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THE OBSERVER

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OPERATOR

Published Weekly In the Interests of Dow Field

THE OBSERVER—BANGOR, ME.—MONDAY, OCT. 18, 1943

Vol. No. 73

Non-Com Braves Whoop It Up At NCO Club

The Non-Coms put the Indian sign on Old Man Blues Saturday night at the NCO Club. Major Bargamin led off the festivities with a song dear to his heart, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." Louise Buckinger and Shorty DeLong were generally yanked to the mike to entertain with their vocals.

All around the club the Indian motif was spread, from a tepee over in the corner to so-called Indian portraits by Corporal R. Woodall.

A new Indian tribe arose with braves such as Chief Goof-off Krug, Chief Never-Broke Swetenko, India Rubber Man Melusky, Chief Pain-in-the-Neck Haines, Chief No - Feeling - Good - Today - You Come-Back-Tomorrow Caesar, Chief No - One - Leave - Until-Me-Find-Firewater.

Invited guests of the Non-Coms were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Deuel, Major and Mrs. Bargamin, and Captains Griffin and Waldron.

Lobsters, clams, ham sandwiches, and cold drinks were dished out by Chief Charley Hart. Corporals George Wagner and Joe Milano organized the party. The Aviation Squadron produced the music.

Evening Classes Offered Free At Bangor H. S.

Courses in a large variety of subjects at Bangor evening school may be attended free by the military personnel of the base, it has been announced by Buford Grant, principal of the school.

The classes are held at the Bangor High school, Harlow street, on Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30.

Subjects taught will be arithmetic, algebra, aeronautics, beginners' and advanced typing, filing and business English, mechanical drawing, English, woodworking, bookkeeping, science, beginners' and advanced shorthand, and crafts.

Depending on the demand of the students, the science course may consist of physics, chemistry or general science. The beginners' typing class, in addition to being taught at 8:30 each evening, will be an exception to the regular hours of the school. Classes will also be held at 6:30.

Registration was held last Monday, but those wishing to attend will miss but little work as, due to last Tuesday being a school holiday, only one class has been held.

The regular registration fee is one dollar, but no charge will be made to those of the base who wish to attend.



PFC. - JEEP—Entering military service soon after his master was drafted, "Jeep" won his first class private stripe in 30 days. He is mascot of the Ninety-Ninth supply squadron of the Ogden Air Service Command at Hill Field, Utah.

So You Think You Know Insignia? Well, See If You Know These

So you think you know a lot about U. S. Army insignia? Okay.

1—Do you know what officer has a difference in the insignia he wears on the two shoulder loops of his service coat?

2—Do the officers of any branch of the Army wear buttons that differ from those of all other branches?

3—If you saw an enlisted man with green braid on his sleeves

Insignia

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USO Tabloid Troup To Play at Bldg. T-6 Wednesday Night

USO Tabloid Troup No. 43 will entertain at Bldg. T-6 at 8 Wednesday night. Only one performance will be held.

Judging by past Tabloid troupes to play at the Base, the show should be well worth seeing. Following the pattern of a floor show, the entertainments are loaded with gags, fast patter, dancing, songs and usually a novelty feature such as a magician. What the shows lack in number of girls is usually made up in figures.

Hats should be off to these troupes as, without publicity or fanfare, almost every one has found time to entertain the patients of the aBase hospital after giving their regular shows.

LUNCH AND BRIDGE CLUB

The Women's Luncheon and Bridge club will meet at the Officers' club on Thursday.

Wires Near Dow Field to Be Put Underground

The War Department under the present plans will put all of the overhead power, light and telephone wires on upper Hammond street near Dow Field underground. The wires in their present position are considered a menace to aerial navigation on and near Dow Field and under the War Department's plan the wires will be placed in a cable system under ground to get it out of the way and do away with poles and wires now stringing across the various runways at the edges of the roads and streets near Dow Field.

The plans have been in the making for some time, according to City Manager Horace S. Estey and the War Department has made several proposals which have had the attention and discussion of the city council. The council's approval is necessary before the work can be done and the city must enter into a contract with the War Department for the work. A contract and set of specifications was submitted to the city yesterday and will be considered by the council before approval is given.

"The city should be protected in every way" the city manager said, "and the council will best be able to pass upon the method and contract necessary before the War Department undertakes the work."

The War Department according to information will pay the entire cost of the project and there will be no expense attaching to the city in the relocation and rebuilding of the wire system.

Dow Field Diary

S-SGT. PAUL GEDEN

MONDAY

Once more our apologies—Sgt. George Edwards did not write the column carrying the Headquarters title. It was written by Sgt. Freddie Neumann. Several weeks ago George wrote it and we neglected to change the slug.

You'd be surprised at the intrigues and innuendos going on in our columns. We are not at liberty to point out the double-talk, but

Diary

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WACs and GIs To Meet At Get-Together Party

A get-together party for the purpose of having WAC's and GI's meet is being planned for tomorrow night at Bldg. T-6. The doors swing open at 8:00 and the dancers stop swinging at 12:00. The affair will be strictly GI; all military personnel of the Base is welcomed, but no outsiders.

As the WAC's have never been officially welcomed to the Base with a party and, as both guys and gals on the Base have had but little time or opportunity to become acquainted if they have not been working together, the affair is being

WACs and GIs

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Finnell Named Mr. Medic of '43

Five potential male beauty contestants were selected last Tuesday night at the Medics party at Bldg. T-15. They were Finnell (Mr. Missouri), Bob Howard (Mr. Utica), Warren Peryea (Mr. Utica, Jr.), Jack Marcus (Mr. Brooklyn), and Carl Farcus (Mr. Bronx).

Each man had one pant leg rolled up—in approved chorus girl fashion, ribbons in his hair, and paper strips across his chest showing the name of his home town.

After each contestant circled the hall under the admiring glances of fellow-workers and hostesses, they were lined up at the end of the hall. A vote was taken; the crowd cheered its favorites.

Folks, meet the winner! Mr. Medic of '43—Finnell!

Gypsy Rose Penta put on (or took off) a hilarious strip-tease act—right down to the girdle.

Special dances and stunts were sandwiched between regular dance sets.

Plump pumpkin pies, sugared doughnuts and cider finished off the evening in tasty style.

Mrs. Shaw took care of inviting the girls, while 1st Sgt. Shapero saw that everything was going "according to plan."

The Troubadours provided the merry music.

Next of Kin's Name Will Not Appear On New Dog Tags

Addresses of "Next of Kin" are no longer being stamped into GI "dog tags," which now carry only the soldier's name, serial number, blood type, religion and date of completion of his tetanus toxoid vaccines.

The practice of including the name of the next of kin was discontinued because the War Department prefers to send the first notification in the event of death.

It is considered undesirable for some other soldier to inform the family of the death of a relative.

Niles, Rhythmaires And Aladdin Skit Feature Broadcast

Changing the Dow Field Radio Show to Friday night did not hinder the usual large crowd from packing building T-6 to be "wowed" at last week's broadcast. The program, formerly heard on Thursday nights, will now be heard weekly on Friday nights from 9:00 to 9:30 (2100 to 2130, to you who are strictly GI). It is broadcast by Bangor's WLBZ.

A novel and original arrangement of "Down By the Old Mill Stream" by the Aviation Squadron's Rhythmaires, an interview of corn-cob smoking, man-about-USA, Jimmy Niles, a somewhat garbled version of Aladdin and His Lamp, and the music of the Troubadours with the old stand-by star vocalists.

Radio Show

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Oblate Fathers Act As Chaplains To Base Catholics

Due to a shortage of Catholic chaplains in the Army, it is doubtful if one will be assigned to the Base in the near future to replace Capt. Carmody, the former Base Chaplain. For this reason, the Oblate Fathers, of Bucksport, have volunteered to act as Catholic chaplains for the Base.

Three masses will be said by them each Sunday. These will be at the Base Chapel at 7:30 and 11:30 a. m., and in the Engineers' Area at 9:30. They hope to be able to make arrangements to say mass at the Hospital sometime in the future. Confessions will be heard before each mass and the Fathers will also be in attendance before and after each mass to discuss personal problems with the personnel of the Base.

Should problems not require the attention of a Catholic priest, Lt. Mark A. Smith, the Base Chaplain, can be found in his office at the Chapel. If it is necessary that a priest be consulted on days other than Sundays, letters addressed to the Oblate Fathers, Bucksport, Me., will receive prompt attention.

Gray Ladies Do Many Things For Patients At Base Hospital

Work during the past year by Dow's Hospital and Recreation Corps—commonly known as the Gray Ladies—has become so indispensable that plans are under way for the formation of a new corps to assist in the numerous duties the ladies have undertaken.

The present corps—Maine's first—was composed of 19 women when

T 15

Your recreation hall is open to you from 0900 to 2200 every day. You will find all the conveniences of home for you. Come in, if you don't see what you want just ask for it and we will do our best to produce it.

Life without fun is like an automobile without springs.

it was formed a year ago last August. Of the original group, ten are left. They each donate an average of 30 hours of their time weekly to the welfare of the patients at the Station Hospital. Their duties which at first consisted of little more than seeing that the patients were supplied with reading matter, cigarettes and toilet articles, have greatly extended, until

Gray Ladies

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This Is the Average Soldier And What He Costs the Army

The men who furnish food and clothing to American troops everywhere, the Army Quartermaster Corps, have compiled untold numbers of official records noting these supplies. These figures have been carefully compiled and a word-picture of "the composite soldier" has been announced by the Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot, the largest quartermaster depot in the country.

The average man starting service in the United States Army is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 144 pounds, has a chest measurement of 33 1/4 inches, a 31-inch waistline, wears a 9 1/4-D shoe and a size 7 hat.

ADDS WEIGHT IN ARMY

After a few months in the Army, Average Soldier

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ARMY BUTTER RATION CUT

The peacetime daily butter allowance of two ounces of butter per soldier has been reduced to approximately 1.12 ounces per man, the War Department announced recently. This includes butter used as a spread and in cooking.

Insignia

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similar to the o. d. braid worn on an officer's blouse would you know what it meant?

Assuming that you're well versed and know the answers to the above three questions, this article will try to furnish a few facts that you may not know. First we'll answer the questions for those who are not hep:

1—The eagles worn by a colonel are different for each shoulder as each must face forward. The insignia of rank for all other officers are the same for each shoulder.

2—Officers in the Corps of Engineers wear different buttons from other Army officers. This button has the device of a flying eagle holding in its beak a ribbon scroll bearing the word "Essayons" (Let Us Try). In the distance is a bastion with embrasures surrounded by water. On the horizon is rising sun.

3—If you see an enlisted man or warrant officer wearing a half-inch band of forest-green on the lower part of each sleeve (which you probably won't), it means he served honorably as a commissioned officer in World War I.

By coincidence, the first insignia of rank for commissioned officers was ordered in 1790 for major generals, and the last one in 1917 for second lieutenants. Bars for chief warrant officer and warrant officer, junior grade, were approved in January, 1942. In September of the same year, the bars for flight officer were approved.

The oldest military service insignia is the shell and flame of the Ordnance Department. It was adopted in 1832. One of the most recent ones is the two crossed arrows of the First Special Service Force.

The first shoulder sleeve insignia (shoulder patch) was adopted by the Eighty-first Division on its way to France in 1918. Incidentally, all shoulder insignia designs which include faces or heads are made to face either to the front of the wearer or to appear full face.

Information for this article was taken from the June, 1943, issue of the "National Geographic Magazine." The issue, with its illustrations, is well worth seeing. In it you will also learn that a single insignia is an "insigne." But in the services, whether you are talking of one or a million, it is insignia.

Diary

Continued from the First Page

Our columnists frequently knock each others teeth out in subtle verbal form. Nothing serious, of course—intriguing, never-the-less.

TUESDAY

Mrs. Alyce (Base Librarian) Connor's husband stopped by on his 10-day leave from the tough Sea Bee outfit. Hugh, rugged and healthy looking, began to tell us some of the quaint Navy pastimes. One, for instance, went like this:

Suppose you had a "beef". You want to do some squawking and need an audience. At mess you slap a dime down on the table. This is your ticket to let-off steam. All the fellows at the table have to get up, stand at attention for one minute, while you blow your top. You'd better make sure you have a legitimate squawk, or maybe it will be "soup's on"—right on you—after the minute is up.

