will spend his time in Jerseyville, Illinois. Make the most of it men, we're for you.

This getting up early has many good points. The boys seem more wide awake and active. What with calisthenics and all; no none late and all present and accounted for.

Supply Sgt. Charlie Splaine has secured some able assistants in the

DR. HARRY C. H. LEVINE

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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.

Know Your Officers



Albert L. Schonberg

Born on January 19, 1909 in Cleveland, Ohio. Attended Ohio State University where, in 1931, he obtained his A. B. degree and in 1935 he obtained his Medical Degree.

Following a rotating internship, a residency in Ophthalmology and post graduate work at Northwestern in Ophthalmology, Lt. Schonberg had a fellowship with Dr. Terry at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary at which time they collaborated on a paper "Epithelialization of the Anterior Chamber," which was published in the Archives of Ophthalmology.

Lt. Schonberg began the practice of medicine, specializing in Ophthalmology, in Cleveland, Ohio, until September, 1942, when he enlisted and was sent to his first station, here at Dow Field.

Lt. Schonberg is a member of the Ohio State Medical Association, the Cleveland Academy of Medicine, the Cleveland Ophthalmological club, and the Graduate Club of Phi Delta Epsilon, medical fraternity. He was certified by the American Board of Ophthalmology in 1940. He was on the active staff of Cleveland's Lakeside Hospital and Mt. Sinai Hospital, and was on the teaching staff of Western Reserve University Medical School. He was Eye Consultant for the Cleveland Board of Education and was an examiner in Ophthalmology for the National Board Examinations, when held in Cleveland.

Lt. Schonberg is here with his wife and two children, Barbara and Stephen. Lt. Schonberg's favorite sport is baseball (3's and 9's wild).

carrying out of his duties, in the persons of:—T-5ths D. Donna, C. Wendorff, Stan Thomas, and Dickie Delorme.

Another amongst us being discharged is Dayton Archer, who is going back to Seattle, Washington, where he will be employed. Good luck Arch, and keep us posted.

Special Services having furnished us with a piano and other amusements, makes our day room complete. Having many talented men, the addition is a very welcome one.

Among the many gifts given to us by Special Services and appreciated is a water painting. Pfc. Duke Lilley, a connoisseur of art, (quality unknown) volunteered to select the painting. It's a landscape with a far distant horizon with generous quantity of color. Wait till you see it he states.

Among the backgrounds of the men in our office, we have 1st Sgt. Carl R. Carlson. Carl hails from East Haven, Conn. There he was



Lieut. John M. Davis

Lieut. John M. Davis is our idea of a happy combination of a mechanically inclined nature with a military background.

Lt. Davis first saw the light of day in Indianapolis, Indiana. The Davis family, however, decided to go South and found a home in Winston-Salem. You are probably familiar with this name as the home of a famous cigarette.

The Carolinas became the seat of culture for Lt. Davis. His military education was started when he attended Oakridge Military Institute for five years. Later he attended the Bailey Military Academy at Greenwood South Carolina. College was next and the University of North Carolina was selected.

A quick succession of jobs followed this academic beginning. He qualified as a junior registered pharmacist, assisted his dad in the automobile business and entered automobile racing contests all over the Southern Circuit.

The most unusual job was a neat trick called crop dusting. The job to be done was a mass spraying of cotton fields and peach orchards to prevent plant diseases. This was accomplished by filling a tank with the preventative and flying low over the field and spraying.

In 1940 Lt. Davis became interested in the C. C. C. He was appointed Commanding Officer to a group on Mount Mitchell. This is the highest peak east of the Rockies. Some 6,874 feet high, he tells us.

When the Air Corps needed men they called in all C. C. C. officers who had had administrative experience. Under this order he reported to Morris Field, Charlotte, North Carolina, in 1941.

Among his other military activities he found time to graduate from the Chemical Warfare (Aviation) School, and to attend tank maintenance school at Fort Knox.

At Dow Field, he is Motor Transportation Officer of the Guard Squadron and back to his first love—tanks.

active in civic and sport affairs. His athletic ability has been demonstrated here by his performance on the base basketball team and Finance Bowling team. Before entering the service he worked as the assistant purchasing agent of a mill supply concern in New Haven, Conn.

In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of gardening or something or other—judging from the melodious harmony coming from the Finance barracks early this morning.

