

For Late
Changes
See Your
Daily
Bulletin

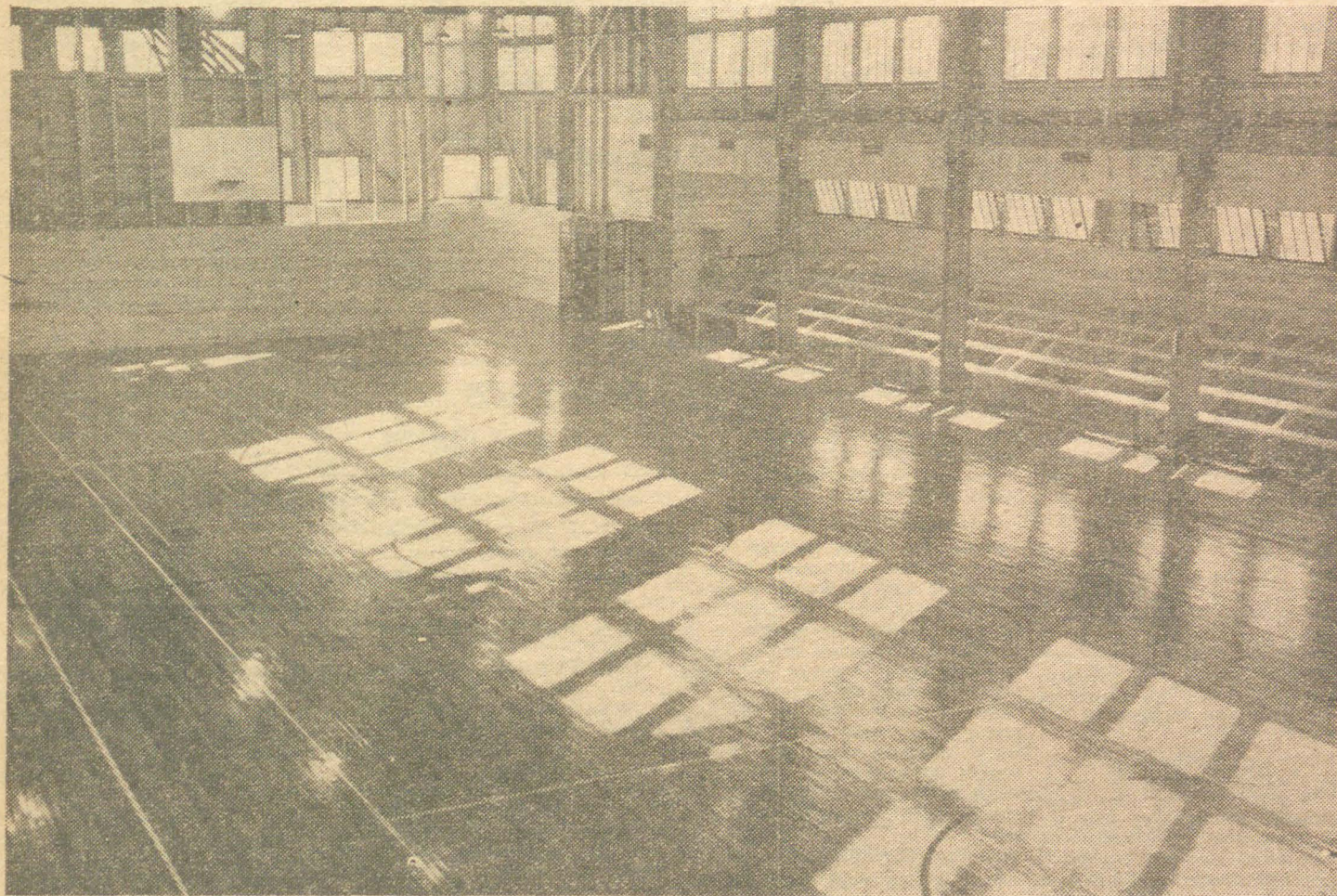
THE OBSERVER

IN CASE
OF
FIRE
CALL BASE
OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, SEPT. 27, 1943

Vol. No. 70



INTERIOR VIEW OF DOW FIELD GYMNASIUM—Highly polished floor of the basketball court reflects the light from the many windows in the spacious new structure which is nearly ready for the use of the soldiers at Bangor's Army Air Base. Bleachers, which will accommodate approximately 500, can be seen at right and line both sides of the hall. At left rear is wall of the handball court and at the rear center, the room to be used for wrestling, boxing and jiu jitsu training. (Staff Photo).



Brig. Gen. Frank O. D. Hunter

New Commander For The First Air Force

Veteran fighter pilot, Brigadier General Frank O'D. Hunter is the new commander of the First Fighter Command succeeding Major General Royce.

An "ace" from World War I, General Hunter's battle flying experience has been drawn upon heavily in this war both at home and abroad. He has been a fighter pilot all of his Army life, and was the first U. S. air commander to put the hard-hitting P-47 Thunderbolt into action against the enemy. He was, up until his appointment as commander of the First Air Force, for more than a year the command-

New Commander
Please Turn to Page 2

Promotions

WAC HEADQUARTER CO.
To Be First Sergeant:
Sgt. Ann Godin.

To Be Staff Sergeant:
Sgt. Altha M. Boone.
Sgt. Susan Friedrich.
T-4 Elizabeth Neary.

AVIATION SQUADRON

To Be First Sergeant:
T/Sgt. Henry W. Trott.
To Be Technical Sergeant:
S/Sgt. William H. Toles.
To Be Staff Sergeant:
Sgt. Joseph R. Brooks.
Sgt. Alex H. Kaywood.
To Be Sergeant:
Cpl. Nelson G. Adams.
Cpl. James A. Bailey.
Cpl. Wesley B. Johnson.
Cpl. Clarence Riley.

To Be Corporal:
Pfc. Joseph Barnes.
Pfc. Ancel Y. Boyd.
Pfc. George Evans.
Pfc. Alvan Haddock.
Pfc. Reginald Pinn.
Pfc. Chester Sutton.

To Be Private First Class:
Pvt. Leroy R. Brown.
Pvt. Lewis E. Brown.
Pvt. Ralph Bruen.
Pvt. Velmer W. Boyd.
Pvt. Arthur Garth.
Pvt. Booker T. Halsey.
Pvt. Tohe Huntley.
Pvt. James Massey.
Pvt. Verdelle Payne.
Pvt. James A. Tompkins.
Pvt. George McMullen.

AIR BASE HEADQUARTERS
To Be Technical Sergeant:
S/Sgt. Robert M. Pepper.
S/Sgt. Acasio S. Duran.
To Be Staff Sergeant:
Sgt. Raymond E. Oakes.
To Be Sergeant:
Cpl. Herbert L. Combes.
To Be Corporal:
Pfc. James A. Williams.
Pfc. Dominick R. Quinto.
Pfc. Lawrence V. McElrath.
To Be Private First Class:
Pvt. Joseph Nyme.

Ceremonies Mark Dedication Of Gym

The ceremonies dedicating the new gym will take place on Tuesday evening, Sept. 28, with Lt. Colonel Thorne Deuel officiating. The Post band under the direction of First Sergeant Erwin will furnish a program of music, and a program of sports will be presented under the direction of the physical training officer, Lt. Herbert Carter.

Lt. Carter will give an exhibition of the art of Judo and the Post basketball team is to be split into two teams to play a short exhibition game.

The program planned is as follows:

8:00-8:15—Dedication ceremonies.
8:15-8:25—Wrestling match.
8:25-8:30—Band music.
8:30-9:00—Judo exhibition.
9:00-9:30—Basketball game.

The dream of the sports-minded here at Dow Field has at last been realized with the building and equipment of the new gym. Facilities are now available to conduct a complete sports program through the winter months and a better physical training schedule may be managed.

Facilities in the new gym provides for four volley ball courts, a court for handball, a separate room for boxing and training and floor space adequate for two basketball games to be in progress at the same time.

The gym is well lighted by windows three tiers high set well above

New Gym

Please Turn to Page 2

T15 DANCING CLASSES

On Friday, Oct. 1, T15 will have dancing instruction for all those that are interested. The classes will start at 7:15. The dancing instructor will be Mrs. Pauline Thomas.

Dow Field Broadcast

A goodly audience turned out Thursday night to witness the Broadcast. The stage had been given a brightening lift with the addition of some colorful decorations against the backdrop, and thanks to the Photo Lab we were able to obtain two flood lamps with which to brighten up the stage so the performers could readily be seen.

Trumpets flared out in fanfare at nine o'clock and another Dow Field program took the air, with the Troubadours swinging into, "Let's Be Buddies." A bit of Hawaiian atmosphere was injected later on as Pvt. George Hier gave us "The Song of the Island." Cpl. Jack Eaves did things with "Cow Cow Boogie" that we liked. Jack snapped it right along.

Pvt. Jesse Fisher of the Guard Squadron appeared as the personality on the show. Jesse's reputation as a fellow who can't stay out of trouble provoked some laughs from the audience. We always welcome Louise Buckingham's appearance on the program. "It's Always You" was beautifully sung by her on Thursday.

Sgt. Bob Scott's reappearance on the show as Jr. Hepburn made a great hit, with Sgt. Edwards doing a dialect role with him.

Another dash of Gilbert and Sullivan with Sgt. Edwards singing "Tit Willow" was very well received.

"Paper Doll," the new hit tune was vocalized by Cpl. Eaves to a grand accompaniment by the Troubadours, and the program closed to the rousing "Man to Man" number, a foxtrot with a military air.

ATTENTION BOYS!

Hallowe'en is in the air. Various squadrons are planning their party now. Call Mrs. Shaw, your Base Hostess, ext. 391 and start planning your fun for a spooky night.

Dow Field Diary

SGT. GEORGE R. EDWARDS

MONDAY

S/Sgt. Geden off to play soldier and go bivouacing, so once again I'm your humble scribe. It is a rare day and I'm full of pep and plans for the Observer and new ideas for the Broadcast. If everything clicks, I hope to make a bang-up affair on Thursday night.

Pvt. Lucia hard at work in the Library scraping the floor. Soon this place will really be something, what with the new paint job and trimmings.

TUESDAY

Up betimes and fortified with two cups of coffee, set with a will to attack the mountain of work on my desk. Called Major Frazin of the

Diary

Please Turn to Page 2

Dependency Benefit Payments Speeded

The Secretary of War and Secretary of Navy have issued a joint regulation speeding up dependency benefits to members of the armed forces, the War Department informs our Army.

Hitherto the dependents of soldiers, sailors and marines who received dependency benefits under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942 were forced to wait for over a month before payments were made. Under the new joint regulation issued today, the allowances generally begin to accrue the first day of the month in which the soldier is inducted, if he files his application before the end of the month. In such a case the first check will usually be dispatched to the dependents the last day of the same month or shortly thereafter. This explains the most important effect of the new regulations, so far as benefits to dependents are concerned, and generally speaking, should place allowance checks into the hands of these dependents about a month earlier than heretofore.

Green Eyes And Super Meals On 3 Day Bivouac

Just mention green eyes in the dark, and any one on the bivouac crew will chuckle or even burst out laughing. It all started when S-Sgt. Charlie Stubbs got some big game hunting ideas. He peeked outside our tent into the pitch dark and yelled "There's an animal out there—so help me. I saw two green eyes." That started the fun. Charlie let loose a war whoop and the next thing we knew, the camps all around was echoing the calls. "Is it a bobcat, a bear, a fox, or maybe even a skunk" was the \$64 question. Mountaineer Kirby Halligan rushed to the scene ready for action. He would have frightened the life out of anything on four legs. Lanky Halligan in shorts, crouched, in one hand a flashlight, the other clutching a bayonet, his idea apparently was to lunge at the mysterious intruder. Away over to the right we could hear Califassto (a guy with a voice like Henry Aldrich) triumphantly whooping "here's the critter, we've got him cornered." Immediately the surrounding area was filled with Tarzan calls. Everybody crawling through the brush asked "what was it, where is it, and where did it go?" The instigator of the whole hoax, Charlie Stubbs, stood firmly on his stand "It had green eyes." This he stoutly insisted to the very end.