"What happened to the ten cents?", Mrs. Connor wanted to know. But that seemed to be a Navy secret.

We checked in for a few minutes at the Medics' party at Building T-15. The Medics were whooping things up. Our vote for doughnut making goes to the Medics' mess.

WEDNESDAY

Pfc. Jimmy Niles' life story does double duty this week: on the Personality Parade both on the air and in this issue.

There's one thing at least that Jimmy has opened our eyes to. It's that New York "Times" that he carries. According to Jimmy, nothing ever happens unless the "Times" says so. An interesting example popped up this week that gives his faith even more solid rock.

You may have read how the Nazis were landing on the Island of Coo. Every day the Associated Press has sent over its wire the name spelled "COO." The New



VENUS—Mary Martin goes in for "living statue"—a statue that comes to life—and strikes this streamlined pose in her return to the Broadway stage in "One Touch of Venus."

York "Times" alone defied their dictum. They spelled it "KOS." Even we looked it up on the map and the only island we can find in the Aegean Sea is spelled "KOS." And that's Rand McNally. National Geographic, however, takes the middle road and compromised on "COS."

This little island, 25 miles long, was the birthplace of the famed "Father of Medicine," Hippocrates. The medics know him through the Hippocratic oath that physicians take. So there you are, folks, take your choice: Coo, Cos, Kos, as long as the Nazis don't get first choice.

THURSDAY

The Headquarters Company of the Engineers "went to town" on decorating its day room for its Halloween party. Brilliant splashes of color gave the room a gay and jaunty air. Masks, weird lanterns and dangling skeletons caught the spooky spirit.

Gypsy Rose Penta gave a special performance of a human imitating a Maine potato—a peeled potato.

More and more we are impressed with the Engineers' ability to tackle a job and get it done. Nothing half-hearted about their efforts. A suggested theme song could well be "All or Nothing at All."

As this is the deadline day for columnists, we kept our eyes peeled for the Guard Squadron news. We almost captured Pvt. Jesse Fisher—but too late. We made a good try, though.

FRIDAY

Wonder how our new time for the broadcast will effect our listening audience? Our competition is the "Playhouse" dramas.

The Stedman-Ellsworth combination seems like a good comedy team. It's a good thing they are all good sports. The lines we give them to read—tsh, tsh.

Gag picked up from somewhere that might give you chuckle:

A soldier bridegroom was nervous and excited. Just at the end of the ceremony he whispered audibly to the chaplain, "Is it kistomary to c-cuss the bride?"

The chaplain replied, "Not yet, but soon."

Everything you say to a woman will be used against you.

Radio Show

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made a fast-moving show.

The program started off by way of contrast with a few bars of a Viennese waltz, Latin-American and Jive before swinging into the GI "Air Corps Song."

The Rhythmaires, composed of Cpl. Lester Wilson, Cpl. Joseph Barnes and Pvt. Jerome Snyder at the piano, really went to town via "The Old Mill Stream."

Pfc. Jimmy Niles, who has lived in chicken coops, written for metropolitan dailies and national periodicals, been in the silent "flickers," and who has interviewed a plastic-billed duck, and who buys corn cob pipes in quantity lots, told how he, as part of the other half (the civilian half) used to live.

Pfc. Al Stone as a GI Genie, Pfc. Diana Ellsworth as a Slinky Salome, and Sgt. Lee Stedman as a Lackadizzical Aladdin were the main gag-slingers, who brought howls of laughter from the audience, with their version of Aladdin. Others on the skit were Sgt. Bob Scott, as a lamp seller, and Sgt. Al Jerusavice and Pfc. Riamo furnishing the sound effects.

Vocals on the program sung by Pvt. Louise Buckinger, Cpl. Jack Eaves and Sgt. Jerusavice received great applause.

S. Sgt. Paul Geden interviewed Pfc. Niles.

Prior to the start of the show, Cpl. Kenneth Bishop warmed up the audience (but not himself) by appearing Mahatma Gandhi-like in a skit—and little else.

Dancing, with music by the Troubadors, followed the broadcast.

WACs and GIs

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ing planned to serve the dual purpose.

In addition to dancing, gags and stunts are being planned for the entertainment.

Gals, here's your chance to meet that lad with the cute smile you've been seeing around the Base.

And, guys, here's your chance to meet that nice-looking blonde babe. Or is she a brunette or red head?

Anyone who doesn't attend because he (or she) figure that he (or she) won't be there, is nuts—or selfish. Maybe others will be going because they figure you will be there!

So you'd better make it a date: Tomorrow (Tuesday) night at 8:00 at Bldg. T-6.

Gray Ladies

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one patient even requested that the ladies secure a baby carriage for him.

At present they work from cramped quarters on Ward One of the hospital, known as the Hospital Library. From this small, book-lined room they daily make the rounds of the wards. Some of the things they distribute are books and magazines, writing materials, razor blades, shaving cream, tooth paste, cards and games, and many other items. If they do not have any books in their library that a patient likes, they will secure other books for him either at the Base Library or the Bangor Library. If he is unable to read the books they secure, they will read them to him. If he is unable to write letters, they will write them for him. They will listen to his woes, help straighten out his personal problems; will play pingpong or cards with him.

If friends or relatives are coming to see him from out of town, they will meet them at the station and see that they get to the hospital. If the friends expect to remain here for some time and cannot find a place to live, they will help find them lodgings.

If a patient is incapacitated so that he is unable to keep himself busy with any of the normal methods of whiling away the time, they will try to find special diversions for him. They have model build-

ing sets for the patients, they teach weaving and other crafts and supply the materials. If a patient wants anything within reason that they do not have, they will endeavor to secure it for him.

They see that money orders and checks are cashed and sent for the patients, they send telegrams. Twice weekly they see that moving pictures are brought to the patients. These are alternated from ward to ward so that bed patients may be entertained. Monthly, during the warmer weather, a party is held for the patients. In short, they do anything and everything possible to make the stay of GIs in the hospital more pleasant than it would otherwise be.

They will shortly move from their present cramped quarters to the new Hospital Recreation building that is now being erected. There they will have adequate space to carry on their many activities.

The present group of workers received its training here on the Base from Red Cross personnel and medical officers of the Base Hospital. The new group, which will be composed of 24 women, will receive instructions at the Red Cross headquarters at 108 State street in Bangor.

Miss Gladys Stetson, chairman of the corps, believes that the ladies will have more and more work to do as time goes on. When the Gray Ladies first started at the hospital, the patients were bashful and reticent about asking for things. But as they became more familiar with the work of the corps, they made more requests. Many of them, she said, want to pay for things given them and done for them, but the Red Cross accepts no money for them—even for baby carriages.

Average Soldier

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however, the recruit has gained weight on Army food, wears shoes one-half size larger and has an expanded chest measurement. This has been clearly indicated by comprehensive sample tests, although a complete examination, comparable to that given upon induction, is not routine.

To keep the soldier in fighting trim for the first year (within the bounds of the continental United States), the Quartermaster Corps spends \$226.30 for his food, \$190.23 for his clothing, \$57.42 for his individual equipment and \$27.11 for his barrack equipment, making a total of \$501.06.

Weapons, ammunition, laundry, salvage, transportation, shelter, special equipment for various forces, instruction, pay, costs of storage and distribution and similar expenses are not included in these figures.

Food 62 Cents Daily

The cost of the individual soldier's food averages approximately 62 cents per day; clothing costs \$114.86 at the outset, plus \$75.37 for maintenance during the first year; individual equipment costs \$44.77 initially, plus \$12.65 for maintenance and barrack equipment totals \$22.91 and \$4.20 for maintenance.

Regular issue clothing for the average enlisted man includes the following items:

- 1 web waist belt, 23 cents.
- 1 khaki garrison cap, 63 cents.
- 1 olive drab garrison cap, \$1.03.
- 1 herringbone twill cap, 48 cents.
- 1 wool knit cap, 42 cents.
- 1 olive drab wool serge coat, \$11.53.
- 4 pairs of cotton drawers at 38 cents each, \$1.52.
- 2 pairs of wool drawers at \$1.42 each, \$2.84.
- 1 pair of olive drab wool gloves, with leather palms, \$1.40.
- 4 white cotton handkerchiefs at 5 cents each, 20 cents.
- 1 steel helmet, \$1.05.
- 1 helmet liner, \$1.64.
- 1 helmet headband, 31 cents.
- 1 helmet neckband, 3 cents.
- 1 field jacket, \$6.82.
- 1 herringbone twill jacket, \$2.16.
- 2 pairs of canvas leggings at 96 cents each, \$1.92.
- 2 olive drab cotton mohair neckties at 22 cents, 44 cents.
- 1 wool overcoat, \$15.50.
- 1 raincoat, \$5.67.
- 3 cotton khaki shirts at \$2.32 each, \$6.96.
- 2 olive drab flannel shirts at \$4.51 each, \$9.02.
- 2 pairs of service shoes at \$4.31 each, \$8.62.
- 3 pairs of cotton tan socks at 17 cents, 51 cents.
- 3 pairs of lightweight wool socks at 33 cents, 96 cents.
- 3 pairs of cotton khaki trousers at \$2.60, \$7.80.
- 1 pair of herringbone twill trousers, \$2.08.
- 2 pairs of olive drab wool trousers at \$6.19, \$12.38.
- 4 pairs of sleeveless summer undershirts at 22 cents, 88 cents.
- 2 pairs of wool undershirts at \$1.49, \$2.98.

Miscellaneous items, such as insignia, chevrons, braid, cord, laces, overshoes and other articles issued to some but not all soldiers from time to time, depending on promotions, transfers and assignment to special forces, are not listed above.

The following items of individual equipment are furnished to each soldier:

- 2 barracks bags at 82 cents, \$1.64.
- 3 olive drab wool blankets at \$7.66, \$22.97.
- 1 meat can, 45 cents.
- 1 canteen, 73 cents.
- 1 canteen cover, 55 cents.
- 2 mattress covers at \$1.82, \$3.64.
- 1 cup, 31 cents.
- 1 fork, 4 cents.
- 1 knife, 13 cents.
- 1 identification tag necklace, 5 cents.
- 1 shelter tent pole, 25 cents.
- 1 first aid packet pouch, 27 cents.
- 1 spoon, 4 cents.
- 2 identification tags at 1 cent, 2 cents.
- 1 shelter-half tent, \$3.48.
- 1 toilet set, 87 cents.
- 1 bath towel, 46 cents.
- 2 huck towels at 16 cents, 32 cents.

Miscellaneous items, such as insect bars, headnets and similar articles issued to some but not all soldiers, are included in the average costs, but not in the individual list.

Barrack equipment issued to the individual soldier includes:

- 1 wooden bedstead, \$7.16.
- 1 cotton-filled comforter, \$3.05.
- 1 locker box, \$3.71.
- 1 cotton mattress, \$6.74.
- 1 pillow, 86 cents.
- 2 pillowcases at 31 cents, 62 cents.
- 1 sheet at \$1.18.

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A WACY VIEW

A diary of doings on the
WAC Reservation



Waahoo On WAC Hill

Pfc. SHIRLEY F. HIRSCHHAUT

We have yet to see a fireplace "floating around loose," but we sure have one grounded. Incidentally our day room is open to the enlisted personnel of Dow Field. It makes us happy to know that so many people will enjoy it with us this winter. We won't need to worry about warm clothing, we even have our wood. No wishful thinking for us—strictly "on the beam."

This week sees WAC Hill shining with brass buttons. Now the boys will have no more complaints, as we will have to shine them just like they do.

Why did the quartermaster send three dress dummies to us WACs? Haven't they heard that we are in the Army now and sewing up a cute little frock is out for the duration plus six months?

T/5 Hill certainly mixes people up. The other night just at bed check she started pouring from her thermos bottle a liquid. We couldn't tell what it was by the sound, but it sounded interesting. Odds were on coffee and ———, but we all lost. It was water.

The second platoon day room promises to be something terrific, after the paint dries, but wait until the first platoon finishes theirs.

Pfc. Betty Reichart is off for home to see that so much talked about husband. Now that the excitement has died down we will be able to breathe again.

It's too lovely a day to be indoors, but duty calls and who am I to deny, but gee I wish I were out in the country on a picnic.

T/5 Fogg moved to the first barracks last week's paper stated the NCO club. Which is it Mary? And speaking of Fogg, here is a little dream she had the other night. We happen to know all about it because she talked in her sleep.