Base Enjoys Bradshaw Films

Professor Marion Bradshaw of the Bangor Theological Seminary showed 250 of his Kodachrome slides and hand-tinted stereopticon views of the most beautiful spots in the State of Maine to an appreciative audience at the Chapel this past Wednesday evening. The pictures were among a huge collection that Professor Bradshaw, a past master at mountain climbing and amateur photography, has taken all over the world in the past ten years or so. His portion of the Lenten Song Fest took well over an hour, but the officers, enlisted men, and their wives or girl friends, sat on the hard benches without a wiggle or a groan, and at the close of the absorbing lecture seemed loathe to leave the building.

The scenes depicted were of a series of camera trips over the state, each one beginning at Bangor. We traveled to Mt. Katahdin, "down east" along the coast, visited off-shore islands, and took to the woods and to birch-lined country roads and along the borders of Moosehead and Sebec lakes, to count but a few of the wide vistas opened to us through the magic of Mr. Bradshaw's camera. It was an evening of quiet thrills long to be recalled in memory, because it opened up possibilities of travel and exploration quite welcome after a cooped up winter of snow and ice.

Cpl. Jack Eaves and Sgt. Bob Scott opened up the evening with a series of hymns and popular airs which the small group in the Chapel sang with gusto and feeling. Then came the real musical treat: a medley of the classics, beginning with Grieg's Concerto in A Minor, played from scratch by Lt. Gordon Arends. It didn't take long enough or include enough selections for the appreciative audience, which pounded the floor long enough to force the obliging Lieutenant to return for another fling. Even then we didn't get all we wanted.

Dow Field Inquires:

The answer to this week's question: "My favorite comedian is?" is answered by Cpl. Hugh Talley of the Aviation Squadron. Talley says his favorite comedian is Eddie 'Rochester' Anderson. When he reads a line that is supposed to be funny it is that. Now that is real art. You probably have heard that it is harder to be a comedian than a tragedian, and it is. Ask yourself the question, "Could I be funny all the time?" When personal cares and worries weigh you down you have got to give the people what they expect, something to relieve their minds of their cares and worries, a laugh. Rochester never fails. (We all like the "hokum," Rochester, so let's have more of it).

Cpl. Donald F. McAvay (General Mess)—Joan Davis, lovely, charming, and romantic star of screen and radio. Ah yes, lovely to a fault—too faulty, charming used in the sense of hypnotizing, and romantic—well, you must admit that she is amorous. She is everything a lady should not be, and then some. Therein lies her appeal. Haven't you ever wondered what goes on inside the female mind? Joan does not hesitate to tell you. But may we use the mind of this woman as a criterion—heaven help other women. She would be a very disconcerting companion, I assure you. Nevertheless, her quips and ad-libs, bellowed in a cracked voice, are an unending source of amusement, not to mention her singing. Joan Davis is my favorite comedienne.

T-5th Thomas Crosson — Bob Hope is my favorite radio comedian. I listened to his programs regularly before entering the army. There are many other radio comedians who are good but they don't come up to a par with Bob Hope, in my estimation. One could learn much from his technique of "Wolfing," which is an art within itself. For an entertainer who has spice, a lot of punch and who is quick on the draw, I highly recommend Bob Hope. In fact, anyone listening to Bob Hope does forget any weighty problems of the day.

NOTICE!

There is plenty of stationery for you at T-15. Just come in and get it—Write home often fellows.

Dow Field Activities

Tuesday, March 30. Barn dance. Fatigue clothes. See this issue for complete story. Wednesday. Another U. S. O. Camp troupe show. 6:30 and 8:30 at T-6.

Thursday. Spring formal. Class A. uniform. Broadcast and dancing afterward. Sunday. Signal Corps party at T-15.

Air Base Squadron

By CPL. DAVID KARP

It looks as if something will have to be done about that long face that S-Sgt. Frank Martinuzzi is carrying these days. . . . Sure Frank we know that the WAACs have departed these super surroundings. . . . but you must have left a girl behind on other occasions, huh? . . . He has a rosy complexion. . . . has put on ten pounds. . . . wears a smile a yard long. . . . speaks with everybody. . . . Right. . . . that is a description of the new Pfc. John Pimental since he wears his new set of choppers. . . .