ONE TENT LOST

Wednesday night showed us just where we were on this forest stuff and there we were—out on a limb. It all began with our industrious efforts at camouflaging our tent, after hours of hauling, lugging and dragging trees to the tent area. Painstakingly we transplanted the birch and pine to resemble a miniature forest, we finally managed to get it pretty well concealed. Then our troubles began. It was hard

Bivouac

Please Turn to Page 2



CO-2
COPY: 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Bivouac

Continued from the First Page

enough in daylight to find it. But when night came it seemed to disappear entirely.

About nine o'clock, Charlie and your reporter came away from the fire. "Do you know where the tent is?" we asked. "Sure thing, there's nothing to it, he assured us. We went up the road to the turnoff point and stepped into the woods.

Rain sprinkled the trees, dripping on us—and we went forward. The woods were absolutely pitch dark—not a glimmer—where was the tent? The only bearing we had was that it was between the tent of Martinizzi and Bunnell combination—and the Halligan-Cyril tent. But try and find it. Ole helpful Halligan again came to the rescue with his direction. "Go fifty yards to the south," he instructed. We couldn't even see our hands in front of our face, let alone find SOUTH.

Again we yelled to get an idea of our position. Psychic Halligan sang out with "over to your left a little more" he carefully computed "about fifty yards south. S-Sgt. Dick Topping turned on his flashlight. Just as we would head for it, he would turn it off. What a help that was. We could swear we must have walked over it a dozen times. Just as we were about to give it up as a bad job, we caught a glimmer of light and there was our tent—all under control.

SUPER MEALS

Outdoors, food always tastes good—but when they are the McAvey super special meals, brother that's eatin'.

With only limited equipment McAvey and five men of meals really dished it out. Ham, sweet potatoes, hamburger, salmon, peas, fruit, and any number of tasty combinations. "The cook tent is the most important working place on the bivouac" Captain Comiskey pointed out—and then warmly acclaimed their work. So a deep bow to the cooks—Sgt. Don McAvey, Cpl. Thomas Corless, T-5 James Sarton, Pvt. Charlie Wells, Elphege Gosselin and Louis Risavi.

Without doubt the hardest working member of the crew Corporal John Nichols. If someone didn't stop him he would have chopped up the whole forest. The ease with which he split the kindling was something to be marveled at.

GUARD DUTY

A neat reversal of rank was made on guard duty. Staff Sergeants pulled guard on two hour shifts, while Pvt. were the Sergeants of the Guard. Pvt. Ford and Bragg handled the three-striper job with smooth order.

GAS ATTACK

Thursday when old man sunshine gave us a smile, we took a brief maneuver out into a swamp. From the main road we advanced in three columns. Through soft spongy, marshy ground. Everybody was on the alert—we knew a gas attack was imminent. Into the woods we went and came out on the other side. It was then we realized that we had by-passed the

gas area. We had cleverly out flanked the attack without knowing it. Captain Comiskey waved us back in again—so we went back to take our medicine.

In passing we would like to note the care our Arkansas traveler Halligan took with his bed. At least a foot of pine boughs he built himself on air cooled pine-scented triple decker bunk. Everybody within reach had to try it out.

Our trip up was comparatively uneventful—one stop was made for a brief rest. The second stop was a disappear into the woods "as fast as possible act." Maine weather came through with its usual variety thoughtfully providing rains so that we could test our drainage systems.

To the tune of Green Eyes faded up our tents and slipped gratefully back to our mattress beds.

Our final nod goes to S-Sgt. Dan Shaw for his work as Acting First Sergeant. Teamed with him was S-Sgt. Wilfred (Red) Roy holding down the unpleasant job of Duty Sergeant. Red is the first guy we've seen to make detail jobs a pleasure. Quietly and capably he picked his men for the work and not a squawk was heard. In fact as near as we could make out everybody seemed to be actually enjoying it.

New Gym

Continued from the First Page

the floor and out of range of being struck by a ball during games. Around two sides of the floor are arranged benches to seat five hundred spectators.

Shower rooms and space for dressing has been provided for both WACs and men, with the latest equipment. There is also a good sized room for the storage of athletic equipment and a large, well lighted office where the physical training officer and his assistants may conduct the business of the athletic program.

The men and women at this field are intensely interested in sports and it is believed that the next few months will be busy ones for the physical training officer and his assistants. Several basketball teams will be formed and the men who are interested in boxing will be formed and the men who are interested in boxing will be given every opportunity to train in this sport.

The addition of this new building eliminates the bottleneck that in the past occurred when the recreational program and the physical program would overlap, as they were forced to use the one building for both.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

Station Hospital and that gentleman very fine about an interview.

Comes the P. M. and I off to town to look for a radio for the N. C. O. Club and find the town pretty well stripped of them.

Doc Collins, night boss of the Bangor Daily News, in when I called and too comfortable to move.

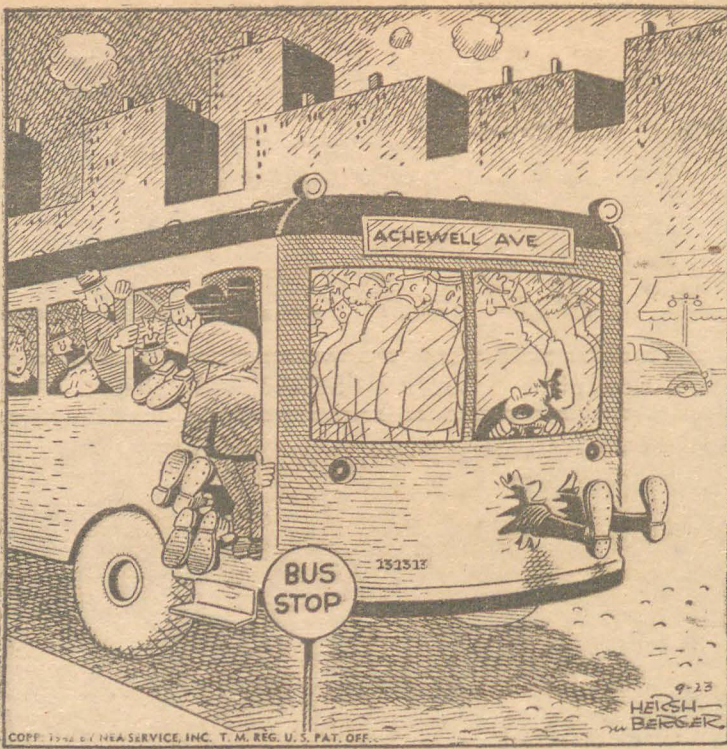
WEDNESDAY

Cold this a. m. Got out of the barracks early. Place chuck full of Engineer and Pfc. Stone's stuff piled up shutting out the sun. He being off to Camouflage School. Saw the boys all accounted for the bivouac. Look like commandos all.

It's now three o'clock and raining. It looks as if all we have to say is "bivouac" and it rains.

THURSDAY

Still raining. Up at Red Eldridge's insistence at seven-thirty a. m. and off to plug on the radio program. Much ado about this and I hope all our able critics are won over a little by this week's effort. Paul Geden still out camping. I hope he doesn't get soaked. Oh, my sainted aunt! More darn things can go wrong in one day. First the microphone is away being fixed and we beat our brains out borrowing one—then it comes home to us. Oh, joy! No more mike trouble. But we crowded too soon. The control box needed an operation. Well, the Signal Corps boys were on the ball and remedied it—then came



"But I tell you I'm the driver!"

Cpl. Kokinda to relate how there was no cord for our mike. Screams and curses! Well, the U. S. O. came to our rescue and it looks as if we could get under way. The moral of this story, never, never be a radio program director.

FRIDAY

Some nice things coming to my ear about the radio show. Can it be! Real busy paying off the guys and gals who work in the Theatre. Saw the Basics return this a. m. from bivouac, looking mighty worn, and I'm afraid very dirty. Much rain was reported.

Had a good affair in T-6 last night. More men turned out and we were glad to see quite a few WAC's in attendance. The new stage decorations were noted and approved. It's a bright spot anyhow.

SATURDAY

End of the week and I'm not sorry. The next time they have a bivouac I'm going and have some fun, too. The boys all dressed for the parade today, and next week they will be sporting diplomas that make them real experienced soldiers. Nice to see the crowd again. The Base had a deserted look with them gone.

Did anyone else have trouble with the way the lockers are set up in the barracks? Boy, did I take a spill! Think I'll go get a room in town, or see the Chaplain, or something.

New Commander

Continued from the First Page

ing general of the Eighth Fighter Command; first unit to be equipped with the Thunderbolts for combat, and directed the first sweeps of the Thunderbolts over Europe when they were put to the test in fighter combat and as an escort for bombers.

While heading the Eighth Fighter Command, General Hunter had the additional task of organizing, training and moving to Africa the aircraft units that helped give to the Allies aerial superiority in the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns. It was a job that began more than a year ago when he led the first formation of U. S. bombers and fighters making England on their own wings over the northern route.

In January of this year he followed the last of the pursuit groups into the Mediterranean zone on a short trip to see how they were doing. For this mission he was recently awarded the Legion of Merit to add to a long list of decorations already his.

Through a quarter of a century of flying, General Hunter has concentrated on pursuit piloting. His audacious flying won him a half dozen citations and gave him an official score of eight enemy aircraft.

In May, 1940, he was assigned to the Office of Military Attache in Paris as assistant attache. He remained there until the Embassy was moved out of Paris to Tours, when the Germans advanced into France.

He was wounded in June, 1918, on his first operational mission out of the Dunkirk airfield.

This year General Hunter was awarded the Silver Star for a bombing mission over Europe. During the years of his service he flew about every type of fighter plane that was tested by the army and was moved up through a succession of increasingly important assignments. He was appointed to the rank of

ORDNANCE

CPL. BERT GAWLEY

Congratulations to the following men of T 215, who have received ratings that are as follows:

To be Tech/Sgt., S/Sgt. R. Shortlidge.

To be S/Sgt., Sgt. William F. Linane.

To be T/3 Grade, Sgt. Allen Johnson.

To be T/4th Grade, Cpl. S. MacKenzie and Cpl. J. Devenny.

To be Cpl., Pvt. D. Quinto and Pfc. L. McElrath.

To be T/5th Grade, Pfc. J. George, Pfc. F. Diehl, and Pfc. H. Getzlaeff. S/Sgt. Kenny Wainright is busy spending a furlough at his home town in Vermont. Here's wishing you a pleasant visit Kenny.

T/Sgt. Shortlidge is back from a recent visit to his home states. "It's nuthin in our town to blow in at least 50c on a Sattidy night."

Pvt. Tumminelli returned from a pass with a 3 lb. box of butter cookies. The same were handled by Ordnance with their usual alacrity in demolition.

T/3 Johnson on being informed of his promotion broke all records, "for him", in having his name scratched off the charge of Quarters list.

T/5 Getzlaeff had his newly won stripes on his blouse in such time that we believe also creates a new record.

They tell me a good reporter always lists everything, so here goes. Old Man Gawley created a furore by going to the movies twice last week. Sgt. Colson claims the only reason Bert doesn't go consistently is because he's too darned lazy to dress up.

Four of the boys ran into a pack of thieves, or wolves, Saturday last, and lost their watches. However, they were extremely fortunate several days later to find a full set of mops and pails to compensate for their former losses.

A few more of the Ordnance men who are in basic training qualified with the rifle during the past week.

Football casualties of this week number, T/5 F. Diehl and T/5 J. George, victims of leg and ankle accidents.

Pfc. McBreathy is home on a well deserved furlough. Mac is the boy who keeps us warm all winter long. A pleasant visit to you Mac old boy.

A certain private in T 215 after

brigadier general (temporary) April 20, 1942.

General Frank O'Driscoll Hunter was born in Savannah, Ga., Dec. 8, 1894. In 1917 he started his flying career by enlisting in the Aviation Section, Signal Reserve, as a sergeant. On Sept. 12, 1917, he was commissioned a first lieutenant and was soon flying over the front lines in France.