FOGG'S DREAM

Oh! I can't do it.

O. K. I'll do it just once.

Gosh; there's a lot involved.

We're all so dirty.

Oh, the plane has yellow spots on the wings.

Say, have you a C. Q. on here?

Yes you're qualified, take over.

Gee! here we are in Egypt and I left my bathing suit back home.

Why does S/Sgt. Neary bother to put Cpl. Colsher's mattress in the day room, when a certain T/5 always replaces it before Colsh gets in?

The Winsome Quints have graduated to a septuplet. A new inventory of its members are Martin, Adinger, Caldwell, Kingston, Musgrave, Calsher and Nowakowski.

We're all glad Sgt. Musgrave's sister is here—no gigs for any of the seven girls. Wonder who polices their area after 8:30?

In case anyone is wondering who that officer was with me in town Sunday, it was my cousin. . . Honest.

Pfc. DiCenso has been getting phone calls from friends of her brother who are stationed at Presque Isle with him. Are you their pin-up-girl?

Sgt. Ouida Jones, that Florida belle, who would fight at the mention of someone not liking Florida, is with us no longer. Ouida is off to Officers' Candidate School. Good luck baby.

Pfc. Himmelsbach just received a gift from one of our former WACs. The gift was a compact with half a dozen different compartments. Tricky gadget that.

Medical Corps

By T.-Cpl. Robert V. Howard

This is a little longer column than is usually submitted by the Medics because last week we were pretty rushed up here and it just didn't get done. If you'll bear with us we'll try to sum up the happen-

TAKE A LOOK AT A BOOK

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

Please don't get discouraged at the appearance of the library the past week. The inconvenience that you men will have to put up with for a few days will soon be over. The results will be well worth it as the library will look so much more cheerful and colorful, with a fresh coat of paint and some of Cpl. Woodall's artistic touches. When it is all completed, I am sure you all will be well pleased with the library as a place to come and read and write your letters. Don't forget, too, that all the books can be borrowed from the library for a period of two weeks.

Technical books are coming into the library every day and it would be well worth your while to ask for these the next time you are in and see if there isn't something you would like to take out.

ings of the past two weeks.

I mentioned something about "Badminton" a couple of weeks ago and though I still am not sure why, it was duly censored in the Observer offices, and as a result was not printed. A certain tall, blonde WAC (somewhat prudish, perhaps) was the answer and to her go my apologies, although I'm still puzzled.

Cpl. Banas returned from Mitchel Field last week and now he's "in the know" as to camouflage and its many illusions.

Two of our boys went hunting the other day, "way up in the woods of eastern Maine". Cpl. Kiel and Pvt. Gardner each bagged a partridge and had a glorious time tripping around in the woods and leaves. Good sport!

Cpl. T. Finks! Beware of the little man named Brown and his Billiard Cue. He knows a lot of tricks especially in "Nine Ball".

Our biggest "playboy" of the week is none other than Sgt. Flynn. He plays the pinball machine in the WAC dayroom almost constantly, but not without the assistance of faithful "Hard-Rock" Zwirecki. At timely intervals Zwirecki is heard to holler "high score."

The last we heard from Pfc. Carpenter, the lad was bitter toward all women and was swearing to tear up each and every one of her letters. Come, come, George! Don't forget to save the stamps and give them all to Cpl. T. Price. He already has enough stamps to paper the barracks but still he saves them.

We've heard that a certain issue of "Life" magazine holds plenty of attraction for Miss Connors, of the A. N. C. We also are led to believe that she'd rather be in New Guinea than any other place. Right, Miss Connors?

Pvt. Rubio is now considered by the Medics as a Radio Artist as only last week he was interviewed over the "Airlines" in Bangor.

We wonder where Miss Main of A. N. C. acquired her taste for peanut butter and saltines. The way she devours them it's apparent her appetite for them is enormous.

What's T/5 Tim Hardin of the WACs doing with her spare time now that Cpl. "Skipper" is at Camouflage School at Mitchel Field, and only 22 miles from home. We hope the "folks" are fine, Skip.

The "Medic" party dance given at T 15 under Mrs. Shaw's capable guidance was a huge success. The Troubadors were exceptionally good and some of the skits and gags that T/Sgt. Paul Geden and his crew put on had us all in stitches throughout the evening. The cider was elegant and the sugared doughnuts were superb. High point in the evening was the Beauty Contest in which our own Herb Finnell came out in front as "Mr. Medic of 1943", Pvt. "King-Kong" Peryea came in second.

In attendance were both members of the WAC and USO hostesses. All in all the party was a lot of fun and we hope everyone had

WAR IN THE AIR

By John B. Walker

An up-to-the minute record of bombers, scouts, transport, fighters, naval aircraft all grouped in their respective classifications. Very well illustrated.

BASIC MATHEMATICS FOR PILOTS AND FLIGHT CREWS

By C. V. Newsom

The ideal book for any man now training or hoping to train for service in the air. It gives precisely the mathematics a pre-flight cadet must be able to use, the practical applications he will encounter in the realities of actual flight.

BASIC PHYSICS FOR PILOTS AND FLIGHT CREWS

By Edwin J. Knapp

Gives speedy yet thorough instructions of the physics required by all aviation-training branches of the armed services. Everything is explained in easily understandable terms.

a good time.

In ending this column for this week, I'd like to leave you with one thought, and old thought. Write home fellows, because there are folks back there just aching to hear from you. It's just like Kate Smith says—"If you don't write you're wrong."

See you next week—

"Bob" Howard.

Comm.—Uniques

Pfc. WARREN R. BALDWIN

We didn't witness it but would have liked to. We speak of the presentation of the whistle to Trussel to accompany his newly acquired pfc. stripe. He claims that his rank is befitting of a whistle and we agree.

A character which we've heard quite a bit about lately is a certain "Ozark mountain gal". We're not quite certain who this is but have a vague idea. At any rate Bob Faltinson is an authority on the subject and can give any interested parties information on same.

Holstead is hereby nominated as very misleading character. For all his outward "righteousness" and sterling qualities we're quite surprised to discover that this armor hides another Holstead, a wolf of considerable accomplishment. It's these guys who look like preachers that the girls of Bangor really have to fear and not the ones whose intentions are written all over their maps. We doff our hat to an accomplished "charmer" and humbly ask, "is it that innocent look that gets 'em or do you have some secret method?"

Quite a few disgusted looks on quite a few faces tells us that Comm. wagers must have picked the wrong series of gridiron combinations. We don't claim to be exempt either, our wallet being somewhat slenderized.

What would the U. S. O. do without the loyal support of Ingram, Jones, Link, Haislip, Brill and Nickels? These denizens of that recreation center, if deprived of one night there, would probably go stark raving mad not to mention what the U. S. O. would do if they didn't show up.

Comm.-items: Jupin's current

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Minute Mysteries

"I couldn't wait to be announced," said George Collins, Florida's foremost prohibition agent, and a great wit, as he stepped into the Professor's office.

"How long are you going to be in New York?" asked Fordney, as the two friends shook hands.

"I'm due back in Miami now," replied Collins, "but I want to congratulate you on your success in the Hicks murder case. I wish interesting things like that would happen in my game. However, I did have an amusing experience last December.

"Sneaky Joe, a stool-pigeon, tipped me off to a huge still he said was working about forty miles from headquarters. A narrow road through dense woods led to the spot. Arriving there, I found an old dilapidated shanty screened by trees. As I entered the woods, I smelled alcohol. Sneaky Joe was right, after all, I thought, as I drove up to the shanty.

"I got out and peered cautiously around, but the place seemed deserted. After opening the door and entering the house, however, I knew liquor was not being made there. I searched the woods, but found nothing. As I was driving back along the road at a good rate I discovered the alcohol I smelled was coming from my own radiator! Imagine my chagrin!"

The Professor laughed heartily and said to his friend, "Stay over for my birthday party tonight, the ladies would love to hear that yarn of yours."

What did the Professor find preposterous in Collins' story?

Answers on Page 6

reformation. We can't imagine him as a "homebody" but lately that's what he is, believe it or not; the speed with which Steinberg gets ready for town; Canon's nickname—the "Sack".

Next week Harvey Hamilton will hold forth as "guest scribe", with Al Potente's assistance, we're bringing this on ourself we suppose but figure he's the man to handle the "Comm Quips" in our absence, matter of fact we're a little afraid he'll outdo us.

So long for a while.

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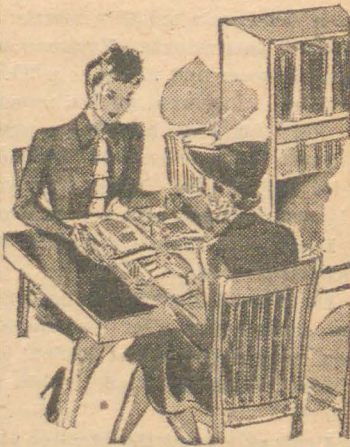
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Editorial:

IT'S NOT A TOY

By Pfc. A. Stone

On the desk lay this inanimate object . . . innocent enough by itself, no more than 11 inches long, weighing only 2½ pounds . . . and yet it was the cause of a man losing his life. We who are familiar with Army weapons and those of us who have gone on guard duty so many times know at once that we were looking at a Cal. 45 Smith and Wesson Revolver.

This harmless-looking object resulted in the accidental death of one of our own soldiers.

Why did he lose his life? Simply because, in sport, a Corporal of the Guard drew his revolver, which was loaded, in a roomful of guards. Result . . . the usual and inevitable; the gun went off, shooting a fellow soldier in the stomach so that after two days of agony he died.

The corporal of the guard? What about him?

He was sentenced before a General Court Martial to serve a term of imprisonment, subject to total forfeitures, and will be dishonorably discharged from the Army!

Sure, he never intended to fire that gun. Sure, he intended even less to shoot anyone; and he definitely had no intentions of killing anyone. But because this man chose to ignore the careful lessons the Army gives us regarding "Care, Cleaning and Safety" of weapons (and that includes all weapons), one man lies buried, the other imprisoned with the dismal, lifetime remembrance that due to his carelessness a "buddy" lost his life.

Surely we of the Armed Forces face enough hazards and enough risks in line of duty without adding to them. Many of our "buddies" overseas have come to recognize the pistol as a potent weapon of destruction—theirs is a "must": kill or be killed.

Here at Dow Field, where a comparative peace-time condition still exists, our weapons serve mainly for training purposes. The Army spends thousands monthly merely on expounding the detriments and results of carelessness. You've seen those posters yourself a hundred times whenever and wherever a "G. I." function took place. How about it, soldier . . . smarten up and remember these few simple don'ts:

Don't talk while handling a weapon; concentrate on the weapon!

Don't forget to execute "Unload" every time the revolver is picked up for any purpose. Never trust your memory, consider every revolver as loaded until you have proved it otherwise.

Don't leave the revolver where some one may handle it unless you've unloaded it first!

Don't point the revolver in any direction other than "raise pistol" when snapping it after examination. Keep the hammer fully down when the revolver is not loaded!

Don't place the finger within the trigger guard until you intend to fire!

Don't ever point the revolver at anyone you do not intend to shoot, nor in a direction where an accidental discharge may do harm!

Aviation Squadron

We regret that, of necessity, we begin this column with a blue note. The recent passing of our comrade, Private John I. Roper, was a very sad incident. He will long be remembered by the Squadron as an ideal soldier and a typical gentleman.

The addition of new stripes in the

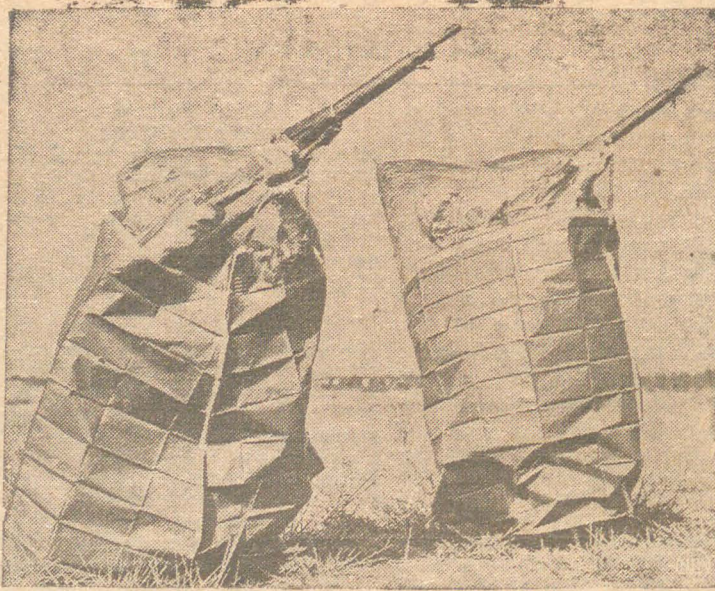
Squadron recently has caused many brilliantly lighted faces. The fellows as a result, have a greater incentive to work for. The recipients of these stripes are to be congratulated for their deserving work.