What big Corporal returned from a short trip to Boston walking on air and whispering such things as the boid is on de wing. . . . we also notice quite an improvement in his personality. . . . youth is a marvelous thing it is a shame it's wasted on youth. . . . says here. . . .

Since Cpl. Joe Melusky became a Corporal and an acting duty Sgt. he has turned over a new life. . . . We wish him luck with his headache rosters. . . . Incidentally, Joe, I am due for Cpl. of the Guard, huh. . . . ???

Sgt. James Madison Hoover Dearth or sometimes called "The Good Earth." . . . has a habit of sleeping with his clothes on. . . . Since he has fallen in love the boys believe he is going out of his mind.

"Limited Service" Dutch Krona was seen playing around with a parachute in his barracks. Brother, your grounded so get the idea of flying out of your head.

Brothers Johnson and Smith of T-219 have been recently put on "Blind Flying" Status with the Paramount Management. Congratulation fellas. By the way when is the Paramount paying off dividends?

M-Sgt. Norman Senerchia tells the boys down the line that he is ready to take the Sacrament of Matrimony any time and any day providing the right female comes around. . . .

Sure. . . . Sgt. Francis Spurr, "The Great Lover" praises the picture of his WAAC all the time to the boys in headquarters. Bring the picture around Alex so we could have a look at her?

S-Sgt. Pete "Daisy" Scarnati has been taking lessons in dancing in barracks T-219. Anybody who cares to take up dancing please contact Pete. Boys he is really good and cuts the floor when he gets started. I mean when he gets started. . . .

T-Sgt. Bolden feels as though he is well qualified now for a three day pass so he could visit his "Elephant" in Boston. I see he is in the file room most of the time trying to gather some information about the Hotels in Boston.

"Baby Face" John Raffia is sure a busy boy lately answering his daily communication which he receives enclosed in a "Pink" envelope and post-marked "Atlantic City." It could be his "Sugar" report from Madge. . . .

Sgt. Leslie White didn't do so bad at the Squadron Party last week. He did punish them ham sandwiches. When asked by one of the boys if he cared for a Coca Cola he replied, that stuff blocks up my valves in my stomach. The boys in

the air base Sqd. could tell you what's good for stomach ailments. Cpl. Joseph Stephen is sure taking care of his hair during these spring days. Take notice fellas he never wears a hat during duty hours. . . . Them waves may fall out.

Pfc. Roy hasn't been feeling so good lately. When asked by the barracks physician 'Louis Licurgo' what ails him he replies. "It's Spring Fever doc and its killing me." Some stuff.

T-Sgt. Rolier has applied for membership in the "Lonely Hearts Club." The poor boy is disgusted because he receives no mail from his babe. . . . Cheer up chum better days are coming. . . .

M-Sgt. Frank B. Pawlowski, (lets omit the Junior part) was all smiles last week end. There was a reason for all this. Latest reports reveal that a certain girl who is on Detached Service at the Queen's in Portland spent the week end at home. Big doings brother. . . .

"The Wolf of Dow Field" S-Sgt. Eldridge has made big connections at the famous "Chateau." Now that Easter is coming, the wolf has decided to hibernate for awhile. He has the right idea. . . .

Hurray, Three cheres for the great hosiery shopper S-Sgt. William Dominic Love of S-4. He has finally decided to go on the "Water Wagon" until after the Easter Season. Funds are low and he must pay a visit to the "Bunny" at Freese's. My but this four letter word L-O-V-E must be great.

S-Sgt. McCauley and T-Sgt. Barrowcliff who are in the married class sure have rosey cheeks these spring days. Its only the good home cooked meals fellas. . . .

Sgt. Frank Nardella never fails to receive the "Altoona Tribune." He would much rather receive the Tribune than letters so he says. . . . That's alright Frank the girls in "Altoona" can't write anyway. . . . They sign their names with an "X". . . .

1st. Sgt. Paul Higer smokes two packages of cigarettes a day now. A certain little girl is about to tap him on the back and ask him to walk the middle aisle. Go to it Paul. . . . Nothing better than married life. . . .

Thanks to Frank, Jim, and all you guys that give me the dirt says David.

Aviation Squadron

By PFC. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

The Squadron dance planned for the evening of April 10th promises to be a huge success. The dance committees headed by our Squadron officers, met on Tuesday morning and laid down the plans; the decorating schemes, menu to be served and entertainment features will be talked of for months to come, after the ball is over.

