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Changes
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THE OBSERVER

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FIRE
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OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, NOV. 22, 1943

Vol. No. 78

Bombers Beat Presque Isle By 31 to 25

CITATION MADE AT RETREAT PARADE HERE

Father Receives Award For Son Lost In Action

Presentation of an Air Medal and a Distinguished Flying Cross was made to James J. Milliner for his son, S/Sgt. James H. Milliner, who is now missing in action in the Middle East, at the Retreat Parade on the apron of the hanger line here Saturday. Col. Francis E. Valentine, commanding officer of the field, read the following citation:

"During the period August 1, 1942 to October 31, 1942, Sergeant Milliner has participated in combat missions totaling more than one hundred hours during which exposure to enemy fire was probable and expected. The accomplishment of his duties on these missions in heavy bombardment aircraft, flown from bases in the Middle East, and his cooperation with all members of the combat team as an integral and essential part thereof, has contributed materially to the success attending these many operations."

Mr. Milliner is a resident of Bangor.

Dow Officer Has Unique Accident

A Dow Field officer, who prefers to remain unknown, bounced merrily over the snow in a jeep. Suddenly, the ground turned slippery and the jeep started to skid. The car headed smack into a nearby automobile. The jeep banged into the fender, not too seriously, but the dent was there. Hastily getting out to make his peace with the owner of the automobile, the Lieutenant stopped quickly. The car looked vaguely familiar. Sure enough, it was his own automobile. The lieutenant had crashed into himself.

Swing Your Partner Round 'n Round Barn Dance Nov. 28

Barn dance, yep by cracky, there will be a shindig at T-6 Sunday, Nov. 28, and it will start at 8:30 sharp, boys may come in fatigues, and the girls will be dressed as little country girls, so mountaineers and you flat land foreigners be there, be there.

Communication Boys Challenge Air Base To Quiz on the Air

On the Khaki Kwiz of next Friday night's Dow Field Radio Show, the boys from Communications will match wits with the title-holding Air Base Squadron G.I.'s. The broadcast originates in Bldg. T-6 at 9:00 p. m. If you are unable to be present, it can be heard over Station WLBZ.

The winning Quiz Team each week will re-appear the following week to meet at new challenger.

If you think you have questions to stump the contestants, send them in. Address them to Dow Field Radio Program, Base Library, or Dial 383.



RECEIVES SON'S AWARD—James J. Milliner of Veazie, right, shown as he received from Col. Francis B. Valentine at Dow Field the Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross awarded to his son, Staff Sgt. James H. Milliner, now reported missing in action in the Middle East. (U. S. Army photo).

Air Base GIs Nose Out WACs In New Feature of Broadcast

In a new feature of the weekly Dow Field Radio Show—Khaki Quiz—four G.I.s of the Air Base Squadron nosed out four WACs by answering 23 questions to the WACs' 21, at Bldg. T-6 last Friday night. The program was broadcast over Station WLBZ.

The GIs who won the honors for the Air Base Squadron were S/Sgt. Stanley Schaffer, Sgt. Leroy Rodman, Cpl. Harold Lynton, and Cpl. Al Stone.

H and S Party And Dance Makes Terrific Hit

The inadequacy of Hollywood superlatives is sometimes very appalling especially when trying to describe an H & S Company party and dance, the latest of which was staged on Tuesday evening, November 16 at the Battalion Day Room.

Here is the overall picture: From the bandstand handsomely decorated in red, white and blue came the haunting melodies of the Dow Field Troubadors, bigger and better than most of our radio aggregations—"Money from Home," ecstatically whispered the swaying dancers as they soaked up the tuneless variety ranging from Blue Danubian waltzes to the jiviest jumps imaginable.

The decorations transferred the simple day-room to a non. G. I. palace of joy. There were streamers floating down from iridescent chandeliers which cast their magic glows on the colorful figures who circled the floor. Then, that buffet supper! Oh, Mama, when will we taste again such luscious chicken salad, meaty sliced tomatoes, cu-

H. and S. Party
Please Turn to Page 2

Four-Star USO Tabloid Troupe To Play Here Tomorrow Night

A four-star USO Camp Show Tabloid Troupe will play at Bldg. T-6 tomorrow night at 8:15. Only one performance will be held.

The show—Tabloid Troupe No. 40—is composed of:

Arthur Lloyd, magician and mental wizard.
Musical Lew, comedian.
Charlotte Fayne, tap dancer.
Trudy Randall, singer of blues rhythm.

Owen, accordionist and pianist. Mr. Lloyd is said to have baffled Ripley with the number of items he carried on his person. In his 30 years of entertaining he has toured the United States, Russia, the Scandinavian countries and England, and for five years he was cruise director and entertainer for the Holland-American line.

Charlotte Fayne has been starred

First Game in the New Gym Draws Small Number For Doubleheader

By S/SGT. EDDIE THOMAS

The Dow Field Bombers defeated a great Presque Isle Air Base basketball team Saturday night at the new gym 31-35. They took the lead in the first few minutes of play and were never behind.

The Bombers pulled an iron-man stunt, using only six men all through the game, and Presque Isle used three full teams in trying to wear them down but the Bombers were just a little too good for them.

After playing ragged ball all through the first quarter, which ended 8-8, the Bombers finally clicked in the second quarter to lead at the half by the score of 16-10.

The Dow Field club, using a defense which worked beautifully,

The Dow Field Bombers will play the Pittsfield Naval Cadets Friday night at 7:00 in the new Gym. The game will be over in time to attend the Dow Field Radio Show.

In the opinion of sports writers from Maine daily newspapers, the Bombers put on some of the best games in the state. Over 2,000 persons paid top prices to see one of their games last year in Bangor.

You can see them here for free!

had the high-scoring Presque Isle club tied up as son as it hit the center line. All credit for the de-

Bombers

Please Turn to Page 2

Sgt. Swetenko Solos At Air Base Party

Sgt. Steve Swetenko was in seventh heaven at the Squadron party at T-6 last Thursday night. A special medal should be struck showing Steve doing his Russian rhumba.

As the Aviation Squadron Band, under the direction of Cpl. Lester Wilson, swung into action, so did Swetenko. He held the center of the floor as long as his knees held him up.

First Sergeant George Wagner conceived and planned the party and refreshments. S/Sgt. Charlie Hart was on the "dishing out" department.

Major Bargamin checked in to see that everyone had a good time.

Concert Tonight Starring Reyes Free to GIs

Service men and women will be admitted free to the second Community Concert of the season at the Bangor City Hall at 8:15 tonight. Several men from Dow Field will play in the orchestra when Angel Reyes, renowned violinist and cultural attache at the Cuban embassy in Washington, will be the guest artist.

Mr. Reyes is the owner of a precious violin, work of the famous Petrus Guarnerius of Venice, dated 1738. The instrument was a gift of the Cuban public in recognition of Reyes' achievements. The award was made in 1937 under the leadership of the wife of the president of Cuba, who organized a recital in the Teatro Nacional of Havana, the proceeds dedicated to the purchase of a fine violin for the foremost Cuban violinist. The presentation was made a few days later to the young artist at a reception at the presidential palace, with the president and the diplomatic corps present.

Reyes left Cuba in search of an instrument that would be a real affinity to his virtuosos hands. He went to Europe, where he visited the "Mauotel y Deschamps" collection, the "Caressa y Francaiv," the "Vidoudez" and others. He considered a Stradivarius which had

Concert

Please Turn to Page 2

The Inside Story Of a WAC's Handbag

An inquisitive male peeked inside his WAC girl friend's utility bag—the one she slings over her shoulder and here's what he found:

A can opener, a cucumber, salt, a pair of stockings, cigarettes, a toothbrush, matches, a broken garter, a driver's license, a flashlight, keys, a letter from home, a waterproof hat cover, soap, aspirin, an address book, stamps, a fountain pen, a comb, a lipstick, a powder puff, theater tickets, a candy bar, and half a cookie.

Former Dow Chemical Officer Becomes a Daddy

Lt. and Mrs. Edward L. Mills announce the birth of a son, Charles Allen, born November 7, 1943, in the Elmhurst hospital, Elmhurst, Ill. Lt. Mills, who was formerly the Base Chemical Officer at Dow Field, is now stationed in North Africa.

Bombers

Continued from the First Page

fense must go to Coach Norm Levine who, after playing against this club last year, figured out the plays which he said should beat them—and did.

High point getters on the local team were Lee Dalecky, with five from the floor for ten points; and Dick Carlson, with four baskets for eight points.

Levine with seven, Russo with four and Hirsh with two points all helped out in the win. Lt. Taylor didn't score but played a great defensive game and broke up quite a few of Presque Isle's plays by his aggressive floor work.

The preliminary game at 7:00 p. m. between the Presque Isle second team and the Pittsfield Naval Cadets was won by Presque Isle in the last few minutes by the score of 32-28. The game was close with Pittsfield leading until the last few minutes when Presque Isle went ahead. The outstanding player on the floor in this game was Cadet Myers, big six-foot, four inch center, who was the best defensive man on the floor in addition to being high scorer of the game.

Next Friday night the Bombers will play a return game in the new gym with the Pittsfield Naval Cadets, whom they defeated recently by a score of 38-22. This game will be over in time for everyone to attend the Dow Field Radio Show.

Members of the team were disappointed at the small turn out for the game. Your attendance will help make a better team.

Concert

Continued from the First Page

belonged to Leopold Auer, but it did not quite satisfy his individual requirements.

He made his discovery in Paris. The object of his search was in the collection of Charles Enel, who considered it one of his chief treasures. It had been for some months in the hands of Maestro Andre Tournet, professor of violin of the National Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Arts of Paris, and for many years was part of the Wilmette Collection of Amberes in Belgium. Reyes bought it and went to London to have its authenticity checked by Hill & Son, foremost authorities on violins. It proved to be a genuine work of Petrus Guarnerius, most renowned of the great family of violin-makers, an example of his Venetian period, highest point of his genius.

H. & S. Party

Continued from the First Page

cumbers and radishes, simmered in vinegar, garnished of cranberries, pumpernickle, and rye bread, sugary doughnuts, and non-ersatz coffee—all served gracefully by our popular maitre du chow Sergeant Brantley and his insistent conferees.

FLOOR SHOW FEATURES GIRLS

Whoever conceived the floor show certainly deserves a big hand. First came the fast-time tapping and a waltz clog of a bevy of Bangor beauties—Joan Hartery, Elaine Gibbons, Ruth Bearlieu and Hazel Doliver, who performed amid a series of "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the gaping audience. This was followed by an individual dance in both Stop and Fast Time featured by lovely Patricia Farnwell who performed with the grace and smoothness of an Eleanor Powell. The rolling rhythms of Barbara and Geraldine Ward crowned the show with original vocal arrangements of "Put Your Arms Around Me" and "Don't



GUEST ARTIST—Angel Reyes, violinist, will be presented in Bangor City Hall Tuesday evening by the Bangor Community Concert association.

Sit Under The Apple Tree." It's needless to say that the Latin Quarters or the Diamond Horse-shoe seldom boasted of such an array of talent.

H & S came up with several star performers too. The dance contest saw Art Guerin and his pretty wife in a close battle of pirouettes with Holland O'Brien and his gliding partner, Miss Ruth Palmer. The Guerin's took top honors, with prizes going to all four finalists.

FROM THE SIDELINES

For those who preferred hugging the sidelines, the mysterious motions of card sharp Joe Verba was quite the thing. Where'd you get all those aces, Joe?