The Squadron Recreational Director, Cpl. Lester Wilson, is a very busy man, and, in the meantime, is doing a very nice job. Among other activities, he shows each week a series of training films, current moving pictures, and other educational pictures. He is solely responsible for the atmosphere of gaiety and recreation that surrounds one upon entry into the Rec hall. The Squadron NCO club is complete except for a few items of furniture. It affords an excellent source of entertainment. The paintings and other decorations are elaborate and the members are very proud of it.

Members of the Squadron anxiously await the event of the Halloween Party. The Base Squadron Hostess, assisted by our competent staff, is planning the affair which is sure to be a success. And speaking of parties, the one held last Tuesday night at the USO was a gala affair. All those in attendance report a very nice time. The Squadron will be instituted very shortly and it promises to be very interesting. The greater portion of the Squadron will be in attendance and we expect to reap rich benefits as a result.

Our visitors register is function-

Walking Wigwags



Gas sprayed from attacking enemy planes won't harm soldiers wearing "anti-gas wigwags," like these of cellophane-like substance demonstrated in chemical warfare drill at Mitchell Field, N. Y. The individual tents, supplementing gas masks, allow soldier to strike back at attackers by poking his rifle through the covering.

Headquarters

(By Sgt. Freddie Neumann)

Sgt. Jean Musgrave has been entertaining her very lovely sister, Dorothy. Each day Jean puts off her day of departure. Nice going, Jean. We wonder, though, how long Dorothy will fall for her little plan.

S/Sgt. Ernest Gregory, Jr. (don't ever forget the "Jr.") visited headquarters this week. He looks the same as ever. It's always nice to see old friends again.

Is S/Sgt. Arvin B. Wood carrying a torch for one of the members of the WACs? It looks more and more like a fact. Well, "Woody", what have you to say for yourself? Sgt. Erlene Beasley has a very ingenious way of retrieving olives from those long bottles. She proved her versatility on C. Q. the other night.

Pfc. Ann Caldwell was seen walking up WAC Hill (Medics—please excuse) unaccompanied. Three guesses as to where she had been!

Sgt. Irving Berkson received a great kick out of running around headquarters showing everybody the latest edition of Esquire. It wasn't bad—either, but he certainly built you up for an awful let-down.

With S/Sgt. "Red" Eldridge gone, the Tech Office seems to have settled down to absolute quiet. Must be that they're working too hard, that is, to notice who looks in on them.

S/Sgt. Ralph Vaughn fired the .30 cal. course this week, and from all reports those Japs better watch out. Must have had a super duper rifle, hey Ralph!

Have you noticed T/5 Gert Kingston's new permanent? Oh, that's a gross error or breach of etiquette. How about that "Curly-Top"?

We wonder if T/5 Mary Fogg has any idea from whom she's receiving all those anonymous post cards. They're quite mysterious.

Cpl. Martin Hastings and Cpl. Irving Meltzer from Classification had a little joke between themselves last night in the barracks. Expected Meltzer to explode, but he didn't. Ed. Note: My doesn't a reporter get around.

Transition: Capt. and Mrs. Herbert Machon have become the parents of a son. Congratulations to you both. Capt. Arthur Barker

ing as usual. Mrs. Madelyn Samuels of Mount Vernon, New York, has joined her husband here recently for an indefinite period. Mrs. Madeline Chestnut and Miss Katherine Sylvester are visiting with their husband and brother, Private Larne Chestnut. Miss Columbia Johnson is spending a few days in the city as the guest of Private Kenneth Williams. Mrs. Theodora Payne is also visiting with her husband, Pfc. Verdelle L. Payne. Mrs. Eleanor Spencer of Pittsburgh, Pa., is spending a few days in town as guest of Cpl. and Mrs. Alvin Haddock.

and Lt. Isadore Hurowitz have returned from their respective leaves. Major Shottafer has recovered from his illness and is now back at his desk. Glad you're back, Major. Our best wishes go with Capt. John L. White who has left for school. We'll be waiting for your return, Captain. Welcome to Pvt. Julia Bak at Distribution. Julia also hails from New England. And welcome to any other new members whom I might have missed.

The Indian Summer has set in, but it's the calm before the storm. Old Man Winter will soon let loose. So enjoy this brief respite while you can. (That's irony for you).

Signal Corps

By PVT. SAMUEL J. PROFETA

Dear Folks:

It's good to be with you all again. This week I've searched everywhere for bits of gossip and interesting news to make my weekly report for this column, but I've failed desperately to dig out the necessary information in making this a worthwhile issue. Most of our boys here have been absent some way or other leaving behind just a handful of material to present herewith. Rather than attempting to bore you kind, clear-thinking readers with dull, trivial details, I'll put my writing pen away at this time and save space in this paper for some other important item that my good editor S-Sergt. Geden has on file waiting to publish. I'll resume my reporting task with greater fury for sound scooping oddities in the next edition. Here's hoping that I haven't completely dampened any future enthusiasm in seeking my periodical offering. I submit below my latest brain-child outburst of poetical inspiration.

DOOMED SOLDIER

Lost on the burning sands of a desert, I sought to escape from its infernal earth.

For days I had wearily trudged about, Hoping to find a way out.

Now thirst was raging in my breast. And I was forced to drop for rest. Hunger drove me to a fearful sleep, Giving me foul dreams to keep.

When I awoke, it was night, And there I lay pale with fright. The vain stars glittering over-head, Brought memories of the warring dead.

Ah, but I felt tired and sick. Dry lips my tongue would lick. I thought it all so sad and queer, My fight for freedom would end here.

When I awoke again, it was day. Racked with pain, I slowly crawled away. Suddenly, a monstrous vulture came on high, With out-stretched claws he flew near-by.

I grabbed hot sand, threw it wildly in the air. Scaring the bird with screams of despair. All this excitement and added strain, Had put a cruel mirage in my brain.

Far in the distance with stricken eyes, I saw water! Water! Oh, God, what a surprise. I staggered hopefully to its brink,

NURSES NEWS

Lt. Helen Clark

Just to let the riot subside a little caused by Lt. Clark's inadvertent personal comments last week, the column more or less meekly changes hands for just one time.

Rumor has it that the nurses are GI-Tut-Tut! Wonder where that idea comes from!—Funny how the truth will out.

The new Recreation hall arouses much curiosity, and some complications too. Even going to mess these days, has a new twist. The MAC's can expect to be awakened EARLY from now on, and there might be some snowballs later. Who knows?

Bridge is our chief diversion these nights. We are going to be prize winners, I betcha. (Especially our absent-minded Lt. Clark.) Anyone want instructions? Com'on over.

Basketball, bowling and riding seem to be our best sports right now. Bowling has to say goodbye to Lis. Butler and Wood. We wish them and Lt. Krawcheck luck and the best of everything. Frankly we are envious.

Not many more shopping days before Christmas—especially for the overseas packages. We are sure using the postal service, lately.

Fortune-telling is proving very interesting these nights. Just ask Lis. Fallon and Farrar.

We never expected such mild weather in Maine but we sure like it.

FOR FALL

Hallowe'en is a-drawing nigh That yeller moon aint up so high, And lonely gals begin to sigh For little boys from out the sky.

We're hearing funny sounds at night. We look to see. No one's in sight. P'raps those wolves are roaming!

Right? Or someone's giving us a fright.

The Gobelins have all day to play A-paintin up the leaves so gay. And fat punkins, corn and hay Tell us Fall is here to stay.

We're wishin on that Harvest Moon, That winter will be over soon. And spring will come a-bringing June, And happy days; All things in tune.

What's the matter with "Paper Doll" these days? "Pistop-Packing Mama" seems to be stiff competition. Time to change the record—so bye now.

Transport Sets Record In Atlantic Crossing

LONDON—A new record of nine hours and 34 minutes for an Atlantic crossing by transport plane was established last week by a DC-53 Skytrooper of the U. S. Army Transport Command.

Bombers have crossed the Atlantic in six hours and 12 minutes, but this is new time for a transport. The time was from the last stop in Newfoundland to the Transport Command's terminal in Britain. The plane, which carried 21 passengers, was aided most of the way by a strong tail wind.

Alas! Found nothing by sand to drink. New tears streamed down upon my face. I had no strength to further pace. Yes, I was beginning to breathe my last. When my sergeant awoke me for breakfast.

Pvt. Samuel J. Profeta.



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DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Pfc. Jimmy Niles, Ex-Movie Extra, Nonstop Poker-Player, Is 'Times' Fan

Any time you see a G. I. grabbing a bus, smoking a corn-cob pipe, with a New York Times under his arm,—that's Jimmy Niles of Communications.

Jimmy is an ardent times fan, in spite of having worked on the N. Y. Herald Tribune.

"They put me in the Financial department," he told us, "although I pointed out to them that I didn't know a stock from a bond. 'You'll learn,' they told me—but they were wrong. When they found it out, they fired me." He smiled ruefully, pulled out his pockets and added, "I guess I haven't learned much about finances since."

ADVENTURES OF A MOVIE EXTRA

"Ever hear of a picture called Noah's Ark?" he asked. "It was about the last picture Warner Bros. made before talkies. When they told me the name of the picture, I had a vision of myself all dolled-up in a cute little white-feathered dove suit, suspended by wires from hidden rafters with an olive branch in my mouth—but the disguise they gave me was just as bad. I was an oriental slave, and sure enough, just as I had figured, when I looked for myself on the screen, I was so changed that I couldn't even recognize myself. So the next time I got a picture job I took no chances. It was a little number called 'Green Grass Widows' (Ed. Note: We never heard of it, either, dear reader), starring Walter Hagen." This time, Jimmy wore a big white cap so he'd be sure to spot himself. To help this out, the director put him in a very conspicuous spot. But alas—when the film hit Hollywood Boulevard, our hero didn't have the twenty cents to go in and see it. Good old Hollywood.

"A little while later," Jimmy continued, "things got even worse—I got a bellboy job in a picture, but to this day I've never learned what picture it was. No one on the set seemed to know its title—it was just another five-buck job to them."

"Not ready to give up yet, I tried the spot-of-white trick once more—bought a pure white tie, put it on over a dark blue shirt, and waited for my next picture. I'm still waiting—for the only result of that maneuver was that in three days by the clock Hollywood was over-run by movie extras in dark blue shirts and white ties. Made me feel like the Prince of Wales—although it's the only fad I started."

"What did you do in Hollywood when the movie extra racket faded out?" we asked him.

"About everything," he replied feelingly. "I was a bell-boy, switch-board-operator, bus-boy, chauffeur, theatre-usher, even a nursemaid for a Japanese spaniel whose middle-aged mistress didn't want little Toto (no, not Tojo, he was a nice pup) to be all alone when she went out to hit the night-spots. Oh, yes, and I had a brief spell as night watchman in an auto-rental park. Lived in a tent, and the first morning the manager woke me with the ominous words: 'Did you hear anything last night?' 'Not a thing,' I said cheerfully, 'Slept like a log—and you?' Well, it developed that during the night someone had stripped everything of value from a car that stood right next to my tent. They might at least have spared my feelings—they could have looted one on the other side of the park..."

He mused a moment. "I liked that tent, too—but not as much as the cozy little chicken-coop I inhabited for awhile. There were two of them—de-henned, of course—in back of a rooming-house, and

a very slick character lived in the next coop. I remember the landlady coming out to run him for a month's back rent one time, and when she got back to the house she had five bucks less than when she started out. Jack had borrowed the fin from her. She still owes me three, too."

Chicken-coops, Noah's ark—you seem to have been the animals' friend out there," we observed. "Ever have any other experiences with them?"

