

DOW FIELD OBSERVER

Published Weekly

DOW FIELD OBSERVER—MONDAY, SEPT. 28, 1942

Vol. No. 17



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—President Franklin D. Roosevelt depicted as he broadcast one of his recent messages to the people of the United States.

Dining And Dancing Party For Air Base Squadron

Dance and Buffet Supper At Bangor Auditorium Saturday Night Gives Promise Of Being Gala Event

On next Saturday, October 3, the Air Base Squadron will hold a combination dance and buffet supper at the Bangor Auditorium.

The buffet supper will start at seven p. m. The Mess Hall magicians are whipping up new tricks in tasty dishes of lobster, chicken, shrimp and crabmeat salad. This will be finished off with potato salad, potato chips, and pop corn. There will be plenty to eat, and the finest food you've ever tasted. The early opening of the party will allow time enough to eat before you start jumping the jive. As a matter of fact both food and soft drinks will be served all evening. When you are hungry just grab yourself a bite. Cigars will be given out at the door.

Showing Of Training Films

The following training films have been requisitioned for showing this week at 1300 on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at the Post Theatre: Personnel will make every effort to attend one of the three showings.

Identification of Aircraft: The Hampden Bomber, Japanese Seversky 98 and Nakajima 98, Heinkel 115.

Motor Vehicle Operation: Dodge 4x4 truck; operating instructions, Greasing and Lubrication.

Hand Signals.

Map Reading.

Marksmanship: Pistol Bullseyes.

Consult the Daily Bulletin for further information.

A painless way to get invaluable information through the most up-to-date method of instruction. It is urged that all come.

Servicemen May Thumb Flights In Army Planes

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Any member of the armed services when not on duty may 'hop a ride' in an Army plane if he has permission from commanding officers of Army Air Forces stations or higher officers under Army Regulations 95-90, dated July 24, 1942. However, the pilot of the plane must be on a regularly assigned duty.

The regulation reads:

Thumb Flights

Please Turn to Page 6

Officers and Enlisted Men Form Bowling Teams

Beginning Wednesday, officers and enlisted men of Dow Field will start the bowling season. The officers have formed four teams, the enlisted men three.

The officers, whose average is around 85, are divided into the following groups:

'A' Team: Col. Valentine, Major Shothafer, Capt. Dowd, Capt. Duby, and Capt. Nelson. 'B' Team:

Bowling Teams

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USO Opens Photo Lab

Tuesday Dave Rubinoff, famous violinist and bridegroom of less than a day, found time to dedicate the new photograph laboratory at the USO club.

In the presence of T-Sgt. Ralph Stormer of Detroit, Sgt. David Carnavale of Newark, and Pvt. Raymond Stow of New Haven, Rubinoff cut a ribbon stretched across the doorway leading to the laboratory, inaugurating the use of this new facility.

Afterwards he made a tour of the rooms. The men knew of his marriage the night before and showered him with congratulations.

Ridin' the Rails Ain't So Bad If You Like Hiking

Boys Can't Seem To Understand How To Walk the Ties

By CPL. PAUL GEDEN

Swinging off the main road we made tracks for the railroad, not to ride in a luxurious Pullman, not even to curl up in a cozy coach, but to tangle with the ties.

Pvt. Ross Simpson nimbly leaped on the lean steel rails and had some difficulty holding his footing. We hope it's not the first time he's

Riding the Rails

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The Weeds Are Still Here

For those of us who are not agriculturally minded those little yellow flowers that are seen upon the grass plots do not belong there and may be considered weeds. No self respecting lawn has wild flowers assembled in this fashion. It is unofficially reported that a member of this Base boasts of having plucked one hundred weeds between 2100 and 2200 o'clock.

Dow Field Troubadors Featured In Broadcast

Boys Were Good in 'Boogie Woogie,' Songs, Variety and Just Plain Romantic Music

Swing, smooth, and novelty music was the theme of the Dow Field broadcast Thursday night.

The Harmonicas were an unusual novelty group. Sgt. Al Jaresavicz scrubbed out the boogie beat on a washboard. Cpl. Burt Schaperow piped out on an ocarina. Cpl. Stanley Zapor handled the drums, Pfc. Leo Thayer on the clarinet with Pfc. Gene Hunt and Vahe Boyajian strumming along on the bass fiddle and guitar. Put this odd assortment together and out bursts 'You Are My Sunshine,' and the 'Darktown Strutters' Ball.'

Another combination calling itself the Swing Sextette musically asked, 'Who's Sorry Now.' Sgt. Jarasavicz, Sgt. Scott, Cpl. Zapor and Pfc. Thayer, Hunt, and Boyajian did the asking. Sgt. Len Stevens, who also directs the show, took the vocal in his own fine style.



GEN. DWIGHT EISENHOWER

U. S. Air Force Commander—A flying general who goes with his command on successful raids of Nazi occupied Europe.

Headlines

Gasoline rationing in the entire country will go into effect November 22.

The Russians are continuing their assault on the German left flank northwest of Stalingrad. Fighting in the city itself continues.

Wendell Willkie, now in Moscow, calls for an invasion of Europe as soon as War Chiefs hold it possible.

Sweden expects an invasion from Germany.

R. A. F. fliers broke up a convention of the Quisling Nazi puppet party in Oslo, Norway.

Japan has given Russia new assurances of the security of Siberia.

Premier Laval is having more trouble in Vichy. He has dismissed the Secretary in charge of relations with Germany, but insists that he himself will not resign. It is thought the Secretary wanted Laval's job.

Henry Kaiser launched a 10,500 ton cargo carrier just ten days after her keel had been laid.

The first highway linking Alaska with the continental road system will be opened Dec. 1, months ahead of time, and will remain open until the Spring thaws make it impassable.

Theodore Dreiser, the famous

Headlines

Please Turn to Page 6

Cpl. Marshall Clarke vocally described what happens when 'Love walked in.' His rich baritone made it sound like a good invitation. Sgt. Robert Scott fairly smoldered over the black and whites with his piano solo of 'Smoke gets in your eyes.'

One of the Dow Field Troubadours featured numbers could well have been dedicated to our hiking heroes—'Blues on Parade.' In another number they took us on a rhythmic ride to 'Idaho.'

The Three K.P.'s, Stevens, Clark, and Catto, opened and closed the show with their theme song—'Thumbs Up.'

Dow Field regrets the absence of Little Nancy, Sgt. Sevic's quiz kid, but it's just one of those unpredictable things. Au revoir, Sergeant, take care of Little Nancy.

It has been reliably reported that after the Dorothy Lamour broadcast Sgt. Sevic put on an impromptu show for some stray youngsters.

After the show they were ex-

Troubadors

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It Was Really Booster Night At the Grange

Private Perkins Wowed the Folks In Old Town Hall

It was Booster Night at the Grange and ten soldiers were invited. In no time at all they were made welcome. Right at home on the Grange were Cpl. Adamson, Cpl. Geden, Pfc. Perkins, Scoville, Heath, Halligan, Bunnell, Gagne, Austin and LaFrance.

Cpl. Geden introduced each soldier. Then Perky took over. He gave a gripping account of the quaint army custom of "short sheeting," and other cute barracks tricks. To quote Perky, "I had 'em weeping in the aisles."

Pvt. Scoville headed the down beat division with a snappy square dance.

The Dow Field group sang popular songs a capella, with lots of enthusiasm, but a little bit flat.

Coffee and sandwiches were served after the meeting. Thanks to the Old Town Grange for an entertaining evening.

Fire Flashes

CHIEF TURNER SAYS

"An Ounce of Prevention, is worth a Pound of Cure". DO NOT carelessly dispose of gasoline, old oil or greasy rags. If you find it absolutely necessary to do either of the above mentioned, CONTACT THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AT ONCE.

A meal "fit for a king" was enjoyed recently by the following members of the Base Fire Department: Bullman, Davis, Lowe and Winslow. The odd member of the group was Pvt. John Russell of the Special Service Office in B. H. Q. The luncheon was given for these "boys" by the Kiwanis Club of Bangor, and was held at the Bangor House. A "Superb" time was had by all.

Ferdinand-the-bull Weston, strictly CIVILIAN fire-fighter, is no longer with us in the BFD. Bill has been "claimed" by the general public, so here's wishing you the best of luck Bill . . . on the "outside".

The Old-dog Abbott, stirred up quite some comment with those sky-blue garters with the pink, yellow, green and deep blue stripes around the tops. I don't quite remember seeing them before you left to get married. Did the "little woman" have anything to do with them . . . or were they a wedding present?

The \$25.00 question: If the Yellow Sea is yellow, and the Red Sea is red . . . what color is the Black Sea?

After much haggling and come-what-may, two of our esteemed firemen, of crash truck fame, have finally gone on furlough. The two men are: "Tex" Madewell, whose destination is somewhere "deep in the heart of Texas", and Hoibert Bernard, whose UNofficial destination is, "somewhere in the swamps of good old Louisiana". Hope they both enjoy their ump-teen days home.

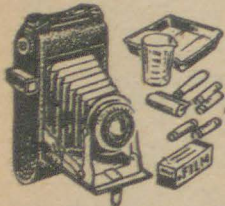
After two and a half weeks, Betty finally "broke down" and wrote to Bullman. Notice is hereby given, that if, how, why and when he gets a furlough . . . marriage will be the result. CONFIDENTALLY . . . who would marry the "bloke"? That's easy, a Justice of the Peace.

Simpson may be in the market for a new car in the near future. I understand he has already "jacked up" the license tags, and is just waiting the chance to slip a new car between them. By the way Simpson, does the wife know that you want to be transferred to Pasadena, California?

At the recent USO-Camp Shows entertainment, when the comedian asked who in the audience would like to "donate" a quarter for the purchase of a "quart", McClary was noticed to put his hand in his pocket . . . but whether or not it was just coincidence . . . no one will ever know. Mac should have known the comedian was just kidding . . . or was he?