Here is something that has been brought to my attention and it is not fair to the men of the Squadron for one man to be constantly saying to disinterested people, "Those men are living better now than they ever did in their life, I know I am." I can say with assuredness, this, for the majority of the men of the Squadron: We do have advantage of many opportunities in the Army that we would

Decontaminator



Suit worn by Warren Gromberg, Tarrant Field, Tex., isn't a Thing to Come; it's really here. The rubberized gear is used for decontaminating gassed areas and equipment.

not have thought about in civil life. For example the Army Institute: Here is a marvelous chance for the men who have not completed their college and high school training to finish and get credits for it, and some are doing just this. Incidentally, the Army Institute offers 64 courses from calculus to carpentry. But on the other hand you take Pvt. Samuel Wescott, he was studying Art before he came into the Army and still does; you can find him in T-45 in his spare time sketching still life. Pvt. Verdelle Payne maintained his own photo lab and has also over sixty flying hours, not riding but piloting. Pvt. Alvin Jackson was a promotional man in the newspaper game and at a very fancy figure. Cpl. Frank Walker was a Bacteriologist. Pvt. James Riley operated one of the most successful Tonsorial Parlors in New York City.

I could go on for paragraph after paragraph telling of the very full life these men have enjoyed. The reason we are here is to protect, preserve, and improve those things we have left behind.

WHO'S WHO IN THE AVIATION SQUADRON: Cpl. Theodore X. Toombs, 'Chink' Toombs hails from little old New York. He was a smooth, suave gent on the outside and is no less than that description here at Dow Field. "Chink" is married to a New York girl, who lives here in Bangor. While he was in school he was quite a swimmer. Before he joined the service T.X.T. was a shipping clerk in a large wholesale handbag house. Photography is his hobby and he is quite good at it. He did a bit of bowling to while in New York, not those candle stick pins like they have here in Bangor, but the Standard ball. Mrs. Toombs is quite a ball-room dancer. Theodore Xavier Toombs is probably the best known man in the Squadron. I guess it's because he is the mail clerk for the Squadron.

I hope this suggestion gets to the proper office; there should be a fire drill at the Post Theater at least once a month. Having only two aisles makes it very difficult to get out, particularly when there is a capacity crowd.

The U. S. O. was very gay Saturday night, I enjoyed it myself. Mrs. Illery was taking down the birth dates of the men of the Squadron. I think she and her club are planning a little surprise for the boys.

Mrs. Westley B. Johnson came back with her husband as did Mrs. George McMullen, the boys had been home on furlough.

I saw a boy and girl walking hand in hand around Bangor Saturday night, everything was beautiful to them, they are a swell couple, Reginald and Millie.

Cpl. "Prof." Wood will conduct classes in Personnel work starting this week. (Now is your chance R. L. to learn something.)

There is a tremendous amount of interest in the Identification of Aircraft Course now in progress, the boys really know the many different types of planes.

(Art Johnson is the Squadron barber in case one or two of you men don't know. If you think 35 cents is too much Arthur says he will gladly cut your hair for

What's Doing This Week For Service People

A Weekly Calendar of Events for the personnel of Dow Field prepared by the Bangor-Brewer Servicemen's council.

U. S. O. Club, 81 Park street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. Services: Dancing, pool, ping-pong, game room, reading room, music room, hobby den, photo dark room, valet service, "letter on a record" service, writing room, exercise room.

YMCA, 127 Hammond St. Open 24 hours. Services: Game room, lobby, writing materials, information, showers, swimming pool.

BANGOR HEBREW COMMUNITY CENTER, corner French and Somerset Sts. Services: Pool, ping-pong, dancing, library, room service, individual service. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:00 p. m.

Bangor Public Library, free for reading and lending for service men and women and their families. Central library, 145 Harlow street. Hours: 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. daily; 2 p. m. to 6 p. m. on Sunday.

Music Branch, 166 Union street. Hours, Monday through Friday 9 a. m. to noon; 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.; Saturday from 9 a. m. to noon.

You are always welcome, no red tape to borrow books, just a simple matter of registering and the book is yours, until the time limit.

YWCA open house every day for Service men and women. 2 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon). Services are held in Bangor at 159 Union street each Sunday at 10:30 a. m.