"Oh yes," he said, "that reminds me—the last assignment the American Weekly gave me, before I entered the Army, was to interview a duck. I took Tony Dispenserie, our demon photographer, and we went up to Peekskill, N. Y., to have a seance with a park duck who'd gotten his bill too close to the jaws of a snapping-turtle and had had it bitten off. A dentist's wife had rescued him, and her husband made him a brand-new pink bill from Lucitone, the stuff they use to make phoney choppers. We posed the duck in front of a mirror, to get a shot of him looking at himself in his new pink snapper—but he wouldn't look. Just on the off chance, I suddenly gave him 'right face!'—And, so help me, he did a perfect one, Tony clicked the shutter, and we had it!"

EARLY NEWSPAPER TRAINING
"Did you have any special training for newspaper work?" we interrupted.

"Well now," he explained, "I sort of think I did. I went to three colleges in 2 years, learned to talk to the dice in Swedish at a Lutheran institute in New Jersey, and played in a non-stop poker game that lasted from October to May. We arranged our classes so none of us had anything to do after 2 p. m., which is when the game always picked up. One of our regulars never shaved or got out of his bathrobe for six weeks—he lasted two terms before they heaved him out. Now he's a professor in a Pennsylvania college!"

"Then, in a way, I come from a writing family—although we've just started being that lately. My brother, Abe Niles, wrote the article on 'jazz' for the new Encyclopaedia Britannica. My uncle, Jim Abbe, published a book on his experiences trying to fit into the Soviet scene as a government photographer (he didn't fit), and I helped him on it. His three children, Patience (she's in Hollywood now), Richard and Johnny wrote a best-seller book on their experiences keeping up with papa and mamma. And my grandpa wrote some sizzling good sermons when he was Episcopal bishop of New Hampshire. So maybe all that makes me a newspaperman."

He thought a moment. "Correction. My boss on the Concord (N. H.) Monitor-Patriot once opined that I'd never make a newspaperman, because I neglected to report to my own paper that a certain determined mother had gotten out a court injunction against my communicating with her daughter for five years. They dug it up, though, and the Boston papers made a three-day wonder out of it. The American Weekly—the paper I worked for seven years later on—sent a reporter to see me, and who should he pick to ask where I lived but my sister!"

"What do you like best, newspaper work or radio," we asked him.

"I like both," he replied promptly, "and I'd like to get a chance to combine the two over in Europe somewhere before this war is over—seems as if they could use a newspaperman who can send his own reports over the radio. As a matter of fact, a soothsayer who read my future a year ago said the Army would send me on a secret mission to some desert across the seas with-

A Mournful Melody, or, a Dud Dood It Again



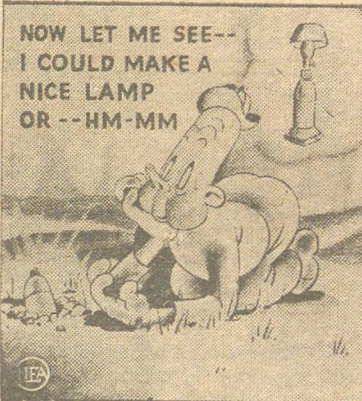
WHILE STROLLIN' THRU THE WOODS ONE DAY
IN THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY



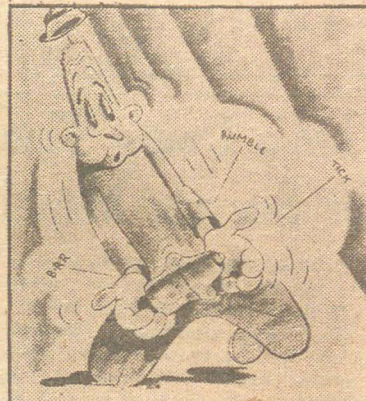
I WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE—
WHEN AN OBJECT MET MY EYES



WHAT YA KNOW!
A SOOVENEER



NOW LET ME SEE—
I COULD MAKE A
NICE LAMP
OR --HM-MM



AND THEN



KA-POW!
AND ALL THIS HAPPENED WHILE
STROLLING THRU THE WOODS ONE DAY

in a year, which is now. Know anyone who wants to send a radio-reporter on a secret mission somewhere something is going on?"

Just then someone shouted "The New York Times is in!"

"Pardon me just a minute," said our guest hastily, "I'll be right back." And he was—in body, if not in spirit. We waited, as he scanned the Times, corn-cob clamped between his teeth.

"Any more details?" we asked politely. Silence. "Any more you want to say?" we asked a little louder. No answer. Then we yelled "IS THAT ALL?" Our question fell on deaf ears, and we meekly bowed to the power of the press, consoling ourselves with "Maybe we, too, could write for the Times, and have such ardent followers—we hope."

Air Base Squadron

Sgt. Stanley J. Schaffer

We should like to dedicate this column to our Past Adjutant, First Lieut. Russell Dale Foster, who shipped out recently. Our Hats Off Department goes all out for our Little Adjutant, an officer who really knew what the score was. Out of deference to him we shall say a last "so long" to Butch of Penobscot and Slugger of Bangor House, who will miss him as much as we. . . . Now to make Pfc. Stone happy. How are you getting along, Shirley? Do you miss us all way down yonder? O. K. Stone. . . . All dreams right now are centered on the Saturday night party at the Non-Com club. It seems to be exactly the thing a soldier dreams of.

Scene from the Sidelines: Cpl. Monroe Smith minus his choppers. . . . Cpl. Hazle flying low. . . . Wedding bells for Sgt. Al DeVincentis. Lots of luck, Al, this sort of thing seems to be catching. . . . Sgt. Krug's new G. I. haircut. . . . Pfc. Shepard taking over the guardhouse, lock, stock and barrel. . . . Motto for the week: All work and no play makes jack—the dull way. . . . The week's Gruesome Twosome goes, of all people, to Cpl. Hazle and Sgt. Schaffer, this by popular demand. One of the fellows said that we are the Gruesomest of all Twosomes yet. . . . that may or may not be. . . . Looks very much like S-Sgt. Stubbs becomes a married man once again. . . . At the black-out Thursday night, John Krugg to Sgt. Eddie Jones—"Hey, Eddie, you're stepping on my toes." Eddie to John—"I am not." John to Eddie—"You are too." After a deliberate argument, John to Eddie—"Well just move your foot and you'll find out." Eddie moves his foot and to be sure, he's been standing on John's toes for about

KHAKI KOMICS

A teacher was trying to instruct a group of foreigners in beginners' English. The word in question—with which the group seemed unfamiliar—was "flag." As a hint, the teacher asked, "What flies over the city hall?"

"Peegins," came a prompt answer.

Cpl.: "Wazza matter, chum?"
Pfc.: "I lost my whole pay in a poker game."

Cpl.: "Gee, that's tough."
Pfc.: "Yeah, two bucks of it was in cash."

Psychiatrist to prospective draftee: "Are you bothered by strange things dancing before your eyes?"

Inductee: "Heck no, I like it."

The conductor on the Portland train took a soldier's ticket and said, "Too bad, soldier, you're on the wrong train."

The G. I. came out of his gloom a bit when he discovered that the guy in the seat with him had made the same mistake.

The conductor moved on to the next seat and the soldier's gloom changed to joy; the conductor took another ticket and then exclaimed,

20 minutes. Military Secret of the Week: What happens to M-Sgt. Senerchia's leather jacket every so often? Kind of disappears, eh, Senerchia. Next time look in Sgt. Switenko's pockets, or maybe Uncle Don hides it behind the radio. The basketball team is coming along fine. We have the uniforms, now all we need is the men. So how about a good turnout for practice sessions. Get Sad Sack Potts to tell you the story of the time he sung with a big time band, or Cpl. Martini to tell you of the time he was a bell-boy in a Broadway hotel. Pvt. Mac McCloskey says we're all going home together—on the same boat. To set some minds at ease, Cpl. Bishop is still carrying on. We would like to spread out the Welcome mat to the new addition to the Orderly Room, T-5 Richardson, a lass with a very pleasing personality. And just remember, fellows, don't let her flatter you because flattery is 100 per cent soap, and soft soap is 90 per cent lye. . . . So long.

A good husband is one who feels in his pockets every time he passes a mail box.

Heck, I'm on the wrong train!"

The first day of school the teacher asked the kindergarten class, "Can any of you children count above ten?"

A sergeant's son shouted, "Jack queen, king, ace!"

After chapel services on a certain base, one G. I. was heard to remark to another, "I didn't know what sin was until we got that new chaplain."

The draftee filled in the questionnaire:

Born: Yes.
Married: No.
Business: Lousy.
Color: Darn blue.
Beneath this stone lies Murphy; They buried him today. He lived the life of Riley While Riley was away.

"Your gal's shoulder strap broke at the dance, I heard. Did she blush?"

"I didn't notice."

Once upon a time three bears were out walking. Papa Bear sat down on a cactus and said "Ouch." Mama Bear did likewise and said "Oh!" But Baby Bear just sat on his cactus and said nothing. Then Mama Bear turned to Papa Bear and said: "Gosh, I hope we're not raising a Dead End Kid."

Funeral Director (to aged mourner): "How old are you?"
Aged Mourner: "I'll be 98 next month."

Funeral Director: "Hardly worth going home is it?"

"Come up and see me sometime," said USO Magnolia, the dizzy blonde. "Just ring the bell with your elbow."

"Why the elbow?" asked the gallant G. I.

"Well, for gosh sakes, you're not coming empty-handed, are you?"

FOOLOSOPHY: A hug is energy gone to waist.

Sign seen in a certain town tailor shop: "Hats altered to fit any promotions."

Remarked an observer in Sousse, While watching the Nazis vamousse, "I note that their step

"Is deficient in pep.

"They never learned that from a gousse."

WARNING:

Loose cash is dangerous!

Cash is easy to lose, easier to steal. Guard against this risk by changing cash into spendable American Express TRAVELERS CHEQUES. Their safety feature insures a refund if lost or stolen.



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Dining Room
We Welcome the
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Exchange Hotel

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PILOTS GRILL

OPP. AIR BASE ON HAMMOND STREET

STEAKS — CHOPS — CHICKEN

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 5:30, 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

OBLATE FATHERS

From Bucksport

Will Say 3 Masses

SUNDAY ONLY

Base Chapel

7:30—11:30

Engineer Area

9:30 A. M.

Confessions Before Each Mass

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

If the men in the company keep getting married at the fast pace of recent weeks, the single men are going to be a minority. Keep at it boys, then there will be a job, that yours truly can push aside.

Most of the boys have always wondered what Cooky Adams did with his money. They found out in the recent stamp and bond drive, when he and he alone was the only EM to buy a hundred dollar bond. With the exception of one or two men the company made a fine showing.

"When the Sentimental Payroll arrives for signature, it won't be long before I will give that little party," so says Pvt. Lussier. We don't blame Pvt. Lussier for being in love with money. But don't you think you are going too far when you try to chance the G. I. name?

M-Sgt. Wells of the Engineers, acted as if he wanted to take the responsibility of the world on his shoulders at the recent demonstration given on the base. After the Q. M. boys received instructions as to where they should stand for the performance, the Sgt. seemed a little peeved because Q. M. was in front of them (as usual) and then he sounded off. His remarks of the Q. M., being Four F availed him just zero. Now of course this minor set-back did not set well with the men behind me and they took up where he left off and of all things our ability to shoot. Now just as a reminder, we defeated these same Engineers in an official scoring match by thirty odd points, which speaks for itself. After a little jockeying of words their only alibi was it was the rifle, imagine anyone calling the M1903 a pea shooter. Even their Sgt. used a special rifle and he just beat out our lowest man. The Q. M. or your writer has no desire to ruffle the edges of an opponent. But why can't the latter show sportsmanship about the whole affair? Remember, if you ride downtown in a truck or staff car, you get there, it does the job well. Bear in mind that you still have to aim the rifle, whether it be the M1 or the M1903 and they both do the job well. Just a final word, as I could go on and on picking your organization apart, but the Q. M. or myself are not in the Army for that. We are on the same team, eventually we are going to help you and vice-versa, if we get beat at one thing we can always come fighting in another and team work is the only solution, not name calling. Let's be the real thing, not synthetic supermen.

With all the men attending camouflage school and getting their diplomas, we should not have any trouble finding men to teach the untrained. While on the subject we had an unknown expert on that subject, in the person of S-Sgt. Russo. Sgt., how did you have so many things in such a small place and not visible? Whose shadow is whose, S-Sgt. Goyette or Cpl. Schwartz? They have been trying to get each others name in the paper for the past few weeks. I suggest that they not be so close together, then maybe one of them will do something. How about trying just that?