Davis has an interesting little story to tell about the same entertainment mentioned above. The next time, I think we of the fire guard will have to "draw straws" to see who works the "movie shift" first. All right with you Sparky?

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"SWEETIE"
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Soldier: "Say cook what are we going to have for chow tonight?"
Cook: "Oh, there are hundreds of things on the menu for tonight."
S: "Yeah! For example."
C: "BEANS!"

Cpl. Frank, of the Base Traffic Section, had his little story to tell while seated in the New P. X. It seems that HIS little girl called up a local "pub", and asked the owner if her Daddy was there, to which he replied, "Sorry little girl, but there are only two drunkards here". To which and to wit she very sorrowfully exclaimed. "That's my Daddy!" You don't have to take my word for it . . . ask Frank.

AN OFFICE EXCLUSIVE

Anyone that would like to see what a Brigadier General's Office should look like, come around and take a gander at Chief Turner's newly laid linoleum floor. It is the latest fashion for the "well-dressed" office floor. The address is . . . T-2.

"Rebel" Lee and Arthur "Boy-Scout Hat" LeBeau, STILL insist that they saw Miss Dorothy Lamour come into Larry's while she was in Bangor on tour. Who am I to differ with them . . . but that "stuff" that is being served now must be mighty strong.

Pvt. Vito Gange of the Medics (crash ambulance) is "all alone by the telephone" as the saying goes. Don't worry Gange, you'll catch up with your "buddies soon enough."

When the workmen needed a ladder over in the hangar recently, WHY did Lowe choose to go over and help? Could it be that because the weather was "under-par" and all the lovelies decided to work in the hangar? I wonder . . . don't you?

FLASH: The firehouse radio just got another station besides "WLBZ" and "WABI". Don't ask me what it was, as I was a bit too surprised.

If there is any curiosity attached to the building springing up beside the tower, it is a "cold weather" station for the crash truck. All the facilities of home; running water, radio, books, magazines, beds, redheads, blondes . . . what am I saying?

This news will be a little late by now, but, Sparky just received another of those long distance calls Uncollected. Well Boston isn't so far, but she must love the guy pretty well.

A soldier recently wrote his folks a letter and this was the balance of it. "I can't say where I'm going, but I really will look mighty funny hopping around on that kangaroo's back."

Let's take the 'ROPE' out of 'EUROPE' and give enough of it to the Axis to hang themselves. The only way we can do this is to buy more WAR BONDS AND STAMPS. Let's all do our share.

FIRE FACT—NUMBER 2

For this week's FIRE FACT, we'll have the 'helping hand'. When you arrive at a fire, you can do the firemen the world of good by helping to hold the crowd back. If there is no crowd, the next best thing you can do is to help with the hose. Hose is one of the firemen's greatest handicaps. Remember, YOU may be the one who might help to make it possible in bringing the fire under control.

Quartermaster

PVT. RED SPADA



QUARTERMASTER CORPS

Pvt. Roy has been added to the ranks of smooth ones. Here is why. A certain soldier and civilian had a friendly wager on a bowling match with the civilian losing. He went to get change to reward the soldier for his efforts, and on his return—by mistake—he handed the present to Pvt. Roy, who immediately took a furlough. That's a new way of getting on.

The girls at the Q. M. office are forming a bowling team to match

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KEYES FOR KEYS—Movie Actress Evelyn Keyes (above) was chosen "The Keys to Victory Girl" by a trade association in the campaign to get keys for scrap.

against the best T-Sgt. Matty Skyppek can draft. They say it will be just like another shooting match. We sincerely hope we can defeat the girls at something.

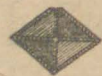
Well! Finance, we hear you have a softball team. You have been approached to play Q. M. Why don't you accept?

Pvt. Horn must have a secret source of income. He was recently seen purchasing a lady's coat. He talks fast, but this time when confronted, it was just a stutter.

There's a gal in the Q. M. office who writes TWELVE pages to the boy friend every night. He left on June 18 and she hasn't missed a night since that time. Why don't you miss just one night Miss Ireland give someone else a chance? Also, that phone call to Virginia must have been expensive just to hear his voice.

FINANCE OFFICE NEWS

Kenneth B. Fisher, Tech. 3rd



FINANCE DEPARTMENT

Cpl. Simeonne enjoyed the privilege of seeing Dorothy Lamour at the Bangor Auditorium last Thursday. Cpl. Simeonne was lucky in securing admission to the Auditorium in winning the draw on a ticket which Capt. Devoe secured through the purchase of a War Bond. Simeonne wants this hushed up as he is afraid that his girl friend back home might be jealous of his interest in Miss Lamour.

Privates Antone L. Correa, Howard E. Cornwell, Richard DeLorme and Charles Christopulas were made Technicians Fifth Grade on Sept. 17th.

Private Carl R. Carlson, latest addition to our office force, was made Pfc. on Sept. 17th.

The men of the Finance soft

The Base Library Recommends

Cpl. George R. Edwards

IRVIN COBB AT HIS BEST—by Irvin Cobb.

Anyone who appreciates humor, real honest American humor, will know there can be no better story teller and humorist than Irvin Cobb. Cobb at his best has no peer. His works have the faculty of appealing to all classes. In the first story of this volume he says, "If an operation is such a good thing to talk about, why isn't it a good thing to write about, too? Besides, he needs the money. One always needs money when one has but recently escaped from the ministering clutches of the modern hospital. I assure you the account of his operation is a riot."

Eating in two or three languages when told by Cobb provokes many a chuckle.

Next we go to the account of a costume party Cobb was asked to attend, dressed as a child of not more than twelve years of age. Well, the party was a success. I'm sure you will enjoy his telling of the story.

YOUNG AMES—Walter D. Edmonds.

An exciting, romantic and rollicking tale, the adventures of a brash young man who went down to New York in the early 1830's to find his fortune.

Young Ames had a native wit, courage, and a good dash of effrontery. Without them he never would have made his way in those days when market gambling was done in terms of shiploads of merchandise, not pieces of paper, when hot tips came from the waterfront, not the curb. Without that dash of effrontery he certainly could never have crashed the New Year's party of the senior partner of Chevalier, Deming & Post, wearing the senior partner's coat. He might not even have dared fall in love with the senior partner's niece.

Young Ames's courtship keeps pace with his rising fortunes. A race against time from New York to New Orleans, abolition riots, wild nights with the volunteer fire department, the rescue of an Irish immigrant girl, are just a few of the adventures that enliven his pursuit of the most attractive and spirited heroine.

VIGILANTE DAYS AND WAYS—N. P. Lanford.

Growing pains were wracking the new and war-torn country in the

1860's. The North and the South were engaged in the Civil War, while up in the great Northwest, that vast territory that had just been organized under the euphonious name of Idaho, the country was being torn by lawlessness.

On Snake River, or Lewis Fork of the Columbia, was the little village of Lewiston, situated about twelve miles from the mouth of the Snake River. Lewiston being the nearest accessible point by water to the recently discovered gold placers of Elk City, Oro Fino, Florence, and Warner Creek, was selected as the capital of the territory. It grew with the rapidity known only to mining towns. Seen from a distance the town had the appearance of being built of white marble. All illusions faded, however, upon entering the town, for one found oneself among a maze of stores, hotels, brothels and saloons . . . Chiefly constructed of common factory cotton, tacked on frames of light scantling or poles.

Here as in all mining camps no vice went unrepresented, and no type or shade of character in civilized society that is not publicly developed there. Unfortunately, the worst elements flourished. Each man was a law unto himself, and gambling and drinking were made attractive by the presence of debased women.

Into this maelstrom of gold, unleashed passion, and lawlessness, came Henry Plummer in 1861. Suave, educated, and ruthlessly cruel, he organized a band of desperadoes. For two years this gang terrified the whole territory with their crimes of murder, theft, arson. No one was safe. Every fortunate man in any of the mining camps was marked as a prey by this merciless band of outlaws.

But the miners finally banded together for self-preservation; as they grew in numbers they grew in courage, and at last the miners and their families were stirred to rebellion against Plummer and his gang. They began to clamor for the capture and punishment of the robber. Thus was formed the first vigilante committee.

Let those who would condemn these men try to realize how they themselves would act under similar circumstances. They will discover lots to approve and little to condemn in the transactions of these early vigilantes as told by Mr. Lanford. This is a grand history that reads like a novel.

ball team, accompanied by Captain Devoe, were privileged to attend the West Hampden Fair last Saturday afternoon. The players were served a fine dinner after which they took over the opposing team in an easy 8-4 victory. The game was played in a field where the running was performed under uncertain foot conditions and featured a total of nine fly hits which were easily caught by excellent outfielders.

Recent changes in our Finance Office Departments include the shifting of Milton Kestenbaum, Tech. 3rd., from the auditing section to the accounting section; Tech. Sgt. Flodberg from commercial accounts to auditing; Staff Sgt. Tuber from accounting to head commercial accounts and Ken

Fisher, Tech. 3rd., from enlisted pay to the officers pay section. These changes, which take place from time to time, make for a well-rounded-out office force, able to take over any department if the need should arise.

Style on
the March



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What's Play-
ing at the OLYMPIA This
Week

SUNDAY—HARRY LANGDON IN
DOUBLE TROUBLE

MON.-TUES.—JUDY CANOVA IN
SLEEPYTIME GAL

WED.-THURS.—EAST SIDE KIDS IN
SMART ALECKS

FRI.-SAT.—ROY ROGERS IN
SONS OF THE PIONEERS
ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Analysis Of Handwriting By Bill Ruff



O. K. A cheerful, good talker, very inaccurate but does not bother much about such trivial things. A bit self-conscious. She has lots of oomph in her writing.