MONDAY—U.S.O. Club. Moving picture shorts, 8:15 p. m. Square dancing, 8:45 p. m. Social dancing, 9:30-11:30 p. m. Meeting of House Committee, 9:15 p. m. U.S.O. Center. Pool tournament.

TUESDAY—U.S.O. Club. Moving picture shorts, 8:15 p. m. Social dancing, 8:00-11:30 p. m. Community Center. Informal dance, 9:30 p. m. U.S.O. Center, Ping pong.

WEDNESDAY—U.S.O. Club. Moving picture shorts, 8:15 p. m. Social dancing. Voice recordings, 9:00-11:00 p. m. U.S.O. Center. Pool tournament.

THURSDAY—U.S.O. Club. April Fool's party, 8:00 p. m.

FRIDAY—U.S.O. Club. Talent night, 8:30 p. m. All kinds of talent will be welcome. Here's your chance to see what you can do in the entertaining field. Voice recording.

SATURDAY—U.S.O. Informal dancing.

SUNDAY—Community Center. Dancing demonstration.

nothing.)

The Socialites will sponsor an Apron Dance at the U.S.O. on April 3.

Four things a man must learn to do

If he would make his record true: To think without confusion clearly; To love his fellowmen sincerely; To act from honest motives purely; To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Cpl. Chester Small, the men of the Squadron are hoping that you recover from illness soon.

Ordnance Flames

Cpl. SAMUEL M. CHIMOFF

In starting our column this week we bid farewell to the following boys: Pvt. Charles Monks, Pvt. Joseph Patch, Pvt. Anthony Laezo, Pvt. Joseph Hirsch, Pvt. Armando Mendez. They have left us to seek their fortune elsewhere. "Best of luck boys."

Pfc. Domonic Quinto has left for school. "We all know you will do alright Dom."

Within the last week the odor of rum maple tobacco, from Pvt. Peter Tumminelli's pipe has been very predominating everywhere we go. The first time we saw you in profile, with the pipe jutting from your face, we didn't recognize you. It was really quite a transformation.

Cpl. Frank Russo advocates the punch as probably the most useful tool in the automotive shop. Too bad you had to stand that nice date up on Saturday night, but remember there are other pebbles on the beach.

Our most prominent lecturer in the barracks these days is Pfc. Joseph Hammond. His ability to tell a story with a straight face really has the boys in stitches.

The other day I received a letter with a tricky little poem in it. I think you would like to read it so here goes.

A flea and a fly were caught in a

flue, so what could they do?

Said the flea, "let us fly."

Said the fly, "let us flea."

So they flew through a flaw in the

flue.

The play "The Man With Two Heads" was received with great acclaim by all who heard it. One day in the latrine Pvt. Nicholas Dadezio came out with rather a rather clever line in reference to the play. Larry Kaye, our playwright, said to Nick, "Oh. Mr. Garfield, you look so handsome with one head!" Replied Nick, "You ought to see me with no head at all!"

Pfc. Frank Leone has finally left for school. If the saying, "Good things always come in bunches," was ever true, it certainly is true in Frank's case. Imagine, getting Pfc. and going to the school you want to go to at the same time.

"We all wish you the best of luck Frank."

Pfc. Jim Devenney arrived on March 23, from school. "We are glad to have you back Jim, because we can use your services in more ways than one."

It is with much regret that we bid a fond farewell to Sgt. Richard F. Casey. We all know that he will be a big success at OCS.

Pfc. Larry Kaye and Pvt. Peter Tumminelli recently left on their long awaited furlough. It actually made me homesick to see them leave.

Our Finance Detachment Bowling team won the Inter-Base league. They did a fine job of bowling and we members of the detachment offer our congratulations. The regular members of the team and their averages were: Sgt. Tony Correa, 95.4; Sgt. Frank Deery, 92.5; Sgt. Frank Bertrand, 89.6; Sgt. Carl R. Carlson, 88.4; Sgt. Curtis McQuarrie, 87.9, and Sgt. Lou Wise, 87. Major George M. Devoe, who bowled with the officers base team had an average for the season of 91.6, for 44 games. The averages shown above, represent consistent bowling well above the 90 score.