It seems that spicy news in the Q. M., is just a thing of the past, so without that, news will have to be limited once again, so until the next time let's not hide everything so well.

Compliment Squadron

Pfc. Joseph P. McCartney

If our little Jap enemies could have a knowledge, as to the preparations being made by a certain Complement soldier, namely—Pvt. Richard Morrissey, maybe those "Tojo Gangsters" would be clamoring for peace. For the past three or more months, Dick has patiently worked on two knives. Both of these, he hopes, will some day be used in assistance to a Japs Hari-Kari. Those wicked looking devices for death, undergoing daily sandpapering, tapering and razor-like sharpening by Pvt. Morrissey, will help much in exterminating at least a few Sun Worshipers.

The paragraphic murder scene now ended, your writer will attempt a more pleasant bit of writing.

After watching a number of the Comps. men at last Sunday night's USO party in building T-15, gives much puzzlement. The—Casanova—way of approaching beautiful hostesses, seemed to be present in the tactics employed by the majority, and in some cases—Casanova—was outdone.

What's come over these Complement N. C. O.'s of the first three grades? Are they all attempting a try at love? A certain five striper has been seen escorting a pretty little fem at these camp parties. There seems to be a bit of trouble brewing. A certain other N. C. O. has plans of the same nature, for the very same fem.

Pvt. Richard Carlson would like to prove his ability at the game of Ping Pong, and will gladly square off against any opponents. Come forth the competition, "The Great," is ready.

Just a bit to remind us of home. Only a small thing we used to think, when Mom done it so often. But now that washing clothes has become our job that small thing has become enlarged. A number of the boys have started self laundering, but after listening to the utterings coming forth from the wash room, the G. I. laundry will have more business. "Gee, we miss those Mothers, eh fellows."

This years World Series did much to cause graying hairs on many of the squadron men. Sitting in on last Sunday afternoon's game with "The Betting Hall" almost wrecked the writer's nervous system. A hit by the Yanks, a hit by the Cards, made no difference. One or more of these baseball maniacs would leave the floor, echoing a yell loud enough to cause passers-by to think the war had ended. Three examples. Cpl. Varrachi—he gets excited to the point of exhaustion, 1st Sgt. Wesolosky wetn him one better, and Pvt. Tom Spangburg

How to be sure about her diamond

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

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

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JEWELERS—BANGOR
Over a century of fair and honest dealing at the same location.

What's Doing This Week For Service Men In Bangor

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dow Field Activities

Monday, October 18

Ping-pong Night T 15. The time from 7 p. m. to 10 p. m. The champs of T 15 are looking for new opponents to conquer.

Tuesday, Oct. 19

Get Acquainted Party at T6. The WACs want to meet all you boys. A party and dance with loads of fun and laughs is planned for you. Time 8 p. m. to 12 p. m.

Wednesday, October 20

Special Letter Writing Night. This is the night to catch up on those delayed letters. Refreshments will be served to you industrious people.

Thursday, October 21

Open House—Informal dancing.

clenches his fists, takes a deep breath, and guffaws—"Quiet." In the midst of a crucial moment, when the score was close—if one would accidentally or otherwise make the least noise, that "one" would be no more.

Quite a surprise was handed to Sgt. Walter Evans and Sgt. Vince McGarry one night last week. In returning from town, what should they discover in their room but a dog. Not just any old dog, but that big gray spotted one that's been roving the field. Have you seen him? If so—you can easily estimate the surprise. Sgt. McGarry wasn't only surprised, but a bit shocked to—that big old dog was wearing Mac's fatigue jacket, on his head the sgt's woolen cap, and of all things—was sleeping in Mac's bed. The culprit has suffered very tough consequences, and his deed avenged. Here's a bit of a poem dedicated to our new mascot, owned and operated by 1st Lt. Eugene Qualls, and a pal of the gang.

OUR PUP

A snow ball, but a four legged one. New arrival in the Comp.

Thoroughbred? Al-not just a bum. Lively? You should see him romp.

Very tiny, has a bit of trouble to; When drinking milk out-o-his cup. But he tries hard, and he'll soon do.

For he's the Squadron Pup.

Six inches high, about twenty round,

And can the little fellow strut,

games, ping-pong, and various activities are planned. Bring your lady friend, wife, and your pals to T 15.

Friday, October 22

Broadcast and dance at T6. The broadcast begins at 9 p. m. The dance begins at 9:30. The dance will be sponsored by the Air Base Sqdn. Other squadrons will be invited. The Dow Field Troubadours will give forth with their melodious music.

Saturday, October 23

Relaxation Night. Come and enjoy your recreation hall. Books, magazines, games and music (radio and recordings) await your command.

USO Activities

Week October 18 to 24

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18

8:30—Old fashioned and modern dancing. Juke box recordings; USO hostesses.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19

8:30—Bingo party. Special prizes. Also cash door prize. USO hostesses. Letters-on-a-Record made. Attendant on hand.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20

8:30—Dance and broadcast. Dow Field Troubadours. USO hostesses.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

8:30—Movie night. "Here We Go Again" starring Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Ginny Simms. Informal dancing. USO hostesses.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22

8:30—Ping-Pong tourney preliminaries continue. Enter for cash prizes. Informal dancing. USO hostesses. Letter-on-a-record made. Attendant on hand.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23

8:30—Special dance night. Maine University' Soldiers' Orchestra. Dancing until 12:00. USO hostesses.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24

9:00 a. m.-1:00 p. m. Letter writing time.

3:15 p. m.-6:00 p. m.—Tea dance. New recordings.

8:30 p. m.-11:30 p. m.—Informal dancing. USO hostesses.

You'd think he was the best dog found.

"Well, he is."—Cause he's our Pup. Pfc. T. P. M.

DO YOU NEED STATIONERY?

At T 15 stationery is available for your dayroom.

Do not hesitate to drop in to T 15 and pick up what writing material you need.

ENGINEER AVIATION BATTALION

Sorry we had to turn you away at the door, boys. Our rec hall is large but it could not accommodate the crowd of fellows from other outfits who tried to crash just about the best party Dow Field has seen in a long time. "H & S" Company always does things in a big way and this party was no exception.

Of course, there was a double incentive to make it the best. First of all it served as a big welcome to our new Company commander, First Lieut. William M. Alleman, and gave the fellows a chance to show their appreciation for his tireless efforts in their behalf. Then, too, it was Hallowe'en, and the decorations and refreshments were well in keeping with that holiday. Just picture this fellows: the music of the Dow Field Troubadours, played in every mood and tempo in a background of waving corn stalks and colorful autumn leaves; the loveliest girls in Bangor and the best looking WACs on the Base dancing incessantly with their most willing partners; and what a menu—plenty of big tasty sandwiches, sweet cider, beer and ale, and the most delicious donuts you ever tasted.

In the midst of the proceedings Sgt. George V. Karpis presented a big layer cake to Lieut. Alleman, who made a speech of thanks and promptly proceeded to divide it for everybody's pleasure. The deafening applause was a heartfelt tribute to our popular company commander.

Among the notables present were Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Loren W. Goodwin, Captain and Mrs. James F. McLure and a host of others that constituted a good part of the "Who's Who" of the Engineers.

The credit for the success of the outstanding event largely goes to the committee of boys who worked tirelessly for weeks. Sgt. Walter, Baisch, Sgt. George Karpis, Sgt. Frank Shupienis, Sgt. Thomas Niland, and Cpl. Arthur Burgdorf, our hats off to you for thinking of everything down to the smallest detail. And thanks go to all the boys in the Company who did their little bit to help out. We hope that your next party will be no less successful.

Minute Mysteries

Answers

Questions on Page 3

Not even a prohibition agent would use alcohol in an automobile radiator in or about Miami!

CASUALTIES IN ITALY

The secretary of war announced recently that during four weeks, following the landing at Salerno, American troops under Lt. Gen. Mark Clark lost 511 killed, 5,428 wounded and 2,368 missing.

WHEN NATURE FORGETS... REMEMBER

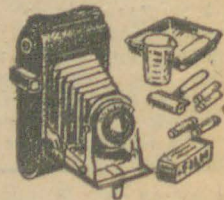
EX-LAX

The Chocolate Laxative

✓ it's not too strong!
✓ it's not too mild!
✓ it's the Happy Medium!

As a precaution use only as directed.

SEND YOUR "SWEETIE" A SNAPSHOT



Cameras and
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A Complete Line of Amateur and Professional Films.

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CIVILIAN SLANTS

Sub-Depot

The "Ideas For Victory" program sponsored by the War Department and put into effect here at Dow Field has been successful, although the feeling exists that the civilian employees of the field have not made a genuine, down-to-earth effort to contribute as many ideas as possible.

The contest awards cash prizes of \$2.50 to \$5.00 and others of greater monetary value, depending on the importance of the idea.

To date among the ideas submitted for judgment probably the outstanding individual achievement was a "hand rivet cutter" designed and manufactured by Orland V. Lyons, employed by the Maintenance Department of the Sub-Depot. This tool was manufactured entirely from scrap metal, and, although not officially judged upon, appears to be very inexpensively constructed, a great time saver to the United States Government and definitely performs better work than the average "rivet dyke."

Your ideas are needed and welcomed—the more the merrier, and the greater the chances of hitting the jack-pot.

Appropriately enough, the entertainment program sponsored by the Employee's Welfare Association of the Sub-Depot, will inaugurate the fall season with a good, old-fashioned costumed Harvest Ball, complete with apple cider, doughnuts, rube entertainment, prizes, etc. The opening event of the current season is scheduled for October 26 at the Roseland ballroom.

Earle Parkhurst is chairman and assisted by the following committee members: Bror O. Hultgren, Harriet McKinnon, James Mutt, Maxine Powers, Raymond O. Torrey, Thaddeus Kanla, Rebecca Libbey and Philip McKeen.

According to present plans judgment of the outstanding costumes will be awarded prizes. The committee has secured affable Deacon Hand and his troupe to supply the music, which will be basically old-fashioned with a mixture of modern tunes to satisfy the hep cats.

Future plans for the event will be announced in the Dow Field Observer—but in any event, collar your spouse for the night of Oct. 26, if you don't have one, you'd better start throwing out the bait.

ON THE JOB TRAINING

The training program now underway at the Sub-Depot is progressing very successfully, according to Paul Kopla, Jr., Training Supervisor. The present program is under the direction of Lansing G. Petrie, assistant instructor, Supervisory Training, Rome Air Service Command.

There are approximately 120 employees attending the various conferences, which includes the proper method of allocating responsibility and authority. At present writing 83 employees are attending the course, which is divided up into four groups with the remaining number scheduled to participate at a later date.

Mr. Petrie recently informed the writer that he is overly joyed with the interest and enthusiasm displayed by the employees. He specifically pointed to a number of cases where employees have sacrificed their own time on days

off by reporting to classes in order not to miss a single conference. Petrie's praise of the employees attending the course is unlimited.

Headquarters Sub-Depot

Extra! Extra! Be on hand for the gala event being held by the Welfare Association Tuesday the 26th of October. A better than that "Costume Party" with old and new dances which are loads of fun for all. The place? Roseland Ballroom, the time? eight-thirty, come one, come all for a good old fashioned night of fun and laughter.

"Kay" Trickey, file supervisor, left us this week and is spending a few days at her home in Lewiston before taking on her new duties elsewhere. We're all wishing you the best of everything "Kay."

Annette Curran, Personnel and Training Branch, is having Annual Leave and spending it with relatives in Boston.

A visitor at Headquarters Thursday was Sgt. Julian Jones, son of Linwood Jones of the Armament Branch.

Violet Powers, formerly of Headquarters Office, now of Civilian Personnel was married Monday night to Sgt. Angus Bushey of Dow Field. Muriel Young of Maintenance Department and Sgt. Edward Maciejewski of Dow Field attended the couple. Congratulations and best wishes to you both.

Beatrice Morrett of Civilian Personnel leaves very soon to join her husband "Charlie" Morrett in Pennsylvania.

The Sub-Depot supervisors are enjoying the Supervisory Course being given by Mr. Lansing Petrie of Rome, New York. They all feel that Mr. Petrie is one of the finest instructors out of Rome and doing a very able job.