W. McN. Personality plus, not afraid of anybody. Once in a while your ideas seem conventional—perhaps you are just young. Plenty of consideration for others, and enthusiasm enough for three.

A. W. N. A bold exterior, but underneath very self-conscious about things which really do not matter much. Excitable, and usually carried away by a new idea. Concentration is what you need.

M. E. P. You are uncertain of yourself, especially before strangers, and inclined to worry over trifles. Once you get started on a job you go splendidly, but the beginning seems very hard. You know how to treat other people with consideration—probably your best trait, certainly the one you ought to cultivate.

B. A. Bold, decisive, personality, knows what she wants and gets it—with little trouble. Artistic talent here, and admirable self control. No need to fear you won't get ahead or what you want.

E. R. The most obvious quality and the best is a series of humor, the second most noticeable quality—an eye for details. If she talks as well as she writes. . . . But she does not like to give herself away.

F. E. B. Good self control, fine planer, and very considerate of others. Knows what to do in emergencies, and can be depended on. A good business head.

E. S. Dependable, tactful, and knows just how and when to turn a nice phrase. Changeable in disposition, though she tries to hide the fact, and usually succeeds. Good talker—thoroughly considerate of the feelings of others.

H. S. Full of odd changes of disposition; one minute up the next down. Ready imagination probably could write well, because he knows how to invent. A sense of fun, too.

F. A. F. Knows his own mind, and is not afraid to express himself. Frankness his best quality. A definite personality which he has tried to cultivate (and succeeded). Does not always finish as well as he begins a job.

D. K. M. Likes to make a big impression on his friends, show off his good clothes, but all in the best manner possible. Dependable. Can carry any job through. Sometimes on the selfish side, but does not like to be run over.

W. H. B. The sort of person who likes to analyze himself, and watch other people to see what they think of him. Wants a lot from his friends, has high standards of conduct, and if he marries will be somewhat exacting. Lots of good resolutions to better himself, some of them he has carried out. Should make a success of his new venture—he's got energy enough to carry it through.

Pvt. Aubrey McPhee's girl was very proud of him when he wrote from Camp Shelby, Miss., that he had been "driving the general's car all last week." It probably will be quite a while before the young lady learns that "driving the general's car" in army vernacular means trundling a wheelbarrow down the company street!

Post Theatre Program

Week of September 28

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

MONDAY, SEPT. 28

THIS GUN FOR HIRE
Community Sing
Movietone News
Rhythm in the Ranks

Veronica Lake, Robert Preston,
Laird Cregar

TUESDAY, SEPT. 29

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE
VOICE OF TERROR

Superman in The Magnetic Teles- Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce
cope
Exotic Mexico
Matri-Phonic

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30

BAMBI

Men of West Point
The Man's Angle
Canvas Cut-Ups

Walt Disney Special Feature

THURS. & FRI., OCT. 1-2

DESPERATE JOURNEY
Movietone News

Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan

SATURDAY, OCT. 3

JUST OFF BROADWAY

Pantry Panic
Courageous Australia
Cooks and Crooks

Lloyd Nolan, Marjorie Weaver

SUNDAY, OCT. 4

MY SISTER EILEEN

Timber Athletes
Movietone News

Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne

Questions And Answers On Army Emergency Relief

This is the second in a series of questions and answers about Army Emergency Relief. It is so important an institution for easing a soldier's difficulties in relation to civilian life that The Observer will run several articles on it in the future.

Q. Where can my people back home find the facts regarding AER?

A. At any Army Post, Camp, or Air Field, or local Red Cross.

Q. If my wife should want to apply for help after I have sailed, does she have to fill out a regulation form?

A. When applying she ought to give your name, grade, serial number, organization, station, or your last mailing address.

Q. My wife doesn't want money, even if she is hard up. But I wish I could help her find a job. Is there any place where I can ask for information?

A. Write to the Dependent Employment Section of the Army Air Forces, at Room 703, Maritime Bldg., 1818 "H" St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Q. What can the Dependents Employment Section offer? Do they give jobs in their office?

A. No, but they help provide employment for wives and dependents of Air Forces personnel.

Cpl. (Short speech) Stafford says don't tell any one about that flat tire that he had when he had his heartrob out joy riding one eve-tired and that she would have to push ing. He told her that he was very the car to the nearest garage. Well, fellows, I don't dare tell the rest. I don't want to embarrass the lady, but she is very strong.

Pfc. Charlie Scranton spoke out of turn a few days ago and is now regretting that episode with that little dark haired girl. There is no need of going into detail because by this time it is general news.

especially those who lose their lives in the service.

A. I suppose most of these jobs require some sort of training, but my wife has never had a job in her life, and hasn't any training. What can she do?

A. The Dependent Employment Section will provide training for those requiring such help, by way of private business and vocational schools (some of them have already pledged scholarships). This special training will qualify your wife to secure steady employment. The training facilities that are now in operation in many industrial companies also will be used.

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BANGOR

Air Base Squadron

Pfc. William Marles



Back in his home town Sgt. Caesar was called Romeo by the female sex; now he's been called that here.

The Base personnel may lose another bachelor, Cpl. William Beemer, to his home town girl back in New York.

Cpl. Scarnati always looking around for some Spanish reading we understand he's always looking for Foreign post marked letters.

Cpl. Joel Gibson, the Arkansas traveler, claims the boys aren't calling him by his name any more—"Briar Hopper." Don't be discouraged, Joel, they don't call Marles "Blue Grass" for nothing.

Cpl. Clifton McCauley is looking for an East bound train soon. Just love, patience, old boy.

Wonder why Pvt. Perkins goes to the P-X to buy Coco-Cola 'when there's a machine in the Squadron Supply room.

Wonder why M-Sgt. Hanes is always looking for the Missouri Boy, Cpl. Horstmeyer, anyway. Horstmeyer is always a couple of steps ahead.

Well, the Revenuers in the Mountains ought to be safe after the War—if you can judge by the shooting eyes of Sgt. Petrey, Pfc. Marles, Cpl. Horstmeyer, Cpl. Gibson, and T-Sgt., Bunch (he's from North Carolina).

Once you hear Larry Sanders, the Texas Flood, talk, no one has to tell you where he is from.

Pvt. Shorty Overall, the Florida Lemon, is still trying for Aerial Gunnery. Keep it up, Reb.

The Base Orderly Room is under seven different flags; anyone would think it was the League of Nations meeting, if they didn't know better.

M-Sgt. Fank Pawlowski can't wait till the war is over, so he can get into the cool mines. On his furlough, he's telling everybody that he's going into the mines for a short while.

Jungle Jim Casey has returned from his leave and his comic strip tactics are right up to par. We often wonder how he and Moose Andrews acquired their nicknames. Some say that Jim received his from rescuing Oscar Gagnon from the wilds of Bangor, but Sgt. Andrews is still a mystery.

Cpl. Rocky Kalish has returned from New York after leave and is back at his duties at Base Personnel. Can't tell you more as he refused to talk. Generally he likes to have a complete column to himself.

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THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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

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An Editorial

Good Reading

If you ever have the feeling that you are just a stray soldier lost in a gigantic enterprise try a simple remedy—read articles on what the Army is trying to do with you. One soldier in Dow Field cannot grasp the enormous complexity and beautiful functioning of the force we call the United States Army. But it is possible to understand something of its workings from books, newspapers and magazines.

So we recommend magazines like Yank. Try this War Department sponsored magazine for its good humor, its brief stories of what our Army is actually doing on battlefronts abroad, and for its first hand accounts of the lives of soldiers in Australia, England, Ireland, and the Pacific Islands. Their pictures of Army life will suggest what may happen to any of us . . . and also, why soldiers happen to be in these far-flung places.

For information about the latest official orders, and new developments in the various branches of the armed services, try The Army and Naval Journal. The Army Times gives news digests, and stories from the larger camps in the United States. When The New Yorker publishes stories by Pvt. E. J. Kahn they are well worth reading for their wry humor (his latest is written from Australia). The Bangor Daily News runs a column devoted to soldiers' letters. Perhaps their experiences match some of yours, perhaps they will show you a side of Army life you did not think existed.

Soldiers are part of a large community. Read these magazines, and find out how this community operates.

Sgt. William Ruff

Soldiers And Civilians

On a Pennsylvania train going from Washington to New York, not long ago, a group of five sailors were sitting in a section. The day was warmish, and they had their shoes off; all around them were scattered paper cups that had held coffee, and there were scraps of sandwiches, old newspapers, and wrappings from candy bars scattered around. One sailor had his suitcase stuck in the aisle. They could not hear a conversation two seats behind them, but the conversation—between two civilians—was bitter. The civilians wanted to know if all members of the armed forces were so sloppy, and if something could not be done about it.

One might say, and with a good deal of reason, that the sailors were on a furlough, they had worked hard, they deserved a good time, but the reply is this: Civilians must not be allowed to misjudge an entire Service because of the misconduct of one small group. Sailors, marines, coast guardsmen, and soldiers, are ambassadors from the Armed Forces to the general public—whether or not they want to represent the Armed Forces is beside the point. THEY DO and as such they have to look the part.

This is the reason that a record

order states: "Effective at once, all acts of misconduct by military personnel will be reported by the military police. The report will contain the name, grade, and organization of the offender, and the circumstances concerning his misconduct. In aggravated cases, the same procedure will govern, except that prompt arrest will be made and the offender, if on a public carrier, will be removed from the public carrier at the first depot where military police are stationed. The commanding general, upon receipt of report, will cause his inspector general to make a thorough investigation indicating corrective measures taken or recommended."

The rule seems harsh but there is good sense back of it. No one soldier is going to reflect discredit upon his unit, or the Army as a whole.