Things we noticed with relish: the parade of beauty as the Town girls came gliding in before the start of festivities, the entry of that gallant group of scarred veterans of the Bombing Range who rode all the way in to be with the boys. You'll get your service ribbons by n' by, boys, just hold on a little longer. The immaculately groomed staff officers and their wives, led by Colonel and Mrs. Goodwin, Capt. McClure, and Lt. and Mrs. Allemen, and other officers who represented the other companies of the battalion. Pat Moriarty and Charley Torey giving a good imitation of an octopus while handing out the never ending drinks—The "hair-ribbon and bow-tie boys," "Sully" Sullivan, "Smoothy" Caldwell, "Red" Dalton, and "Honey-boy" Trapp. "Stinky" Dula snake-hipping with his own inimitable gyrations—Al Coliviera suavely conducting the orchestra and beating it out for a spell on the drums—the swell representation of soldier gals who graced the floor (hey, Conroy, why couldn't it go on and on?)—The look and joy of contentment on the face of Mrs. Shaw as she surveyed the happy crowd—Mr. and Mrs. Griffin (Red Cross) and friends as they quietly drank in the music while moving so gracefully—Sgt. Hogan and his lovely wife, inconspicuous as usual but just about tops as far as the boys are concerned—Milam Newell, Huntley and Wynne forming an envious circle around the Wagners. (My, but she's pretty, Al.) Sgt. Rizzo handing out the edibles with his compliments—Louis Numann digging a hole in the floor with his dancing partner. Mike (Greenback dollars) Kearney singing a duet all by himself. Sgt. Major Wells dancing gaily and busily introducing his proud mother to the guests.

PLENTY OF FINE SPIRIT

T-Sgt. Alden wishes to inform the visitors of the H & S Co. Dance that he could not possibly conduct such a large party with its many features without the exceptionally generous donations and voluntary

services of the many who helped, and Mrs. Shaw, the hostess.

I might add that the Engineers are the most generous group to donate to a party that I ever soldiered with in the past twelve years of my Army career, including my services in the first World War. It pleases me greatly to find how much confidence they give to a new man of this organization like myself. I want to add that the party served a duel purpose for me, for besides being an H & S celebration, the day happened to be my birthday. A friend of mine came all the way from Concord, New Hampshire to help me celebrate the occasion. She was most impressed by the courtesy and spirit of everyone attending, and she had no idea that a Service Party could be so much more pleasant and enjoyable than any party she had attended in civil life.

For any omissions I may have made in the preparations you will have to forgive me. A program listing the entertainment would have been helpful and served as a good souvenir. I hope you all had as good a time as I wanted you to. Thanks: To T-Sgt. Alden who worked so tirelessly with that most competent committee of S-Sgt. Golus, Sgt. Warehuim, Sgt. Pacyna, and Cpl. Oberman. Where'd you get the plans, boys—must have had S3 working overtime—To Sgt. Dornself, T-3 Galli, and Cpl. Lory (you again?) for decorating the place so artistically. More S3? No, Heavy Equipment this time—you never can tell—To all the swell boys of H & S who cooperated so generously and helpfully in making this dance the success it was.

Guess that just about sums it all up in a bombshell.

Broadcast

Continued from the First Page

Goldstein of Personnel; Pfc. Shirley Hirschaut, who—in addition to other duties—writes for the "Observer"; and Pfc. Ginny Bonham, of Plans and Training.

The quiz was divided into two sections. The first section contained four groups of questions: the names of books were given and the authors had to be supplied; names of famous men were given and the country to which they are associated had to be given; bugle calls were then blown and had to be named by the contestants, and the colors of colleges had to be given.

In the second group, songs were played on the piano and the person who made them famous had to be given; a GI questionnaire followed,

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

There have been ambitions of some of the boys to become commanders, but that now has taken a back seat. The newest ambition is now their desire to join up with the Paratroopers and Cpls. Roy and Cunningham are trying to persuade Cpl. McGuinness to join them in their try for things higher up.

Believe it or not, but according to the records, we have a three hundred yard runner champ in our midst. The situps were fair, the chins were not up to par, but that forty-six seconds I believe is the fastest time in the company. Would any one like to challenge Lt. Mahoney in the three hundred?

Sgt. Oaks has Cpl. Schwartz thinking in circles this past week, he denies all the things the Sgt. says and in the same breath practically admits the accusations. From where I sit, that bad back he claims to have received while on furlough seems to have reactions.

I see the boys slipped another one over on Cpl. Ramsdell, by sending him after nine feet of scrimmage line. Cpl. you could retaliate by picking one of the boys for CQ when there is an absentee, I believe that would be a sure cure for the teasing you receive.

Gave a little hint to the Officers' bowling team in the column last week, it seems that shot missed the target by miles. Again I say must I agitate just a little bit?

That ride M/Sgt. Skypok received last week to the seashore, must have thrown quite a scare into him as he nearly ate a cigarette instead of smoking it. Is it possible that the Sgt. cannot swim? With about two feet of water between a boat and the wharf he did not dare make the short jump. What's the story?

Had a short editorial full of dynamite about the NCO club, but from the reports I hear some of the QM boys have the unfavorable situation well in hand, so for now we shall have a breather on the subject. As a parting thought I suggest that the president get the book, Army Clerk, and read the paragraphs indicated and apply accordingly, here they are: Chapter Seven, numbers 322, 323, 324 and 309.

The boys have stopped raising the mustaches and now have the smooth schoolboy complexion. Their reason for eliminating this cultivated vegetation is, when I looked at so and so and saw how distasteful he appeared it just had to come off.

Did you know that Cpl. Meyers was the champion pool shooter from Illinois, we suggest that brother Schwartz take that title away and add it to the QM trophies.

Pvt. Macionchi seems to be the Charles Atlas of the Q. M. His feats

and the quiz part of the program ended with questions on geographical locations.

S/Sgt. Paul Geden acted as master of ceremonies for the Khaki Quiz; Sgt. Red Maston played the bugle calls, and Sgt. Bob Scott gave the piano selections.

Cpl. Jack Eaves, leader of the Troubadours, returned from furlough this week to take a leading part in the program. He led the Troubadours in their many selections for the broadcast and the dancing afterward, he carried a vocal, "They're Either Too Young or Too Old," he sang in the Troubadours trio, and played a part in a skit.

The trio, whose other members were Sgt. Al Jerusavice and Cpl. Gene Hunt, sang "If That's the Way You Want It, Baby."

In the skit, Cpl. Eaves acted as a love-lorn GI who was having a bit of "trouble" with his girl (played by T/5 Diana Ellsworth), when an Irish cop, played by S/Sgt. Geden, helped him out.

Sgt. Jerusavice also carried a vocal on the program when he sang "How Sweet You Are."

This week the boys from Communications will match their wits against the Air Base title holders at 9:00 Friday night. If you can't be at the show in Bldg. T-6, you will be able to hear it over Station WLBZ.

at weight lifting and his well developed muscles should entitle him to that name.

To Cpl. Bargonier of Signal Corp. Your item two weeks ago about one of your romantic sergeants seems to be well founded and the reprimand from the one you assisted, unfounded. The sergeant in question went as far to hold up the entire bowling match so that he could roll his last string off and keep a date with the one from QM office. She disappeared when he left, need more be said?

Minute Mysteries

Answers on Page 7

"Twenty-two days of this hot, dry spell," groaned Professor Fordney. "I can't remember a stretch like it."

"Tell us about the Greer case, Professor," urged the rocking-chair brigade. "It'll take your mind off the heat."

"Well, you know the salient facts. The body of Irene Greer, lying on the railroad right-of-way, was found half a mile from here by a fishing party at 6 a. m. day before yesterday. It could be seen that she was a beautiful girl despite the tousled hair matted with mud and a nasty bruise on her cheek. Her flaming red dress was torn and dirty. She had on shoes, but no stockings. Incidentally, her clothes were of the finest quality. Her body indicated that she had received a terrific beating, poor girl.

"From appearances she had been placed on the track with the expectation that she would be struck by a train and identification made impossible. No doubt she was unconscious when this was done, but she must have revived temporarily and crawled to the gravel right-of-way before a train came along. There she died.

"A peculiar circumstance is that, while her body was bruised and twisted, there were no marks on her throat to indicate strangulation, yet Dr. Bridewell says that was the cause of death.

"She was found in a desolate spot. Oh, yes, she was probably strangled with a scarf which, employed in a certain manner, would leave no outward trace.

"Now you folks should know how I learned Irene Greer was attacked elsewhere and then brought to the vicinity where she was found," smiled the Professor.

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WHERE GOOD FELLOWS
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AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

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PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR

What's Play-
ing at the

OLYMPIA This
Week

MONDAY—TUESDAY

MARY LEE in NOBODY'S DARLING

WEDNESDAY—THURSDAY

TEX RITTER in MYSTERY OF THE HOODED HORSEMAN

FRIDAY—SATURDAY

JOHNNY MACK BROWN in GHOST RIDER

SUNDAY ONLY—PURPLE V

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

You Said It

(Editor's Note: Ideas for items in this column are more than welcomed. Hence the name: You Said It.)

It is fortunate that some of the "K" ration we have been getting here at Dow wasn't shipped to our "far flung battle lines" and opened by men who are really famished.

The sugar lumps in many of the local packages bore the following tantalizing inscription on their wrappings:

"Pete's & Domenick's Chop House . . . Jersey City, N. J. . . . SIZZLING STEAKS BROILED ON CHARCOAL."

We have it on good authority that the neatest trick ever pulled in any branch of any armed service recently took place in a Naval Sea Bee station.

A sailor who had been AWOL for 21 days showed up on pay day, received the 64 bucks due him and took it on the lam again before anyone was the wiser.

Anyone who lets service ribbons and decorations go to his head should learn a lesson by observing the Bangor cop near "GI Village" at Thirteenth and Union streets. He wears (as near as we can tell from a glance) a Mexican Border Ribbon, a victory Ribbon with a couple of stars, a Legion of Merit Ribbon, a Gold Lifesaving Ribbon, a Silver Star, and perhaps some others.

His present job? Helping school kids to cross the street safely.

If you're stymied on what to get HER for Christmas, there's a nice tea service in the Merchandise PX that no one seems to want.

It only costs two hundred dollars (\$200)—in case you thought it was a mistake.

A GI recently got a letter here addressed to him at: "Doll Field, Me."

It's a beautiful thought, let's dwell on it!

It was interesting to note in Chaplain Lutz's biography in a recent "Observer" that he was born on Feb. 29. In addition to only having a birthday once every four years, he must get quite confused when filling in Army forms. So many of them have a space that says, "Age to nearest birthday." Under that set-up, most of the time he's either two years older or two years younger than he really is. And if he lives till a ripe, old age, he'll be doubly confused—there'll be no Feb. 29 between 1996 and 2004.

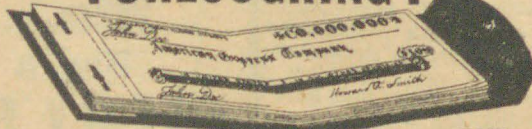
Not that it makes any difference, but did you know that Maine is the only state in the union that is bordered by only one other state? Most of the others are bordered by three or more with Tennessee and Missouri leading with eight bordering states each.

And if you don't like this column, we'll just smile, 'cause a soft answer turneth away rats.
F. M. S.