222,249
Books

Soldiers May Borrow Free
From The

Bangor Public
Library

145 Harlow St.

9 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Daily Except Sundays



SOUVENIR—T/Sgt. W. G. Holland of Oakland, Calif., one of the U. S. air raiders who shuttled between England and Africa, brought back this Arabian knife as a keepsake.

having his ears bent over said to another, "Hey Windy, there's only one thing about you that's refreshing, and that's your talking, it's a good thing however that you aren't as good as you think you are for then you'd be unbearable."

During the last phase of the Tunisian campaign, 35 American Warhawks fired 25,000 rounds from their Army Ordnance caliber .50 machine guns. Seventy-two Nazi transport planes were destroyed without a single machine gun stoppage.

Army Ordnance troops in India must load the bomb racks of B-25 Mitchell medium bombers in the morning. During the day it gets as hot as 160 degrees. In the evening, the planes are too hot to handle. In combat, the Japs think so too.

CLOTHES

FOR

ENLISTED MEN

AT

PAUL'S

Service CAPS

Serge \$3.98

Felt \$5.00

DeLuxe \$6.75

Overseas CAPS

Any Braid

Reg. or Peak Shape

Serge \$1.98

Elastique \$2.45

SLACKS

O.D. Serge \$9.98

O.D. Elastique \$12.50

PLENTY OF

Web & Garrison Belts

HOSIERY

SHIRTS

CHEVRONS

All Ranks

JOHN PAUL CO.

55 PICKERING SQUARE

BANGOR, MAINE

What's Play-
ing at the

OLYMPIA This
Week

MON.-TUES.

GENE AUTRY in RIDE, TENDERFOOT, RIDE

WED.-THURS.

JOHN BEAL in ONE THRILLING NIGHT

FRI.-SAT.

DON RED BARRY in DAYS OF OLD CHEYENNE

SUNDAY ONLY

BILL HENRY in FALSE FACE

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Signal Corps

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

We go out of our way this week to present something entirely new and different to amuse all you readers. We haven't anything special to offer in the line of our regular official news. Cold rainy weather has kept most of the boys locked up in the warm barracks playing the pin ball machine and pressing their pants by my bunk in preparation for some big night in town. Yes, conditions have been very quiet all over and it's alarming to admit that they all have been behaving like sweet little angels. Well, it's consoling now to know that at least one guy reads my column. The following heart-breaking missive was mailed to this desk. I feel like Mr. Anthony instead of Pvt. Profeta in receiving such a stirring message. Here it goes, folks.

Dear love-lorn editor:

I am a young man 25 years old, with lovely dark eyes and such gorgeous curly hair. Everyone thinks I am handsome and all the girls are simply crazy about me. I don't like to go to dances anymore because I have to dance with all the girls in order. I don't get a minute of peace. They are always rushing me. Of course I am not really wonderful and all that, but what am I to do? It's getting to be an awful problem when all the prettiest and richest girls in town keep chasing me. Please tell me what I should do to get rid of them.

Puzzled Soldier.

REPLY:

Dear Puzzled Soldier:

I have read your letter with the greatest of interest and have come to this conclusion. Send the girls to me.

The Editor.

Pfc. Thomas Rogers claims he saw the other night a blind man walk slowly into a saloon downtown. He threw a thin dime on the bar and politely asked the bartender for an "eye-opener."

We still remember Pvt. Richard Ryan's first and last fight in the boxing tournament held here sometime ago. It went something like this.

Ryan: (talking to his second) "How am I doing, Red? Have I done any damage yet?"

Second: "No, but keep on swinging. The draft might give him a cold."

Here goes another one. It's all about our favorite, amusing buddy, Rousell.

Cala: (shouting from his bunk) "Rousell, do you play blocks?"

"Rousell: 'Not since I grew up.'"

Cala: "Then stop scratching your head."

Romance seems to fill the early fall air. Numerous reports and rumors are rampant concerning some of the boys who are hanging their hearts out on a limb expecting the impossible to happen. Let's listen in to some of the following conversation:

—1—

C. Rogers: "Honey, do you pet?" Sweetie Pie: "Sure, but only dumb animals."

C. Rogers: "Start in then, I'll be the goat."

—2—

Lieber: "And so I told her we would be married in the winter." O'Donnell: "December?"

Lieber: "Of course not. I really love her."

—3—

Hodgkins: "I'd like to take you out tonight, but my hands are tied."

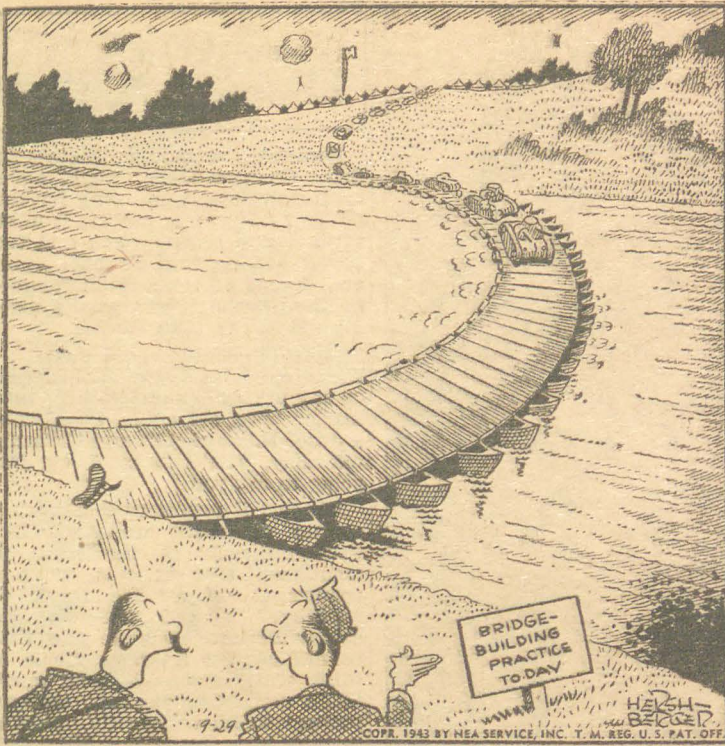
Blonde: "That's the only way you could ever take me out." (Off the Record)

Bryant: "I heard the fool drinks something awful."

Giguere: "Yeh, I tasted it."

I was certainly surprised last Tuesday night to unexpectedly hear my latest poem, "Perplexed Rookie", read over the radio in Bangor. The ode had its publication under this column recently.

Last week we brought you names



"But, sir, orders were for a 200-yard pontoon bridge and the river was only 150 yards wide!"

of popular candy bars to distinguish certain members of our happy society. Now we unveil song titles that suggest some of the funny side of their characters.

C. Rogers—Flat-Foot Floogie.
Cala—Dark Eyes
Browne—I Dream Too Much
Owens—Skeleton in the Closet
Cohen—When My Hair Has Turned to Silver

Sealy—Do I Worry
Russell—This Little Piggie Went to Market
Horodysky—Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Giguere—I Got You Under My Skin

Johnson—Lost In A Dream
Madwell—The One O'Clock Jump
Rosini—My Buddy
Hodgkins—I Never Had A Chance
Raling—He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings

Bryant—Small Fry
Ryan—Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Lieber—I Woke Up Too Soon
Rogers—Curly Top
Profeta—East Side, West Side, All Over Town

Harrington—For He's a Jolly Good Fellow
O'Donnell—All Or Nothing At All
Ciminera—A Kiss In The Dark
Wennerberg—Take a Number From One to Ten
Renne—The Butcher Boy

Yours Truly caught this end of a telephone conversation late one night while opening the Orderly Room door to check in at the barracks. "... And all it did was a wee wee and a woo woo, but the darn thing wouldn't start."

Well, readers, if you are still curious for more information regarding other people's affairs, you won't find anymore in this column. Right now, I'm just writing these few words only to fill in this remaining space. Besides the type-writing ribbon is about finished and we don't want to be caught in the middle of another paragraph. All damages and libels resulting from this publication must be submitted to this desk no later than Christmas. Avoid the Christmas rush and get your suit pressed in time. This is your roving reporter saying, Good-night Kiddies! Remember, it's better to buy more War Bonds for our country, than to be under the "bonds" of another country.

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

I hope by the time you read this column, that the library will be back to normal again. It sure has been rather in an upset condition this past week and many a man has just come as far as the door, peeked in and scurried away, when actually you could have come in and uncovered some of the dust and taken a book out. Now that the good old "Maine Winter" is not too far off, we want the library made as comfy and attractive as possible so that on cold winter days and nights you will find the library a haven for peace and quiet to read or write all those letters. There is always plenty of stationery and en-

General Mess

SGT. D. F. McAVEY

Dear Giggles:

I suppose that after an absence of two weeks I should have an over-abundant supply of news and gossip, but I guess that I have been asleep, more or less—mostly more. On this, the eve of bivouac, I really should be asleep, but you know me on-the-job Mack and the press must go on.

The other day when I was walking through the mess hall with my sister-in-law several of the boys whistled and rather startled the good lady. All I can say is that she doesn't know the Army very well!

General Mess is very fortunate in that it has a cleaning establishment call every day and pick up the laundry, but it has one disconcerting feature and that is the variety of drivers. Last week we were all seated in the office and discussing the things that gentlemen usually discuss when in a group and this particular driver walked in. Nobody paid much attention and went right on talking—talk that was colored with that picturesque language peculiar to the Army. After a little while Ray Weeks sensed that all was not as it should be and he began to notice that this driver had a rather high pitched voice. He still wasn't sure and did not say anything as he did not want to embarrass the poor guy. But just before the driver left his curiosity overcame his good manners and he asked, "Are you a man or a woman?" The literally stunning reply was, "A woman." Needless to say, the office became suddenly very warm and there were several flushed faces.

I wonder how it came about that I forgot to sign the payroll this month; I can't possibly be in love! Heaven forbid!

Recently, talking to "Pop," the night K. P., I received this expressive statement: Quote, anyone who volunteers for a month's K. P. is nutz. Unquote. Speaking of K. P's, the batch that we have this month is a splendid representation of the League of Nations. I often wonder what is being said about me as my linguistic ability is very limited, but then what I don't know doesn't harm me.

Nuff said for now.

Love and hisses,
"Mom"

Headquarters

(By SGT. GEORGE EDWARDS)

S-Sgt. Charlie Stubbs started a near riot when he jokingly scared "Henry Aldrich" into believing a midnight prowler of the bobcat variety would tear him to bits.

S-Sgt. Arvin Wood is enjoying a furlough "Down Mexico Way"—we all envy you, Woodie.

We know taht Dow Field doesn't compare with Flatbush, Cpl. Manner, but we're glad that you are back, Sunny.

Did you finally learn the right way to shoot a rifle, Sgt. Berkson, or has your nose taken more punishment?

It seems rather strange not to

Minute Mysteries

FIGGERITOUT

Two Arabs were riding through the Sahara Desert when they simultaneously spied a pin-point of fire in the desert sands. They dismounted together and both bent to pick up a large and valuable diamond. Each claimed that it was his and neither would agree to dividing the money derived from the sale. They were good Mohammedans and in fact friends, however, and tried to reach a friendly decision. They finally agreed on this test to determine ownership of the gem. Each had only three hours supply of water and the nearest oasis was two hours ride away. Since water is the most valuable possession in the desert, they agreed that whichever one showed most control by having his camel arrive at the oasis last would gain the jewel. Conversely, the one whose camel arrived at the oasis first would lose the diamond.

They sat out in the sizzling desert for about an hour, when a Derwish, a Mohammedan holy-man approached and asked them why they were subjecting themselves to the sun's noonday rays. They told him the entire story and after a moments consideration he whispered something in the ear of each, that made him run at top speed for the camels, and drive lickety-split for the oasis.

What did he tell them?

Answer on Page 7

see Sgt. Freddie Neumann searching for choice bits of news for the Observer.

A certain Sergeant in Distribution is wondering whether the Wacs ever feed Mary Fogg or does she always go for afternoon snacks in a big way.

Lost in The Night: S-Sgt. Paul Geden woke up everybody at the range the first night trying to find his dry G. I. shelter.

