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Dow Field Observer

Dow Air Force Base

3-22-1943

March 22, 1943

Dow Field Personnel, Bangor, Maine

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DOW FIELD OBSERVER

Published Weekly

DOW FIELD OBSERVER—MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1943

Vol. No. 43



MOVIES PRESENTED TO PATIENTS—For the first time on any army post, movies were shown to patients at the Dow Field Hospital. Norman T. Boggs field director of the Red Cross and Harry S. Millar director of Hospital Motion Picture Service, North Atlantic Area are shown above. Lt. Levine of the Hospital staff suggested the use at the Dow Field hospital and is arranging two performances a week.

Camouflage A Real Weapon In War; Dates Back To Early Ages

By S.-SGT. BILL LOVE

At an airfield somewhere in England a bomb squadron took off for its nightly raid on Germany and occupied France. They reached their objectives, dropped their bombs, and returned safely. The next evening, before the scheduled flight, Nazi bombers appeared overhead, soon the airfield was covered with debris and bomb craters. This had happened before, at this airfield and many others. There was some explanation for the German retaliation on the right airfields.

The reason was soon found. When the English bombers had loosed their bombs and would "turn tail" for home, the Germans would send up a scout plane to follow them back to their base. This was done by the sparks from their exhausts. (The spark arrester had not yet been invented). The pilot of the scout plane would chart the course, then turn the data over to the Nazi bomber pilots, who would proceed to pour their destruction on

Camouflage

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Tryouts For 'Out Of the Frying Pan' May Be Postponed

Preliminary tryouts for parts in "Out of the Frying Pan", the popular Broadway comedy success soon to be presented at Dow Field, were to have been tonight (Monday, March 22nd) at 8:00 p. m. in T-15.

However, as we go to press, the copies of the play which were ordered haven't arrived. If they come in time, the tryouts will be held as planned and Professor Bricker, of the University of Maine's famous Masque Players, will be here to choose a cast. If the copies don't arrive in time, the tryout readings will have to be postponed until they do.

Call extension 239 or stop in at the Observer office (in back of the Post Theatre) for further information.

Lt. Ziff and Cpl. Burt Join Stars Of USO Show

When the entertainers of the U.S.O. Camp Show that played here last Wednesday evening asked for jitterbug volunteers to join them on the stage at T-6, Dow Field didn't hold back. There were three performances and the volunteers at the 6:30 p. m. performance were Lt. Sam Ziff and Cpl. Myer Burt. Burt and Lt. Ziff walked onto the stage and jitterbugged with pretty Miss Carson and Master of Ceremonies Richards. They did some excellent jitterbugging and helped put on a smash climax to an entertaining evening.

Comedy, music, impersonations, dancing, magic and snappy patter kept the performance moving at a snappy pace for over an hour. Master of Ceremonies Richards was never at a loss for words. His imitation of Bette Davis in a scene from "The Letter" was the hilarious high spot of the show. Mr. Richards clipped his words effectively and twisted his lips into the well known Bette Davis sneer. His imitation of Frankenstein also attracted laughter. Later, he and Miss Carson (a very attractive young lady who is Mrs. Richards in private life) imitated the Andrews Sisters.

There were other specialties and everyone agreed that it was a swell show.

Air Base Squadron Party Has a Record Turnout

The place was T-6. The time was last Friday night. The occasion was the whoopiest stag party the Base has ever seen.

About six o'clock, the men of the squadron got into the chow line.

Record Turnout

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New Contest To Choose Dow's Ten Best All Time Song Hits

THIS MEANS YOU!

The best tunes of all go to the Recreation Hall! Yes—the best tunes of all go to the Recreation Hall! Dow Field is inaugurating a new contest! We want to find out what the most popular songs of all time are as far as you men are concerned. When we find what the top ten are, they're going to be played on a special broadcast of The Dow Field Radio Show. The broadcast will come, as always, from T-6, and we know that's one broadcast that will pack the hall.

All you have to do is hand in a

sheet of paper to your first sergeant with your name and organization on it and your choice of the ten best songs of all time in order of preference. Your first sergeant will turn the sheet of paper (together with the others he receives) to the Dow Field Observer, in back of the Post Theatre. All returns must be in the Observer office by noon of Saturday, March 27. But don't wait until then. Make out your list right away and see how many of the songs you choose are on the final winning ten!

Remember—the best tunes of all go to the Recreation Hall!