A rumor started at Dale Mabry Field in Florida that Clark Gable, the actor, was passing through on the train and might stop off for a personal appearance. This rumor snowballed into a report that Gable, Betty Grable, and the Marx Brothers all were going to be assigned to Dale Mabry Field as supply officers. The humor of this obvious misinformation made men at the field recall that in the past month the rumor mongers have had them packing for the Sahara Desert, Little America, Alaska, Tahiti, Brooklyn, Shanghai, Naples, Mexico City, South Africa, and Catalina Island. Moral: Don't believe most of what you hear!

From a letter sent to Sgt. Jack Phillips, of the Base Signal Supply. Dear Jack:

'Oh How I Miss You Tonight,' miss you when lights are low, as I sit 'Alone,' alone on a night we two could share listening to my

Dear Editor

Of course I realize that it was a typographical error that the article entitled 'Sympathy' was published last week, but as a Monday hiker I feel it is about time this situation was cleared up.

You say, and I quote "The Thursday hikers took virtually the identical hike." You completely ignore the fact that Monday Hikers practically set a speed record on the course, where as Thursday the Tired Troopers stumbled in, whistling and singing, and taking their own good time. As plain as the blisters on your feet the records clearly show that on Monday the hikers covered the 107 miles in two hours and forty-five minutes, while Thursday's tripping toosies covered virtually the identical hike in three hours and fifteen minutes. Apparently they do their whistling and singing in a lying position—their writing about it the same way.

We pride ourselves as the Pace setters of the hike. Each week we break the barbed wire, test the terrain and generally smooth out the course, so that Thursday the hikers can be gently led along our pioneer route. They can sing and whistle their little hearts out, because all the tough going has already been taken care of.

Monday Hiker

Chemical Warfare

S-Sgt. Samuel W. Parker



CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE

The Chemics are still ready to back up the challenge for the unit warranting the title of the smallest organization on the Base. The Chemical Commandos, as the boys have been named, are just resting awhile from the attacks on the bi-weekly hikers. We have, however, by no means forgotten about them though. We must think and devise a better and more ghastly means of giving the hikers their training. We must not have our Commando raids discovered as one was found out a few days before across the pond.

We are giving training to the men on the Base in several forms, as well as the above mentioned training. We are conducting schools for the Base personnel decontamination units, and basic training for both new officers and recruits. We are in the near future going to start another school for qualifying gas officers and non-commissioned gas officers. The dates will be announced later. In addition to our regular daytime training of Army personnel we have a large civilian personnel to take care of in the evening hours. The greatest part of this consists of training civilian defense groups, but oftentimes we give lectures and demonstrations to clubs and other organizations of various kinds.

Only last night Lieut. Mills and S/Sgt. Parker went out to a Grange Club a short way from here, and gave the usual lecture and demonstration. Volunteers were asked to enter the feared gas chamber. They obtained several, and put them through the ghastly gas house. The only trouble was that the tear gas, like the elusive 'Superman' wasn't held back by the door and consequently non-volunteers were given a snort of the gas too. We were told later that we were the only speakers to leave them in tears.

favorite recording of 'Tonight We Love.' Of course, I could have gone out with 'Jim' who doesn't bring me pretty flowers and visited 'South of the Border' or better still 'Deep in the Heart of Texas,' dancing to the 'Jersey Bounce' and now and then nonchalantly sipping a 'Moonlight Cocktail' by the 'Light of the Silvery Moon.' Remember how I believed that 'Variety is the Spice of Life' but since 'You Made Me Love You' you know that 'I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby.'

'It Makes No Difference Now' what kind of life Fate hands me, as I know you are 'At The Friendly Tavern' trying to be 'Careless' while flirting with 'Tangarine.' 'Be Honest With Me, Dear' and admit it's only because 'You're in the Army Now.' The mere thought that 'Somebody Else is Taking My Place' leaves me 'Breathless.' 'Maybe' 'If I Didn't Care,' 'There'd Be Some Changes Made.'

'I'll Pray for You' till we meet again.

Mary.

Know Your Officers



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

Capt. William B. Collett

Captain William B. Collett, Jr., was born in Atchison, Kansas, September 2, 1895. He attended public schools, Culver Military Academy, and had not completed his course at Kansas State College when he entered the 1st Officers' Training Camp at Ft. Riley, Kansas, May 15, 1917, in World War I.

Just prior to graduation at Ft. Riley, he, with 24 others was transferred to join a group of 300 at Toronto, Canada, for training as a U. S. Cadet with the Royal Flying Corps of Canada, being commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps Reserve at Fort Worth, Texas, February 14, 1918, and sailing a week later for France with the 139th Aero Squadron to learn flying all over again on Nieuports powered with Rotary Motors at Issoudon. This course also was not completed as volunteers were asked to form the 12th Aero Squadron, the Second American Squadron on the Toul front under Major Brereton (now Major General Brereton), which was equipped with AR5's (Avion Renaults).

Four months later Captain Collett, then a First Lieutenant, was relieved to the Command of the Ferry Pilot Landing Field at Gamaches, Somme, France (near Dieppe and Abbeville). After the Armistice, he was Officer in Charge of Field Inspection, First Aviation Acceptance Park (Orly), near Paris, France. Here he was offered command of the Aeroplane Courier service between Germany and the Peace Conference, which he declined to return home.

Married in 1919, he became a banker in Kansas but was soon induced to become Office Manager and Assistant General Agent of a large life insurance agency in Detroit, Michigan, where he did the training as well as the hiring, firing and administration.

Captain Collett's family consists of a wife and daughter who recently visited him in Bangor, a son in college in Ohio, and another son who will graduate from Annapolis in June.

While not in the Reserves, Captain Collett could not resist the impulse to get in again, so after Pearl Harbor he asked to be re-commissioned in March, and has remained here since April of this year. He has been Base S-2 here since, with the exception of a month's schooling in June. He is also a member of both the General and Special Courts-Martial and the Army Emergency Relief Board having filled in a short term in addition to other duties as Base Administrative Inspector.



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

Capt. George M. Devoe

Capt. George M. Devoe, Base Finance Officer at Dow Field, was born on May 6, 1904, and is a native of Boston, Mass.

After graduating from the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance, the greater part of his experience has been connected with financial affairs. Before entering upon active duty he was Assistant Treasurer, and part owner, of a large automobile distributor in Cambridge, Mass. Among his various positions he has been Comptroller, Tax Consultant, Public Accountant and Auditor.

He was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Finance Department of the Officers Reserve Corps in 1934. In 1938 he was promoted to First Lieutenant and in April of this year was promoted to Captain. In May 1941 Captain Devoe reported for duty at Westover Field, Mass., as Assistant Finance Officer. In December, 1941, he was ordered to Dow Field on his present assignment.

Capt. Devoe says, 'the best way to keep up the morale of the Army is to "keep 'em paid," and has adopted that slogan for his office and personnel.

Capt. Devoe was active in the Reserve, being Secretary-Treasurer of the Finance Reserve Officers Organization, and also of the Army and Navy Rifle and Pistol Club of Massachusetts. His hobbies include color movies, baseball, tennis, and pistol shooting.

Capt. Devoe is married and has three children, the latest addition, a boy, having viewed the world for the first time on Sept. 12, 1942.

This must be their second team. —U. S. Navy airman, after Solomons battle.

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BANGOR



Bullets May Go Wild—But Gas—It Never Misses

Slap Your Mask On Your Face and Keep It There

(From America's Alertmen, Ft. Totten, N. Y.)

You're slamming shells into your 90, firing at enemy planes that make black crosses against the leaden sky. Suddenly the vicious scream of a dive bomber hurtling down pierces your eardrums, and with it comes the ugly chatter of strafing machine guns. A bullet zings past your head. That slug was as close as a whisper—but it missed, and a miss is as good as a mile.

Not long afterward the enemy jets over a shell. Somebody yells, "Gas." You hesitate a moment, look around unbelievably because gas hadn't been used before. Then a whiff sears your eyes, irritates your nose and throat and you jam on your mask, meanwhile swearing to yourself that next time you'll get it on faster.

Gas Never Misses

The bullet missed, gave you a second chance. Gas never misses. The one whiff was enough. A thousand knives jab your nose and throat. Waves of nausea sweep you and finally you vomit. Then you tear off your gas mask in order to get a breath of fresh air. You get a breath—of phosgene.

Perhaps you do manage to get that mask back on, and perhaps you do carry on. A couple of hours after the attack is over and you breathe. Nothing is wrong. You

M. P. Let me see your pass. Pvt. Well, as a matter of fact, I don't happen to have it on me, but if it will save you any bother I can assure you that it's very much like any other Class "B" Pass.

Last night he gave up his drawing room on the train to an elderly woman.

He wired his wife: Home soon. Just gave berth to an old lady.

Do you know what the Japs do to you, if they catch you? No, what? They hang you by the nails. Not me. Why not? I bite my nails.

I see you were arrested for driving eighty miles an hour on the wrong side of the street, in the middle of the night, without any lights.

What have you to say? It was necessary, your Honor. The car was stolen.

Mother: Where do bad little girls go? Girl: Most everywhere.

hardly cough and your pulse is normal as you talk to buddy. Gas never misses.

You Just Die

Three hours later coughs rack your body, and you have a frothy expectoration. Your skin is bluish around the lips. You're going quickly now, quickly. Every fit of coughing brings up large quantities of clear, yellowish frothy fluid. Your face goes ashen grey. You don't struggle for breath. You just die. Gas never misses.

If it is mustard gas instead of phosgene, you detect the faint odor of garlic or horseradish. Two hours later, your eyes smart and your nose runs with thin mucus. You sneeze a lot, and tears run down your face. You are nauseous and you throw up. For several hours, pains rip your stomach and abdomen.