We wonder if Bunnell ever caught that cold he expected after bunking with S-Sgt. Martinuzzi who sure loves his "share" of the blankets.

They say the duties of a Duty Sergeant is a tough job, but S-Sgt. Red Roy seemed to have handled the job with ease.

We welcome Pvt. Esther Aquilio to our midst. We hope that the change from Georgia to Maine was not too much.

At first we thought there was a new girl in the File Room but soon discovered that it was the new hair-do of Cpl. Compitellos. It looks mighty fine, Jane.

Miss the cheerful click of S-Sgt. Sally Near's typewriter in the Adjutant's office. She'll be back from furlough soon.

"Where Old Friends Meet"

THE

Bangor
House

Dining Room

Cocktail Lounge

Horace W. Chapman, Prop.

174 Main St.

Bangor

Meet
Flight Officer
GAY GAHAGAN... of the Civil Air
Patrol, a veteran of
six years' flying—a
Camel smoker for
five years.IT'S CAMELS
FOR ME — THEY
HAVE A RICH, FULL
FLAVOR AND AN
EXTRA MILDNESS
THAT'S SO EASY
ON MY THROAT

Camel



THE "T-ZONE"

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

"The Soldier's Best Bet"

PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET

STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

THE OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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

News matter pertaining to Dow Field furnished by the Special Service Office is available for general release.

Released at the Special Service Office, Dow Field, Bangor Maine—Telephone 6401, extension 388. Military personnel desiring to make contributions should submit them to this office.

Address all communications regarding advertising to the Advertising Manager, BANGOR DAILY NEWS.

Distributed free to all military personnel.

Five cents per copy to others.

Opinions expressed in this newspaper are those of the individual writers and under no circumstances are they to be considered those of the United States Army. Advertisements in this publication do not constitute an endorsement by the War Department or its personnel of the products advertised.

Editorial:

WE'RE OPTIMISTIC, BUT

We're optimistic, but—

How're we doing? When will we finally crush the Nazis and overwhelm the Japs? Is this set-to really the War? The war to end all wars? Questions of this type are running through the minds of every citizen of the United States, whether he or she is in the armed services or in civilian life. They are the questions around which revolves the individual future of each of us, and the collective future of our country.

We only have to project ourselves one year in the past to realize how far we've gone on the road to Victory. In Russia the German juggernaut had rolled through Sevastopol; had conquered Rostov and Novorossisk, and had captured the Markop oil fields and was threatening the rich Grozny oil fields across the Mediterranean. The Afrika Corps under General Rommel had seized the initiative and advanced into Egypt to threaten Alexandria and Suez. Italy, Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Finland were riding merrily along on the Axis band-wagon. Everything was going according to German plan.

In the Pacific Japan seemed invincible. The Nips had seized a vast, rich Empire and were consolidating their gains. The Aleutians gateway to Alaska were in enemy hands. Except for sporadic Naval victories we couldn't seem to do much about the situation. Admiral Yamamoto boasted he'd dictate peace terms in the White House. (Funny but he never got around to it. He's dead now.) Things looked very dark indeed.

Today, a year later, let's look at the score. We've booted the Nazis out of Africa. We've detached Italy from the Axis and are occupying a large section of that unhappy land. Our air fleets have practically driven the Luftwaffe from the skies over Europe. The Russians driving with irresistible force have liberated vast territories from the invaders. Germany seems in an untenable position and Hitler's European Fortress seems to be crumbling.

Japan has been driven from the Aleutians and many of her holdings in the South Pacific have been seized or attached, one by one. The bastions protecting the Japanese homeland itself have been bombed and shelled by our armed forces. The tide has turned and to repeat the title of this editorial we're optimistic, but—

Let's not get smug and complacent. We've made a great start on the tortuous road to victory, but the long haul is yet to come. Conquering Sicily does not directly menace Berlin, and Guadalcanal is a far cry from Tokyo. We have a long, hard, bitter struggle ahead, but we are on our way, and God willing, victory will be ours.



ADOPTED—A squadron of the U. S. Army Air Force in Great Britain has adopted Moyra (above), an English orphan. Here she gives the British salute and wears her air force wings.

Friday evening. The girls were in formal attire and the boys all wore their "tan and brown tweeds." The refreshments were swell and music by those super, colossal "Troubadors" was exotic. All who attended are still talking about the wonderful time they had. We're sure to have more parties and dances some day soon, so here's to some more good times!

We're happy to see Cpl. Jerome (Schlitz) Lukes back from furlough. One whole day early too!

Our First Sgt. Phil Shapiro, is not only a good worker, but a fast Badminton player. Watch out fellows—he's good!

Pfc. Carpenter has been fuming plenty since his best friend is spending more time in the W. A. C. Dayroom. Honest, George! It's because Marie's cooking! No kidding!

Eighteen of the men here in this Detachment, your reporter included, are doing plenty of reminiscing these past few days. We've been in the Army one year this week and we're all from New York State. Good State ! ! !

Cpl. Banas is in New York this week studying the mysterious properties of Camouflage. After that he can probably cover up most "anything." How 'boot thet, Johnnie?

The news flashes haven't been pouring like they oughta. That accounts for this column being so short this week. Let's have a story or two. Just state the facts and we'll arrange them.

Be seeing you—

"Bob" Howard

Finance

SGT. CARL P. HESSING

If you have that extra \$18.75 or better come into the Base Finance Office in building T 3 and get in on the 3rd War Loan drive. Bonds can be purchased for cash with only a few minutes wait. Cash bond sales have been moving along at a gratifying pace, showing the spirit of the Dow Field personnel—civilian and soldier.

Welcome to the Finance Detachment is Lt. Francis J. Harty, our new C. O. and Assistant Finance Officer. The entire Finance personnel assure him of whole hearted cooperation and support.

Down to the Bowling Academy for another practice round of bowling were the Finance men. The results showed a marked improvement over the previous week's practice. Showing high averages and promise of a strong nucleus for a bowling squad were: Major George M. Devoe, Capt. M. K. Wotton, Lt. Francis Harty, Sgt. Dick Carlson, Sgt. Tony Correa, Cpl. Tony Turski, Pvt. Beals Snyder, Sgt. Carl P. Hessing, Sgt. Kenney Mecum, Cpl. Wendorff, Pvt. C. R. Youngdahl, Sgt. Ray Johnson and Pvt. Elmer Wyatt.

Coming through with the monthly payments but not hitting pay dirt themselves, was the Finance football team Tuesday night as they battled a rugged Guard Squadron team. The Guard Squadron team, paced by Lt. Yancey and Lt. Kelly, kept the Finance bottled up for the greater part of the game. The Finance, playing a stronger offen-

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

Remember us saying "There'll Be Some Changes Made" would make an appropriate theme song for the Comm.? That was putting it mild. With a new orderly room and the school coming into its own again and dozens of other small "amplifications," who knows what's coming next other than winter.

Most frequently heard conversation around the barracks this week or any week after the 20th for that matter "say, old chum, how about a duece till payday?", and the same old reply, "that's funny, I was just going to ask you."

We find it necessary to retract a certain statement we made last week although at the time we mentioned that it was an unconfirmed rumor. We speak of "Snorky's" alleged wedding. We can authoritatively state now that he did not get married. Come to think of it he doesn't look much like a married man not that we pretend to know exactly what a married man should look like, being somewhat resigned to our own bachelorhood.

With the new mirrors in the latrine some horrible sights have been viewed lately. Some of the boys are being shocked into the reality that they're actually homely. (If anyone discovers they are handsome, please submit name and rank and we'll gladly run a feature on them). At least when we shave now we know it's our own face we're shaving and not the guy next to us.

Now that we have a new deluxe and legubrious (that's a 75 cent word) orderly shack we'll certainly need a little more class in the general conduct of business. We can picture something like this occurring: Someone calls up desiring to speak to Sgt. Kelly (the "administrative" department), and the following conversation is carried on, "good morning, Comm. administrative section." On the other end, "Butch Kelley there?" and the reply, "if you're referring to Sgt. Kelley, this is his 2nd assistant secretary speaking, I'll refer you to his 1st assistant secretary." 1st assistant secretary, "sorry, Sgt. Kelly cannot be reached at this time, however would you be willing to speak to Pfc. Dunham of our personnel department? If so I'll refer you to his 3rd assistant secretary." Dry reply at the other end, "never mind, I've just lost my fifth assistant secretary and the help shortage being what it is, I'm going out and shoot myself . . . or perhaps a situation might arise in which supply wished to contact personnel. "Operator, I'd like to place a long distance call

live game than usual, still failed to score. Cpl. Ford (Georgia Boy) Lewis was a stone mountain on the Finance line and continually crashed into the Guard Squadron backfield. Dick Carlson, Tony Correa, Shorty Delorme, Carl R. Youngdahl, Walt Keppel, made up the Finance backfield. On the line, regular and substitutes, along with Lewis were Alfred (broncho busting) McKay, Dolph Frenz, Howard Cornwell, Elmer Wyatt (alias coach Wyatt), Beals Snyder and C. P. Hessing. Presenting the strongest line encountered to date, the Finance went down 26 to 0 before the hard-hitting Guard Squadron.

P. S. Referee Eddie Thomas entered the game actively—going down for the count, when he accidentally attempted to go through a block towards Ford Lewis' way.

Sgt. Harry (I haven't had a furlough) Johnson is still carrying a strapped broken finger suffered at the Signal Corps game. Sgt. Johnson watched Tuesday's game from the side lines itching to get into the play. However, it takes time for bones to heal and our ace glue fingered pass snatcher will have to lay off for the time being.

Back from detached service is Sgt. Howard Cornwell. Sgt. Cornwell's home, as you know, is a stone's throw from Mitchel Field, N. Y. With being so close to home for a week one could almost charge him up with a furlough.



This may look like a fashion note to you, brother, but we don't know from nuthin' about style. So we're printing it because we think she's cute. If she's the latest in fashion, we're subscribing to Vogue pronto.

to the other end of T-150."

At long last congratulations to "Aunt Pee Wee." Yes it finally happened and we almost feel as if it were our own.

"Brother Brewer has acquired himself a new title, that of heating engineer. He claims to have the heating systems of all the Comm. buildings figured out including the new one. Being detailed to get up steam in our new quarters he took the job seriously and was so zealous in his efforts to get the place hot that the boys painting had to work with super speed so that the paint wouldn't dry before they got it on the floor. A good man to have around if Maine winters are what they're reputed to be.

Comm.—Entaries: Welch "zoot-suiting" in Jy's blouse; McLiesh appropriately named "Soot Face" by "Long Island" (accent on the G) Fosburg; everyone heaving a sigh of relief as Lt. Hamel got his much sweated out furlough; the military precision with which Tuesday morning's detail was marched to work; Mader being unanimously nominated as chief burper of the Cobb; Holstead walking around in his new "Mae West", super zoot, two piece fatigues; the ferocious debate on matters religious and scientific conducted in the barracks the other night which started out as a friendly discussion between a couple of guys and wound up with the whole barracks bellowing at each other . . . and such were the goings on in the Comm. last week.

Affectionately yours,
Scoop Nose.

FOR SOLDIERS
FOOT PALS
AND
FLORSHEIM
SHOES

JOHN CONNERS
SHOE CO.

MAIN ST.

BANGOR

James Profita--RESTAURANT

Profita's Italian Spaghetti
and Sandwiches

World's Finest Foods Cooked in the "Old Country Way." Our Famous Italian Spaghetti put up to take out.

ITALIAN GROCERIES

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

BEER and ALE

205 Exchange St., Phone 9532, Bangor, Me.

Travel by
BUS

Buy A
WEEKLY PASS
50¢

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

REGULAR SERVICE
Dow Field to Downtown
PENOBSCOT
TRANSPORTATION CO.

Medical Corps

By T.-Cpl. Robert V. Howard

Another week has flown by —but fast.

Cpl. Chase pulled the hat on this week. It was really a "Lulu"! He's probably the tallest, lankiest fellow in Barracks One, and there he stood with a pail of water and hot! It's happened before many a time and will probably happen many more times. Sure enough! Someone taunted him with—"Bet you can't swing it over your head without spilling some water." Chase always a sporty guy, swung the pail in a beautiful arc (at least until it struck the beam directly over his head). Chase really got the works and so did everything and everyone around him. It's like Barnum once said—"There's a sucker born every minute." No hard feelin's Cpl. Chase—You're really O. K.!