Romeo And Juliet Emerge As A Droop And A Drip On Dow Show

Sgt. Edwards Carries On Again

By PFC. LARRY KAYE

The revolving propeller of an airplane traveling three hundred miles an hour doesn't turn as fast as William Shakespeare did in his grave last Thursday night. That was the night that the Dow Field Radio Show presented its production of "Romeo and Juliet." Co-starred in this great love story were two bright and shining stars, Cpl. Egido Bisceglia (as Romeo) and Sgt. Bob Scott (as Juliet.) Although this department has always been an enthusiastic admirer of both Bisceglia and Scott, cool judgment forces us to disclose that their acting, in this case, was slightly less than convincing and probably did more to martyr the name of the great bard than any

Radio Show

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'Man With Two Heads' Finally Appears On Radio

By S/SGT. PAUL J. GEDEN

Over WLBZ last Friday night, "The Man With Two Heads" was broadcast with a cast that hit an all time high in local entertainment. The cast was completely Dow Field—the author was Pfc. Larry Kaye—and the plot was terrific.

Sgt. Al Jarusevich and Cpl. Sam Chimoff appeared as the two heads of Bradbury Garfield, while Cpl. Jack Eaves played Stewart Fletch, the private investigator hired by Garfield to find the "source of philosophy." Mrs. Madeline Shaw played Fletch's private secretary, while Mrs. Alyce Connor, Base li-

Two Heads

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OFFICERS' PROMOTIONS

The following officers are to be congratulated on their promotions:

TO BE LIEUTENANT COLONEL
Major Thorne Deuel.

TO BE CAPTAIN

1st Lt. Bertram W. Ames.
TO BE 1st LIEUTENANT
2nd Lt. Martin B. Mahoney.
2nd Lt. Albert E. Bauer.
2nd Lt. Richard W. Lee.



This gal reminds us of a popular melody. Don't you agree she would be right in tune to "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To."

Bradshaw to Show Pictures Wed. Evening in Chapel

Prof. Marion Bradshaw, of the faculty of the Bangor Theological seminary, will show black and white as well as his colored motion and still pictures of beauty spots in Maine, to the soldiers and their wives or friends who come to the Field Chapel this coming Wednesday evening at 7:00 (1900 to anyone who likes to reckon time that way.)

Dr. Bradshaw is the author of two excellent volumes of travel and information, garnered with eye and camera over a period of exciting years of travel and exploration: "The Maine Land," and "Third Class World." These volumes are on display at the Chapel this week for those amateur and professional photographers who want a good preview of the value of attending Wednesday's exhibition. The pro-

Prof. Bradshaw

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Banquet Climaxes Good Season For Bombers

A whirlwind season of basketball was ended as the Bombers polished off a steak dinner at the Bangor House Saturday night. Captain Frank Comiskey was the guest of honor.

There was no snappy passing or dribbling as the Bombers "took on" the dinner. Among the feasting cagers were Lt. Norman Levine, player and coach; M.-Sgt. Frank Pawlowski, Sgt. James Dearth, Cpls. Vincent Trickey, Joseph Komoroski, James White, Alex Dowling (captain), Ed. Thomas (manager), and Pvt. Maurice Lee Scott.

Congratulations, Bombers, on a hard-fought, fine-spirited combination.

A Couple of Announcements From Our Hostess, Mrs. Shaw

Mrs. Madeline Shaw, our Recreation Hostess, has a couple of announcements to make. First, all those who are interested in attending swimming classes, leave your name with Mrs. Shaw immediately! Second, there are all kinds of stationery and envelopes in the Rec Hall for anyone who wants to use it.

Radio Show

Continued From the First Page

five other factors in history, combined.

The fault doesn't lie entirely with the actors, however. Sgt. Paul Geden, obviously under the delusion that the original script of "Romeo and Juliet" could be improved upon, and that he was the man to do it, rewrote the story so completely that Romeo emerged as an amorous Bolshevik with apparent signs of a weak mind and Juliet blossomed out to be something half way between Warner Bros., idea of a gold-digger and Bob Scott's idea of Katharine Hepburn. In short, we may say that "Romeo and Juliet" was loused up very nicely. Or rather, very badly.

The big hit of the show was undoubtedly Sgt. George Edwards, who sang "Bridget O'Flynn," with a wicked gleam in his eye that would never have gotten past the radio censors if the censors censored gleams, which, of course, they don't. George's costume was big and bulky, glamorous and gaudy, feminine and foolish, colorful and crazy.