WOUNDED RECUPERATE AT ATLANTIC CITY

Uncle Sam's wounded flyers are moving in on Atlantic City. At the famous seashore resort the battle-weary men will be guests of the Army as they receive final treatment for wounds before being turned back to civilian life. All of the fancy accommodations will be free.

FURLOUGHING?



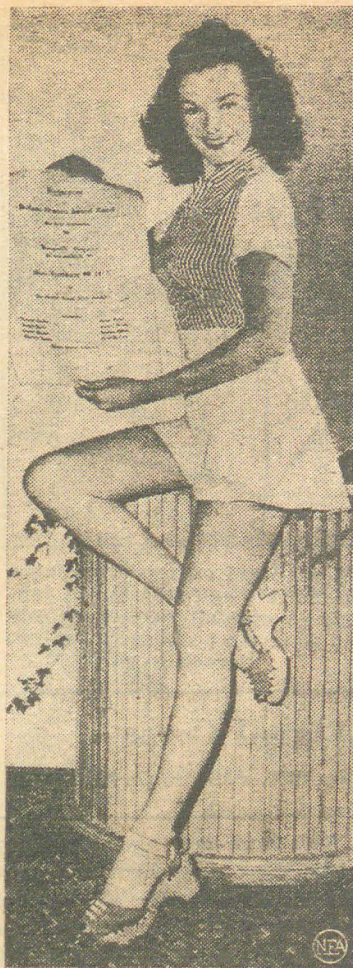
Here's a valuable Tip!...

You can save yourself many an uneasy moment if you convert your travel money to safe American Express Travelers Cheques before you leave.

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Don't breathe a word about it, but Hollywood's Marguerite Chapman has been chosen "Miss Breathless of 1943" and has a certificate to prove it.

Comm.—Uniques

PFC. WARREN BALDWIN

The "Prairie Choristers", the upstairs edition of the downstairs "Mountain Boys", ably led by "Pappy" Vanderslice, the singing Dutchman and accompanied on the guitar by Faltinsen the "Ozark Mountain Boy" are holding daily sessions of what they erroneously term entertainment. The situation is so bad that it's impossible to remain anywhere in the barracks and avoid hearing the strains (the strain comes in listening) of a currently popular hill country ballad. Bombarded on one side by "Brother" Brewer's revival meetings and on the other by the "Prairie Choristers" and coming from underneath, the doubtful music of the "Mountain Boys", where can a man go for sanctuary?

Someone just made the bright observation that there's a war going on. That may sound like a funny crack but it's a shame that more people don't realize it. Not only is there a war going on but it's very far from being won. Just a little more effort in the right direction wouldn't hurt any of us and incidentally there aren't any exceptions.

"Nose" Donaghue dropped in on us again the other day. He stopped off while homeward bound on furlough. We saw a large beak coming in the door followed not too closely by a man and we knew right away who to expect. Have fun John and so long till we meet again. Add also a farewell note to "G. I." Jones, Kennedy, Denton, Cellucci, Wasil and Price. Lots of luck boys.

The "celebrating teletypists" or should we say ex-teletypists are not on a convention but who would know the difference!!

What happened to the perpetual "game of chance" which went on so long upstairs? Must be the lack of funds because it couldn't possibly be loss of interest. Speak-

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

We are not trying to compete with the recreation hall by any means but if any of you men after reading in the library for awhile, would like to play a game of Chess Checkers we have all the necessary boards and checkers. If you do not see them on the tables just step into the office and ask for them.

We also have several new books on the art of Checker and Chess playing that are yours for the asking.

Several boys have asked for the Sears-Roebuck catalogue so that they might look through it and get suggestions for Christmas gifts and order some if they want to. I have the big Sears catalogue that is put out yearly and also a special Christmas edition. Remember Christmas is not far off and you boys had better start thinking about all those presents that you have to send home.

A few of the new books that have been added to the library:

The Fighting American, edited by

F. Van Wyck Mason. A war-chest of stories of American soldiers from the French and Indian wars through the First World War.

Between the Thunder and the Sun, by Vincent Sheehan. Starting with an arresting picture of a European world that was dying in 1938-39, the author turns to the fall of France, the teetering of Italy and the battle of Britain, all of which he saw.

Three of a Kind, by James Cain. Three short stories by the author of the Postman Always Rings Twice. These three stories deal with violent deeds and emotions.

General Douglas MacArthur, by Francis Miller. Here is an authentic life story of America's hero, a thrilling record of courage and personal bravery.

The big yearly edition and a Special Christmas one has just arrived at the library. Come in and look through it as it contains a wealth of ideas for Christmas suggestions.

ing of interest we didn't even make that on our dough.

We almost made a big mistake and forgot to say goodbye to "PC", that would have been a "faux pas" extraordinary. He's a swell guy and as chief operator and maintenance chief he was tops. Lots of luck Cunningham and communicate our best wishes to a certain other "good guy" whom you'll probably see, who was once our C. O.

Since we're on the "so long" theme again we may as well continue and bid a "bon voyage" on a wholesale scale to all the teletype boys and a hope for future success. With the exit of "Pop" Biers' "bay window" an excessive strain will be taken off the barrack structure. We're only foolin' Pop, we'll miss you, we'll also miss hearing, "that did it" around the old Comm. shack. (Maybe we'll get some sleep now).

Although there's a big difference between them as far as size, looks and the way each fills out his clothing, there's one striking similarity. We're speaking of our beloved Frank Sinatra and JY. admittedly Jaynes is a little larger than Frank but there's no mistaking the same melodious voice which issues forth from both of them. More than once we've found ourselves swooning and it later turned out that the radio wasn't even on. We accounted for this

phenomena by discovering that JY had been rendering one of Frank's songs. Music lovers of the Comm. are indeed lucky to have so close at hand another and a larger edition of Swoonatra's voice. In view of JY's size, we're going to start running now so as to put as much distance between him and ourself as possible, before this is in print.

Up till now we figured that among the personnel of the Comm. we had quite a few so-called "lovers" but we've never seen anything to rival Cpl. Breck, that is if we're to believe all we hear. Like the proverbial sailor who has one in every port, Breck is reputed to have one in every hamlet, town and city from Los Vegas to Bangor or thereabouts!!!

Last week Frank Fusco joined the ranks of the "attached" as his better half arrived. We hope he's comfortably situated in town.

If you are wondering who the best tower operator on the field is just ask "Snorky" Provin and you'll get a modest reply. Well at least he'll say it shyly. Autographs are available from 2:00 till 5:00 on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

Again we come to that point of "Comm.-uniques" that you like best, namely the end. Sadly we say adieu to those who have bravely read this far.

Interested in a Thanksgiving Dinner In a Private Home?

Any WAC or soldier who is interested in having a Thanksgiving dinner in a private home, please stop in to T-15, and Mrs. Shaw will sign you up so you can spend your Thanksgiving Day with a civilian family. This must be done right away, so that the families can plan and prepare for your visit.

Thanksgiving Eve Formal Dance At USO Club

A formal dance is scheduled for Wednesday night at the USO club. USO hostesses in their prettiest smiles and gowns will give you plenty to be thankful for.

Jack Eaves and his Turkey Trotters (Troubadours, to you) will provide the music feast.

Things start to happen around 8:30 p. m., so feast your eyes and feast your ears, and with the refreshments—just feast.

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CAMEL

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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Editorial:

LET'S GIVE THANKS

In the midst of a war-maddened world, it may seem ironical to take time out for a prayer of thanks.

"What have I got to be thankful for?" a disgruntled G. I. mumbled the other day. "My whole life has just gone plain haywire."

At first we were stymied to shoot back an answer, but before long a whole flock of them poured out. Take a look over our shoulders as we add up a few of our blessings.

Did you ever stop to think that your loved ones can still walk down Main Street, U. S. A., without dodging bullets from vindictive Nazis, without fear of being blasted into Kingdom Come.

Has it ever occurred to you that when you nibble on that luscious white meat of turkey, that folks in the war areas are thankful to be gnawing on meatless bones?

Why the very gripe on the edge of your tongue is a living and breathing evidence of a democracy that is ready to fight for its existence.

Next Sunday, look around at the determined faces uplifted in prayer. That, Friend, is a special privilege that has come the hard way and our buddies are helping to hold it.

"Nothing to be thankful for!" Brother, you ought to be down on your knees, hands firmly clasped, thanking God for your good fortune to be born an American.

Headquarters

(By Sgt. Freddie Neumann)

A committee for our Christmas party has been formed, and with Christmas just around the corner, we're going ahead with our plans. So keep this in mind and suggestions will be greatly appreciated.

News has been received from former members of headquarters who left a few months ago. They're somewhere in England starting the most important half of their Army career. Our thoughts are with them and we wish them Godspeed.

The scene—Troop School: the lecturer, Capt. Comiskey: the subject—Scouting and Patrolling: All of a sudden an alarm clock sounds. Capt. Comiskey remarks— "Cease firing—time out—class excused." It seems the Captain's watch had stopped sometime between his first and second lecture period. So, he utilizes the trusty alarm clock for his timepiece. Thus, when the hour of two approaches—with his audience intensely interested, the alarm sounds the end of the period. Wish I could have seen the expressions on the many surprised faces. So sorry more of us couldn't have witnessed this rare experience.

What's this we hear about Pvt. Marie Hill and Cpl. Red Hammond? No wonder Red sports such a dashing smile. No, kids, your not put-

ting anything over on us.

Sgt. Earline Besley returned from furlough sporting two rings. If you remember it used to be bracelets. Enough said. We're glad to have her back, and she did have a grand time.

It's S-Sgt. "Woody" Wood to T-5 Mary Fogg who addressed a letter thus, to our "Woody". All of Personnel shared this news when it was announced from the front. And you should have seen "Woody" blush.

S-Sgt. Ed Thomas leads a merry life despite his staid and severe look so common over in the gym. Come five o'clock and Ed is on his way to town—nary a one knows when he returns. What's up, Ed (We don't need three guesses.)

T-5 Jane Compitello keeps a diary. That's nothing unusual, but we would like to take a peek and see what is penned after "Dear Diary" for each day. (Already I'm looking for a fox hole.)

We'd like to know what Sgt. Ken Hardesty did on his day off. No one observed him at camp all day. You see—Ken you were missed—but definitely.

Pfc. Diana Ellsworth faithfully visits the hospital each evening. We realize, Diana, that fellow WACs are bedridden, but we also know that some fellow is very lucky indeed.

Pfc. Ginny Bonham is a very conscientious worker. Almost every night you'll find her in S-3 doing extra work.

S-Sgt. Irving Berkson has curtailed his social life this week. Perhaps it was because he wasn't exactly in the pink of condition. Many at headquarters have been ill recently. Here's hoping they all ring the gong again.

S-Sgt. Sally Neary is well aware what month we are in. Each time someone rounded the corner of the Sgt. Major's office, she was prepared. By the way Sally, what month are we in?

Remember the Christmas Party and talk it up. Let's make this Christmas at Dow Field another memorable one.

NEW NURSE UNIFORM

Army Nurses in hospital ships, hospital trains and in warmer climates overseas are getting new uniforms. The new clothes are two-piece slack suits of brown and white striped seersucker.

A WACY VIEW

A diary of doings on the WAC Reservation



Waahoo On WAC Hill

PFC. SHIRLEY HIRSCHAUT

With tears in our eyes and plenty of broken hearts scattered around we say a sad farewell to those girls who done did get themselves transferred out of this country club. Good luck kids, have fun, work hard, and don't forget to write. Of course that goes for Lt. Polanski also, who is at Adjutant General school.