As the hours progress, your eyes get worse, your dry throat burns, your voice is hoarse, and you have a dry harsh cough. Your skin is inflamed. Small vesicles grow into large blisters.

You Are On Your Own

At the end of the day, your eyes pain agonizingly and you cannot see because of inflamed and swollen lids. Tears ooze between bulging eyelids over your reddened, slightly blistered face. Your head aches. It may take anywhere from two or three days to three or four weeks before you die.

All this talk is in terms of you for good reason. The blunt fact is that in chemical warfare, every soldier is on his own. The man who does not stop breathing immediately, who does not adjust his mask properly and carefully, who does not clear the face-piece, who becomes panic-stricken, or who is in a hurry to take the mask off—that man is a dead pigeon. His buddy can be of no help at all. Neither can his officers. It's every man for himself. And there are only two kinds of soldiers where war is concerned: the quick and the dead.

Bullets and Gas Are Different

A bullet and gas are two different stories. If you're not in a bullet's path you won't be tagged. But gas spreads and engulfs you. A bullet is an all-or-nothing bet with a fraction of a second in which to do its dirty work. Gas can kill a man three days after being released if it is out in the open in warm weather. It can kill him a month afterward if it is not exposed to the wind. It can kill him a year later if it is kept in closed rooms or old dugouts. It is just this persistent quality of mustard gas that

KHAKI KOMICS

Give me an example of period furniture.

Well, I should say an electric chair . . . because it ends a sentence.

Sgt.: Did you make that split pea soup for dinner?

Cook: I've started it, but we can't have it 'till tomorrow. It's taken me all days to split the peas.

Rastus, I see your mule has U. S. branded on his hindquarters.

Was he an army mule before you got him?

No, boss, dat U. S. don't stand for Uncle Sam . . . dat stands for "un-safe."

The woman driver came to a sudden stop avoiding a head-on collision with a large army truck. "Go on," shouted the soldier driver, "hit it, you paid for it."

Some people can't tell a bird from a beast. Yesterday I heard a conversation in Bangor—two girls were talking—one said: Who was that bird I saw you with yesterday? And the other girl answered—That was no bird—he's a WOLF.

has suggested the possibility of using it as a chemical barbed wire fence.

Four Types of Gases

Actually there are four types of gases, classifying them in the way they affect the body. First there are the lacrimators or crying gases, such as CN or tear gas which all recruits who have been in the gas chamber have whiffed. Second are the lung irritants, of which phosgene is an excellent example. Third come the vesicators or blisterers, the class in which mustard gas falls. Fourth are irritant smokes or sneezing gases, and one of this sort is adamsite.

Their record is perfect—THEY NEVER MISS. ARE YOU NEXT?

Signal Corps

Pfc. Reinhold Herzog



For an outfit that only has about two dozen men on the base at any particular time, the Signal Corps can well be proud of all its athletic activities. For the past week it has played volleyball and softball games, and is now preparing for the basketball season. Keep it up, soldiers, you are setting an example that other larger groups can well copy.

Again the invincible corps upheld its athletic standing by trouncing the Quartermasters at volleyball to the scores of 21-2, and 21-4, and 21-10, in the three games played so far, sparked by the fine playing of Pvt. Nelson Lieber, who starred in the first game although handicapped by a knee injury, his powerful serves were too much for the QM's. The other players who slapped the ball around were Sgt. Tech. Art Sprague, Cpl. Larry Wennerberg and Privates O'Donnell, Hodgkins, and Lefko. It looks like the competition is too keen for the rest of the field. Nice going, soldiers.

Playing their first softball game this year, Tuesday night the 22nd behind the masterful pitching of Pvt. "Hypo" Ipoliti, the Signal Corps softballers, put the Indian sign on the base officers and took them into camp to the tune of 14 to 9. The Signal Corps lineup was: Pvt. Ipoliti (p), Pvt. Giguere (c), Pvt. Hodgkins (rf), Cpl. Wenner-

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ONE OF GENL. DOOLITTLE'S BOYS—WHO BOMBED TOKYO IN A DARING DAYLIGHT RAID—WILLIAMS WON THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS AND MILITARY ORDER OF CHINA.

BORN IN SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DICK KIRSCHBAUM CAPTAIN—AAF

berg (1b), Cpl. Nixon (2b), Pvt. Lieber (capt-ss), Pvt. O'Donnell (3b), Pvt. Lefko (sf), Sgt. Tech. Sprague (cf), and Cpl. Tom Winn (of QM) (lf). It was a well played game on both sides.

The Signal Corps are going to start practice for the coming basketball season shortly. Its team will be comprised of such stars as "Nellie" Lieber "the I. J. Fox flash", Larry Wennerberg "Cushing Academy Marvel", "Oddie O'Donnell, "the Southern Boston Steamroller", and others. Best wishes for a successful season. Be sure that you all "get on the ball".

Our "victory" garden, comprised of one (1) tomato plant is our pride and joy. A dozen good sized (slightly green), "love apples" have already been harvested, and it looks like a bumper crop is in the offing.

We are sorry to lose Pvt. Ernest J. Moran, who has been transferred to Fort Dix, N. J. He is a good radio operator and will be useful wherever he goes. Our best wishes go with him.

Cpl. Tech. Howard Taylor has left for Teletype Corporation at Chicago, Ill., to take a course in teletype maintenance. Good luck, soldier, and don't be gone too long.

Pvt. Richard Dunbrowski turned in a fine score of 58 out of a possible 60 with the "45" revolver, at rapid firing. Leave it to Dick to be good at anything that only involves lifting his hand. He also is good at "hitting the hay".

Joe Mallon we hear has been spending six evenings a week with Miss Rita M.

We expect the Squadron to have all its glamour boys at the USO formal dance Wednesday night for sure.

Is Faye something new in Norm Bain's life since a couple of weeks ago?

Everyone is wondering when Cpl. Johnny Zurisko is going to walk the plank. What about it, John?

S/Sgt. Harry Tindel may do all right playing cards with the boys, but there is a certain brunette that takes him at it. Hello, Frances.

The new recruits, having been in the army three days, were put to an acid test the third day with a ten mile hike and with new shoes. The result was plenty of barking from the pups.

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Base Chaplain

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

1st LT. ALFRED J. CARMODY

Catholic Chaplain

Masses

6:30, 9:00 and 11:30 A. M., Sunday
7:30 A. M., Daily

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

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

U. S. O. Activities For Week Of Sept. 28

USO PROGRAM

For Week Of September 28

Monday, Sept. 28—8 p. m., new program of movie shorts. Square dancing under the direction of Dale Scoville of Dow Field. Modern dancing, USO hostesses.

Tuesday, Sept. 29—8 p. m., dancing, USO hostesses, game night. Dancing class for advanced pupils. 'Learn the latest jitterbug steps.'

Wednesday, Sept. 30—Dancing class for beginners. Community singing. Dancing, USO hostesses.

Thursday, Oct. 1—Regular Thursday night party at the club. USO hostesses.

Friday, Oct. 2—8 p. m., Feature movie, 'Vivacious Lady,' with James Stewart, and Ginger Rogers. Dancing, USO hostesses.

Saturday, Oct. 3—7 p. m., dance at the Bangor auditorium for the Air Base Squadron hostesses in attendance.

Sunday, Oct. 4—8 p. m.—Dancing, USO hostesses, community singing.

Signal Corps Calling, Need Plenty Riflemen

The Quartermaster Girls' Rifle Team blacked out the Detached Signal Service Co. on Thursday night at the local YMCA to the tune of a 121 point lead. The Dot-Dashers DASHED instead of DOTTING the bull.

The boys claim that the brightly-colored ensembles worn by the girls took their eyes off the target. The girls say that is Shooting the Wrong Bull.

The high four were: Mary Pozzi 193; Lillian Batchelder, 191; Elva Barrows, 191; Thelma Billington, 187, with a total of 762.

The men were: Cpl. Wennerberg, 165; Wennerberg, 162; Hodgkins, 160; and Pvt. Foster, 154. Their total was 641.

Matches may be arranged by calling Sgt. Pozzi, Ext. 256.

A. E. R. Membership Open

The Army Emergency Relief organization will be glad to accept memberships from any who wish to join. This splendid service deserves our continued support.

interpreted as a love call. Anyhow the cows looked interested. In fact one jumped around so much that now we know where the term, 'Jersey Bounce' came from.

The final triumph of the day, however, was sending a whole herd of sheep into utter confusion—they recognize a wolf call when they hear one. You can't pull the wool over their eyes.

Up to the gate we marched, then because we had dashed so fast around the scheduled course had to wait for the band.

Stride for stride we're ready to take on Thursday crew and with a stop watch. In fact we're willing to give them a fifteen minute start of virtually the same identical hike. As for whistling and singing, that's right up our b clef.

bashful boys, about four hundred USO hostesses are invited as partners.

The famous Dow Field Troubadours will do the solid sending of merry melodies.

M.-Sgt. Frank Pawlowski heads the committee in charge of all arrangements, and his assistants will be M.-Sgt. Hanes, S.-Sgt. Dave Flanagan, Sgt. Weeks, Sgt. Tindel, Cpl. MacInnis, Pfc. Murray Krug, and Pvt. Tony Sullivan.

Capt. Aaron Nelson is the guiding spirit behind the party and has given it his wholehearted and enthusiastic support.

Your card of admission will be your class A or B pass, if you are a member of the Air Base Squadron.

All officers of the Air Base Squadron are invited to attend.

Any further information can be obtained at the T-220 Orderly Room.

to lunch. At the end of the lunch period, the jar was as bare as Mother Hubbard's Cupboard . . . and when the party in question saw that . . . Well, it's too bad we didn't have a camera to get the expression of wonderment and surprise . . . 's tough when you get all set to have some peanuts and then there are none left!

There go the fishermen again!