Sgt. Al Jarusevice impersonated a drunk emptying bottles of liquor down the sink on the insistence of his wife. Every once in a while, he'd leave out one bottle, which he drank. Pretty soon, he couldn't tell the difference between bottles, glasses, corks, sinks, and houses. That made it pretty complicated. Al was falling all over the microphone. But a second after the drunk act had ended, Al was sober again—sober enough to sing "That Old Black Magic." The audience sat back and beamed.

Cpl. Jack Eaves and the Troubadors were in top form and the "Green Eyes" number was South American perfection. Someone in the audience remarked, "That's just as good as any professional band." The answer to that one is that most of the Troubadors were once part of professional outfits and some even led their own bands. It's no surprise then that they're more than slightly terrific, to borrow an old Hollywood phrase. The opening number, "As The Caissons Go Rolling Along" was also packed with rhythmic vitality.

Cpl. Frank Mayer did a whistling solo, "The Whistler and His Dog" while the Troubadors filled in with background music. It was a neat job and an amusing climax found the Troubadors barking while Mayer whistled at them. (Wolves in dogs' clothing is what we call it.)

T/Sgt. Robert Barrowcliff sang "Love Walked In," the sentimental ballad that Kenny Baker introduced a few years ago. Judging from the audience reaction, it's as popular as ever. But we think the Barrowcliff voice had something to do with its reception Thursday night. Also in the sentimental vein was "Love's Old Sweet Song" which the entire audience was asked to come in on. Another special feature was a guitar solo by Pfc. Vahe Boyajian. He played, "The Pagan Love Song." It was a restful interlude.

We've been saving this final item for the close because it concerns someone whom we think a great man—S/Sgt. Paul Geden. Paul read an inspiring poem by A. Nonny Muss. It was really a swell bit of philosophy and was read well—with taste and distinction. When we say that S/Sgt. Paul Geden is a great man, we're not kidding. Honest. If we are, we should be struck by lightning. We should *****

(Editor's note: The writer of this column was struck by something, but it wasn't lightning. It was Geden.)

Two Heads

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barian, appeared as a small town girl, Mildred Essex, who joined in the search. Sgt. George Edwards played Abou, the slightly crack-brained master philosopher.

When Bradbury Garfield finally made peace with himself and "put

his heads together," his new personality was portrayed by Sgt. Bob Scott. Bob also handled many of the sound effects and got quite a kick out of it. The sound effects department worked especially smoothly and made for a polished production.

Everyone agreed that it was a very professional performance and that the play had the advantage of "a fine bunch of actors." Sgt. George Edwards co-directed the play with its author.

When Kaye was asked what the meaning of the play was he said, "Oh, does there have to be a meaning?" Then he stared at us with blank eyes that led us to believe he was either a screwball or a genius. We're inclined to think he's a genius. Something tells us he's inclined to think so himself.

Camouflage

Continued From the First Page

the right airfields.

There was a remedy and the English weren't long in finding it. They built a dummy airfield a few miles from a real one. The English bombers when returning from a raid, would circle the dummy field and go in for a fake landing. At a given time the pilot would turn the landing lights on, then after a certain period of time he would switch them off again, at the same time the lights on a truck traveling down the supposed runway would be turned on, completing the appearance of a landing. The bombers would then fly safely to the real field.

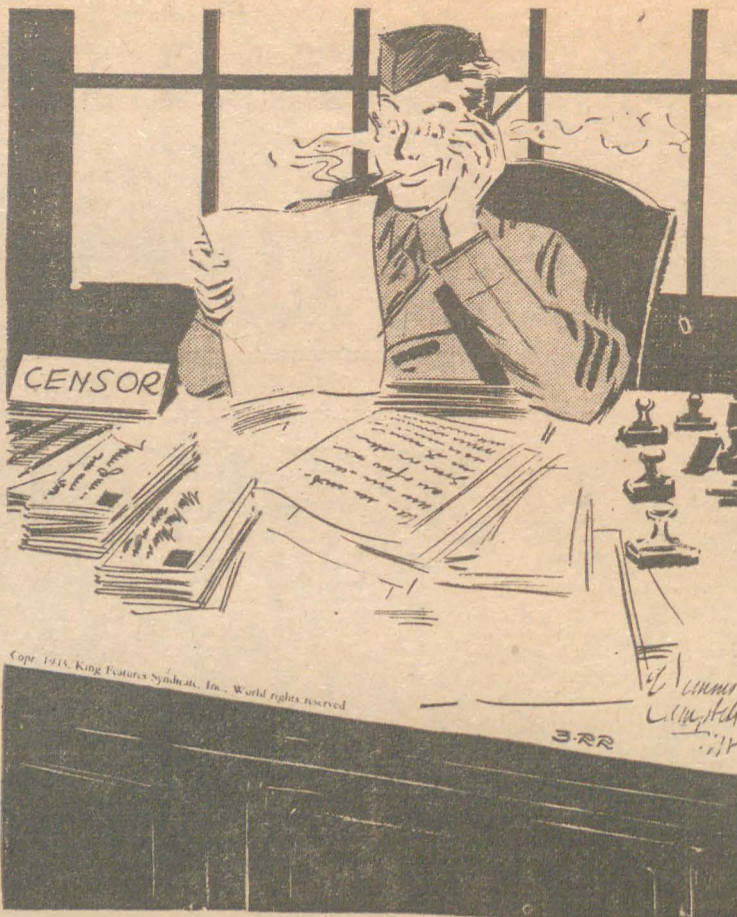
Next night, as was hoped, the Nazis appeared and dropped tons of bombs on the dummy field. This plan operated successfully up until the invention of the spark arrester, which made the plan no longer necessary.