Quiz Answers

1. On the Charles River, opposite Boston.

2. Arizona, admitted in July, 1912.

3. George Washington. The famous dictator resolution was passed by the Continental Congress on December 27, 1776, the day after the Battle of Trenton.

4. England, in 1845. Both countries claimed the Oregon Country, as it was called. It included what is now the states of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

5. Thomas Paine, a young English writer who came to America at the invitation of Benjamin Franklin, and championed the cause of independence.

The head of the household wore a worried look when he beheld the numerous bills that confronted him. "Your extravagance is becoming unbearable," he growled. "When I die, you'll probably have to beg." "Well, I shall be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice," replied his wife. (John A. Hazlewood: Fun)

Cocktail Lounge Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service
Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

199 Exchange St.

Dial 4501

WHY DON'T YOU DO RIGHT?

By Mrs. Madeline Shaw

When a man gets in the Army it's sometimes easy to forget the finer points of social living. (I hate the word Etiquette). So here's the first of a few hints, that may ease you over the rough spots on your in-town activities. Here goes:

When a man and a woman are walking together, the man is nearest the curb. To change from one side to the other when crossing streets, he passes behind the girl, never in front of her. When there are two men and a girl, the girl should be in the middle. If two girls and one man are walking together, the man should again be on the curb side. A man never sandwiches himself between two girls, it looks awkward.

In the day time, a girl should not hang on a man's arm. He may place his hand under her elbow when they are crossing streets or if the walk is crowded or rough or slippery, but it should not be done conspicuously. At night a girl may slip her hand through the man's arm, but they should never walk around with arms about each other's waists. When a couple walk under an umbrella, the man holds it. If a girl carrying packages meets a man she knows, he offers to relieve her of them, but unless they are heavy, she should courteously reject his suggestion.



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

Tyndall Field, Fla.—Sgt. George L. Miller can strip a .30 calibre aerial machine gun, removing 300 parts and putting them together again—while blindfolded. Miller, instructor of weapons at Tyndall Field, takes an hour and forty-three minutes to get the gun together again. Unblindfolded, he can finish the job in half an hour.

Ft. Logan, Colo.—According to an old Army regulation still in effect here, soldiers are strictly forbidden to shoot buffalo from their barracks windows!

Cpl. Raymond Fields of Pendleton Field, Oregon, didn't know that his sister was playing in U. S. O. Camp Shows. She didn't know that her brother was sta-

tioned at Pendleton Field. When she appeared in the traveling hit, "Keep Shufflin'", he recognized her from the audience, and to prove he was right, went up on the stage and did a dance routine from a brother-sister act they used to present together.

Army song writers are asked to send catchy tunes to the Song Editor, Army Times, Daily News Bldg., Washington, D. C., where they will be given special attention in the selection of the new "Army Song Parade."

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Soldiers with a talent for clever gags can win a cash prize of five dollars by sending in the best gag line for a Jonathan-Jeep cartoon.

The Size of the Army

(An excerpt from an address by the Hon. Henry E. Stimson, Secretary of War.)

We are planning to have raised by the end of this year 1943 an army of 8,200,000 men composed of 7,500,000 enlisted men and 700,000 officers. This number will include an air force of about two-and-a-half million. It also will include the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps of upwards of 150,000.

These figures were not arrived at by guess work: they were the product of months of study by the General Staff and the War College. They were also the product of joint planning with the Navy over the future work of both these services. The proposed size of the Army, the Navy, the Coast Guard and the Marine Corps were all determined at the same time, and all of these forces were balanced within themselves and against each other, and also in connection with the available manpower, the estimated capacity of production of equipment, and the estimated availability of shipping for their transport. These figures have received the approval of the joint chiefs of staff of the Army and the Navy and finally of the President. They have thus had the benefit of all the brains, accumulated research, and judgment which our governmental machinery provides for that purpose. They have not been worked out in disregard of but in full reference to our program of shipbuilding and production of equipment.

When we look at the estimated size of the forces of our enemies which are in the field against us, our numbers certainly do not look relatively too large. I realize that the figures of the hostile forces are estimates only but they are based upon the best information available to those whose business it is to make such estimates. In Europe the estimated forces of the Germans and their allies show about 14,000,000 men under arms. Russia and Britain together have a much smaller number. In Asia the Japanese have more than 3,000,000 men. These figures represent the aggregate of individuals in the various forces.