"Col. WAC", our brown and white mascot has been having fun of late by breaking up reveille in the wee small hours of the morn. Speaking of the Colonel reminds one that Pfc. Clem DiCerso is eligible for the new insignia of crossed fire-plugs for the good care she gives the doggie.

Just a-wonderin' why—the spirits of Tex Havard rise and fall with each successive mail, and the playing of the song "Paper Doll"—Sally Kania and the Beauty Parlor use the same pin-up man—Sue Friedrich doesn't polish those oh-so-lovely brass buttons before she gives them out—Puccio is so excited over the impending three-day pass—and a certain T/5 calling various places on the base to inquire if the electricity was turned on.

T/4 Peggy James has been parading all about the base in a new WAC hat. It was given to her for her birthday, which, by the way, was last Thursday, by a gal friend of hers. (Supply Sgt. take note.)

As to this deadline Lt. Cornwall, Pfc. Solomon, and T/4 Justice are lounging in the hospital. What is the attraction girls?

T/4 Betty Reichart is living off the base now and is having some time juggling those points around. She would appreciate some kindly soul lending her a gun so she can get a deer or so. It certainly would help.

Three of our WACs ushered at the "This Is The Army" show in Bangor. It's quite a picture said T/5 Leach, T/4 James, and Pfc. Bonham.

"Rusty" Lammars goes from one extreme of driving a staff car to polishing the supply room floor. For shame Rusty.

The fireplace in our day-room is finished and will in all probability blaze forth in time for Thanksgiving.

It was nice that the Gaudette sisters, who have been together since they joined were transferred together.

The physical training periods each week add to one's appetite, but one does want to know just where Pfc. Aquillio gets the overabundance of energy she shows at such sessions.

Margaret Eck, our fly-tying friend, is off to Mitchel Field to school. I wonder if the deep-sea fishing season is over.

The first platoon day-room is finished and it wouldn't surprise me if there was a housewarming party before the week is out.

I'm afraid you will only have to put up with this column every other week from now on, so til then, taily-ho.

CAMP CAMPBELL, Ky.—Nazi soldiers who have been denied freedom of worship for so many years in their own country are now eagerly renewing their religious faiths as prisoners of war at Camp Campbell, Ky.

The closest thing to immortality in America is a government bureau.—The Atlantic Log.



"I can't get over you leading a patrol through 50 miles of jungle—I couldn't depend on you to go to the postoffice when you worked here!"

Signal Corps

By PFC. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

With much snow and rain falling lately, things have been very quiet around our camp locality. Most of the boys have been keeping their night life strictly confidential and yours truly has been completely lost attempting to trail their various activities about town. After spending four nights within our peaceful portals last week (by request), I find it's interesting to note how the other half lives who stay in evenings and seem contented in the simple things of life. Such as tuning to a radio, writing home, playing a friendly card game called red-dog, and other soothing pleasures one would happily experience by a flickering fireplace. All in all, it's really a wonderful feeling to be around to catch the last notes of the bugle sounding "taps." Half asleep in your cozy bunk, you're engulfed in a distant dream of bright memories instead of finding yourself somewhere on the avenue parading for excitement in an unsettled frame of mind seeking untold happiness. Well, this Thursday is our national Thanksgiving holiday. Its ecumenical observance at this time by every loyal American, proves once again that we have not forgotten to renew that sacred pledge of sincere faith with abiding love for those true democratic principles endowed us by our forefathers years ago. Yes, now it's the sole reason why we're waging this present relentless battle in forever preserving our glorious, righteous ways of living. With a prayer of grateful appreciation for this land we dearly love, we all stand firm and resolute with open hearts to welcome within another memorable Thanksgiving.

Information has reached this desk relating the interesting story how Pfc. Armond Rosini is burning the telephone wires in a desperate effort to contact his new wonderful discovery. Her name is Arline. "Old Town," here I come! Gangway!

Cpl. Louis Ciminera is playing the field again in the feminine department. How do we know? Well, what would you think of a guy paying \$1.26 for a vicinity phone call that had a stirring ending of "I love you, dear!" If this keeps up, another certain Miss from afar will be singing that popular sentimental song, "No Letter Today."

Pfc. Thomas Rogers, my buddy to all I own and owe, instigated an embarrassing situation for yours truly the other evening. My lady friend fell hook, line, and sinker for his sweet smile and amusing tales. Shucks, I lost out after an expensive courting. It never fails! Thank heavens, you're away now on furlough. "Baby-face," we'll miss you.

Cpl. Maurice Bargonier may have a keen roving eye for news in writing a column but the other day while hunting with some of the boys, he madly blasted 14 bullets that hit the back side of a tree. He swears he wounded a bear. (A

IT'S ALWAYS OPEN HOUSE AT T-15

To those that are interested up on WAC hill, the Base Rec Hall and its facilities are for your benefit and pleasure. To my knowledge there is nothing to stop you girls from bringing your friends down for a few games of ping-pong, etc., also there is a radio and juke-box for your dancing pleasure, and if you just care to sit, well, the furniture, is there. So why not spend some time down here with your friends on "Pleasure Island."

likely story, but we can't bear it, Can't!)

Several of our ranking members have been attending Troop School here on the base. This should prove worth while as well as interesting in enlightening one's intellect to the facts of modern warfare.

Our bowling team last Wednesday collided with the Quartermaster squad. The final count gave us two games apiece. Unable to retain the overwhelming winning stride of previous contests, the Signals have found themselves erased from first place in the league's standing and heading apparently in a downward direction. We hope to check any further falling in our next appearance. We got spirit and fight. Let's prove it, men, by climbing to the top again! Our W. O. Arthur Sprague should be highly commended for his fine bowling assistance given to the team to bring needed victory our way these past weeks.

Pvt. James Owens is in love! It's the real thing we're inclined to believe. Like any other gripping romance, it has in the march of time its heart-breaks and happiness. Right now Pvt. Owens is warbling "Tears On My Pillow."

Cpl. John Kowalczyk has been focusing his eyes to the sky lately. The thrilling sight of planes overhead is arousing a deep desire for him to become a member of that gallant aviation crew.

Following a rigid schedule of PT (physical training) at the camp gym, our boys are being whipped into excellent manly form. During marching formation our honorable first sergeant has noted a marked improvement judging by the colorful, sprightly steps shown by the platoon on the company street.

Folks, it's time to close my little work-shop once again and say au revoir. I would be pleased to hear from readers of this column any comments or constructive criticism regarding the material presented herewith by yours truly. Below I submit my poem of the week, which I hope will be worthy of another page in your scrap-book:

"HERO'S REQUIEM"

Soldier—now it can be told,
As you lie there so cold,
By me it is understood,
That you are kind and good.

Now it can be known,
The torch of truth was your own.
You lived a life of worth,
Great things from you gave birth.

Now stories can be read,
Of the stainless life you led;
Of traits that yielded light,
To transform wrong to right.

Yes, now it can be heard,
I believed your every word.
Comrade—we shall miss you so,
But how, how are you to know?

By Pfc. Samuel J. Profeta.



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BANGOR

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET
STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

Commendations For Guard Duty

The following members of the guard received commendations for the manner in which they conducted their duty during the week:

13 NOVEMBER

Pfc. Haywood Flowers, Aviation Squadron; Pfc. W. Mann, Engineers; Pvt. C. Leishmann, Air Base Squadron.

14 NOVEMBER

Pvt. Forrest Harris, Aviation Squadron; Cpl. James Hendrich, Engineers; Pvt. Marion Presgrove, Air Base Squadron.

15 NOVEMBER

Pvt. L. Smith, Air Base Squadron; Pfc. A. Strong, Aviation Squadron; Pvt. Lawrence Georges, Guard Squadron; Pvt. A. Stafford, Engineers.

16-17 NOVEMBER

Pvt. C. Johnson, Aviation Squadron; T-5 H. Drummond, Engineers.

18 NOVEMBER

R. Richey, Air Base Squadron; E. Green, Aviation Squadron; E. Rose, Engineers.

19 NOVEMBER

Pfc. Herchel Chase, Engineers; Pvt. Holly Smith, Aviation Squadron.

Memories . . .

. . . Memories

Remember the first time you donned your O.D.'s . . . they smelt from camphor, sort of made you itch—but you did feel Military, didn't you? And then the first time you heard that "hup, tup, thrip, faw . . ." you felt like a real soldier then, didn't you? You even looked at the "gee" in charge and noticed, to your consternation, it wasn't a sergeant at all but rather one of them little guys known as "general PFC." And then your first G. I. meal, and in answer to your question of how you ate that stuff, the cook answered with, "You don't eat it Bub, ya run it down and kill it!" Then came your first K.P. . . boy, how we sweated through that one. They awoke you at the bright (?) and cheery (?) hour of 3:00 a. m.—you thought it was some kind of an attack or something . . . but it only turned out to be some awful looking guy (your first introduction to a duty Non-Com . . . hisssss) who awoke everyone else along with you when he bellowed a, "Git outta ya sack, Miggolowitch yer K.P. today." And you all the time wondering what being on K. P. that day had to do with his waking you up in the middle of last night.

So now you were hardened, you had "hupped-tup-thrip-fawww," you had learned to eat in the P-X when you were hungry, and you knew the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortunes" that went with K.P. (with permission of Will Shakespeare's "Hamlet") So you thought you were through with most of the horrible stuff, then, didn't you? You saw yourself now as an old Army man now who knew all the angles. But—YOU DIDN'T count on Basic Training, Military Formations, Parades, Barracks Police and Latrine Specialist (and along with those two of course) Restrictions, and Guard Duty . . . nope, your troubles were just starting, soldier, but after all, it wasn't sooooo different from civilian life, was it? . . . or was it?

For example, those long lines we're forever waiting on for every

How to be sure about her diamond

If you are an average young man you've probably given little thought to diamonds. The fact is there's a big difference in them and if you would like to buy wisely you'll want to know what to look for.

We suggest that you drop in and have a talk with our diamond expert, Mr. Bryant, Jr. There's no obligation. He'll be glad to give you the facts and help you in every possible way.

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"He says the extra attachment is a sneeze bag!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Young GI: "Gee, since I've been in the Army I like holiday dinners. I've found out that there's more to a turkey than the neck."

Civilian: "What's the hardest thing to learn about soldiering?"
GI: "Getting up at reveille."

Mess Sergeant: "One time I was carving a fowl and it slipped and landed in a major's lap."

K-P: "And I'll bet it wasn't the first time he had a chicken in his lap."

An old maid went in a pet shop and said, "I'd like to buy that parrot in the window."

The salesman sized her up, and then said, "I think I should warn you first that he does a bit of swearing."

thing from (good things, like) pay mail-call, and chow . . . to (not such good things, like) inoculations, sick-call, revolvers (good old Supply Room) and just standing there "au natural" at one of those monthly physicals, feeling silly as all blazes . . . and cold too!

True Army life seems to be just one long line of waiting but let's look back at that old civilian life. We used to wait in line at the ball park, in the subway, on the dance floor . . . and even in front of Ye Olde Acme Employment Agency (with nine hundred other college grads all, applying for that \$22 clerk job) and the nerve of that interviewer when he said, "Sorry, 68 years clerical experience is not enough. . ."