This is an excellent example of deception, which comes within the realm of camouflage. Camouflage has proven to be a definite weapon of war. It dates back to the early ages of man. The Trojan horse is an example of the early employment of camouflage. The American Indian, was once believed to have painted his face to signify he was going to battle, but it has since been discovered that this was a method whereby he could blend himself with the terrain. This was discovered by the fact that different designs were used, depending on the time of the year and the battle ground they had chosen.

It is very important to maintain a camouflage installation once it is set up. This fact was discovered by the Americans in Australia not too long ago. They had taken great pains to erect dummy fighter planes on one of the airfields. These planes were on exact scale and design of the type being used at that field. They had them dispersed in such a manner that they could mix the real planes among them. The Japs came over for a strafing attack one day, and not one of the dummy planes were hit, but instead many of the real planes had been riddled. They weren't long in discovering the reason. They had installed the dummies then forgot about them, while the real planes were used and worked on, changing the positions and tracking down the grass and ground around them. From the air this was a dead give away as the dummies stood out like "sore thumbs." After changing the location of the dummies and walking around them now and then they soon took on the appearance of the real "McCoy."

There is more to camouflage than merely constructing dummy airfields and dummy planes. Camouflage begins with the soldier himself. The American soldier is equipped with clothing of olive drab color, which has proven to be one of the best basic colors in camouflaging. The United States has recently developed a camouflage suit, which is on the same design as the two-piece green herringbone twill fatigue suits, except that it is in two basic colors and is reversible. The reason for the two colors is to allow for the seasonal changes. This suit has been used very successfully against the Japs.

The success of camouflage in modern warfare depends a great deal upon the ability to picture the situation as the airman sees it. This can be done in several ways. The most common and most practical is the use of natural cover. Often a shadow is all that is needed to provide concealment. The Army has discovered that a short course in the fundamentals of camouflage, just enough to make the soldier camouflage conscious, and the American soldier, with his natural common sense and quick thinking, becomes quite a proficient camouflageur.



"Boy! Can this guy write! I'm gonna copy this and send it to MY girl!"

Prof. Bradshaw

Continued From the First Page

gram of pictures and travel explorative notes by Dr. Bradshaw will be enough to draw a good many of us, but that is not all that will happen Wednesday evening:

This is the Lenten season, and in keeping with it a program of pleasure would be inadequate without the group singing of the old and the new in Christian hymns from the newly published Hymnal—hymns which are the heritage of both Catholic and Protestant alike. Included into the repertoire which Sgt. Bob Scott is building up will be several popular secular selections which, written in war-time, bear a suspicious likeness to religious music with a good swing and a catchy tune.

There are one or two surprises up the sleeves of the Base Chaplains, so you can't afford to miss this evening of fun, music and informative pictorial beauty. All are invited, as well as your friends from downtown.

Record Turnout

Continued From the First Page

Sandwiches, pickles, potato chips were to be had for the asking.

Major Bargamin and Lieutenant Foster first conceived the idea of a get-together. Lt. Willis, Sgt. Higer, Cpl. Raffa, and Pvt. Wagner handled the details and everything ran smoothly.

A community sing was started by Pvt. Steve Swetence, who seemed inspired by the presence of so many friends. Repeatedly, he offered his own brand of entertainment. A part consisted of a combination Russian hop, skip, and jump, and the more energetic sec-

tion of jitterbugging. Unquestionably, Steve was the high spot of the evening.