What a bunch! Listen to this . . . "the big one got away" . . . is a trite expression . . . and a poor excuse for having no fish . . . but these fellows . . . ! What do they tell us . . . "We could have caught a lot more fish, but the boat sprung a leak"! Believe me, that's a new one! They did do better than last time though. If you remember, at that period, they didn't catch anything but a cold.

We told you a few weeks ago how the boys toss for cokes . . . remember? Well, that same spirit of camaraderie prevails when the boys get packages from home. It isn't a case of "That's mine" . . . it's more like "This is ours" . . . Of course, that's more or less "compulsory" . . . especially when certain fellows come "prowling around" . . . seeing if there's a 'pencil in the drawer' or some other silly excuse! (If the shoe fits, wear it, boys!)

In case some of you fellows missed the notice about basketball, we'll repeat that you should give your names to the Barracks Chief . . . or hand it to your reporter, who will forward it. Let's go, fellows, and see if we can get a team together that will really look like something. Never let it be said that the Ordnance Section was hiding behind the door! If you'd like to play ball, hop to it, and let's see some action. More about this at a later date.

Basketball is a sport; thinking of sports makes you think of other activities and that leads us (very "cornily") to the fact that we have a baseball enthusiast in our midst. Maybe this fellow plays ball, and maybe he doesn't, but when it comes to knowing who's who, and plays with who, and why, and how . . . holy smokes! . . . Hey, Wally Nowak, how do you remember all that stuff?

Port Arms . . . Cross your bloody chest!
Present Arms . . . Here comes the big boy!

Inspection Arms . . . Peek into it!

Order Arms . . . Hit the dirt!
Right Shoulder Arms . . . Cross your right eye!
Left Shoulder Arms . . . (From the preceding command, you figure this one out!)

Attention . . . Get on it!
At Ease . . . Get off it, boy!
The tailskid of the column says on it that you fellows should consider this your column . . . get those items in to me, men . . . one reporter can't be all over the area at one time. If something unusual or humorous happens, jot down one or two facts, and one or two names . . . and we'll build the story around them. Snow me under, fellows.

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Riding the Rails

Continued From Page 1

walked the straight and narrow.

For the longlegged boys there was trouble making the strides fit the uneven spacing while the little guys went by leaps and bounds—first they leaped and then were bound to land on their bustles.

Pvt. Perky Perkins spent most of his inbetween breaths defending his home town. It seems that the Mayor and City Purchasing Agent had recently been hauled to the hoosegow. Something about a financial fiasco we gathered, and apparently it was a local custom, for the previous mayor also landed in the jug for the same reason.

At one point the Monday hikers were traveling so fast they sped right by a sign that read 'Go Slow 15 miles an Hour Speed Limit.' So of course, we had to slacken our pace considerably.

Sgt. Asmandis brought up the rear, but if he had brought out some sandwiches instead, it would have been more appreciated. A wave of nostalgia swept through the marchers as some of the 'Old Timers' of Dow Field pointed out the Bangor Auditorium as the former barracks and the Armory as their Mess Hall.

It's amazing how expert the boys are getting in imitating the farm animals. A couple of cows got all hopped up when one of the marchers gave out with what we in-

Headlines

Continued From Page 1

novelist, has been refused permission to speak further in Canada after declaring that if Russia were defeated he would prefer to see the Germans in England rather than the 'aristocratic, horse-riding snobs' who, he contended, were now running Britain. Friends of Mr. Dreiser say he was misquoted.

The Monsoon has ended in India and Burma, and dry weather has come. It brings new danger from Japan, and finds India still divided. Indians are said to mistrust Britain's promises to free her when war is ended.

The American Legion voted to open its ranks to the soldiers of World War II.

Within about ten days 186 Frenchman have faced German firing squads—mostly because the French working classes are resisting forced labor laws.

The Finns long for end of war; inflation has set in and confidence in a German victory has been shaken.

Politicians think the Democrats will keep control of both the House of Representatives and the Senate after the coming election in November.

Troubadors

Continued From Page 1

citedly discussing the hilarious wisecracks of Little Nancy when this husky soldier walked by. Urged by his companion, he brought Little Nancy right into their midst. Spellbound, the youngsters stood, and then like the Pied Piper they followed the Sergeant all over town.

As for the dancing the Bangor auditorium is a perfect choice. A good smooth floor, and plenty of elbow room. You can bring your wife, girl friend or date if she has a USO card. For the rest of the

Thumb Flights

Continued From Page 1

Military, Naval, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard personnel, while on leaves of absence, furlough, or on detached service, may be permitted by commanding officers of Army Air Force, station or higher authority to ride as passengers on flights in Army aircraft when such flights are incident to a regularly scheduled mission, and provided such transportation does not involve additional expense to the Government.

Bowling Teams

Continued from Page 1

Lt. Peale, Lt. Glinson, Lt. Schmit, Lt. Sand, and Lt. Bloom. 'C' Team: Lt. Willis, Lt. Herlihy, Lt. Barnett, Lt. Woodroe, and Lt. Dick. 'D' Team: Capt. Mitchell, Lt. Licht, Lt. Lathan, Lt. Mills, and Lt. Sheard.

The enlisted men's 'A' Team (Avg. 87) consists of Cordell, Crabb, Hanes, Spurr, and Smith. the 'B' Team (Avg. 86) consists of Solomon, Madore, Morrett, Sorrell, and Tindel. On the 'C' Team (Avg. 85) are Spader, Krug, Morse, Love, and Beemer.

Ordnance

Pvt. Charles Hincinbotham



It was really grand the way salted peanuts were being offered around the Base Ordnance Office last week . . . believe us, they're very tasty. But the trouble with peanuts is that the more you eat, the more you want! . . . and that's what happened here. At approximately 12 noon there were quite a few peanuts in the jar. Also at that time, the purchaser of the peanuts went

Pepsi-Cola

Everybody's Drink
Anybody's Price



Travel by BUS
Buy A WEEKLY PASS 50¢

Special Pass for Air Base Personnel. May be transferred. Can be used by uniformed men only.

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Dow Field to Downtown
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DAYS

58 MAIN ST., BANGOR

Other Stores in Portland,
Lewiston, Biddeford,
Waterville

Medical Department

Pvt. Herman Henault



MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

The different departments are trying to get bowling teams started. You fellows who like to toss the little ball down the shining alleys, please register with the Sgt. in charge of your department. The gang down at the Lab. are quite confident that they will be able to more than hold their own. At least that's what they think.

This should be good weather to work up a sweat playing volley ball. The Medics' Officers challenge the enlisted men to a series of games. Let's get out there and practice up a bit, fellows.

Sgt. William Nicholson, back from furlough spent in Northern Maine and after enjoying the privilege of having breakfast in bed is finding it difficult to roll out and dig his way in the chow line. Nick doesn't commit himself as to what took place while on furlough, but he sure is going around with a grin.

Captain William K. Jordan, our Detachment Commander, has transferred to the School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas. We wish him all the luck in the world in his new station, and also to his successor, Second Lieutenant Matthew A. Bruder, who has assumed the duties of Detachment Commander.

On Friday, Sept. 18th, Charles Harris took unto himself a life long responsibility and was married to Miss Mildred Curran of Bangor, by Chaplain Carmody. The couple were attended by Sgt. Joseph Joubert as best man and Miss Mary Bryant of Hampden, Me. Our very best wishes to you and the Mrs. Charlie.

We understand the Michael Mechanik has changed his eating place in town because they will not throw in a third cup of coffee with every two he orders. It also seems that Mike doesn't bother with small fry when he wants action. Mike lost a pair of pants and after waiting some time for the pants to reappear he reported his plight to the warden of Bangor. He was received graciously and the proper helpful authorities were placed at his disposal. The outcome has not been determined as yet.

Pfc. Matthew Milo and Pvt. Lawrence Smallwood are doing a good job in making the new dayroom a cozy place to spend the leisure hours. The place is kept clean and the arrangement of tables and easy chairs is appreciated by all.

Pfc. Clarence Carneal is back from his furlough, having spent most of the time at his home in Virginia. After spending days speaking to the southern folks, it'll be some time before he again loses that southern accent.

I think everyone will be interested that news has come back from the boys at Westover and Mitchel Fields. The gang at Westover have already spent several hours in the air, being connected with the Airborne Engineers. No as to what the boys at Mitchel are doing, but from their reports, all are well and apparently



IT HAPPENED IN BANGOR AIR RAID SHELTER—This is what occurred in Bangor during a recent air raid alarm, when four girls were picked up by four sailors. Undaunted our friendly, brave sailors looked very pleased with themselves, this picture being taken shortly before they broke out in a melodious sea chanty entitled, 'There'll be some changes made.'

quite happy.

When things get dull with Pvt. James Tedeschi in his line of work as a baker, he decides to add a little color. The result was well received and appreciated by the personnel for the filled cakes with the different departments marked with frosting.

Something new has been added to the nursing staff in the form of Lt. Elizabeth Wood, who hails from Fall River, Mass.

Promoted to Sgt. are the following men, Corp. Edward Heine, Corp. Morten Cohen, Corp. Robert McCloskey. Pfc. Jerry Newman was made Corp. and Pvt. A. Feinchel made Pfc.

Sgt. Harold Reaume is still looking for that skunk. After dark he picks up a rock soon after entering the base and keeps on the lookout until the barracks are reached.

The following Medical Officers have reported to this hospital for duties, Capt. Grant Guillemont, Capt. Max Ehrlich, Capt. Elmer McClelland, Capt. Irving J. Marshak, Capt. John N. McEachren, First Lt. George Sellinger, First Lt. James S. Fleming, First Lt. Louis Bush.

Our best wishes go with First Lt. F. L. Loughlin, who has been transferred from this base. Welcomed back on this hill is Capt. McDermott.