Sure we have our little troubles now but, "Chum," when you look back at that old civilian life we left behind, I'm sure you'll all agree with me when I say, "We wouldn't trade for a civilian's status for a million dollars!" (. . . who dat man?) . . . oh well, enough of this for now . . . for some more of this nonsensical balderdash (fancy for "a lot of gab") look in some obscure corner of our Observer next week and if you're lucky—you probably won't find it next time.

Comm. Men Receive Good Conduct Ribbons

The following men of the Comm. Sqdn. have been authorized by their C. O., after the completion of a year's service with good records, to wear the Good Conduct Medal award:

Sgt. John H. Mader.
Cpl. Francis L. Breynne.
Cpl. Joseph A. Caron.
Cpl. Erwin F. Link.
Pfc. Robert J. Ahearn.
Pfc. Warren R. Baldwin.
Pfc. Ernest M. Brewer.
Pfc. James M. Dunham.
Pfc. Donald R. Fitzsimons.
Pfc. Joseph W. Jones.
Pfc. John M. Moore.
Pvt. Raymond S. Vanderslice.

R. C. WILLISTON
OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN
18 Central St., Bangor, Me.
EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES
FITTED, LENSES GROUND
WHILE YOU WAIT

To which she replied, "What in hell do I care; I have guests coming for Thanksgiving, have no ration points, and can't find a turkey or chicken any place."

Voice coming over telephone: "What number is this?"

Wise Sergeant (who's now a yard-bird): "You ought to know—you called it."

WAC: I'm not going to date that GI again, all he does is talk shop."

Second ditto: "I find Army talk interesting."

First WAC: "Yeah, but he works in the Weather Section."

"I was in Fort Worth, Texas, before I came here."
"What city is that post near?"

Air Base Squadron

Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

Winter has at last come to our Dow Field. True, neither the snow nor the cold is too severe for us, but we are sure that before long there will be enough snow, ice and cold to satisfy even the hardest of soldiers.

Members of the Squadron, with few exceptions, have completed their "physical fitness" tests. Most of us, under the guidance of Sgt. Clarence Riley, our Physical Training Instructor, are in rather good condition. It is always interesting for anyone to watch him smoothly and efficiently handle his class. It is even more interesting to observe the expressions on our faces when we attempt some of the more difficult exercises.

Now that basketball is in full swing, we will certainly miss the faces of Ralph Toney and Maurice Scott who did such a grand job with the Post Team last year. We are having some interesting classes at Troop School. Those who are supposed to attend and do not, are robbing themselves of a chance of either a refresher course or the opportunity of rounding out their soldier education. The classes are made interesting by slide and moving pictures, which, in most cases, vividly portray the subject. Illustrations on the mosquito and fly prove just how deadly these little pests can be.

We, the member of the Squadron, can be justly proud of former members of the outfit who are holding down important jobs in every theatre of war. This is reason enough for us who remain behind to continue to be good soldiers.

Now that the holiday season has returned, you should watch the

KEEP THE MILITARY BEARING IN YOUR CLOTHES

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DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Pfc. Alfred Paulini, Musician, Boxer Once Dressed Ann Sheridan's Hair

If you ever are in doubt whether a G.I. haircut would be becoming to you, just ask Pfc. Alfred Paulini. He ought to know. He has designed hundreds of hair styles for women and they are darn fussy.

Don't get the idea that this hair dressing stuff is sissified. Rugged broad shouldered Paulini is plenty handy with his mitts. Back in his high school days Paulini traded punches in the amateur ring with the best that Lynn, Mass., had to offer.

Now that we've cleared that up—we can continue his career in the right direction.

Al started out as a fiddle player at the tender age of six. Then came boxing and then came the problem of working for a living.

"A friend of mine was an expert hairdresser," Paulini began, "and so he began to teach me some of the tricks." "Nights after business hours, we would experiment with various styles. Before long I got so that I could add some ideas of my own. I ended up with the finest beauty salon in Lynn—can I name it?"

"Sure go ahead," we agreed. (WAC's are you listening?)

"THE BAZAAR BEAUTY SHOP" he commercialized. "Soon I had eight girls working for me."

"Do you think up the styles yourself?" we ventured (in this field we don't know from nothing).

"That's right," he answered. "I

decided what would fit the woman best—then I'd suggest it. One time I developed a new fad known as the feather cut and for a while it was sensational.

SETTING ANN SHERIDAN'S HAIR

Then I went to several style shows in New York and entered several competitions. A New York hairdresser saw my work and hired me.

One day into the salon came glamorous, red-tressed Ann Sheridan. Wow! Gosh being that close about set me on fire. A little while later, the boss set Mary Pickford's coiffure. During my stay there we had to do lots of historical styles for the Broadway plays. Many of the stars had to have their hair cropped close to wear them.

"In the meanwhile I had a few hobbies such as photography and playing the clarinet.

"When I came into the Army, you can appreciate the limits of a hair stylist, so I plugged my music. So I landed in the band, playing clarinet and smashing cymbals."

Paulini looked us squarely in the eyes, then at our brown locks and looked inspired. "Say," he exclaimed, "with a few snips of the scissors I'll bet I could give you a feather cut." Paulini grabbed a pair of scissors—we grabbed our head. A fine thing, maybe we would look better in a feather cut—but brother, we aren't waiting to find out!

soldiers of the Squadron. Each and every one who is up for furlough is on his toes for fear of committing some breach of military discipline that may result in his being deprived of that long awaited vacation. If we are any judge of the men and our officers, we are sure no one will lose it.

All of us plan to make Thanksgiving Day a gala affair. Since many of us have our wives and families here, we are sure that everything will be done to provide a home-like atmosphere in spite of present conditions. Preparations for the event are in the hands of very capable soldiers so there will be no lack of effort on their part. This will be the first big holiday that the members of the Guard Squadron, our friendly rivals up "G" Street Way, and ourselves have had chance to get together for a really good time. The Guard Squadron is a fine outfit and works in the closest harmony with us. Here's hoping that the tie of friendship and good fellowship will be firmly cemented in the months to come.

Until next week

ORDNANCE

CPL. BERT GAWLEY

Event of the Social Season:

The rate of a marriage a week has been maintained by Ordnance. The marriage of Miss Helen Elizabeth Lockhart of 181 Russell street of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Sgt. James Wesley Hudson of Lexington, Kentucky, was solemnized on Nov. 9th at five p. m., at the Lutheran Church of the Messiah in Brooklyn, N. Y.

At a very pretty ceremony the bride was given in marriage by her grandfather. The maid of honor was the bride's cousin, Miss Irene Higemar, and the best man was the brother of the bride, Robert Lockhart.

After the ceremony, pictures suit-

able to the occasion were taken. The bridal party then went to the home of the bride where friends and relatives of the couple were entertained at a reception tendered to the couple.

The Ordnance sends its very best wishes to the bride, and congratulations are in order to Sgt. Hudson.

ODDITY OF THE WEEK

Pfc. Toulielo rising at seven o'clock one morning this week, and actually eating a G. I. breakfast, and then to leave his friends stunned at the same evening by going to a G. I. movie. My, this is awfully early in the month to be broke.

The bowling team is better left unmentioned this week, than talked about.

Here's wishing that some of our Nimrods would concentrate on a few turkeys instead of those little deer they have been getting, we like white meat, fellows.

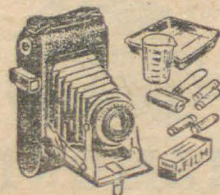
Apologies to T/Sgt. Shortlidge who claims his leggings were laced correctly last week, he was merely walking backwards.

The Ordnance basketball team held its first practice session, scrimmaging against the Bombers, we wound up on the short end of the score, but our prospects are fine for a good showing this season.

A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it is a woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be redressed.

SEND YOUR "SWEETIE"

A SNAPSHOT



Cameras and Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Amateur and Professional Films.

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The Chapel Spire

Chaplain Harold R. Lutz

Engineer Chaplain

serving as Base Chaplain.

Sunday Morning service at ten a. m.
Hospital and Guard House services
on Sunday afternoon.

Consultation hours by appointment.
Call 444

Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative
Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

OBLATE FATHERS

From Bucksport

Will Say 3 Masses

SUNDAY ONLY

Base Chapel

7:30—11:30

Engineer Area

9:30 A. M.

Confessions Before Each Mass

Why Don't You Do Right?

MRS. MADELINE SHAW



I've often wondered why there isn't more community singing. There's a piano at T 15 but very seldom is it used as the music for an old fashioned quartette or an informal group.

All the pictures that I can remember of World War One had groups of fellows getting together and doing a little harmonizing.

Can it be that the radio and the phonograph have taken away the "doing it yourself" motive? Perhaps your energy loses itself in a violent session of jitterbugging.

Somebody once said that a singing army is a fighting army that can't be licked. Do you know that songs back in World War One reached song sheet sales unheard of before that. Of course a song then stayed around a while, and wasn't blared at you from every radio and record.

Maybe it's because no song yet has reached the public like the jolt of "My Buddy," "Over There," and "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

So far the "hits" have been rather shortlived. "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" has become passe. "God Bless America" can always get a few sparks going. The first songs of this war had a tendency to make us feel sorry for ourselves, you remember "The White Cliffs of Dover" and "When the Lights Go on Again."

Even back as far as the Civil War songs have come down to us. Two that have held up are "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Listen to the Mocking Bird."

If there is any song that should be a good starting point for group singing, there's the inspired song of your own branch of the armed forces.

The song of the Army Air Corps. I'll even venture to bet that 75 per cent of you don't even know all the words. To help refresh the memory of those fellows here they are:

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun!
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one helluva roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame;
Nothing 'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Some kid, en Fun.
We offer "Happy returns of the day" to the following S & Ws on their birthdays of the previous week: Andrew Beatrice, Nov. 16; Robert Latham, Nov. 19; Alfred Corey, Nov. 14; and Alfred Wilson, Nov. 17.

Well, that's all the news for the present and remember, S & Ws, if you want to see your name in your friend's name in print, submit those articles to make the column a success.



Meet Me at
LARRY'S

FOR DELICIOUS
HAMBURGERS
HOT DOGS
ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT
POST OFFICE SQ.

Captain Gilinson Promoted to Major



The Commanding Officer of Dow Field, Bangor, Maine, has announced the promotion of Captain Philip J. Gilinson, Commanding Officer of the Base Weather Detachment, to the rank of major.

Born in Lowell, Massachusetts, Major Gilinson attended Lowell High school and graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a B. S. in Electrical Engineering. He was employed as research engineer at the Heinz Electric company in Lowell and later with the Pacific Mills in Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Major Gilinson enlisted as a flying cadet in meteorology on October 6, 1940 and was sent to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a nine month's course of study. He finished his cadet course at Mitchel Field, New York, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Corps Reserve on July 1, 1941. He served twelve months overseas as Base Weather Officer before coming to Dow Field in July 1942.

SEVENTH HEAVEN

S/Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

Every once in a while things come so fast and furiously—that we are forced to forego the pleasure of writing this little column—so please excuse chilun . . . and let us start on our merry way . . . we missed our little pigeon this week—she's away on furlough—but due to return before this goes to bed . . . Somebody just snuck up behind us and said that we're going to be a quiz-kid Friday night . . . Lawd amighty—there's no end of wonders in this world . . . S/Sgt. Berkson has so many angles in mind that even his face is beginning to appear a little acute . . . Good-bye, Van,



DIAMONDS

Engagement Rings

Wedding Sets

Always a Good Selection

BOYD & NOYES

25 Hammond St.

Next to Bus Station

What's Doing This Week For Service Men In Bangor

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

U. S. O. CLUB, 81 Park street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 11:30 p. m. Facilities: Reception lounge and information desk, check room, reading and writing room, library, newspapers, magazines, books, social recreation room, snack bar and refreshment lounge, music room, recording studio, classical records, game room, pool, ping-pong, arts and crafts room, hobby workshop, photographic dark room, radio, showers and shaving facilities, sewing kit, self-valet, first-aid kit.