Post Engineers

What has Frank "Casanova" Hopkins got that the rest of us hasn't? Four chicks in to see him—count 'em. We can't even get one.

"Well, we hear that 'Seth' Parker is going down to the sea in ships. Yep, Ace joined the SeaBees. We'll miss our Water Super. Good man, good guy, and we all say Good Luck.

We also hear that the line forms on the right as to who is next. Say, could the SeaBees use a darn good firefighter, "Seth"? Well, a firefighter, anyway.

We hear that Bard the Oil Baron is Bird Hunting. What with—we ask—that sawed-off pop gun? Look out, Roy, you don't shoot yourself in the rear elevation.

Congratulations are in order! "Tim" O'Hearon is the proud father of a forty pound heifer.

Willard Foss and Chet Henry are down on the coast again. Hunting?

We see Hutch is training three enlisted men in the fine arts of electrocution. Has any soldier bit yet on the pepper gum trick? Have the soldiers hot-footed for the repairs in the WAC Area yet?

Was Al Nason seen in a furnace the other day?

We are all glad to see Ray Harville back on the ball. Long stretch, wasn't it Ray?

Is it true that "Lover Boy, the Prize Pig" unlaces Trenholm's shoes?

Who wants to swap a dog with Gillette? He wants to go hunting? Well, Why is he carrying that beebie gun?

Say, if that room is too stuffy—see Arey!

Where did Howard Rankin spend his vacation? Tain't the way we heard it!

Bert Cummings says the next big shindig will be a dance, the 27th, at the Maccabees hall.

See by the papers our Fire Chief, Charles E. Turner, was one of the speakers at the State Fire Chiefs Convention in Bangor last week.

What did your party get on their hunting trip, Captain?

Tall Doll



Constantly attractive is Nina Constant, of the tall, willowy type of starlet Hollywood is now putting before the cameras.

Medical Dept.

Bill Thompson, manager of the Hospital Branch of the PX, spent the weekend in Dedham, Mass., visiting his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Toothman of Newark, Ohio made an inspection of the hospital recently. They are the parents of Personnel's Cpl. Toothman.

Mrs. K. P. Carter of Auburn is a guest at the home of Charles Fowler.

Norma D. Staples enjoyed a three day "pass" last week, spending it in Bangor and vicinity.

Thomas Byrd, formerly here and employed as a pipefitter's helper at the Charlestown Navy Yard, visited his friends at Station Hospital last week.

WEDDING

The Bangor newspapers gave good coverage to the recent wedding of Miss Eleanor Higgins to Sgt. F. Carr McInnis, but here are a few items not mentioned by them which might prove of interest.

After the reception, breakfast was served, the menu of which was as follows: cocktail, honeydew melon, creamed chicken in patty, potato chips, peas, rolls, coffee, strawberry parfait and small decorated cakes. Each guest received a piece of wedding cake as well as a slice of the three-tiered bridal cake.

Music was furnished by Miss Margaret Pearson, Miss Isabel Carlin and Mrs. Elizabeth McNamara. Irish ballads were sung by Major LeRoy C. McCabe, Sgt. McInnis' Commanding Officer at Fort Devens.

SCOOP

The Portland Press Herald announced October 6th that Sgt. Winkler is a prisoner of Germany. If the Herald editor had read the Sept. 20th edition of the Civilian Medical column he would have learned that much sooner the good news about Miss Rose Lavoot's brother-in-law.

MEN'S TEAM

Membership in the Men's Bowling Team of Station Hospital is as follows: Edward McDougall, Earl Hart, F. Mooney, Charles Peterson, Harold McPherson, Clarence Chase, Glen Witham, Thomas Witham and William Veilleux.

On Tuesday, October 5th, the Dental Clinic held a picnic at Mr. Parker's cottage at Lucerne. It was a cold and rainy day but we set forth in a G. I truck late in the afternoon.

We built a fire on the beach and as we all gathered around Lt. Hurowitz took candid shots of the group—no doubt they will be candid!

A few hardy souls set forth in

canoes and row-boats. It was fun and the scenery from the lake was beautiful—as only a Maine fall can be.

Cpl. LaCourse prepared a good hearty meal for us—potato salad, cold cuts, pickles, cider, coffee, cheese, rye bread and olives. After eating we played cards and then left for home after an evening of fun.

On the way home Major Lilly and the people in his car were lucky enough to see two deer.

Hope we can all get together again soon.

Guard

Patrolman Bernard C. Wright of Castine street, Bangor, is being welcomed as a new member to the Guard Force.

Chief Patrolman Clyde E. Spangler is back on duty after having visited at his home in Harrisburg, Penna.

Patrolmen Goupee, Dinsmore and Currier who have Annual Leave coming during the last of October, have great plans to do plenty of hunting.

Patrolman Cary has been duck hunting, and when the deer season opens he will have plenty of venison, let's make it a dinner, J. Norman.

Supply

Dit da dit da dit. Let's go to press! ! Let's give with the Winchell. Ooh, what I wrote in my last column! Some Supply Employees seem to feel bad that I slighted them but keep up your courage and shine your dark glasses, I'll get you in time! !

Flash! ! What girl just had weekend complications? Isn't it troublesome when more than one shows up for the weekend, eh? Tsk! Tsk! da dit da dit! What person has it into their heads to make an issue out of something the person herself finds amusing? Incidentally, who is playing guardian angel to who? Why?

Flash! Have you seen the new sign Miss Bonneau of Stock Records now displays on her desk, "Tumbling in three easy Lessons"? Miss Bonneau did an unexpected tumbling act awhile back, injuring nothing but her dignity and is now willing to give her all to all interested.

Da dit! What criminals removed all the cakes from Ray Torrey's car? He isn't saying anything, is he? Flash! Da dit da! The new club, the "Don't Be Catty Club," has gotten off to a well start. Members overheard making a catty remark pay a fine of ten cents which is put into the club treasury. Members wishing to hear a repeat of the remark may do so at five cents per remark. To start things right, the newly elected president, Bunny Meath, paid fines amounting to thirty cents for first day. The beautiful thing about this club is that the funds are used to buy War Bonds which are given periodically to the lucky member of the club whose name is drawn from a hat containing names of all members. Let's have more members and more catty remarks so we can buy more bonds.

Da dit da! Flash! Do I hear wedding bells? Yes, hearty congratulations to our commanding officer, Major Mackey, on his approaching marriage.

What! nobody sick? Swell! ! Are you going to the Employees' Association Barn Dance the 26th of this month? It's going to be a swell affair. See you there.

Da dit dit! Flash! Why is Joan Danforth carrying a package of aspirin in one hand and a bottle of smelling salts in the other lately? Da dit dit! Why haven't we seen an announcement in the Maintenance News of the arrival of a daughter to Daddy Charlie Robinson of the Machine Shop? or was it there? Congratulations anyway, Charlie! What made Arlene Ford of Stock Record Unit No. 1 so happy after last weekend? ?

Dit da dit! What is this argument or controversy that's going on between Johnny Ward of Stock Records and Harold Delano of the Warehouse Let's take a vote! ! ! Flash—Tut, Tut, who was that supervisor I saw buying a whip down town? Dit da dit!—Flash!

Who's on vacation? Mr. Davis, our assistant supply officer. Steady on the aim, Davis.

Da dit dit!—I'll close with a Flash—Congratulations to an old friend of Supply Employees, Sgt. Al DeVincentis, on the announcement of his approaching marriage.

MAINTENANCE

William McDonald, foreman of Plant Maintenance, is in charge of the big Annual Military Ball of the Maine State Guard units of Bangor to be held at the Chateau Ballroom on Tuesday, Columbus Day.

Now that the hunting season is on the main topic of conversation these days is hunting. Confidentially, boys, "Mac" McFadden has an unknown source of ammunition supplies.

Sadie Ladd, Planning Branch, and Pauline Trask, Inspection Branch, spent their day off this week visiting Alta Edgecomb, Maintenance Supervision Branch, at the latter's home in Hampden. The trio claim they had a wonderful time roaming through the woods.

We welcome Walter Grace to our Engine Branch.

Antoinette "Toni" Trahn, who has been helping out in Stock Tracing, is now back in Engine Branch. Maybe that accounts for the long faces of MacFadden and Karnes in Stock Tracing.

George White, foreman of Oxygen Branch, and his wife left last Thursday to spend their vacation picking potatoes in Aroostock. Wednesday proved to be a profitable day for both of them but as it rained for the next three days their profit was depleted. Both came back to Bangor on Sunday very much discouraged. We're sorry your efforts were so fruitless George.

We regret to learn that Alice Lytikainen's husband, Lt. Gunnar Lytikainen, has been transferred because that means we will be losing Alice soon from our Administration Branch.

Wedding bells rang Saturday for George Wilson, electrical branch, and Edith Joy. Congratulations and best wishes from all employees in Maintenance.

We regret to learn that Clyde Sheets, assistant general shop foreman, has been called to his home in Pennsylvania due to his mother's illness.

Lila Horton, Maintenance supervisor, spends her evenings painting the interior of her home. That's what we call ambition!

"Mike" Grady, Drafting and Reproduction Branch, is spending his annual leave visiting relatives in Massachusetts.

Erlan Sanborn, general shop foreman, is keeping the home fires burning since his wife went away to visit her sister. Rumor is that he's getting to be an expert in the care of babies.

Some of the boys in the hangar want John McMillan, foreman of Hydraulics, to give them a little more information about the hole he burned in his trousers when making that trip to Middletown. Have no qualms, John.

DID YOU GET A LETTER TODAY?

No! Did you write that letter you forgot? You won't receive letters if you don't write them.

The folks at home need your letters to ease their minds and to keep up their morale.

If they don't hear from you, they worry.

Get busy, Soldier, and write that letter Wednesday night.

Every Wednesday night at T-15 is letter writing night.

Refreshments will be served to ease the writer's cramps you might acquire.



DIAMONDS

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BANGOR

SPORTS NEWS

By Sgt. Ed. Thomas

The base gym has been the busiest place on the field for the past two weeks, with all the Base organizations getting their physical training every day from the gym staff of Sgt. Thomas. The turnout of officers has been very good and we hope that it will continue that way. The officers' class has been handled by Lt. Carter and Sgt. Thomas.

On Wednesday the Headquarters enlisted men of the 6:00 P. M. League knocked Finance out of first place by taking three points from them with Thomas and Collins leading the attack with a 219 and 287. Signal won 4 points to go into undisputed position of first place.

On the 8:00 P. M. League the Officers continued on their way with Col. Nagles leading the league in its fourth week of play.

Thursday, Betsy Dolan led the girls' league with 270 and also jumped to 5th place in the league. Mna Billington, league leader had a bad night and lost a 3-point average, but still holds her place on top.

Friday night at the Post gym the Dow Field Bombers' basketball team opened its season with a 38-12 victory over a Bomber Sqdn. team with two new comers of the team leading the attack in the persons of Eee Dalecky, with 10 points, and Shorty Carlson with 12. Dalecky formerly played with Camall College of Wisconsin and looks very good.

We have had two very interesting classes of Nurses on Monday and Friday nights. A little close order drill was given by Sgt. Thomas and we must admit they drill as well as most men on the Base and also seem to like it.

Saturday the first set of tennis was played in the gym, when Col. Deuel and Lt. Mancuso played Maj. Heber and Capt. Barker. A good work-out was had by all. Even me. So guess I will call this off for this time.

"Air Force" Feature Describes Attack On Ploesti Refinery

A special section describing the attack by 177 B-24s which destroyed vital Axis oil refineries at Ploesti, Rumania, is featured in the November issue of Air Force, the official service journal of the AAF.

The feature includes the story of painstaking preparation on the part of the five groups which made the attack, the staff-planning involved, General Brereton's pre-attack message to the flight leaders, a first-person "over the target" account, a summary of the damage inflicted and is illustrated with vivid action photographs taken from the bombers during the attack.

Among the other features in the issue are, "Combat Veteran Stresses Importance of Air Discipline," "Dead Planes Can Talk" and "The New AAF Training Command."

Soldiers in ASTP Get Shoulder-Patches

WASHINGTON—More than 100,000 soldiers participating in the Army Specialized Training Program at 209 colleges and universities in the United States will wear identifying shoulder-patch insignia, the War Department announced this week.

The insignia will depict the sword of valor against a lamp of knowledge. The sword and lamp are in dark blue on a yellow, octagon-shaped patch.