Modest Sgt. Ernie Baker was persuaded to play the piano. It's amazing how much talent lies behind that twinkling, unassuming personality.

Spotted at the Officers' table were Major Shottafer, Major Bargamin, Captain Fellows, and Lts. Dick, Willis, Foster, Aarons, Massey, Yancey, and Hoofstetter.

The party lasted until about 10:00 p.m., with all the fellows agreeing it was a grand success.

Dow Field Diary

By S/Sgt. Paul J. Geden

SUNDAY—Mrs. Shaw had figured it was about time that the band had a party. So special Service got their noggins together and went to town.

Despite the lack of G. I. comic strips in our sheet, we managed to get some lively photos.

We had been scratching our heads to find an interesting picture for the front page. About 1:00 a.m. we noticed a plate being used in the Bangor News forms about a show that we had a notice on.

Our very accommodating friend, Mr. Ray Cox of the composing room, agreed to let us use it as soon as their own paper was through. So we dood it.

MONDAY—Had to start in to check arrangements for cabaret night at the Community Center.

We had always wondered why a cabaret affair would not click in Bangor. We understand the dine and dance combination has been tried in the past and has always proven a dud.

Of course this affair was not in the same category. No liquor was served but the atmosphere was certainly well planned.

Empty Coca-Cola bottles with candles stuck in, gave an intimate approach to the whole scene.

As in many shows it's pretty hard to make sure all the entertainment is ready for presentation but we struggled through.

Corporal Mayer and DeLorme did a good job of soloing and both are very talented and good sports. **TUESDAY**—Attended Ken Bishop's First Aid Class and found it both instructive and interesting. As we have said before, Ken is a natural showman. When you combine a knowledge of the subject and a sure-fire method of putting it across, you get a top notch job.

Ken was explaining the reaction of the lungs to choking. We quote his words—"the lungs are yelling—give me oxygen"—and the piece of meat keeps saying back—"I'll be buggered if I will!"

The class got a big kick out of this comment. He then put Corporal Dave Karp on the floor and applied artificial respiration.

WEDNESDAY—Our calendar says that we are scheduled to at-

WAR BOND PAY RESERVATIONS

By Civilian Installations
As of Feb. 28, 1943

	% of Gross Pay Roll Subscribed	% of Personnel Subscribing
Sub Depot	89.6%	9.3%
Hospital Civilians	85.5%	5.1%
Signal Office	75.0%	6.1%
Quartermaster		
Civilians	67.2%	5.7%
Post Engineers	31.4%	2.8%

The goal set by the War Department for participation by civilians on War Department payrolls is 90% participation and 10% gross payroll.

Seventy-eight per cent of the total civilians employed at Dow Field are subscribing 7.8% of the gross civilian payroll. This station, therefore, stands second among nineteen installations of a similar size in this Service Command. Westover Field stands first with 96% of employees subscribing 10.1% of the gross payroll.

tend a class on identification of aircraft. Tech. Sergeant Bob Barrowcliff brought in several model airplanes and pointed out the basic differences.

Received a very complimentary note from the Bangor Community Center for our efforts in rounding up the sport night show. It kinda gets us down in here when folks say "thanks" so readily. We go on record thanking both Dr. Levine and Miss Mirriam Landon, for a neat job of organizing.

Had a writing conference with the band and got some new angles. The way this seems to work best is to toss some tentative script at them and let them shoot it full of holes. When they finally open up they get really "hot". Sergeant Al Jarusevice contributed a gag that got the best laugh of the show.

Thursday. The rehearsal got off to a good start, fast moving and showing signs of plenty of pep.

Because of the danger of a definite sameness to a formula type program we have been thinking about a new approach.

One suggestion has been to alternate weeks—one with the present variety show and the next week—the concert band.

Two weeks from this show, the concert band will take over for one performance if this idea goes through.

Sgt. George R. Edwards made sure of his being ready for his Bridget O'Flynn number and you should have seen him perspiring under the voluminous clothing of a husky washerwoman. He certainly puts everything he's got into it.

Friday. "The Man With Two Heads" finally reaches the air. When Pfc. Larry Kaye first took over the assistant editor's chair on the "Observer" he showed plenty of signs of writing ingenuity. He had written radio plays for NYA before Uncle Sam took him in tow. One of those dearest to his heart was described as a fantastic comedy—"The Man With Two Heads."