Services: Information service, room and apartment registry, bundle wrapping, mailing service, stamps, checking service—free lockers, USO Service stationery, typewriter, local phone calls, letters-on-a-record service, religious literature, individual personal services.

Y.M.C.A., 127 Hammond street. Open 24 hours. Services: Game room, lobby, writing materials, information, showers, swimming pool.

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

USO CENTER, 81 Columbia street. Open 4:00 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. Facilities: Lounge, check room, game room, pool, ping pong, writing materials, dancing.

Y.W.C.A., 174 Union street. Open house every day for service men and women, 2:00 p. m. to 10:00 p. m.

Bangor Public Library, free for reading and lending for service men and women and their families. Central Library, 145 Harlow street. Open 9:00 a. m. to 9:00 p. m. daily; 2:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m. on Sunday.

Music Branch, 166 Union street. Open Monday through Friday, 9:00 a. m. to noon; 2:00 p. m. to 5:00 p. m. On Saturday, 9:00 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.

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

Dow Field Activities

MONDAY, NOV. 22

Open house at T-15 for youse guys and gals, so gals why not come down often that thar hill and get acquainted with the guy on the street that you would like to meet. And youse guys that have them, why not bring your wives out to old Pleasure Island (T-15) and let them get acquainted, also those that have none (wives) bring your girl friends, or just bring yourself, I'm sure you will have a good time.

TUESDAY, NOV. 23

USO show, Unit No. 40, at T-6. Time ? ? ?

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24

Jitterbugs—Mrs. Pauline Thomas will be at T-15 from 3 to 9 p. m.

nobody to yell—look at the birdie—everytime we turn our back . . . The dance at the American Legion Hall looked like old home week . . . with Sgt. Switenko as master and mistress of ceremony . . . T/Sgt. Collins happy as the day is long . . . and six soldiers trying to keep a few score civilian women happy—and doing a pretty good job at that . . . From Pvt. Dowell's description of the coming Thanksgiving chow—we'd almost be forced to turn down a 30 day furlough . . . The title of that last sentence was "daydreaming"—and don't we all . . . Scene from the Sidelines—S/Sgt. John Krug looking so French in that Wool-knit cap . . . the artists of Seventh Heaven doing snow sculpture work outside of the Supply Room—and calling it—

to teach that new dance number, "The Lindy Hop". Why not give her a twirl?

THURSDAY, NOV. 25

Special letter writing night. I'm sure no one needs to be coaxed to write to his best girl—"Mom"—but, there will be refreshments served to those who are writing to Mom.

FRIDAY, NOV. 26

Dow Field will be on the air again at 9 p. m. and the usual dance will begin immediately after the broadcast, sponsored this time by the Finance.

SATURDAY, NOV. 27

Relaxation night at T-15, radio, games, reading, or just relaxing. This is your home while away from home.

"Chateau Beauty" . . . S/Sgt. Wood looking very much from Hollywood wearing those dark glasses . . . Sgt. Al DeVincentis stomping around in arctic boots—already . . . Pvt. Frost must feel at home up here . . . One of the boys has been getting on and off "the wagon" so often that he's beginning to look like a flour sack . . . Gruesome Twosome this week goes to Cpl. Martino and Pvt. Iannace—if only Iannace would start smoking those black cigars we'd really have something to write home to Mother . . . M/Sgt. Hanes suggests that we have plaster board put up in the NCO club—it would be very much at home there . . . By the way, the new fixings really make the club look swell . . . Military secret of the week—who was it that called up from Washington, D. C., and set Cpl. Lefty Hazle tingling from his big toe to the tip of his short crop of hair . . . We're like daisies—and daisies never tell . . . Cpl. Richardson had us worried for a while—but the LD boy is back on the job . . . Pfc. Gottesman was forced to take a haircut—he was going to get giggled for having his hair on his blouse collar . . . Wonder if they ever finished "Begin the Beguine" . . . We have to save our strength for the party tonight—so—"so long" . . .

It's the way you show up at the showdown that counts.

USO Activities

Week November 22 to 28

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22

8:30 Country Dances, conducted by Miss Eileen Cassidy. Records. USO Hostesses.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23

9:00 Big Bingo Party. All cash prizes. Conducted by Miss Frances Averill and Mrs. Patricia Grant. USO Hostesses.

10:00 Letters-on-a-Record made. Attendant: Mrs. Jackie Kendrick.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24

8:30 Thanksgiving eve formal. Refreshments. Entertainment. Music by Dow Field Troubadours. USO Hostesses.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25

8:30 Movie Night. Full length Feature, "Hi Buddy" starring Robert Paige, Harriet Hilliard, Dick Foran.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26

8:30 Game Night. Pool and Ping pong contests. Prizes. Parlor games. USO Hostesses.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27

8:30 Special Dance Night. Dancing 9:00 to 12:00. Music by Dow Field Troubadours. USO Hostesses.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28

9:00 a. m., to 11:00—Donuts and Coffee on the House.

9:00 a. m., to 1:00—Special letter writing and mailing facilities.

3:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m., Tea Dancing, Refreshments.

7:00 p. m., to 11:00 p. m. Informal dancing. USO Hostesses.

"THE SICK AND THE WORRIED"

ALBERT E. KORMAN

T/5 Medical Detachment

A new column and an appropriate title for and by the patients at the Station hospital.

As one of the patients put it, "Oh, why can't home be like this?" Their only worry is "that this can't last forever." Where else can one get an education, recreation, and the healthy atmosphere of the hospital? Now all you other G. I.s don't get the idea of storming Sick Call tomorrow. You may regret it.

The S & Ws are challenging the Medics to a pool tournament. It ought to be a fight to the finish with such sterling players as Niere, Vanetta, Shaw, Lopez, Sharpe, and Binderow representing the S & Ws. Lt. Levine has come through with a beautiful suggestion for a prize. I'm sorry I can't tell you what it is as yet. It's a military secret but as poor a player as I am, I'm tempted to try for it.

Sidel, before calling the roll at class, called "At ease" to bring the fellows to attention. Much to his surprise someone called out "He's not here." (Well, that's supposed to be humor.)

An old axiom was brought to the front in Ward III. "He who laughs last, laughs best." The S & Ws in III decided to put a few grapes in Pvt. Jones' bed while he was taking a shower. Much to their surprise he rolled back the sheets, ate the grapes and asked for more.

Cocktail Lounge
Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service

Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St.

Dial 4501

CIVILIAN SLANTS

Sub-Depot Supply

Due to all reports, everybody, it seemed, had a super time at the party held by Supply Employees Friday evening at the American Legion Hall. The Dow Field "Rhythmaires" furnished the music and received many compliments. They sure have a "Make you want to dance band." Our thanks and appreciation to them for cooperating with us. The evening consisted mostly of dancing with several novelty prize dances and everybody joined in to sing "Happy Birthday" to Day Thompson and Harriette McKinnon. The highlight of the evening was "Bunny" Meaths' presentation of "Pistol Packin' Mama." Ann Bois and Sgt. Smith of the 7th Air Base entertained us with a little modernized jitterbugging and Mildred Lancaster gave us her interpretation of the Hula Dance. All in all everyone had a wonderful evening of fun. The committee consisting of Ann Fisher, Maxine Powers and Philip McKeen have received many compliments of the success of the party and they in turn want to thank everyone for their cooperation.

Several girls have received cards from Sara O'Donohue who recently left us to take new duties in Rome, New York. We miss you a lot, Sara, but are glad to know that you like it. Good luck from all of us at Supply.

We are still wondering just what kind of a dance Ann Bois and Sgt. Smith were trying to do at the Supply party the other night. When you discover a name for it let us know, will you Ann?

Seems to be something new started around Supply. A few of the men here are now trying to compete with Clark Gable. Come to think of it, what happened to your cute mustache, John?

Colleen McNulty, our former location clerk, now employed at Rome Air Depot, arrived home the other night for a short visit with us. We are very pleased to hear that she likes Rome so well and is doing so well with her new duties. Keep up the good work, Coco, and don't forget us here at Supply.

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

What is this about our Unit No. 2 Supervisor, Vic Hanna? It seems "Vic" came in the other A. M. and found a number jotted down on a slip of paper on her desk. Thinking it was a shipping ticket number, he immediately started a search for said number. After an hour or two of useless searching she suddenly remembered that it was a phone number. Was that the morning after the Supply party, Vic?

Eulah Bowden's brother, Cpl. Raymond Perkins, has arrived home from the South Pacific area, for the first time in over a year and a half.

"CONDEMNED & REPARABLE"

Little Ed and big Bun, are working hard to beat the Hun. Both working hard and feeling punk, because they work on a lot of junk.

We hear that the gals from Supply are organizing a bowling team. The line-up so far consists of: Arlene King, Pat Silsby, Louise Foster, Kay Thompson, Ann Fisher, Maxine Powers, Ella Hachey, Joan Danforth, Teresa Arseneault, Bertha Collins, and Harriette McKinnon. Better get on the beam girls and see if you can keep ahead of the "Supply Fumblers."

MAINTENANCE

Maintenance gals who attended Supply's party Friday night had "Oh! a swell time" . . . all agree that when it comes to parties Supply has a knack of throwing super ones.

Arthur Dunlap of Plant Maintenance took a few days off to go hunting but as a matter of fact he didn't have a gun in his hands once. The "hunting expedition" turned out to be a sort of family reunion with relatives from all parts of the State dropping in to join the party. He attests that as many as fifteen sat down to enjoy some of the meals.

Muriel Young, Administration Branch, is flashing a beautiful diamond and the lucky fellow is M/Sgt. Norman Senerchia. Best wishes are in order for Muriel and Sgt. Senerchia, who is now stationed at Seymour Johnson Field, Goldsboro, N. C.

Now that we have had our first snowstorm, Pvt. A. Kellel of Draft-

ing and Reproduction Branch has asked for a transfer south.

Pfc. Henry Drumm, also of Drafting, has returned from a furlough spent in North Carolina picking cotton, so he states. Since returning he has been on an extended period of Guard Duty. He who dances must pay the fiddler.

Warrant Officer Charles, Kibler was here on a visit for a few days and that's why comely Mrs. Charles Kibler of Drafting looked so happy. We're sorry to learn, however, that since his return to New York he has been confined to the base hospital.

Richard Rall and Joseph Murray, both of Planning & Reproduction Control Branch, are back from a Rome, N. Y. conference.

Harry Millward, Propellor Branch, left this week for military duty. We wish nothing but the best for Harry.

MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT

Clarence "Buc" Ryer had the good fortune to get a deer but after distributing it around to his friends, benevolent "Bud" had none left for himself.

We welcome back from Rome Air Service Command the following: Genevieve Marcus, John Sullivan, Arthur Day, Arthur Haywood, James McInnis, Ralph Patterson, George Estes, Keith Goodins, Coburn Ireland, John Ryder, Frank Doughty, Charles McAllian and Harold Cox.

Medical Dept.