We say Goodbye and Goodluck to Cpl. Paul Brisson, who has been accepted for Air Cadet and who has just left for Miami, Florida. Here's hoping we meet again Paul.

The Medics sponsored a very successful Dance and Party at the Penobscot Valley Country Club last

A WACY VIEW

A diary of doings on the
WAC ReservationWaahoo On
WAC Hill

Pfc. Shirley F. Hirschhaut

Now that our suntans are nicely put away we can breathe a sigh of relief, as the darn things were always getting soiled and needing washing. It might have been a little easier if we had had the washing machine we now have. But honest kids, I'm scared of the thing because it almost chased me across the laundry floor. I don't know, maybe I'm just a sissy, because Pfc. Freeman is always using it and singing at her work too.

Just after ratings came out this month one of our newly made sgt. handed out her cpl. stripes to all the girls on the first floor of her barracks. The intention was to sleep with them under the pillow I did.

Cpl. Rosalie Lief did a grand job on the Dow Field Broadcast last week. Her recitation of the poem which was in this column a few weeks ago was excellent.

I have a bone to pick with Sgt. Jones. Last week at the dance a few friends and myself were entertaining ourselves with a bit of old fashioned harmony between sets. Ouida, just to be playful pulled the mike off the stage and stood it in our midst. . . . The mike was on and is my face red. But just to pay that sweet girl back here is one on her. Ouida has started getting her Christmas package redy for her fiancée overseas. On removing all tags she found tucked deep in the comb case a name and address. The young lady who packed it back in Massachusetts will have to forgo the pleasure of the acquaintance of a certain lieutenant in England.

Slowly but surely we on the hill are regaining our full company strength. If you see strange faces, boys. . . . Don't be shy, perhaps they would like to know you too.

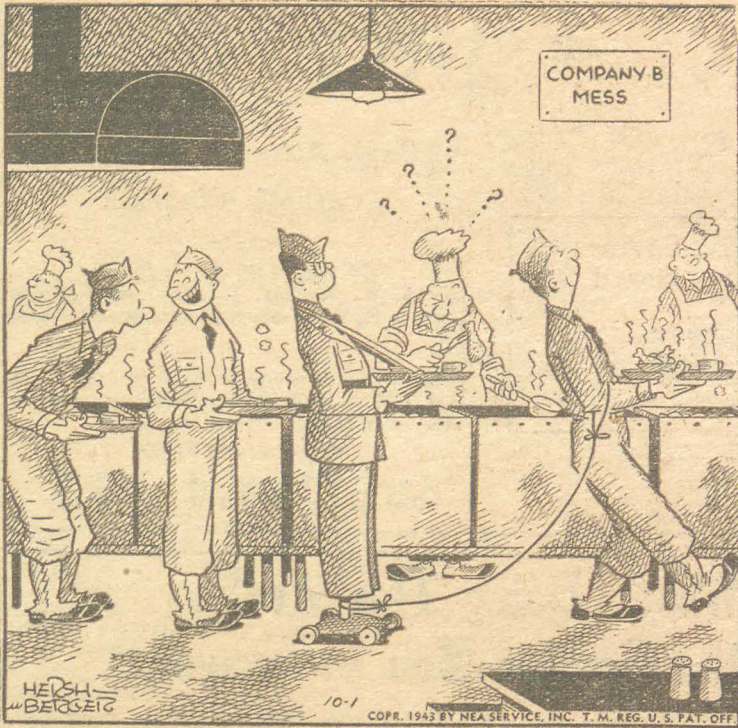
THE BEST NEWS OF THE WEEK IS THE NOTICE OF THE GRADUATION OF LT. ELSIE KORN AND ZIP FOSTER FROM OCS. Elsie and Zip were stationed here at Dow until they left for school. Lt. Foster came here directly from the station, as she is a Bangor girl, we appreciate her doing such. . . . I wonder what her grandmother had to say.

The two intellects of Dow Field have met and are hitting it off beautifully, one would say. Katherine Ellsworth and her tea pot, and Jimmy Niles of the Comm. Sq. with his corn cob.

"Tex" Havard is so enthused about her job in the weather station that the other morning at the wee small hour of 12:30 a. m., when yours truly was tiptoeing home from work, she started to get ready to go to work, little thinking that she had another five hours of sleep ahead of her.

What is the friendly feud between Cpl. Colsher and Sgt. Godi about? I never seem to omit mentioning the Medical Corps in the column, but what can I do about

R. C. WILLISTON

OPTOMETRIST and
OPTICIAN18 Central St., Bangor, Me.
EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES
FITTED, LENSES GROUND
WHILE YOU WAITWHERE GOOD FELLOWS
GET TOGETHERAT THE
COCKTAIL BAR
BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL
PICKERING SQ. BANGOR

"That former window trimmer rings in his dummy every time we have chicken!"

KHAKI KOMICS

Papa Stork: "Well, I guess I'll go out and deliver a few baby boys."

Mama Stork: "Believe I'll go and deliver a few little girls."

Baby Stork: "Well, I guess I'll go and scare some of these high school kids."

DEFINITIONS

Cynic—What ma tells pa not to spit in.

Disjoint—Place where you are.

Banana Peel—Food article that brings the weight down.

Many a tight nut can be loosened by a small wench.

Soldier—The only animal that can be skinned more than once.

She's a nicely reared girl, isn't she?

I should say. Not so bad from the front either.

LAFF OF WEEK

North Africa—During the final stages of the Tunisian campaign a Yank patrol was reconnoitering in what used to be a swank golf course. At one point they came upon a huge shell crater, beside which was a sign which read: "Please replace divots."

CHICKEN FEED

Carrying a chicken through the streets of Berlin, a small boy was stopped by a storm trooper, who remarked: "Whaddya feed that bird?"

"Corn," the lad replied.

A clout on the cheek set him back on his heels as the trooper roared: "Don't you know our armies need corn?"

A moment later the boy met another storm trooper, who asked him the same question. "I feed him chicken feed," he said this time. One more he was cuffed stoutly. "Chicken feed is part of our civilian diet."

When a third Nazi asked him what he fed the barnyard fowl, the

it when our mess halls are romantically incined toward one another. . . . Tut tut Vicki and Jerry. Of course I could mention that a fellow gossip monger with the initials of B. H. and our own "Mitch" are holding hands quite a bit lately.

There is a box in our supply room filled with everything from ink and emery boards to fatigue dresses and gloves, Sgt. Sue says that if any of the girls are short of anything they had better come after it very soon or she will auction it off. Step lively gals.

Smart girls, Himmelsbach, Enders and DiCenso. They have been exploring the byways around Bangor by foot. It's a grand fall sport, walking.

Just a word before I close from our mail clerk. Cpl. Colsher asks that the girls please answer their letters if they want mail, as she hasn't enough time to write everyone a letter everyday. That's all for now. Toodleooooo.

kid was wary. "Oh, he answered, 'I just give him a few pennies and let him buy what he wants.'"

So they named the child Sears Montgomery Roebuck Ward, because he was of the male order.

Deadhead: I want to die with my boots on.

Redhead: Well, get 'em on; here comes my husband.

A bather whose clothing was strewn

By winds that left her quite nude

Saw a man come along—

And unless I am wrong,

You expected this line to be lewd.

DOW FIELD'S
POST PERSONALITY

Pvt. Harold S. Lynton Legal At Dow

The very personable new addition to the Law Department at Dow Field is Harold S. Lynton of New York.

Lynton took his preparatory schooling in New York but went to college at Yale in Connecticut. At Yale he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and participated in football and tennis. He was graduated at nineteen in 1929 with High Orations and an A. B.

Striking further north he attended Harvard Law School, where he became a member of the Board of Student Advisors and the Harvard Law School, where he became a member of the Board of Student Advisors and the Harvard Legal Aid Bureau. He was graduated from the law school, cum laude in 1932 with an LL.B.

Taking up his law career in New York he was first attached to a York he was first attached to a sistant to the council for the Superintendent of Banks of the State. He then became associated with Kaufman & Cronin, New York, of which he is now a partner. He has engaged exclusively in trials and appeals, bankruptcies corporate liquidations and reorganization and administrative aspects of various enterprises.

Pvt. Lynton is married to a very charming girl and has an eleven months old son, Stephen J. He has arranged to have his family live with him at Bangor.

He entered active service in August of this year; was sent to Camp Upton in New York, and a week later to Dow Field under orders to work in the legal department under Major Berman.

Lynton's interests are many and diversified but his busy legal

activities have not permitted him time to develop any special hobbies. He has, however, constantly dipped into things cultural. Perhaps next summer he might be allowed to play tennis and swim, both of which he enjoys.

Worries of an M. P.

If he carries himself proudly—he's conceited.

If he slouches along—he's sloppy.

If he snaps a salute—he's bucking.

If he ducks one—he's lazy.

If he rattles off his orders—he's showing off.

If he stumbles over them—he's stupid.

If he reports sick—he's gold-bricking.

If he doesn't—he's a health menace.

If he's alert—he's looking for glory.

If he isn't—he's endangering security.

If he reprimands an officer in his car—he's not showing military courtesy.

If he doesn't—he's not obeying orders.

If he is on town patrol and picks up a drunk—he's too strict.

If he doesn't—he's a soft touch.

If he stops an argument—he's a sissy.

If it ends up in a fight—he's a sap.

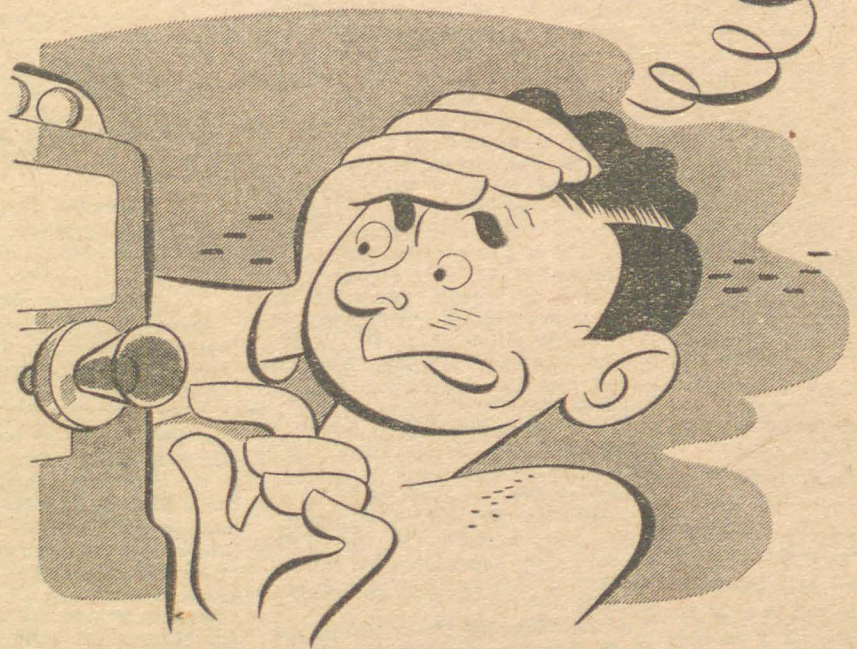
If he shoots a spy—he's a hero.

If it isn't a spy—ohmygosh!

Aw what's the use!

It's not the hours you put in your work, but the work you put in your hours.

are you like Willie?



"Shucks!" says Willie, just hanging up after calling home. "I forgot to tell the folks when my furlough begins. Four bits shot to X#*!!"

don't

be like Willie. Plan your conversations ahead. Think of the important things you want to say, and the unimportant things you can leave out. You'll find it helps you tell your message quickly and completely. Try it . . . and say more for less money!