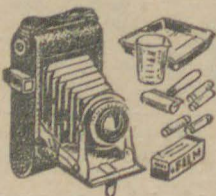
For weeks, Larry dashed madly all over the camp getting a cast lined up. The WLBZ agreed to give him the time and finally tonight it hits the airwaves.

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Horace W. Chapman, Prop.
174 Main St. Bangor

DOW FIELD'S POST PERSONALITY

Conflict Of Music And Painting Is Story of Cpl. Jack Eaves

Cpl. Jack Eaves is the fellow who sings all those novelty songs on the Dow Field Radio Show. He's also saxophone player for the Troubadors and finds time to double lightly in clarinet and flute. One thing he regrets is his lack of a formal musical education. He was playing professionally for five years before he could read music.

"My first professional job was in a four piece orchestra at a gay Italian wedding," says Jack. "We were paid one dollar each and as much wine as we wanted. From there, I played in country resorts and church weddings and all that sort of thing. Maybe you've heard of Meyer Davis' orchestra. He's played at all the important national functions in Washington for the past twenty years. Well, I played eight years with his outfit."

Jack later had his own band under Davis' management. He's been around quite a lot too and played at such swanky hotels as the Plaza in New York, the William Penn in Pittsburgh and the City Hotel in Buenos Aires. He's been all over South America and played in the famous Cococabana club of Rio de Janeiro. He once played on a radio program in Argentina in which the government coaxed the people to eat more butter for their health.

Jack's life has been a conflict between music and painting. Music won out for a while because you can't eat paintings. So Jack played at such affairs as a coming out party for one of the DuPonts and the Brenda Frazier coming out party. (The pavillion at the DuPont party was built entirely of cellophane and especially for the party.)

"Although Davis was paid \$10,000," says Jack, "for the music at the Frazier affair, the music wasn't as good as the music we get right here in our own Rec Hall. That's the way it is at all these big parties. Many of the men in the orchestra had never met before. Society orchestras are hastily put together—as a result, the music can't be good. The hardest job we had was the party for the Campbell Soup heiress at Bar Harbor. We played from 7:00 p. m. to 6:00 a. m. without a stop. We were paid well, but what a job! Maybe that's why the endurance tests at T-6 don't seem so hard to me now."

Jack and Vaughn Monroe, by the way, played side by side in Jack Marshard's orchestra. When asked how he began singing on the radio, Jack said, "I once had to fill in to make a trio and I've been lousing up the airwaves ever since." (That may be Jack's opinion, but a lot of other people seem to think differently.)

Finally getting away from music, Jack became a commercial artist and for three years, he worked on designing and lettering those Christmas, Valentine, and other holiday cards which you've been buying in the P.X. and other stores. The muddy sentiments on these messages, Jack would have you know, are not the opinions of a certain saxophone player.

From art work, Jack came into the Army, has been at Dow Field ten months, and an important part of the Band for the same length of time. Deflating stuffed shirts is his favorite sport and his ultimate aim is to spend all his time at open air concerts, listen, and sip beer through a straw. He'd also like to get on a boat after the war and find some peaceful island.

His slogan is "Anything for a gag," but if you wake him up in the middle of the night to ask for two nickels for a dime because you want a coke, he'll hate you unconditionally. The Marx Brothers are his favorite actor and what he likes best is a thick porterhouse steak smothered in mushrooms, washed down by gallons of beer. (Being on the vegetarian side, ourselves, we

frowned at Jack, but had to admit the beer was a good idea).

Born in Chelsea, Mass., Jack attended high school there—also attended Massachusetts Art School. Right now, his tastes in music are leaning on the symphonic side.

Hobbies? People are his hobbies. Any other hobbies? Well, as an artist, music is his hobby; and as a musician, art is his hobby.

And that's a very brief picture of Cpl. Jack Eaves of the Band: If you want a clearer picture, attend any of the Thursday night Dow Field radio shows and watch him do things with the saxophone. And watch him sing. And watch him put over any number of comedy characterizations.

Dancing Class At Rec Hall Gets Results

That dancing class at T-15 Wednesday night was a success, even though Miss Pauline Thomas, who was to have instructed wasn't able to be present because of illness. However, thanks to Dow Field hostesses, a lot of guys who didn't know the first thing about dancing are now well on their way down jitterbug road. Thanks to Mrs. Madeleine Shaw, our recreation hostess, it was all possible.