The insignia will be distributed to the various units about November.

The head never begins to swell until the mind stops growing.

BOWLING

OFFICER'S BOWLING LEAGUE			
Team	Won	Lost	
Nagle's Quacks	11	1	
Lee's Laymen	9	3	
Bloom's Amps.	9	3	
Griffin's Growlers	8	4	
Willis' Wonders	5	7	
Shothafer's Sharpshooters	4	8	
Machon's Morons	2	10	
Glinton's Goldbricks	0	12	

Weekly High		
High Single, Blackmore	125	
High Three, Blackmore	294	
Second High Three, Manrow	284	
High Team Single, Lee's Laymen	410	
High Team Three, Nagle's Quacks	1181	

Season's High		
High Single, Blackmore	125	
High Three, Blackmore	294	
High Team Single, Bloom's Amps	433	
High Team Three, Willis' Wonders	1253	

Season's Averages			
Blackmore	90.4	Schmitt	83.0
Manrow	90.0	Katz	82.8
Sprague	89.9	Willis	82.7
Simmons	87.6	Devoe	82.3
Pozzi	85.6	Nuttie	81.6
Nagle	84.0	Mancuso	81.3
Smith, M. W.	83.6	Riley	81.0
Drescher	83.1		

Individual Averages			
Gunkler	81.0	Harty	75.0
Gossell	81.0	Hamilton	74.5
Campbell	80.2	Lee	74.1
Williams	79.9	Morrison	73.3
Machon	79.6	Bloom	73.2
Bauer	79.5	Markham	73.0
Wotton	79.4	Wonderlich	72.6
Berman	78.9	Theobald	72.6
Griffin	78.6	Deuel	71.6
Swigart	78.6	Dorf	71.2
Mahoney	78.4	Ford	69.2
Fitton	78.3	Clarkson	62.6
Carter	77.3	Orniston	61.6
Heard	76.2	Shothafer	58.5
Levine	75.8	Blank	54.8
Waldron	75.6	Comiskey	54.0

Highlights
Lieut. Blackmore of Lee's Laymen had a big night, setting the season's high for a single game of 125, and a High Three of 294. This also moved him up from 6th place to 1st place in the season's average.

Nagle's Quacks moved into the undisputed lead when they whitewashed Willis' Wonders while Bloom's Amps. were only able to salvage 2 points in their encounter with Shothafer's Sharpshooters.

Lieut. Manrow also had a big night with a high game of 106 and a High Three of 284 that brought him up from 7th place last week to 2nd this week in the season's average.

Captain Comiskey stole the show with a neat 54 average, that shoved Lieut. Orniston all the way up to 4th from the bottom, a season's high for him.

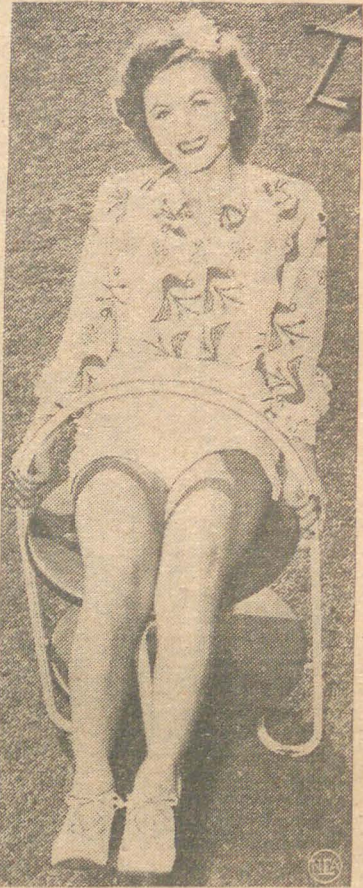
Standing Dow Field Girl's League				
Team	Won	Lost	Pinfall	
QM	15	0	5385	
Hdq.	14	2	4671	
WAC D	11	5	2979	
WAC C	5	11	4103	
Nurse A	4	12	4009	
WAC B	7	9	3778	
WAC A	6	10	3752	
Nurse B	1	15	3645	
High Team Single, QM			455	
High Team Triple QM			1293	
High Individual Triple, Billington			295	
High Individual Single, Billington			120	
High Weekly Single, Caldwell			101	
High Weekly Triple, Betsy Dolan			270	

Individual Averages			
Billington	94.1	Ireland	68.2
Lammers	87.5	Williams	68.2
Tiemann	85.7	Pinnerly	68.2
Rines	85.1	Romano	68.1
Dolan	83.2	Bates	67.7
Gaudette, M.	81.7	Leach	67.3
Keenan	80.9	Compitello	66.1
Caldwell	80.1	Hopper	66.1
Nawfel	79.6	Fleming	64.6
Friedrich	79.3	Dofity	64.2
Brennan	79.2	Downing	62.4
Savage	78.2	King	62.1
Anderson	77.5	Chandler	61.3
Hardy	77.1	Denning	61.1
Azepanowski	76.4	Dennison, Lt.	60.5
Johnson	75.3	Cornwall, Lt.	60.4
Wood	75.3	Polanski, Lt.	60.3
Kennon	73.7	Foley	60.2
Terwilliger	72.2	Butler	60.2
Main	72	Hessup	59.1
Crory	71.5	O'Donnell	57
Holland	71.3	Mattack	54
Novinski	71.3	Pallon	51.3
Gaudette, L.	70.1	Clark	42.2
Bak	69.2	Lee	41.5
Maxwell	69.1		

Field League			
Team	Won	Lost	Pinfall
Signal	11	1	3032
Ordinance	8	4	3899
Finance	8	4	3867
Headquarters	8	4	3701
Gen. Mess	4	8	1261
38th Avn.	4	8	1153
Hospital	1	11	2476
Quarter M.	0	12	1094
High Team Single, Signal			467
High Team Three, Ordinance			1359
High Individual Single, Leiber			115
High Individual Three, Spada			307
High Individual Three, Shortlidge			307
High Single for the Week			
Shortlidge			114
High Three for the Week			
Shortlidge			307

Individual Averages			
Spada	102.3	Lubich	85
Thomas	97	Rosini	84.3
O'Donnell	94.6	Colson	83.8
Profetta	91.3	Hanes	83.6
Palasek	91.2	Marcus	82.5
Snyder	90.6	Richards	83.2
Shortlidge	89.4	R. Johnson	81.6
Cottler	88.7	Horodysky	81
Carlson	88.6	Hodgkins	80.8
Harrington	88.5	H. Johnson	80
Leiber	88.5	Turski	80
Wernerburg	87.8	Jackson	79.6
Corre	87.5	Wyatt	79.5
Collins	87	Goode	79

Stand-In Stars



Sitting pretty these days is Cheryl Walker, whose work in "Stage Door Canteen" brought a major studio contract, and made her one of the few Hollywood stand-ins to graduate from the ranks to stardom.

ORDNANCE

CPL. BERT GAWLEY

Personality of the week, "two Speed Dodson," from the hills of Kaintuck. The speeds alluded to are slow and stop. Dodson is a volley ball player, recently discovered by Ordinance. When asked if anything fast came from the Sunny South, he replied, "Yes, suh. Our women and our horses."

Incidentally in conjunction with our P. T. Program, the volley ball and basketball games have created quite a lot of interest, the boys taking to the sports like a duck to water. We have the makings of good competitive teams in both sports.

Ordinance "Wreck of the Week" honors go to Pvt. Joe Lee, who after being discharged from the hospital looks like he not only zigged when he should have zagged, but further complicated the situation by zagging when he should have

Youngdahl	86.8	Thompson	78.3
Lanzl	86.6	Stubbs	76.6
Devenney	86.4	Sunberg	75
Hessing	86	Quinto	74.3
Ripley	85.2	Delorme	70



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STREET FLOOR

FREESE'S

zigged. One superficial look at Joe will convince you that he wins this honor, hands down.

Second honors in this department go to Cpl. Russo, who trying out for the Post basketball team sprained his ankle and is at present recuperating at the Base hospital.

At least 14 men have signed up for the prospective Ordnance basketball team; we should have a corker this year representing us.

Cpl. Ripley after a swell showing in the preliminary round with the rifle came through with a barely passing mark in the record shooting. His room mate, T-4 McKenzie attributes this deplorable condition to "Rip's" being a glamour boy.

Shock of the week was S-Sgt. Linnane qualifying with a good score with the rifle, and is my face red.

Pfc. Stanton is our nominee for the title of "Demosthenes, Jr.", his main qualification is his close resemblance to that noted orator during the early portion of the orator's life.

S-Sgt. Kenny Wainwright did a super job this week, after great physical and mental exertion he contrived to be the only Ordnance man capable of putting his leggings on—backwards.

Pvt. Humerick can be located at any hour of the day, when not on duty parked around the pocket billiard table in the day room. He's getting to be quite a whiz.

T-Sgt. Nowak is back as bright as a dollar from his furlough, claims he hasn't taken the leap yet, and will give no clues.

Cpl. McElrath and T-5 Guetzlaff have left our midst for points south. Lots of luck, fellows.

Our bowling team led by the terrific pinning of T-Sgt. Shortlidge poured it into the Medics on Wednesday night, for three games and total pins.

Down at the 3rd Echelon Ordnance Garage, John Landry is absent, he is taking a well earned vacation. My, but it's quiet around there.

Something unusual, Pfc. Jones stayed in two nights last week. What is this town coming to?

Will some well informed person please impart to T-Sgt. Shortlidge as to the exact time of the Make Believe Ball Room, in order that his room mate, Sgt. Colson, can get a little sleep occasionally.

Condolences to Pfc. Vukodovich and Phil Holmes and their St. Louis Cardinals, next year, perhaps.

Pvt. Cocopardo is back from school, claims it caused him to lose his appetite. What a school. We nominate T-L Diehl for that same school.

GUARD SQUADRON

Pvt Jesse Hisher almost wrote this column. He had faithfully

Promotions

Congratulations to the following men of the Quartermaster Corps who recently climbed a rung up the chevron ladder:

- TO BE SERGEANTS
Cpl. Wilfred J. Fournier
T/5 James A. Thibodeau
TO BE CORPORALS
Pvt. Rudolph L. Carlson
TO BE TECHNICIANS FIFTH GRADE
Pfc. Frank D. Flora
Pvt. Earl R. Myers.
TO BE PRIVATES FIRST CLASS
Pvt. Alfred A. Gissinger
Pvt. Philip A. Montella
Pvt. Raymond Courville
Pvt. Richard J. Hickey
Pvt. Howard E. Jones
Pvt. Arthur G. Lussier
Pvt. Thomas J. Purser
Pvt. George A. Repine

promised to dash it off. In fact had actually inserted the paper into the office "Woodstock" when suddenly, duty called. If he had finished writing it, we are sure it would have been something like this:

Our very best welcome mat has been brushed off to smile brightly into the face of our new C. O., Capt. Bertram Ames. The captain, we understand, has had plenty of varied jobs on Dow Field, Adjutant for the Air Base Squadron, Range officer, and now C. O. of the Guard Squadron.

We would like to have listened in on the Biblical give-and-takes between Provost Sgt. Joe Levy and scholarly-looking 1st-Sgt. Paul Streeter. After the personality write-up of Levy, Streeter felt impelled to see if his training had done him any good.

We overheard someone the other day say, "The Guard Squadron orderly room and outside grounds are the neatest looking on the Base." We agree one hundred percent and after seeing the tender care that S-Sgt. Day has given the plants and neatly placed stones we can see why.

BANGOR'S M.&P. THEATERS

HITS FOR THIS WEEK



Today and Tuesday
CLAUDIA
Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young

Wed., Thurs., Fri.
The Good Fellow
Cecil Kellaway, Helen Walker



Today, Tues., Wed.
Holy Matrimony
Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields

Thurs., Fri., Sat.
The Adventures of Tartu
Robert Donat, Valerie Hobson



Today and Tuesday
UNION PACIFIC
Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea

—Also—
A NIGHT TO REMEMBER
Loretta Young, Brian Aherne

Wed.-Thurs.
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC
Humphrey Bogart
Raymond Massey

—Also—
GALS, INCORPORATED
Leon Errol, Harriet Hilliard

Fri.-Sat.
SWEETHEART OF THE FLEET
Joan Davis, Jinx Falkenburg

—Also—
BACKGROUND TO DANGER
George Raft, Brenda Marshall

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