When we compare the combat units of the various forces the disparity between us is even greater. Our plans are to produce about one hundred American divisions of ground forces, together with their auxiliary troops. Germany is estimated to have approximately three hundred divisions, Italy 80 divi-

ions, Germany's European satellites another 80 divisions, and Japan about 85 more. This makes an aggregate of about 546. Making all allowances for error these figures certainly make our ground forces seem of very modest size in comparison.

The Character and Objective of the Army

It is not the purpose of our military leaders to create a huge defensive army, awaiting in the United States such unknown and uncertain opportunities for its use as may hereafter occur. Their plans are much more wise than that. The Army is being raised on the fundamental had correct theory that we shall at once take the offensive and seize a number of priceless opportunities which are already opening up for us to end the war as quickly as possible.

The Chaplain's Lament

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray my sanity I keep.
May my guidance be heaven sent
Listen now to my lament.

Last month the Colonel said to me,
'I'm about to set you free
'We're bringing out the whole brass band,
Today, my boy, you assume command.'

'You've worn that one bar long enough,
I'm convinced you have the stuff,
You're a leader, I can see
So I'm giving you Company 'B'.

Though I didn't know it then
I had walked into a lion's den,
Being a father to all these guys
Has me reeling with crossing eyes.

All their troubles reach my ear
I'm supposed to bring them cheer.
Every problem comes to me
I'm the Chaplain of Company "B".

"Jones's wife has left him flat
A Lockheed welder's come to bat,"
"Rogers girl just got a ring,
A 4-F guy gave her the thing."
"The soup is cold, the ice tea's warm."
"The cooks are getting out of form."
"I lost my hat, my shoes are worn."
"My belt is gone, my socks are torn."

"How come I don't have no stripes?"
That's one of their favorite gripes.
"The 1st Sergeant doesn't know his stuff."
Of all this talk I've had enough.

All they do all day is beef
All I ever get is grief.
I do my best, now that's a fact
To keep their morale all intact.

I lay down at nine, but never sleep
Nightmares all around me creep.
Peace of mind means more than wealth.
I'm desperate now, I've lost my health.
My walk is slow, my hair is grey
My mind is wandering away.
Why have they done this thing to me
I wish I were a P. F. C.



CACTUS CAMOUFLAGE—At an advanced air base in Tunisia, native boys loiter among gasoline cans and equipment under a cactus tree while in the background a Spitfire fighter of the RAF likewise is camouflaged by cactus.

Red Cross Aids Relatives Of War Prisoners

Changing conditions concerning the aid that may be sent to American prisoners of war makes it imperative that all families of prisoners maintain close contacts with their local Red Cross chapters.

The situation in respect to prisoners of war changes from time to time due to the exigencies of war but the latest information on what can be done for them always is available at every Red Cross chapter.

Much confusion on the part of families will be avoided if the local Red Cross chapter is consulted as soon as word is received that a service man has become a prisoner of war.

In allaying fears of many families that no help can be sent to American prisoners of war, it should be explained that delegates of the International Red Cross have been accepted by the Japanese in Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

These delegates enter prison camps and make regular inspections. If the Red Cross delegates find conditions which they think should be improved, they call the matter to the attention of the responsible authorities and of the International Red Cross Committee, in Switzerland.

Humane treatment of prisoners of war is governed by definite rules. The International Red Cross Committee, composed of Swiss citizens, is the agency which sees to it that these rules are observed.

Most of the nations now at war, including Japan, have agreed to abide by these rules. These nations have agreed also to send all information about prisoners in their hands to the International Red Cross which in turn sends the information on to the prisoners' countries. In the case of the United States the information is forwarded to the Provost Marshal General in the War Department, who arranges for notification to the prisoners' next of kin.

Before the United States entered the war, large quantities of standard food parcels were sent to Geneva by the American Red Cross for the relief of European prisoners of war. Americans interned in Germany, Italy, and Occupied France received these food parcels. This relief work has been going on in Europe for the past three years.

Following the entrance of the United States into the war, clothing, tobacco, cigarettes, medical supplies and 20,000 food parcels were sent to prisoners in the Far East. Negotiations with the Japanese government concerning the distribution of other food supplies to American prisoners of war are still going on.