Aviation Squadron (Sep.)

Pvt. R. H. Daniels

ODE TO THE AVIATION SQUADRON

Life has myriad things to offer
For the believer, agnostic and scoffer.

Put in your share of whatever you may—

The giver of gifts will somehow repay.

I know you are weary—tired of the struggle;

Worthless would life be without the trouble.

Man must live—For that he must pay

So chins up—Be cheerful, Face life,

Be gay.

Infinite are the things in life that are fine

A mother, A child, Honor sublime.

Carry on, Cherish the good that is ours

For the span of years is but one splendid hour.

GOGGLES

A full line in ground and polished lenses, fitover specs, and industrial glasses

BANGOR OPTICAL CO.
18 CENTRAL ST.

Pvt. James S. Cole.

Men! The Aviation Squadron is calling for hobbyists. Are there any model aviation engineers in the Squadron? Can you draft plans for model airplanes? Can you build model airplanes? If your answer is yes, get in touch with Ernest Cyril in T-46 immediately. Is your hobby music? Would you like to play an instrument? Even if you have no previous experience, the Squadron orchestra wants you. If you are really interested in playing, the bandmaster, Lester Wilson, will interview you for training here. Lester Wilson will be found in T-46. The first trainee under this new system is Sgt. Theodore Sneed, formerly of New York, who is studying the saxophone. Good luck, Sarge, and may you soon riff with the best of them.

The football team which was in the process of formation has now been dropped because of the possibility of injury during scrimmage. We are hoping that all those athletically inclined will come out when the call goes out for basketball players.

Miss Ruth Nelson, popular hostess of Parker St., Bangor, entertained several members of the Aviation Squadron last Friday evening. The lovely ladies who helped make the evening a success were the Misses Evelyn Wise, Marie Nelson, Pauline Leek, Roxy Peters, Jeanette Leek, and others. Among the smooth soldiers present were Cpl. Grimes, Sgt. Spike Carter, Sgt. Bernard Holland, Sgt. Leroy Corker, Cpl. Toles, Pvt. Ivan Corbin, Pvt. Harold Williams, and Pvt. John Thompson. The boys are still talking about the grand time they had, and are hoping for a repeat performance.

Pvt. Lester Wilson, who used to play the guitar for Jimmie Lunceford, will have a very pleasant surprise for you soon. More on this later.

Dig the Jukebox at the P. X. very soon. A new tune, 'Why is a good gal hard to find', recorded by the Charloters, is now included. This number was composed by one of the men in the Aviation Squadron—Pvt. James Davis. Pvt. Davis is the popular singer, arranger and composer of the orchestra which is made up of members of the Squadron.

Pvt. Ernest Cyril

The men of the Aviation Squadron had the pleasure of meeting the Commanding Officer, Colonel Valentine, on Tuesday, Sept. 22. I am certain the men left the meeting feeling that, in spite of difficulties, we will all be good soldiers. We are appreciative of the way in which the committee was received by the Commanding Officer on Sunday. The members of this committee were Sgt. Wal-

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonies, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
118 Main St.

lace, Cpl. Julian, and Pvt. R., H. Daniels. These men gave a good account of themselves and are worthy of any praise given them.

We have a real character in the Aviation Squadron in the person of Cpl. Joseph Russell. Joe Russell, better known as the 'Wolf' plays the piano in a breezy manner and adds some jive talk along with much foot patter. This daily entertainment in the Recreation Hall has made Joe very popular with the boys. Get him to recite 'The Kid's Last Fight' for you.

Another nice personality is Wendell Gantt, an accomplished pianist and student of music. Hats off to the new musical organization which made its debut on Sunday at Chapel services. The quartette was warmly received by the men of the Squadron. We hope much future success comes to the men. Members of the quartette are Pvt. Clarence Riley, the organizer who directs and sings with the group, Pvt. Joseph Huntley, Pvt. Hayward Bardliving, and Pvt. John Whitener.

Pvt. Bruce O. Samuels Roosevelt (the available) Jones is always available for another stripe from head to foot.

What is there between a certain redhead and Pvt. Romack?

The 'Eagle's' Motto—If at first you don't succeed change your tactics until you do.

Attention Soldiers! Meet Mr. and Mrs. 'Homecooking' and southern fried.

Pvt. Duke Johnson
THE GOOD SOLDIER

The good soldier is the intelligent soldier, and intelligence blossoms with education. Education is the ability to maintain mutual relationship among men. Intelligence knows its duty; intelligence is not greedy; is not puffed up; is not found in books or behind college walls. Intelligence is character, that successful and workable something resulting from dealing with people sincerely. Intelligence is obedient.

The good soldier in the Army was a good soldier in civilian life. The good soldier is God-fearing, knows no hatred, lives for democracy. Intelligence is not worn on the sleeve.

A good soldier is a good servant. A good servant is the only one worthy to be called a good leader. Good leadership is the result of good fellowship. The good soldier is his brother's keeper, never says, 'It's nobody's business what I do.'

It's his business how well you

eat and sleep; how well you see and feel. A good soldier is worthy of all the good that life affords.

Are you a good soldier? Is Dow Field proud of you? Is your country proud of you? Are you proud of the opportunity to help rid the world of selfishness and hypocrisy? Your loved ones, your Government, truth, love, health, education, in fact civilization as a whole, are all depending on you. You are important.

Best of all your Creator and your God is depending on you: To do His will: to be all that was intended for man to be.

The good soldier lives forever.

Pvt. Herman D. Smith

Band

Cpl. Burton Schaperow

Our Dow Field Troubadors again were an important part of the Thursday night broadcast, 'Dow Field On the Air.' Their numbers this time were 'Blues On Parade' and 'Idaho.' (Not bad, eh?)

The Band is continually sprouting new musical groups. The latest offspring is the Dixieland Jive Sextet which made its first appearance on the broadcast last week. Composed of Pfc. Leo Thayer, clarinet, Sgt. Al Jarusevice, trumpet; Pfc. Vahe Boyajian, guitar, Sgt. Robert Scott, piano, Cpl. Stanley Zapor, drums, and Pfc. Gene Hunt, bass. The boys really proved they can give out in this style.

It is a pleasure to announce the following promotions: Robert DeMarco, promoted from Private First Class to Corporal, and Robert Scott from Corporal to Sergeant. DeMarco's doing a good job as solo clarinetist, and after hearing Scott's fine rendition of 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes' on last week's broadcast, we know why he was promoted.

To top off a busy week, the Troubadors played a dance at the newly decorated Officers' Club Saturday night.



For Your Sundae Dates

Make a date for this SUNDAY—and keep it every afternoon at our fountain. It's an appointment with palate pleasure—a pleasant interlude in your busy day—a moment of relaxation that's heightened by the taste-thrilling goodness of our creamy ice cream.

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Attention Soldiers

Lowest Cut-Rate Prices in Bangor. Shave Needs, Tooth Pastes, and Leather Kits.

CARROLL CUT-RATE
2 BIG STORES! BANGOR
"Friendly, Courteous Service"

28 HAMMOND ST.
38 MAIN ST.

Under the STARS AND STRIPES

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

"Keep 'Em Swatting" is the slogan of the Medical Detachment at Williams Field, Arizona. These boys are sticklers for cleanliness and a new rule among them requires that a man desiring a pass will produce one dead fly, killed within the confines of the hospital, for each hour he plans to be absent from the post. Thus, a twelve-hour pass—twelve dead flies!

A ROSE BY ANOTHER NAME

The kitchen police at Santa Ana Air Base in California are very cheery these days. No longer are they to be addressed as the K. P.'s. And they have printed arm bands to prove it. In quite an executive tone they will inform you that they are now "M. M.'s," which means "Mess Managers!"

Uncle Sam has set up a new and sure fire method of getting the mail to the men overseas and in a hurry. The girls may pour out their hearts to their soldier friends, but Undersecretary of War Patterson warns against impressing lipstick kisses on such communications. V-MAIL is photographed on microfilm and sent overseas and then reproduced. But lipstick smears and blurs the print. So if the girls want to be sure the men can read the mail when it arrives, they will have to reserve their kisses for the duration.

American soldiers are having no trouble at all in making friends with the natives on the South Pacific islands. This is evidenced by a gift received by Sgt. Wallace McAnulty of San Diego, California. As a gesture of friendship, the chief of one group of natives presented Sgt. McAnulty with three of his villages, made him chief of another, and most important of all—ordered his wife and daughters to do the topkick's laundry free!

A soldier who had just arrived in camp passed an officer and gave him a snappy salute. The officer appreciated the effort, but in a kindly tone volunteered some information on the correct technique. The soldier had the right idea but the wrong approach. A southpaw, he had saluted automatically with his left hand!

When the men of his outfit at Fort Knox, Ky., were threatened with week-end kitchen police duty if they were caught with their hands in their pockets while on duty, one Armored Force corporal decided he never would be caught on that score. He had a pair of pants especially tailored—without any side pockets.

This story can be attributed to no particular camp. It's just been going the rounds in Army circles.

Cocktail Lounge
Dining Room
We Welcome the
Boys in the Service
Penobscot
Exchange Hotel

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For the SOLDIER—OFFICER or ENLISTED MAN

Made-to-measure or stock Uniforms, Coats and Slacks.

Complete line of accessories and supplies. For more than 15 years we have been serving the needs of the Army man with the best in Uniforms and Uniform equipment.

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

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

M. L. FRENCH & SON CO.

"THE HOUSE OF UNIFORMS"

110 EXCHANGE ST.

BANGOR, MAINE



A soldier stepped up to his commanding officer and requested leave to go home and help his wife move into new quarters. The captain responded that he was very sorry, but he had just received a letter from the soldier's wife in which she said flatly that she didn't need him at home for the moving. 'She said you'd be more of a bother than a help, so I guess you can't have the pass,' the captain concluded. The soldier saluted and stepped towards the door. Pausing there, he turned and said: 'Captain, there are two fellows in this company that handle the truth very loosely. I am one of them. You see, I'm not married!'