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY

The Chapel Spire

1st. Lt. Mark A. Smith

Base Chaplain

SUNDAY SERVICES

9:00 A. M. Communion Service; 10:00 A. M. Morning Service; 11:00 A. M. Hospital Service

WEEKDAYS

5:45 P. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings, Vespers

Consultation Hours for Protestant Men: Week-day afternoons from 1:00 to 3:30, and Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings from 7:00 to 9:00 in the Chaplain's Office.

Dr. Harry C. H. Levine
Jewish Welfare Board

Representative
Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

Capt. Alfred J. Carmody

Catholic Chaplain

MASSES

7:30 and 11:30 A. M. Sunday
7:30 A. M., Monday, Tuesday and Saturday
12:05 P. M. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday

Catholic Confessions at 4:00 to 6:00 P. M. and 7:30 to 8:30 P. M. Saturday, and before each Mass.

OTHER SERVICES

Evening Devotions 5:45 P. M. Sunday
Novena Service 5:30 P. M. Tuesday



"Flying Sergeant Kloff, meet my brother Willie of the anti-aircraft!"

Dow Field Activities

Monday, September 27

Letter Day. Have you written your letter home this week? You'll find writing material and stamps at T15.

Tuesday, September 28

Opening of the New Gym. The ceremonies begin at 8 p. m. A gala program is planned for your entertainment.

Wednesday, September 29

Ping-pong Games. Ping-pong is the game of the evening. Other games are available for your fun and entertainment.

Thursday, September 30

Broadcast and Dance. The weekly broadcast and dance at T6. The broadcast begins at 9 p. m. The dance begins at 9:30 p. m. The dance is sponsored by the Air Base Sqd. Other organizations will be invited. Dow Field Hostesses and

WACs will be present.

Friday, Oct. 1

Get-Together Night. A program of varied games and recordings of music is planned for your enjoyment.

Saturday, October 2

Relaxation Night. Relax in a comfortable chair. Read your favorite book, paper or magazine and listen to the popular radio programs or the new records on the juke box.

Sunday, October 3

Opening of the Recreation Hall T15. The Recreation Hall has been renovated. You'll never know it in its new attire now. Informal dancing to the Troubadors, refreshments, and fun is planned for all. Dow Field Hostesses will be present. The Troubadors will give forth with the music you like to hear, beginning at 8:30. A good time is planned for all.

Know Your Officers



(Official U. S. Army Photo)

Major Bernard Frazin

Major Frazin, serving with the Station hospital of this field, was born in Chicago, Ill., on December 30, 1906. He attended the Hayt Grammar school and the Nicholas T. Senn High school in Chicago. At the latter he became a member of the school golf team.

His premedical work took place at Crane Junior college and in search of greater medical knowledge he attended the College of Medicine at the University of Illinois, where he received his degree of Bachelor of Science and Doctor of Medicine. While still a senior medical stu-

dent he entered into a competitive examination with 250 students and doctors from other universities, completing the examination satisfactorily.

In July, 1943, Major Frazin entered the Chicago Cook County hospital where he served his internship and residency under the able tutelage of many famous and experienced doctors. A prized possession is a medical book given to him by Dr. Frederick Tice.

Although thoroughly engrossed with his work he did discover time to carry on a courtship with another doctor's daughter, who was a scholar at the University of Chicago and who later graduated with honors, receiving a Bachelor of Science degree. They were married while he was still an interne.

At the completion of his residency at the Chicago Cook County hospital he was offered the position of chief of residents there which he turned down for a six-months post-graduate course in Vienna, Austria. A tour of France, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, preceded his settling down to work as a hospitalist, the equivalent of a resident physician in the U. S. in the Maukner Markhof Kinderspital and the Allgemeiner Krankenhaus in Vienna. He won his diploma after completing courses in pediatrics and neuropsychiatry under professors who were students of Freud. The principals of Freud soon began to pervade his thoughts.

Upon arriving in the United States he accepted work with the C. C. C. as a camp surgeon in Michigan.

Starting his Army career as a first lieutenant he received his promotion to captain in 1937. Then came courses in military correspondence, aviation and medicine. He was camp mess officer and exchange officer in addition to visiting other nearby camps.

Leaving the C. C. C. he secured a permanent post as medical officer with the Veterans Administration Facility at Bath, N. Y. During his service he devoted time to the specialty of neuropsychiatry.

Placed on military furlough he reported for active duty in the Air Corps at the Station hospital at the Rome Air Depot, N. Y., in May, 1942, and volunteered for work in

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.

USO Activities

Monday, Sept. 27

Social Mixer Night. Virginia reels, circles, multiplication dances, square dances 8 to 11:30. Dance class 7:30 to 8. Expert coaching. USO Hostesses.

Tuesday, Sept. 28

Bingo Party Night. Prizes, novelties, entertainment. Informal dancing. USO Hostesses.

Wednesday, Sept. 29

Dance Night. Dow Field Troubadours. Dancing 8:30 to 11:30. USO Hostesses. Radio Broadcast 10:30 to 11.

Thursday, Sept. 30

Movie Night. Full length feature, "Syncope" 8:30 p. m. Informal dancing 8 to 11:30. USO Hostesses.

Friday, Oct. 1

Ping-Pong Tourney preliminaries 8:30 p. m. Register at office. Informal Dancing 8 to 11:30. USO Hostesses. Make a Letter-on-a-Record.

Saturday, Oct. 2

Special Letter Writing Day and Open House. Jam Session 3:15 p. m. Informal Dancing 8 to 11:30. USO Hostesses.

the 40th Air Depot Group and was assigned Group Surgeon.

He received his gold leaf on January 20, 1943. Expecting to go overseas in some tropical area, he went to the Army Medical Center in Washington and took the course in tropical medicine. In the meantime his unit was transferred out. Sent to Mitchel Field he was then assigned to Dow Field to carry on the work in which he was trained.

MEDICS HOLD FORMAL DANCE

Detachment Medical Department members opened their fall social program Friday evening, Sept. 17th, with a formal supper dance at the Penobscot Valley Country Club through the courtesy of Lt. Colonel Joseph Nagle, Surgeon at the Station hospital.

Over two hundred members and guests attended the event, arrangements for which were made by Lt. Norman Levine, Detachment commander, assisted by 1st Sgt. Phillip D. Shapero, T-3 Robert J. Bauer, S-Sgt. Gerald L. Thompson, Sgt. William H. Flynn, Cpl. Edward E. Lanzi, Pfc. Vincent LaDonna and Pvt. Joseph M. Hamburger.

The affair started at eight o'clock with the arrival of Mrs. Madeline Shaw, Base hostess, and her committee of Dow Field Hostesses. The Dow Field Troubadors furnished music for the dancing. A buffet supper of sandwiches and salad was served.

During the evening many officers,

Polish Dances

The Polish American Club is resuming its Saturday night dances. The dances are held in the UCT Hall, 43 Park street. Just above the Park Theatre. All Polish Military Personnel and the WAC's are cordially invited. Dancing begins at 8. For additional information call Mrs. Shaw, ext. 391.

including members of the Army Nurses Corps and the Women's Army Corps visited the club.

Those present certainly had a most enjoyable evening and wish to express their sincere thanks to all concerned.

Why is it we always know the answers to the questions that are asked on the quiz programs?

Beyond The Call Of Duty

A legless pilot in actual combat in the Army Air Force? Sure, it's possible. It's happening.

Allied Headquarters in North Africa told an Associated Press correspondent of the case of Col. Graham West, American Spitfire group commander.

Colonel West's legs were blown off in an airfield accident in Tunisia two months ago. When he regained consciousness after his accident, Colonel West said: "I don't want to go home, I will fly again. That's all I want to do."

Fitted with artificial legs, the 31-year-old Portland, Oregon, officer will take to the controls again.

It was from London that another story came of another pilot who refused to be grounded. Henry Mc-Lemore told it in one of his syndicated columns:

"I have seen the man only twice in my life," wrote the columnist. "The first time was twelve years ago on a football field at West Point. He was running guard on a great Army team, and the cadets yelled and sang his name as he pulled out of the line to lead the interference against Harvard. . . . The second time I saw him was in London in the American Officers' club. He was standing at the bar, proposing a toast.

"Gentleman," he said, 'cheers. Bottoms up to a new tin foot.' . . .

"Loren Hillsinger, West Point, 1932, Dieppe, 1942. Colonel Hillsinger went as an air observer on a British destroyer. It was his task to identify enemy planes and direct the fire of the anti-aircraft gunners. For four hours he stood on the bridge calling the shots to the pom-pomners. Just after two in the afternoon, near the coast of France, a Junkers 88 peeled off directly above the ship and dropped a bomb. It struck the bridge smack in the middle. The explosion killed every one except Hillsinger but it sent a steel chest skidding across the bridge which sheared off his right leg below the knee. . . ."

Colonel Hillsinger, like Colonel West, is flying again.

Men like these two are two of the reasons we, here in the First Service Command installations, are buying more and more War Bonds.

FREE!

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

OPEN EVERY NIGHT

YOUNGS

26 STATE ST.

Tobacconists Extraordinary



DIAMONDS

Engagement Rings
Wedding Sets

Always a Good Selection

BOYD & NOYES

25 Hammond St.

Next to Bus Station

Cocktail Lounge Dining Room

We Welcome the
Boys in the Service

Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

139 Exchange St. Dial 4501

KEEP THE MILITARY BEARING IN YOUR CLOTHES

The FAIRMOUNT CLEANERS

GIVES YOU 24-HOUR SERVICE

See Sgt. A. S. Duran at Barracks T-219 or call 5516

Fairmount Cleaners, 556 Hammond St.

CIVILIAN SLANTS

Maintenance Sub-Depot

Capt. Malcolm Eckhardt, Maintenance officer, and George McKenney, Shop superintendent, left Sunday afternoon by plane to attend a conference at Bradley Field, Conn.

Evelyn Spencer, that attractive little girl with the quiet manner in our Planning branch, has a beautiful sparkler on her left hand. We're wondering if wedding bells will be ringing shortly for Evelyn and her fiancé, Ensign Floyd Bull.

Cpl. Melvin Maidlow has left our Drafting & Reproduction Control branch and is now assigned to college training in New Hampshire.

Lila Horton, Maintenance Supervision branch, went horseback riding on her day off and now is taking a riding from the men in the shops coz it's so difficult for her to sit down. They don't seem to agree that horseback riding is a good way to keep in trim!

After many years of thinking about committing matrimony, Francis Webster, Drafting & Reproduction Control branch, finally did so last Wednesday. Congratulations and best wishes from all of us to you, Francis.

Sgt. John Conrad is back from Pennsylvania after a three-day pass to visit his new bride there.

We're sorry to learn that Joseph LeGasse, Cable Unit, is still ill from the effects of his vaccination.

George White, foreman of our Oxygen Unit, plans to spend his vacation picking potatoes in Aroostook county. We'd appreciate getting some of those "Green Mountain" spuds, George. How about it?

Celeste Denardi, Sheet Metal branch, left us for military duty on Wednesday and the best wishes of Maintenance employees went with him.

Welcome John Rodgers to our Parachute & Textile branch. Mr. Rodgers is a transfer from MASC, Middletown, Pa.

Paul Kopla is happy over the fact that Building T-128 is now all set up for training purposes of which he is in charge.

Supply Sub-Depot

It was a proud new Papa who strutted into the Supply Department 15 September and announced the presence of an eight pound, six ounce baby boy—Roy Day, Jr.

Franny Flynn is giving the girls a thrill by telling us all about her six foot handsome cousin who has just arrived in Bangor on his first visit to the United States, from Adelaide, Australia. His Name???? Sgt. Tobin. Want to know more—ask Franny.

Ray Torrey is back with us after celebrating his twentieth wedding anniversary.

Our Chief Clerk, Ulmer Davis, has just joined the Coast Guard Reserve. We will be anxious to see you in Uniform.

Speaking of uniforms, we notice Captain Talbot is back to his "Winters." Apparently these cold September morns are making him think of what's coming.

If there's anyone in Supply who would like to get their potatoes dug, just contact Harry Badger—he may offer his services; at least he will be able to give some good advice on the subject after spending his last day off at the backbreaking chore.

Remember the good-looking suit that Sophie Gass accidentally spill-

ed ink on a few weeks ago and gave up as a total loss, well, the marvel of our modern dyehouses worked wonders and Sophie announces the suit is now back on duty "slightly bigger" if not "better."