Mrs. Shaw announces that because the class was so successful, there'll be more dancing lessons given. Just watch your Daily Bulletin (as well as the Dow Field Observer) for the exact date and time of the next class.

This particular writer wants to thank Miss Fay MacDonald for all her help Wednesday night. Left on the dance floor by Mrs. Shaw, alone and frightened, we were just about to run away when we were rescued by Miss MacDonald, who showed us how to dance, complimented our progress when we didn't deserve it, and laughed when we stepped on her shoes. Now we know how these U. S. O. girls build up morale.

Strictly T-223

By Sgt. S. J. Ferris

Jerry Lucey claims he was working on a remarkable invention when the draft terminated his stupendous humanitarian efforts. Seems as tho he was busily engaged in crossing a homing pigeon with a wood-pecker. The resultant specie would not only deliver the message but would knock on the door as well!

Johnny Krug received a letter from his brother the other day in which his brother complained that his draft status had been changed from 4F to 1A. Perkins wondered why the change and Johnny explained: "Oh, somebody caught him breathing!"

That great leader of men and follower of women, George Gregory, was recently observed on woman-euvers.

During the recent discussion in our Luxurious, Pink-Tile Lounge a dispute ensued relative to the precise definition of alimony. This was quickly settled as usual by Robert Young (pardon me, I mean

Army Times Joins Observer-Time Magazine Dispute

The controversy which started a few weeks ago between Time Magazine and the Dow Field Observer has been picked up by the Army Times. Time Magazine ran an article on what the average soldier liked in the way of food. The Dow Field Observer ran an article (based on a survey by S/Sgt. Raymond Weeks of General Mess) which showed that Time Magazine was all wet, or pretty much so, anyway. Now the Army Times has gone and printed both sides to the story. To date, there's been no further comment from Time Magazine. That's how the story stands right now.

Cabaret Dance Combines Prizes And Snappy Acts

Lighted candles on the tables, space for dancing, plus entertainment by soldiers and civilians gave the first cabaret night a terrific start last Sunday night at the Community Center.

Cpl. Richard DeLorme was lead-off man in the music department. "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep," he crooned smoothly, and got a big hand from the crowd. Cpl. Frank Mayer whistled "My Buddy" and turned in a beautiful job.

Pfc. Ken Bishop tossed off a little story of a guy pouring liquor down the sink. Ken ended by acting so plastered that he collapsed on the floor. (His laundry bills must be terrific.)

Norman Lambert's orchestra played a series of waltzes to determine the best couple. After boiling down the contestants, the winners were declared to be Auxiliary Peggy Silfies and Pfc. Clarence Quillette. (All others please read the notices on the dancing classes.)

A high spot of the evening was a free phone call home won by a lucky number drawing. Free phone caller was M-Sgt. Elizabeth Horsington of Oxford, Mississippi, whose Dad is a corporal. She said it was lucky for the budget that she wasn't still living in the state of Washington.

Between activities, Miss Dorothy Broden tickled the keys on the stage piano and kept lively tunes bouncing their way into the crowd. Miss Connie Dubey followed this with her interpretation of "That Old Black Magic."

A jitterbug couple were spotted and brought into the limelight for a solo feature. They were, of course, our champ jitterbugs, "Nicky and Sunny."

Our best bow to Miss Miriam Landon. We believe the entire credit for the grand show goes to her for her untiring efforts and her energy. She was in charge of the group.

S-Sgt. Paul Geden held down the master of ceremonies job, introducing the various entertainers. Someone should have held down S-Sgt. Geden.

Paul Higer) who observed: "Alimony," said Paul, "is the high cost of leaving!"

Parkhurst tells about the time he was showing Joe Provost around Boston. "This is Bunker Hill Monument, where Warren fell, you know." Provost carefully surveyed the lofty heights very thoughtfully. "Humph, nasty fall. Killed him, of course?"

Kevin Hannon reports the following, overheard after our recent dance: "She don't dance well but gee, how she can intermission."



KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK—It is easy to see why Esther Williams crashed movies. Swimming champion keeps in form in Beverly Hills, Calif., pool.

Hear your favorite

VICTORY TUNES

ON
CHESTERFIELD'S
"PLEASURE TIME"

SONGS SELECTED BY
POPULAR VOTE OF THE
MEN IN ALL BRANCHES
OF THE SERVICE

Fred Waring

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FOR THE
MILDNESS
AND
BETTER TASTE
THAT SMOKERS WANT
IN A CIGARETTE

Change to
CHESTERFIELD

What's Play- ing at the OLYMPIA This Week

MON., TUES., WED., THURS—PAUL MUNI, ANNA LEE in
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN

FRI., SAT.—BILL BOYD in
ROLLING DOWN THE GREAT DIVIDE

SUNDAY
CITY OF SILENT MEN

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Records

Album of Concertos and Symphonys, also popular.