Miss Mary O'Connell has received a very interesting V-mail letter from Pvt. Galen Veayo, formerly employed at the Station hospital, who writes from North Ireland, where he is now stationed. Extracts of his letter follow:

"I've really heard what the people of Britain have suffered, and believe me, they have. The English soldiers are okay."

PRETTY COUNTRY

"This country is pretty. Of course I don't care so much about it as the United States, but it has its points. It would be a nice country to visit after the war. Now it is like every country over here."

RATIONS

"Everything is rationed. We get two razor blades a week, a bar of soap and six ounces of candy. It is not so bad. A fellow could be a lot worse off, I believe."

BEST REGARDS

"Tell Ed MacDougall to write and give Mrs. St. Peter my regards."

RAINED THERE, TOO

"I don't know of anything else to write except it has rained some every day since I've been here; and that I was seasick for one day on the way over. Boy, what a feeling! Never get sick—you wish you would die."

BRIEFS

On behalf of the civilians at Station hospital may we extend to Lt. Colonel Joseph Nagle and Major Theodore E. Lilly best wishes and most kind regards.

Miss Rachel Rines spent several days at her home in Gardiner, Me., recently.

Mrs. Melvena R. Jinks has been entertaining relatives from northern Aroostook.

Guy Gould has returned to his duties here, after enjoying eight days of annual leave.

Mrs. Dorothy Carmichael has been reading literature on North Africa since she has received word of her husband's safe arrival there.



"They sure keep our movements a secret—where do you suppose we are, in the Atlantic or the Pacific?"



BANGOR STORE HAS PATRIOTIC DISPLAY—"This Is the Army", at the Opera House, is getting a grand bit of publicity at Freese's, as the above photograph shows. One of the large show windows is devoted to the display, which was artistically arranged under the auspices of an officer from Dow Field. The photographs are of army life, and there's a background that every patriotic American, civilian as well as soldier, will recognize. Although the placard at the right refers only to the recent special performance, the picture is now having a run and so the display continues of timely interest. The theatre is paying a higher percentage than customary for this picture, and the producer's share goes to Army Emergency Relief. Therefore a part of every dollar that passes through the Opera House ticket office goes to a fine cause. Incidentally, attendance records are being broken.

Headquarters

Capt. Eckhardt, Maintenance officer, is enjoying his leave at his home in New Haven, Conn. He is accompanied by his daughter, Carol and Mrs. Eckhardt.

Miss "Kay" Trickey, our former File Supervisor, is now a member of the WAC's. She leaves Lewiston, Maine this week for her training in the South. Lucky girl "Kay," getting away from this cold and snow these Winter months.

We are all sorry to see Mr. David Williford and Mr. Leonard Vanderbeck, Boeing Aircraft representative and the latter Wright Aeronautical Corp., representative, leave this week. During their stay at this Sub-Depot they have been very well liked and enjoyed by all that have made acquaintance with them. The fellows all got together and held a dinner party at the Penobscot Exchange Hotel before their leaving and from all reports it was a huge success. We are wishing you boys the best of luck in your future duties. Among the guests attending the dinner were: Walter I. Bench, district supervisor for Bell Aircraft Corp., Sterling Shimmer, supervisor of Wright Aeronautical Corp., L. Newton Wylder, district supervisor for Wright Aeronautical Corp., who is replacing Mr. Shimmer, Eugene Pearce, Boeing Aircraft Co., here on detached service replacing Dave Williford.

Post Engineers

We hear that "Chet" Henry and Ralph White are pretty good at ash can billiards—that right, Whitey?

You all know what a kiddier Paul Huskins is? Will some one tell us if he is kidding about the beans or if it is true? Knowing Huskins as we do—it could be!

Six deer out of six tries! The boys did O. K. down at Cherryfield! Preble, Buster, Bernie, and the two boys all got one.

We see Professor Pendergast is still conducting classes in heating as per usual!

Is Preble the bowling champion, or are the boys shooting the breeze?

We see the old desk is still working. Every one who has had that job has got married sooner or later. We see Miss Jewell is Miss no longer. Was married in New York last week. "Good luck, Dorcas, to you and yours. We also hear that Mullaney is taking bids on the job now. So, hurry, girls, get your bids in!

Ike and Henry are down on the coast again. Wonder how they enjoy the fresh cool sea breezes at this time of year.

"Syke" Barton must have mislaid his cribbage board—we don't hear much about his league lately. Try

Norm Gould in the garage, "Syke"—we hear that he is good.

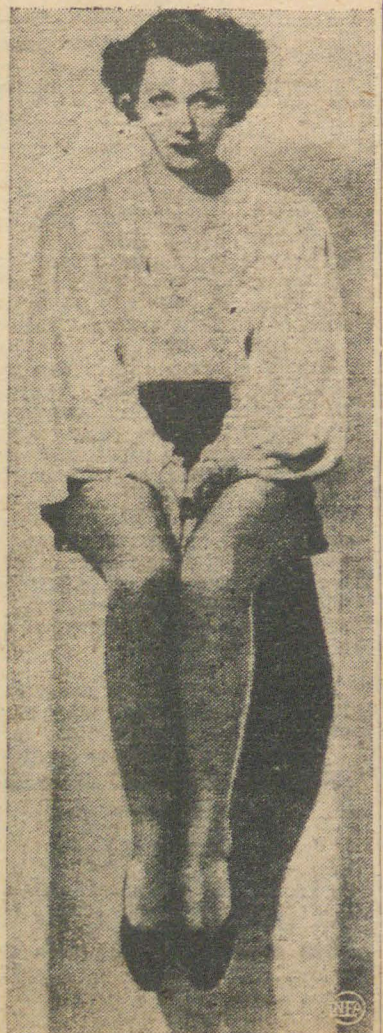
We hear that "Mac" McKinnon is leaving this week. We sure hate to see him go. Mac is one of the originals. He has been here over two years now. Remember the mud, Mac? We have had a lot of laughs with Mac. The ups and downs, bitter and sweet, just don't make any change in "Mac's" good humor. Good luck, Mac, from the whole gang and don't be a stranger. Drop in and say hello to the many, many friends you have made here.

We hear that Barbara and the two Roses are back in school. Who is the teacher's pet kids?

P.S.—See—Mrs. Amundsen—we didn't say a word about it, did we?

The new style fascist salute is to raise not one but both hands, and as far above the head as possible.

North Goes South



Germaine Aussey North, above, French film star, is headed for Florida to divorce her husband, circus man John Ringling North, whom she met in a Paris black-out four years ago.

Sub-Depot Guard

Patrolman George Currier was one of the successful deer hunters this season, bringing home a large buck.

Cpl. Blackman is on his Annual Leave and has plans to do plenty of hunting.

WANTED: Position as cook or cookee—Excellent coffee maker. No hand shaking—Apply Cpl. Stuart.

This Is Your Recreation Hall

Easy chairs, lounges, floor-lamps, to insure correct lighting, when you read the new books, magazines and papers. Tune in the radio to listen to your favorite program, or listen to those recordings you like so well, on the juke-box. "Spruce up Dept," sewing kit, ironing board and iron, and the whisk-broom. Writing tables with plenty of material to write to those you love. Stamps can be obtained in the office. Gift wrapping service. Personal service. Room and Apartment registry service. Which adds up to this: T-15 is a good place to meet your friends, spend an enjoyable evening, playing ping-pong, cards, games, or informal dancing. T-15 is where you go to do the things you like to do.

Bullets Gone, Bluff Works In Routing German Fighter

Captain Walter Beckham pilot of a P-47 Thunderbolt fighter shot down a German plane on each of three successive missions. On the next two missions he went without a victory, but destroyed three enemy planes on his sixth mission.

After destroying the three planes on the sixth mission, Captain Beckham found that his ammunition supply was exhausted, and there was a Messerschmitt 210 still in front of him. When the German turned, as though to engage the Thunderbolt, Captain Beckham bluffed, heading for the Messerschmitt dead on.

"It worked," he related. "Jerry dived out of range of the ammunition I didn't have and left me a clear course home."

Answers To Minute Mysteries

There had been a dry, hot spell at that place for twenty-two days. Irene Greer's hair was matted with mud; therefore, she must have been attacked elsewhere.

SPORTS NEWS

By S-SGT. EDDIE THOMAS

The Dow Field Bombers won their second game of the year on Saturday night when they defeated a strong Presque Isle Air Base team by the score of 31-25.

The physical fitness tests were pretty well completed this past week when the gym staff ran about 200 more men through the test.

The Officers' Bowling league on last Wednesday was postponed so the officers could attend the picture, "This Is the Army", at the Bangor Opera House.

The Enlisted Men's league ran as usual with Headquarters winning four points from the Aviation Squadron to lead the league by three points over the second place Signal team.

The Girls' league ran on Thursday night with Quartermaster winning three points to stay away ahead of the rest of the teams in this league.

On next Friday the Bombers play the Pittsfield Naval Cadets a return game for the one the Bombers won recently by 38-32.

Pittsfield features Cadet Myers, big six-foot four-inch center who— if he had remained in school— would have been captain of this year's Dartmouth college quintet.

Let's all attend this game and support the Post team, as nothing is more discouraging than playing before a small crowd in such a large gym.

General Mess

Did you hear the latest about the Romeo of General Mess? The one and only cook who now is clerk of General Mess and knows all the telephone numbers of the Bangor girls. This soldier sure gets around and now is corporal and bucking for that other stripe. He is none other than Cpl. Cuthbert Averitt.

Yes, Cpl. Daniel Henja is home on his furlough and the kitchen crew all hope he has a swell time. It is now regular Sgt. Floyd Elliott, first cook of shift one.

And did he have fun? Yes, it was Sgt. Doria Cardin who was home on a pass last week. Sgt. Cardin is one who never leaves the camp ground, only when on a pass. We are glad to see him relieved of duty for his trip home once in a while.

We can't prove it, but he and she said so. Jean and Jewell are engaged to be married soon. She has the ring, both of them, she said. Watch your step Cpl. Jewell, the list of Bangor telephone numbers in your pocket may fall in her hands.

Gone again, on furlough this time, and the best of luck pal, Sgt. Trickey of the Guard Squadron and cook in General Mess.

Is he losing weight or is he gaining? Does he act the same or not? Something new and different, a change, I would say, is the reason for his actions. He never goes out anymore. He writes every night. He sits and thinks and I would say dreams of her at night. None other than S/Sgt. Charles Hart, Jr., is holding out on us some valuable information that we hope to be able to write about soon.

Watch that Pvt. Mark Kunis and the way he tries to get the right phone number. Why does he want the number that we all know? If you want to know, call 2-0698 and find out for yourselves. We don't know.

Cpl. Leo Manning pulls corporal of the guard at the spaghetti house last evening.

The Air Base party went over with a bang and did we have fun! Yes, our first sergeant, George Wagner, was on the ball getting this party ready. Lots of pretty girls and plenty to eat. The soda jerkers were S/Sgt. Hart, our mess sergeant, and Sgt. Battling Steve and did they turn out the 32! If you didn't get enough it is your own fault. A few more who helped arrange the party were Sgt. Smith, S/Sgt. Krug and Sgt. Meluskey.

Major Bargamin was present and enjoyed himself with the boys.

The way S/Sgt. Hart and Sgt. Steve drank we were lucky to get a glass, but lucky us, there was plenty of liquid refreshment. S/Sgt. Schaffer was present, and believe it or not, alone. Sgt. Cardin and Cpl. Manning and Sgt. Elliott, with the help of the other cooks, got the sandwiches ready for the party.