We here that Officer Moor—formerly Betty Moore of the Coordinating Branch is in town on furlough. We all hope we get a visit from her soon.

Headquarters Sub-Depot

The Headquarters Department employees deeply regretted to bid farewell to our Commanding Officer, Major William F. Fennell. Under his able supervision much has been accomplished at this Sub-Depot. It is sincerely hoped that Major Fennell will be happy in his new assignment.

We are happy to have our Supply Officer, Major Kenneth K. Mackey, as the new Commanding Officer of the 332D Sub-Depot who already looks familiar in his new office.

Lucy Siepert leaves this week to enter her new duties with the War Department, Washington, D. C. Lucy was feted with a farewell dinner at the home of Carman Conlogue in Brewer, Wednesday evening. Lucy was presented with a gift from the group.

Evelyn Bragg is enjoying annual leave spending it with her husband who is here for a few days furlough.

Mr. Hultgren is enjoying his vacation with his family at Nicaus, Maine.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

Well boys here is your first chance to earn furlough money through this strip. Who is going to do the paying? Well here is the story short and sweet. One of our Master Sergeants, namely Joe Sain, will donate fifty cents for each bottle of ale or beer that he partakes of in the next three months. This offer is good until December 22, 1943. So boys it is up to you to keep your eyes open.

Did you know that Cpl. Roy has a sister in the WAVES and he seems to be quite proud of it. Now that sis is doing her part, his urge is greater to be a commando.

The Q. M. team in the City league started off with a 3 to 1 victory last Tuesday and they hope to keep up there all season.

Did you know that one of the high shooters in the match with the engineers, shot the course with a broken rib? You can be proud of this boy who is none other than S/Sgt. Orioli.

I see that Cpl. Alves has his miniature production of this area completed. Even the small village just the other side of the water tower and Lt. Mahoney's house blue roof and all are included. This last addition was suggested by our mailman, Cpl. Brooks.

Some of the boys say that Pvt. Adkins can certainly throw a mean powder puff after each shower. He goes from head to toe, with the finesse of a movie queen. He insists that the other boys would be just as bad, in the same respect, if they would spend a little of their own money for powder. The chief culprits raiding his powder box are Olson and Krieman.

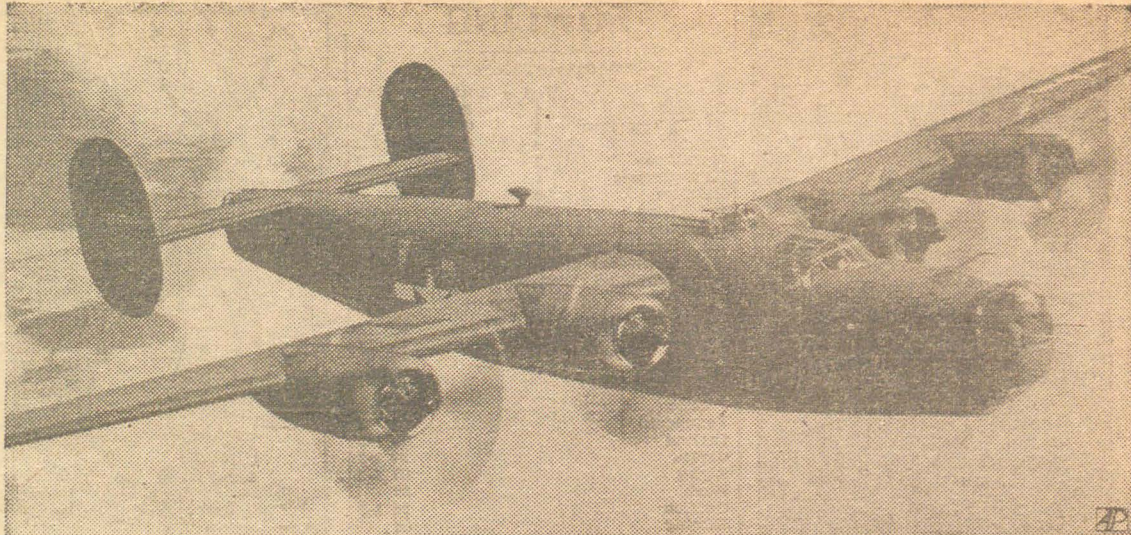
Since T/Sgt. Gregory has returned from DS he has been singing "On Forty-second Street". He says each time when questioned as to why he picks on that song, is uh, uh. I don't get it, will someone try and find the answer?

I see that two high ranking men of the Q. M. do strange things for just a nickel. They sweat and toil, strain their muscles, ruin their shoes and what not. In this case they wasted 15 cents to no avail. Another high ranker says there is a sucker born every minute, then he immediately proceeds to do what he called the others suckers for. The object they were playing with was the pin ball machine. Need more be said now?

Here are the shooting team re-

MINUTE MYSTERIES Answer

You probably guessed it. He told "A" to run to "B's" camel and "B" to run for "A's" camel. You remember they agreed that whoever's camel arrived at the oasis first would lose the gem. Simple, isn't it?



LIBERATOR'S NEW 'FACE'—A new electric gun turret in the nose gives the Liberator B-24 bomber this changed appearance—and a total of 13 guns.

Commendations For Guard Duty

The following named privates of the Guard received commendations in their performance of guard duty this week:

Sunday, Sept. 19

Aviation Squadron—Pvt. B. Evelyn.

Aviation Squadron—Pvt. R. Stevenson.

Air Base Squadron—Pvt. F. Hauser.

Engineers Avn. Bn.—Pvt. J. Richardson.

Monday, Sept. 20

Guard Squadron—Pvt. D. Assetto.

Aviation Squadron—Pvt. William Patterson.

Tuesday, Sept. 21

Guard Squadron—Pvt. S. Chopic.

Air Base Squadron—Pvt. S. Pellington.

Aviation Squadron—Pvt. W. Patterson.

Wednesday, Sept. 22

Aviation Squadron—Pvt. E. Jones.

Guard Squadron—Pvt. B. Stogner.

Air Base Squadron—Pfc. L. Horn-tiech.

Thursday, Sept. 23

Aviation Squadron—Pvt. Matthew Furr.

Guard Squadron—Pvt. Jacob Pol-lack.

Air Base Squadron—Pvt. Joseph Nyme.

Friday, Sept. 24

Engineers Avn. Bn.—Pvt. B. Ev-eland.

Aviation Squadron—Pvt. J. Snyder.

Guard Squadron—Pvt. B. Stog-ner.

Air Base Squadron — Pfc. A. Corey.

Sons of Freedom

To protect our homes of freedom
We have sailed across the sea
To teach those fools a lesson
Who oppose Democracy.

By the hand of God we'll win it
Oh, God, please grant us time
To destroy Earth's raging devils
Who committed such a crime.

Fight on, ye Sons of Freedom,
We shall not die in vain
Aft' we've won this battle
They'll never fight again.

Cpl. John L. Parrott,
North Africa

sults: Pozzi 185, Skypok 183, Orioli 180, Boyd 179, Hodges 177. For the Engineers: Clegg 178, Wells 176, Petterson 174, Jephson 174, Erickson 170. The score: Q. M. 904, Engineers 872.

The above Q. M. team does not claim any championships, but they do challenge any one (1) company to a match. They would like to shoot against an all officer team, picked from this Base. It is hoped that some prying eye will read this and pass on the challenge just in case the intended persons do not see it.

It seems when Q. M. comes up with a pretty good club in football a whistle comes from the ref. With a championship team in bowling, a certain group name the terms, just a bum's rush to me. The ballot box incident was the same kind of deal. We are thankful that a referee's whistle cannot direct the course of a bullet, that is actual skill along with bowling, referees or umpires have no control when the ball hits the polished lanes. How is it when there are referees and such, a certain group always comes out on top. But when it comes to things that require skill, it is just left field for them.

Opinions are nice things to have, provided you don't give too many away.



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

One outfit that moved into the Alaskan area brought in crates of fresh eggs, hams and fruit. One chap who brought in two bottles of coca-cola sold one for thirty dollars and was about to sell the other one when he decided that if it was worth that much, he would drink it himself—and did.

A bull session is any gathering of three or more Johns for the purpose of batting the breeze, tossing, heaving about or otherwise shooting the alleged bull for the purpose of education or entertainment. It is said to have originated with Caesar's Legionnaires, who often gathered in the Roman wine shops to discuss Ben Hur's chances in the third race at Coliseum Park and toss a few spears, verbally, to the senior centurian, corresponding to the present day top kick.

A bull session is one of the cheapest forms of entertainment in the army, and it is probably the loudest, longest, and most free-speaking session of any army going. So here's to the bull session—long may it stay that way.

On one of Mrs. Roosevelt's tours in the South Pacific she told a story on her husband. It concerns an American soldier, the only one in his unit that hadn't shot a Japanese. An officer advised him to call, "To hell with Hirohito!" and when the Jap jumped protesting from his foxhole, to shoot him. The next day the officer asked the soldier if he had shot his Jap. "No," admitted the Yank, "when I called 'to hell with Hirohito' the Jap jumped and yelled 'To hell with Roosevelt.'" I just couldn't shoot a fellow Republican.

Army exchanges, which follow American troops wherever they go, are now dealing in such items as kangaroo rugs, grass skirts, and native made jewelry in addition to their staple line of cigarettes, candy, soft drinks, and other home commodities.

On the islands of the South Pacific so many soldiers have wanted to buy grass skirts to send home to their girl friends that the exchange service entered as intermediary between them and the native manufacturers. Under ordinary circumstances, a first class grass skirt should cost no more than \$1.50. However, more often than not the natives have jacked up the price. The exchange service now buys the skirts at a reasonable

price and resells them to the soldiers.

EXTENDED ORDER

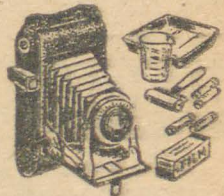
I like extended order drill. It always gives me quite a thrill. Down on the knees, lean on the butt, Hug the earth with your face and gut, Then up again, bend low and run, Now hit the dirt, boy, this is fun! Roll over quick, nothing to it— If you watch and others do it.

Q. I'm stationed in Texas but I want to vote in the State elections in my home State of Kansas this fall. How do I go about it.

A. First you apply to your CO for a special post card requesting a war ballot. After filling this out and signing it you have to get it certified by an officer, then mail it to the Secretary of State in your home State. When you get your war ballot from him you fill it out and return it to your State.

There was once a young man who told his girl friend he'd never seen such dreamy eyes before. To which she replied, "You have never stayed so late before."

SEND YOUR "SWEETIE" A SNAPSHOT



Cameras and Camera Supplies

A Complete Line of Amateur and Professional Films.

DAKIN'S

Sporting Goods Co.
25 CENTRAL ST.

UNIFORMS and EQUIPMENT

For OFFICERS and ENLISTED MEN

BLOUSES, SLACKS, SHIRTS, SHOES
METAL and EMBROIDERED INSIGNIA

SERVICE CAPS, GARRISON CAPS
TIES, SOX, BELTS

WEB BELTS with Solid Brass Buckles or Solid Brass Buckles with 24-k. Gold Plate

SPECIAL: SUN TAN or O. D. SHADE ANKLET SOX
With Elastic Garter Tops

BUY QUALITY

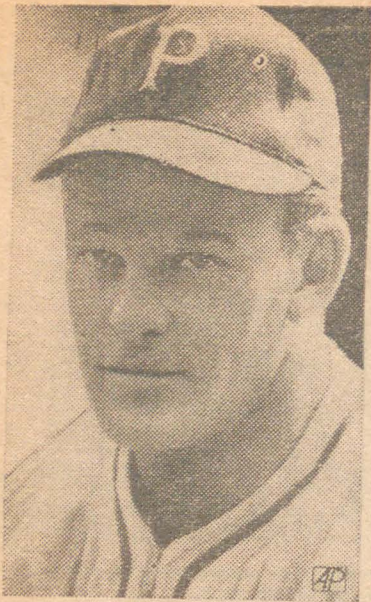
BUY AT FRENCH'S

M. L. FRENCH & SON CO.

110 EXCHANGE STREET



Meet Me at
LARRY'S
FOR DELICIOUS
HAMBURGERS . . .
HOT DOGS . . .
ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT
POST OFFICE SQ.