The boys of the Squadron are becoming real Wild Bill Hickoks on the range. Balls and scores of nine out of a possible ten are becoming almost common place. Cpl. Troyli, Pvt. Caffee, Holmes, Cyril, Dukes, Harris and Wilson are just a few of the Dead Eye Dick boys. Even our mighty mite, Joe Duncan, scored twice while the recoil threw him off his feet. Where are those marksmen's badges? Heh, heh, heh!

The boys are all very sorry to note that Sgt. Gagne Curtiss, our popular T46 top kick, is still in the hospital. I understand that his operation was successful, however, and we all hope to see him back in action soon.

The entertainment unit of the Squadron joined Bill Bardo's popular band for a jam session at the U. S. O. camp show Wednesday night. This combined aggregation jammed the Squadron's favorite numbers, "I May Be Wrong", and "The Sheik". Lester Wilson, popular orchestra leader from New York, led the jam session while Spurgeon Illery, Jim Thompkins, George Evans, Jimmie Davis, Jobe Huntley, Joe Barnes, and Sam Wilson supplied the jump rhythm. You will hear more from these boys later.

PVT. MACFADDEN PASSES MILESTONE

By J. A. R.

Every January the nation celebrates the birthday of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, while the month of February is devoted to such great men as Washington and Lincoln. Comes September 21st—Bingo—it is Private Howard MacFadden's birthday. Ask the boys in Barracks T-227. When mail call sounded last Monday, the entire contents of the mailbag landed on Pvt. MacFadden's bunk. There were large envelopes, small ones, some addressed in bold handwriting, others in dainty pastel envelopes bearing soft scents (Lynn papers please copy).

There were packages too, gayly wrapped, and each one addressed to the same Pvt. MacFadden. The climax to all this came when Howard's very charming wife called him from Bangor, telling him that she had come up from Lynn, Mass., to spend a few days with him. Needless to say Pvt. MacFadden sure hit the well known jackpot. Although a week late, this reporter joins all the rest of the boys in the Air Base Squadron in wishing him many happy returns.

Wartime elimination of summer vacations at most colleges has helped students avoid a great amount of forgetting.

—Dr. George E. Schlesser of Colgate University.

General Mess

Sgt. Jimmie Asmandis

Sgt. Quimby still on diet of orange juice. Claims it helps his sleep, also. He must be keeping company with some local yokel as he polishes his whistle every day now.

Pvt. Steinsick is positively on the water wagon. He was seen to refuse a bottle of lemon extract recently.

Pvt. Yunker leaving for Cooks and Bakers School.

Pvt. Stubbs hasn't had any nightmares lately—change of diet or perhaps lack of money.

Pvt. Angelo Recchia making some swell paintings. What happened to the fleet, Angelo?

All cooks planning to sign for Gunnery School, better keep it a secret, otherwise K. P. may be the reward for a man's ambition. Nice fellows!

Pvt. Yunker left hospital while ill to return to the barracks. Plans to send for his own private nurse.

Boys from Mississippi and General Mess, will be glad to hear that Big Steve, formerly of that outfit, is doing very well baking for the M. P. mess and plans to exhibit his salt rising bread in the near future.

Pvt. Max Bronfin renowned cook and master of double talk, looks less cute after shaving his cookie duster.

Pfc. Melville all smiles nowadays. Claims Polly finally said yes. To what we don't know.

Haven't seen anything of Cpl. Yanuski's future-wife yet. False alarm?

Sgt. Moss again carrying the torch for a St. Louis flame. Isn't one lesson enough?

Pvt. Spears unbeaten in checker, and Charlie Tannenbaum still holds Post championship in fisticuffs. Where are all the challengers?

Pvt. Merritt and Dolly still making the rounds in twosomes.

Pappy Shields refused permission to live off post when he gave his home address as 'Mecca Spa.'

While Pappy is restricted, it comes from a reliable source that S-Sgt. Snuffy is dating Frances. Maybe a feud is brewing.

Former Pfc. Martin has been promoted to Fire Chief of the local area.

A marriage certificate seems to have come between Cpl. Lindsey and Rosie. First it was Millie, then Poor Rosie, to receive the broken heart from the Mess Romeo.

Eddie Yanuski stepping with a certain 'Stringy' until the future shows up.

Something new has been added. Pvt. Westergard now shining Sgt. Vanick's shoes. We wonder why?

A battle of wits taking place between Cpl. Yanuski and Cpl. Miranda's dog. Eddie is coming unarmed.

Question: Why is it that J. Hutchinson jumps when he is jabbed in the ribs? Could it be that he is ticklish?

Cpl. Neat claims he can lift his own weight in mud.

Pvt. McKinister has just been promoted to the position of coffee maker at G. M.

Why does Cpl. Anglelestro object to have 'Lady'—Cpl. Morandi's protégée—sleeping on his bed? Could it be the superfluous hair?

After Olson's appendix operation he has stayed in the barracks every night.

Who is the lady who pinched Sgt. Quimby on the cheek, and called him 'my big man.' And whom is he visiting on pay day?

All talk about Sgt. Montelova going to Officer's Candidate School may be untrue—Is it possible with an 85 I. Q.?

Cpl. Hart deciding to go to Cooks and Bakers School—can't stand this place any more—after pulling latrine duty for the first time.

What K. P. pusher who's name is Shorty claimed that he'll get that other stripe and he doesn't care how?

Pvt. Carol Mullins broke. What, no allowance? However he claims Barbara to be the best sparring partner he ever had.

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Fluid for Your Lighter
DROP IN, SOLDIER
Fill Your Lighter and Look Us
Over

OPEN EVERY NIGHT

YOUNGS

26 STATE ST.

Tobacconists Extraordinary

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Pitching Pancho Shines In The Tough Spots

POST PERSONALITY
PITCHING PACHO

The opposing team at bat, three men on base, the last of the ninth, the Bombers one run ahead and no outs . . . any little bingle can mean the game. Calmly Pancho Varela eyes the runners on base, beams at the crowds and nods to the catcher. Zing—the ball snaps by the next batter. Bewildered the batter reaches for the next one and again whiffs the wind. In quick succession three batters are sent to the showers and once more the Bombers have sweated out another victory. Pancho, the Torrid Texan, is chief sweater-outer.

Maybe he glories in tough spots, perhaps the tense excitement excites his Spanish blood but whatever it is Pancho is right on the ball—literally.

According to his army file card he is Private Alfonso Varela. Down El Paso way his horsehide hurling soon brought him local fame. Speed combined with a curve brought his jumping bean ball into the spot-

light. Modestly he describes it as breaking about a mile from the batter and hooking in to baffle him completely. This hook gave Pancho his first nickname, Ganchito, meaning hook in Spanish.

His start at Dow Field was on the hard hitting Air Base Independents when Cpl. McInnis spotted him and put him on the mound. McInnis promptly dubbed him Pancho, and Pancho it is.

The glamor boy of baseball made the Dow Bombers, and added his own pep to the team, pep served Mexican style.

For the Dow Bombers he played in fifteen games. He pitched seven, lost one of the seven, and won . . .

He also stars in basketball ball and track.

Just before he got the wh. from the Draft Board Pancho had a contract with the Texas League. Before this financial windfall he kept change to jingle jangle jingle by soldering and welding for the Southern Pacific Railroad. So now he has gone from soldier to soldier. Well done, Pancho.

ORDNANCE

Culinary oddities . . . this is a honey! Some time ago a certain Corporal was presented with an "air conditioned" hat. Whether or not he was pleased with the "Gift" we really can't guess . . . no, not much! . . . Being a real and very regular fellow, he had the normal desire to avenge the wrong. All we know from this point on is that Sergeant Powrie had tobasco sauce on his peaches this noon! Why, Sergeant, what a queer combination! (But personally, we are inclined to believe that the score is now even!)

There is an expression, not new, but very descriptive which reads, "You get in my hair." (Someone is liable to pull a Jerry Colona and say, "No, you get in mine, it's longer!") But anyway, barring the interruption, getting in people's hair is a very annoying pastime . . . especially to the people with the hair. There are enough things for Non Coms and Officers to think about without being bothered by trivial items . . . this is another case of "if the shoe fits, wear it" . . . only this time we're not joking. If, in this column, we wax serious, and talk like a big brother, forgive us. We'll never do any more than to hint very strongly at some situation that needs remedying. Those persons involved will usually know it, without mentioning names. After all, we're a group of men who must work together for a very important cause . . . let's stop and think for a minute before asking silly questions about unimportant things . . . many times, with a little thought, you can find the answer yourself.

Six letters in one mail call! That's the enviable record set by one Private Tenedios. If you think that's not good, let's see you do better . . . but no fair writing let-

Jewish Welfare Board Donates Holiday Gifts

Boxes of sweets were distributed to the soldiers of Dow Field by the Bangor Chapter of the Jewish Welfare Board. At the Friday night service each member was presented with one of these tasty gifts. The packages were made up by individual women in keeping with the holiday spirit.

ters to yourself. Go to it, P. Tenedios, but how can you think of enough things to write about when you answer this mail? Or perhaps you make "carbon copies."

Here are some expressions we heard the other day. We don't know whether they were printed somewhere, or whether they "just happened" but here they are. They have to do with the Manual of Arms . . . and might prove helpful to some of you Cadre:

Flowers Telegraphed

to any part of United States or Canada

We are located near Dow Field on Fourteenth Street. Prompt service guaranteed.

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Soldiers! You are
Cordially Invited to Visit
FREESE'S
"The Shopping Center of Maine"

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

Freese's Has 67 Departments—6 Floors