If you missed Sgt. Tyre it was because he was on duty, but he did his part that evening, helping fix sandwiches.

Dow Field Diary

S-SGT. PAUL GEDEN

MONDAY

Now that the "This is the Army" parade is out of our hair, we can get back to regular production. The unseen part of the promotion was by far the hardest part. Special booths installed in downtown stores were designed and built right on the field. Sgt. Horgan, Engineer, carpenter, developed an ingenious method of building the booths for easy transportation. Cpl. Ralph Hoelscher sweated over the very effective window display in Freese's. A very professional job. Cpl. Woodall batted out the special parade signs and added a lot of original touches.

Last Saturday as we madly dashed into Freese's to set up the display, a pleasant-looking gentleman seemed quite interested. As the display got into position he seemed satisfied. "I thought it might be too large at first," he said, "but it's just about right; any smaller and it wouldn't get attention."

"Do you work in the advertising department," we asked curiously. "Sort of," he answered. "You see, I'm Jack Freese."

TUESDAY

We had a visitor today from a paper called the "Guidon." It is published in Portland, Me. It circulates among the various branches of the Armed Forces all over Maine. We have seen occasional copies but never enough for general distribution. Our visitor suggested a special Dow Field edition. So, next week we may take the limelight. Anybody with any ideas or articles will get a hearing. Send them to us at the Base Library.

WEDNESDAY

Got a letter from Lt. Pearce Parkhurst, formerly of Dow Field. He's in Special Service in Texas. He asked us to send him some copies of our first sheet—the Multigraph kind. Pearce was the only guy we know who gloried in the title "Private." After a couple of months here, he had special stationery printed and the word "Private" emphasized. Later he started the "Sad Sackers" and gave us a few releases. Soon he had over 500 Sad Sackers enrolled, including Majors, Captains and right down the line. The only benefit we could see was one feeling of fraternity of all being Sad Sackers. Dues were 10 cents for a 50-year membership. You couldn't go broke on that.

"Picked Up From Somewhere" Dept. The Japs are supposed to have a guessing game to while away their time. The idea was a sniff contest. Each Nippon would try to guess what perfume the other was wearing. If we had a guess, we bet we could come close—a skunk by any other name . . .

While we're on the subject, you wouldn't need a crystal ball eight years ago to see the shape of things (Japanese) to come. Five of the largest department stores in Tokyo ran a simultaneous exhibit of models of military weapons. It was entitled "The Japanese-American War."

THURSDAY

We like the informality of Capt. Comiskey's discussions on scouting. First he would point out the old fashioned method of one man following single file. One blast of a machine gun, and, bingo, the column wouldn't add up any more. The Captain gleefully punched holes in a recent picture, "Guadalcanal Diary." "There were the Marines, advancing on a Jap machine gun in single file. Brother, those weren't Marines, they were just actors."

Today we add a new word to our vocabulary. The word: "ecumenical"! Where did we get it? From the Signal Corps column. Rarely do we have to look up a word to find out what the reporter is talking about, but there it is. Special note to Signal Corps readers— it means "universal." There's our good deed for the day.

FRIDAY

Well, we finally got our Khaki Kwiz contestants lined up. Gosh, are the WACs bashful.

For the first time since our debut

Bandanna Girl



Jean Strasser makes far more attractive use of a pair of bandannas than did the cowboys of the old west. Hollywood, where else?

on the air, we were plenty jittery before the broadcast. At rehearsal it was pretty tricky trying to time it. On the actual broadcast it became very easy—almost natural. The good natured kidding helped to make it informal.

The timing went off in good shape, due principally to Jack Eaves' signal to us. Closed fist meant stop as soon as possible—open palms indicated plenty of time.

Promotions

Congratulations to the following enlisted men and WACs who received promotions during the past week:

AIR BASE SQUADRON TO BE SERGEANTS

T/4 Floyd Elliott and T/4 Bernhard N. Walk.

TO BE CORPORAL

T/5 Dillard D. Ellis, T/5 Modestino Falcetano, Jr., T/5 Robert Latham, T/5 Fred Wittich, and T/5 James E. Zwaga.

WACs

TO BE SERGEANT

T/4 Marie J. I. Dusseault.

TO BE CORPORAL

T/5 Marjorie I. Leach and Pfc. Angeline M. Puccio.

TO BE TECHNICIANS 5th GRADE
Pfc. Inez M. Dickerson, Dorris I. Havard, Thelma M. Miller, Katherine D. Ellsworth, Esther L. Downing, Katherine A. Solomon, Sara K. Davis, Katherine M. Nieding, Adeline Kennon and Catherine T. Sullivan.

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
Pvts. Julia A. Bak, Rosemary A. Jensen, Margaret Broderick, Thelma B. Rollins and Ella M. Hill.



SANTA AT YOUR COMMAND!

Six Floors of Gifts at Freese's

Thousands of gifts at Freese's! Something for everyone! Freese's is THE store for Christmas shopping—the shopping center of all Eastern, Central and Northern Maine!

If You're Not Christmas Shopping Now, You're LATE!

EXTRA MONEY FOR ARMY WIVES!

There are jobs awaiting you in Freese's. Salespeople are needed badly—right now. Apply in person, please, to Mr. Kimball.

FREESE'S

Medical Corps

By CPL. "SKIP" GROSS

Oh, Yes—"Blue Monday" and we'll try our best to get all of you out of the proverbial rut with latest choice bits of gossip.

Surprise, surprise—Not to be outdone by his lovesick buddies, Cpl.-T Bob Howard presented Pfc. Mitchell, better known as "Mitch" of the WACs with a stunning engagement ring. Though we tried our darndest your reporter wasn't present at the occasion (strictly a one couple affair), but did notice some tell-tale markings in the immediate vicinity of Bob's lips one past Friday night.

And while we are on the subject, T-5 Bill Clark of Detachment Supply fame, has or will in the near future join hands. All the best, you two.

Last Tuesday was the night and the Mess Hall was the place. Delicious steaks and all the G.I. 3.2 you could guzzle composed the menu.

The K. P. roster read as follows: "China Clipper"—1st Sgt. Shapero, T-Sgt. Mowery and T-Sgt. Sundberg.

"Dining room orderlies": S-Sgts. Cable, Katz, Marcus and Farkas.

Mess Sergeant Thompson officiated as "High Llama of all K.P.s" and the work uniform consisted of bright pink printed aprons and cook's hats. A merry time was had by those present, more so with the help of "Gypsy Rose" Pender who performed his inimitable strip-tease. The party was followed by a showing of "Four Jacks and a Jill" in the Day room.

At this time we question George "Neon Stripes" Carpenter with the following query—"Who is Edith." Seems as though we just can't keep track of George and his women!

Due to weather conditions beyond our control we are forced to make use of the following cliché—"Brr, it's cold, has anyone seen a fireplace floating around?"

Fashion note of the week is captured by those G.I. winter caps. Aren't they just the cutest things in chapeaux?

Seeing as a certain Mess Sgt. had a hand in the killing of a deer along with "Deadeyes" Hardy and Clark, we wonder whether some future menu won't boast "Venison, a la Jerry T."

We would like to pay tribute to the Navy's "Seabees," a darn good outfit, who are doing one wonderful and almost thankless job. Keep it up, you guys—you're doing swell!

Submitted for approval is a poem written by Carl "Greenleaf, Tennyson, Keats, Bryant" Nowak, entitled "Spring."

The Boids was choiping in the trees,

The air was fulla buzzin' bees. The place was lousy wit dafoodils, Dey was growin on the nearby hills.

The little flowers was den in bloom,

They stank up the air with dere poifume.

-CHEE!—it was beautiful!

We wish to express our heartfelt sympathies towards Sgt. Clark Cantlin, who, it seems, always manages to get an emergency call

BOWLING

Team	Won	Lost
Hdq. E. M.	25	7
Signal	22	12
Ordinance	16	10
Hospital	15	12
Aviation	10	23
Q. M.	9	23
High Team Triple, Hdq. E. M.	1408	
High Team Single, Signal	491	
High Individual Single, Spada	122	
Second High Single, Leiber	120	
High Individual Triple, Spada	322	
Second High Triple, Thomas	313	

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGE

Spada	100.12	Harris	85.
Thomas	97.1	Hanes	85.
Palasek	94.4	Mack	84.7
Roe	93.3	Christian	84.6
Profeta	92.	Sunberg	83.6
Collins	92.	Thompson	83.1
Harrington	90.4	Trickey	83.
Leiber	90.2	Richards	82.9
Cotlier	89.8	Marcus	82.6
Winn	89.2	Antilla	81.3
Lubich	88.3	Bushey	81.1
Skypek	88.2	Hodgkins	80.6
Wennerberg	88.	Goode	80.3
Snyder	87.6	H. Johnson	80.
Devenny	87.	Bruen	80.
Johns	87.	Halsey	79.7
Fields	86.3	Jackson	79.4
Shortledge	86.1	Gantt	78.1
Lanzi	86.	Malonch	76.
Vakodimovich	86.	Quinto	74.3
Ripley	85.14	Anderson	72.
Lima	85.1		

Team	Won	Lost
Q. M.	30	2
Hdq. Girls	21	11
WAC C	18	14
WAC D	18	14
WAC B	15	17
WAC A	14	18

High Team Triple, Q. M.	1293
High Team Single, Q. M.	455
High Individual Single, Billington	120
High Individual Triple, Billington	313
Billington	96.1
Tiemann	87.6
Cotlier	86.2
Lammers	84.6
Cornwell	84.1
Neary	83.2
Rines	81.12
Anderson	80.11
Gaudette M	80.1
Brennan	78.2
Bak	77.4
Hardy	77.2
Naufel	76.2
Johnson	76.1
Kutcha	75.5
Kennon	75.3
Novinski	74.9
Maxwell	73.10
Ireland	73.6
Thompson	72.7
Crory	72.
Dority	72.
Bates	71.2
Gaudette L.	70.3
Leach	69.2
Williams	68.2
Hopper	68.2
Dennison	66.2
Fleming	65.3
Compitello	64.7
Chandler	63.7
Dowling	62.7
Polsanski	61.3
Meilman	59.1
Kaufer	56.2

in the midst of one of "Marie's" scrumptious hamburgers. Ah, don't take it so hard, chief!

Notice where Pfc. Bob Pohlman (camoufleur) made use of his training by garnishing the empty bed spring above his with wet stockings. Would that be using field expedients, Bob?

In closing we want to say, "Thanks ever so much, Sonny, you're aces!"

Time, tides and deadlines wait for no man, so it's "au revoir" now. See you next week.

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

BIJOU Theatre

Today and Tuesday A LADY TAKES A CHANCE

Jean Arthur, John Wayne

OPERA HOUSE

ENDS WEDNESDAY THIS IS THE ARMY

THURS.-FRI.-SAT.

Princess O'Rourke

Olivia de Havilland

Robert Cummings

PARK THEATRE

Today and Tuesday IN OLD CHICAGO

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye

—Also—

BANJO ON MY KNEE

Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanwyck

Wed.-Thurs.

PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright

—Also—

SUBMARINE RAIDER

John Howard

Marguerite Chapman

Fri.-Sat.

JITTERBUGS

Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy

—Also—

ADVENTURE IN IRAQ

John Loder, Ruth Ford

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Fluid for Your Lighter DROP IN, SOLDIER

Fill Your Lighter and Look Us
Over

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