TOP PITCHER — Truett "Rip" Sewell (above) of the Pittsburgh Pirates pitched 11 winning games in a row for one of the best records in the National League this year.

POEM
The C. Q.'s Lament

By SGT. TIEMANN

Here we sit with passes at hand,
Just watching the WAC's
That grand little band
Either coming or going
As they darn well choose
Oh—we're just the C. Q.'s
A 'crying the blues.
Bed check's at one
Oh, joy, oh delight
And we, the C. Q.'s
Stay up half the night.
We read or we write
What else can we do?
We're just about dead
When we get through at two.
The phone gives a ring
And it gives us a scare
Just somebody else
To get in our hair,
Hello—what's the name?
Oh, she signed out for town,
Yes, I know when you call
She is never around.
It's eleven o'clock
We've the day room to close.
A flip of the coin
Will denote which one goes,
It's time for the check
Come on, Sarge, let's go.
My watch says one
That clock must be slow.
There's Mary and Betty—
Oh—she's out on pass—
We're through for the night
They're tucked in at last!
So off to the barracks
We wearily trudge
To us this C. Q.
Is the Army's worst drudge.

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

BIJOU Theatre

Mon., Tues., Wed.
Thank Your Lucky Stars
Humphrey Bogart, Eddie Cantor
Bette Davis

Saturday
The Sky's the Limit

OPERA HOUSE

Mon.-Tues.
Stormy Weather
Lena Horne, Bill Robinson

Thurs., Fri., Sat.
Swing Shift Maisie

PARK THEATRE

Mon.-Tues.
HIT THE ICE
Bud Abbott, Lou Costello

—Also—
Captive Wild Woman

BOWLING

LEAGUE STANDING		
Won	Lost	Pinfall
Finance	4	0
Guard Squadron	4	0
Signal	4	0
Ordnance	3	1
Headquarters	1	3
Hospital	0	4
Veterinary	0	4
High team single, Signal		1,094
High team three, Signal		467
High individual single, Lieber		1299
High individual three, Spada		115
High individual three, Spada		307

AVERAGES		
Spada	102	1-3
Palasek	96	2-3
Snyder	94	1-2
Harrington	93	1-3
Lieber	93	
Profeta	89	2-3
Youngdahl	88	1-2
Carlson	88	1-3
Correa	87	2-3
Ripley	87	2-3
Mack	87	
Garrick	86	1-3
Hessing	86	
Cotter	86	
Bruen	85	2-3
Devenney	83	1-3
Duff	82	1-3
Shortlidge	81	2-3
Horodysky	81	
Wyatt	81	
Westdyke	80	2-3
H. Johnson	80	
Turski	79	2-3
Jackson	79	1-3
Hodgins	79	
Trickey	78	
Joubert	76	2-3
Hanes	76	2-3
Goodlett	76	1-3
Banschowski	75	2-3
Haddock	75	2-3
Quinto	74	1-3
Frengen	74	
Eldridge	73	2-3
Shanley	73	
Everett	72	
Delorme	70	
Brown	67	1-3
Shacvitz	62	
Bolton	61	1-3

HIGH SINGLE FOR THE WEEK		
Lieber (Signal)		115
HIGH THREE FOR THE WEEK		
Spada (Guard Squadron)		307

OFFICER'S BOWLING LEAGUE		
Team No.	Won	Lost
Team No. 5	4	0
Team No. 8	3	1
Team No. 2	3	1
Team No. 3	3	1
Team No. 1	1	3
Team No. 6	1	3
Team No. 7	1	3
Team No. 4	0	4

WEEKLY HIGH		
High single, Williams and Katz		102
High three, Sprague		289
Second high three, Blackmore		263
High team single, Team No. 7		424
High team three, Team No. 2		1165

AVERAGES		
Sprague	96.3	
Blackmore	87.6	
Willis	87.5	
Pozzi	87.3	
Katz	86.0	
Hirshout	85.6	
Abbott	85.6	
Schmitt	83	
Berman	82.3	
Sheard	82.3	
Campbell	81.6	
Bauer	81.0	
Heard	80.3	
Levine	80.0	
Williams	78.6	
Gunkler	78.3	
Griffin	78.0	
Carter	77.3	
Gosselin	77.3	
Ford	76.6	
Drescher	76.6	
Mahoney	76.3	
Machon	75.3	
Deuel	74.3	
Wotton	73.3	
Morrison	73.0	
Wonderlick	72.6	
Hamilton	70.6	
Markham	70.3	
Theobald	69.3	
Bloom	68.6	
Eades	67.5	
Lee	66.6	
Blank	61.6	
Clarkson	61.6	
Shothafer	58.3	
Ormiston	57.0	

DOW FIELD GIRLS' LEAGUE STANDING		
Q. M. Girls	Won	Lost
WAC D	4	0
Hdq. Girls	4	0
WAC C	3	1
WAC A	1	3
Nurse A	0	4
WAC B	0	4
Nurse B	0	4
High team single, Q. M. Girls		414
High team triple, Q. M. Girls		1202

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.

W.C. BRYANT & SON, Inc.
JEWELERS
Over a century of fair and honest dealing at the same location.



"Okay, who's the funny artist?"

T-15 Offers

1. Ironing board and iron for sprucing up purposes.
2. Sewing kit for sewing rips, tears and chevrons. If you can't sew there is help at your service in the office.
3. Decorative paper for gift wrapping as well as wrappings for mailing.
4. Stationery for your personal use, to use in T-15 or in your day-room.
5. Amusement games of all kinds.
6. Books, some old and some new. Those you enjoy.
7. Latest magazines for your enjoyment.
8. Music either by the radio or the juke-box. New records have been added. Good dance tunes we like to hear.
9. Meeting place for you and your friends. Easy chairs for a comfortable evening, to chat, listen to good music and have an evening just as if you were home.
10. Informal dancing when the spirit moves.
11. Piano just tuned. Those who wish to practice are welcome and those who wish to take lessons just stop into the office at T-15 and all arrangements will be made.
12. There will be an information service for those who have any problems which they feel would need advice.
13. Room and apartment registry, where one may find rooms, apartments, for anyone wishing to visit them.
14. Parties are also on the offer list. Any persons wishing entertainment of this sort should get in touch with us as soon as possible.
15. Dancing classes also for those who wish to be future Fred Astaires. Watch the Observer and the Daily Bulletin for time and date of the classes.

High individual single, Billington	105
High individual triple, Billington	295

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES	
Mona Billington	98.3
Tiemann	89.3
Friedrich	89
Lammers	85.3
Wood	84.6
M. Gaudette	84.6
R. Rines	82.6
Lt. Cornwall	80
Main	80
A. Anderson	79
B. Hardy	78
Keenan	77.6
B. Dolan	77
Thompson	75.6
Terwilliger	75.3
E. Johnson	72
Holland	72
V. Lawfel	71.6
D. Bates	68.3
Romano	68
A. Williams	66
Campitello	64.6
Patricia Dority	63.6
Czepewski	63.6
Polanski	63.6
Maxwell	62.6
Gaudette	61.6
Fleming	60.6
Leach	60.6
Butler	59.6
Happer	59.6
Kenner	59.6
Finerty	56.3
Chandler	55.6
O'Donnell	55.3
Dennison	53
Clark	52.6
Eisenburg	52
Naimen	50.6
Lee	40.6

This league started off on Thursday night with eight teams on the alleys at 8 p. m. and saw Mona Billington lead the league with an average of 98.3, also high single, with 105. The Q. M. Girls' team had the best single and triple of the night, single of 414 and triple of 1202. Next week, let's all get on the alleys by 6 p. m.

Developed by the Army Ordnance department and the Ford Motor Co., a new 500-horsepower tank engine, liquid-cooled, 8 cylinders, gasoline, gives the U. S. tanks added stamina. The engine uses secondary aluminum and is relatively light in weight. Now in mass production, its endurance rating is "remarkable."

SPORTS NEWS

By Sgt. Ed. Thomas

On Saturday the Dow Field Touch Football League ended its fifth week of play with the Guard Squadron, remaining as the only undefeated team on the Base. Last Saturday the Air Base team defeated the strong Signal Corps club by a one touchdown margin, the score coming on a long, Dearth to Miller pass.

On Sunday the undefeated Guard Squadron and the once beaten Air Base team met, and the game ended in a victory for the Guards, 12-6. The Guards will have to lose two games now to have any other team win the title.

Monday the Air Base team continued in the running for the league title by defeating the Medics in a free scoring game. Final score being, 33-19. The Medics scored on the second play of the game when Lt. Levine intercepted a pass and ran forty-five yards to score, but the Air Base team showed too much power and on passes and runs scored five touchdowns.

Tuesday night the Finance team met the Guard Squadron club and the Guards merged with their eighth win of the season, 26-0, to come one step closer to the title.

Wednesday night was a rainy night so the Aviation Squadron and Q. M. game was postponed. However, we had three bowling leagues starting so there was plenty of activity for the sport-minded personnel of the Base. In the Enlisted Men's League which started at six p. m., Red Spada started where he left off last year, with a very fancy 307 triple which led his team to a four point win. At eight p. m., the Officers' League got underway with eight teams on the alleys.

Thursday at six p. m., a league of eight teams composed of four Wacs, two nurses, and two civilian girls' teams, got underway, with the Q. M. girls, Headquarters girls, and a Wac team all tied for the first place. Mona Billington of the Q. M. team had the best single and triple of the night, with a single of 105 and a triple of 298, which is good bowling in any league.

Starting next week there will be tickets to the movies for weekly prize winners.

Friday night the Medics and Aviation Squadron played a double-header and the Aviation boys were too good; winning by the score of 6-0, in a very close game, which also keeps them in the running for the championship.

The new gym will officially be opened tomorrow night when the Colonel will open the ceremonies. There will be a wrestling bout, a judo exhibition by Lt. Carter, and a basketball game by two squads of the Post team candidates. A good time should be had by all.

Several girls in an Atlantic coast town are determined to stop sailors from whistling at them on the streets. Now they whistle back at the gobs—with police whistles.

My, hat, don't these G. I.'s have fun! No party on this base was ever like it and it will long be remembered by all lucky enough to attend.



CUTE — Coy Fay Mc Kenzie, singer-comedienne whose specialty is bandying jokes with Groucho Marx, poses atop a garden wall to give the pin-up collectors a break.

Artillery's Place
In The War

It has been erroneously stated that artillery has again come into its own, but the fact is artillery and other ground troops have played major roles in every great victory in this war. The artillery compartment has been increased in strength, range, fire power and mobility, and has blasted the "invincible" Nazi tanks into masses of junk.

Heavy tractor-drawn guns and howitzers, because of their mobility and destructive power, have been increasingly employed to smash Axis barriers and entrenched areas and thus facilitate the break through. Artillery bombardment has been deepened and intensified by the artillery of the sky for the same purpose.

The fire of masses of field artillery can now be closed and opened, fanwise, and raked forward and back, in a minute fraction of the time consumed in the last war. Enemy targets can now be battered into heaps of debris.

These circumstances have combined to produce the astonishing results in American commands about which we read.

Combined artillery, naval, and aerial bombardment contributed decisively to the conquest of Sicily, and made the forcing of the Straits of Messina and the conquest of the toe of the boot of Italy an almost bloodless operation.

IT'S CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING TIME...

For those gifts and cards that you're going to send to your buddies overseas, Freese's has hundreds of excellent selections.

IT'S HIGH TIME...

You accepted Freese's invitation to "make yourself at home" in Freese's if you haven't already done so. This is probably the largest store in the U. S. A. for a city the size of Bangor. Six floors; 68 departments.

WHEN TIME HANGS
HEAVY ON YOUR HANDS...

Meet your friends at Freese's... visit the luncheonette... or the Candy Bar downstairs. Stay as long as you like whenever you like. You're always welcome.

FREESE'S