Bowling

FINAL STANDING OF DOW FIELD INTER-BASE BOWLING LEAGUE

	Won	Lost
Fin. Det.	71	13
Gd. Sq.	60	20x
Hosp. "A"	52	28x
Hosp. "B"	48	32x
Off. "A"	40	40x
Band	37	43x
Avn. Sq. "B"	14	70
Avn. Sq. "A"	6	74x

x—Did not show up for the last night of bowling.

SEASON RECORDS

High three strings, Major Devoe	334
High single, Sgt. MacQuarrie	142
High three strings, Fin. Det.	1424
High single, Fin. Det.	502

FINAL AVERAGES OVER 12 STRINGS

	Strings	Avg.
Correa	57	95.9
Palasek	48	95.1
Wilson	49	93.7
Marston	23	93.4
Cordell	14	93
Deery	48	92.6
Devoe	47	92.1
Fiers	14	92.4
Laslow	15	91.6
Loeras	43	90.8
Schaperow	18	90.4
Zwrecki	24	89.8
Bertrand	39	89.6
MacQuarrie	51	89.6
Mace	20	89.3
Carlson	38	89.1
Richards	51	88.9
Griffin	21	88.8
Dozios	43	88.5
Manrow	19	88.5
Popkin	32	88.2
Clapper	35	88
Carella	12	87.7
Silvestri	44	86.5
Lanzi	45	86.3
Wise	39	84.8
Marcus	18	84.1
Blehler	33	84
Trickey	26	83.5
Goode	36	82.9
Bruder	34	82.6
Gosselin	27	81.4
Dorf	17	81.4
Mack	21	81.2
Feinschil	33	78
Tedeschi	28	77.3
Jarusiewicz	13	74.6
Campbell	27	73.3
Richmond	16	71
Stallard	27	66.8
Fields	33	60.6
Bruen	28	62.3
Halsey	39	78.1
Harris	30	73.9
Cole	33	69.6
Coffee	15	76.2
Lubich	21	86.5
Christian	30	84.5
Haddock	30	75

Former Dow Field Men Get Medals

Two men formerly of Dow Field have received medals from their Commanding General, by direction of the President.

Sgt. Louis J. DeFilipo, Military Police Escort Guard Company, Fort Devens, Mass., received his for heroism displayed while on duty as guard abroad a Prisoner of War Train which was derailed and wrecked near Nevada, Missouri, on December 12, 1942. Sgt. DeFilipo, although himself seriously injured, courageously, and with utter disregard for his own safety, succeeded with the help of others in extricating two enlisted men from the burning wreckage and then administering first aid to other injured members before he himself received treatment. The heroism displayed by Sgt. DeFilipo on this occasion reflects great credit upon himself and the military service.

The other medal was awarded to Cpl. Joseph E. McCarthy, also a former Dow Field man, and also of the Military Police Escort Guard Company. During the same train wreck, Cpl. McCarthy, with utter disregard for his own safety, crawled out of the coach and with his firearms climbed to the top of it. There he remained on guard over the prisoners of war. He then assisted in the evacuation of the seriously injured members of the guard. Cpl. McCarthy, too, has reflected great credit upon himself and the military service by his heroism.

A GOOD NAZI

I goose step around in my finest clothes,
I go wherever my Fuehrer goes;
I sleep, I eat when he says I should
And you say Charlie McCarthy is made of wood?
(Gulport Post).

Reaume	15	89.2
Shea	15	78.7
Nelson	12	77.8
Schomberg	14	76.9
Everett	21	72.8
Shapiro	15	71.6
Cyril	12	61.4
Seellinger	15	87.3

Want To Swim?

Instructions free—for details call 391 or go to T-15 for arrangements.

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

BIJOU Theatre TEL. 5307

Today and Tuesday

HAPPY GO LUCKY

Mary Martin, Dick Powell

Betty Hutton

Wed., Thurs., Fri.

MARGIN FOR ERROR

Milton Berle

OPERA HOUSE BANGOR TEL. 5308

IT AIN'T HAY

Bud Abbott, Lou Costello

PARK THEATRE BANGOR TEL. 3660

DOUBLE FEATURES

Mon., Tues.

YANKEE DOODLE

DANDY

James Cagney, Joan Leslie

Wed.-Thurs.

THE PALM BEACH STORY

Claudette Colbert

Joel McCrea

—Plus—

WE WERE DANCING

Melvin Douglas, Norma Shearer



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