ANDREWS MUSIC HOUSE
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THE DOW FIELD OBSERVER

To keep up your spirit and keep down the Axis

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An Editorial:

This is the third in a series of editorials based on the Bill of Rights. Here is what you are fighting to protect.

Socrates Embarrassed The Solons

Socrates was condemned to die. The law givers were taking no chances. This man was obviously dangerous. Why, he actually believed in free speech. He would ask disturbing questions of the people and aroused doubts in their minds.

"What is liberty?" he would ask. As they tried to find an answer, he would nimbly puncture their arguments. He had made even their august body look silly. He must die for his insolence.

Socrates realized the end was near. He solemnly raised the glass of hemlock and drank deeply. But Socrates did not die in vain. The spirit that believes in seeking the truth still lives.

The founders of our republic knew that liberty could not endure without freedom of speech. The very foundation of this government is the belief that free discussion brings out the truth. The late Justice Holmes, of the U. S. Supreme Court once said, "Foolish and dangerous views are like champagne. They get flat the more fully they are exposed to air."

This doesn't mean, however, that you can go shooting off your mouth about everything you know. The very preservation of your liberty depends on your intelligent use of it. The rabid fanatic, mounting his soap box and screaming at the top of his lungs, "I've got freedom of speech and I'm going to use it—down with democracy!"—this rabid fanatic is cutting his own throat—trying to destroy the very thing that allows him to speak.

On the streets of Germany, in the alleys of Italy, the heavy handed Nazis stop at nothing to prevent free discussion. Meaningful gestures and whispering behind closed doors are their methods of saying what they think.

Thank your lucky stars that freedom of speech is still alive and working.

Socrates died for his beliefs. Let us live for ours.

The Army Is No Place For Cliques

We couldn't help noticing recently that a certain private wasn't very happy about things in general. We wondered what the cause of it was, so we put the question to him plainly.

"Sure, I'll tell you what's wrong," said Harry. (That isn't his name, but it's just as good a name as any, so we're going to use it.) "I thought we were all supposed to be in this war together. I thought we were all on the same side."

"Well?"

"Well, we're not. Do you know what the situation is in our barracks? The whole place is divided into cliques. You know what cliques are. A group of three or four or five or more people get together and form a sort of closed corporation. They treat everyone outside it with (at the most) a cool courtesy—and sometimes not even that. Well, that's something I can't do. I can't shut myself up into one of these narrow little 'fraternities' and follow our narrow little leader. I'm just not made that way. Now do you know what's wrong?"

"Maybe you're taking it too seriously," we tried to argue. "It's natural for anyone to select a few people for close friendship."

"There's a difference between a few close friends and an organized clique that makes an outsider feel

like he has a contagious disease or is a moron. An organized clique usually has a leader which it follows passionately. The individual members become fanatics and it all becomes very much similar to the Ku Klux Klan or the Bund or some other undesirable group. Maybe that sounds like exaggerating, but members of a clique are slaves to it and it becomes something like a religion to them.

"We've had things like that since school days and even before that, but I thought that in the army of all places—where we're all supposed to be together to do one job—where—"

"You're absolutely right," we interrupted. "We can't agree with you, though, that the situation is a very prevalent one at Dow Field. There probably are a few who are foolish enough to fall into the habit. Maybe some of them do it unconsciously, but we think it only has to be brought to their attention and they'll realize that in forming cliques, they're not only giving up a large part of their own individuality and being 'politely impolite' to the man who may fight by their side one of these days—but they are also making a little slower the growth of the cooperation and sense of brotherhood that is going to be necessary to win this war."

Make your friends, sure. But never be afraid to make a few more friends. And never be afraid to treat any man at Dow Field or in the U. S. Armed Forces as you would a friend, if he gives you half a chance. That's pretty important if you and a lot of other men are going to be happy. And if you and a lot of other men are going to be happy or not has something to do with winning this war.

Yardbird: Did you notice the sergeant is getting a double chin? Ditto: Yeah. Guess there was too much work for one.



If this is what the gals used to wear in the "good old days," we're glad we're modern. Even with Eleanor Powell looks a little ruffled wearing them.

Signal Corps

By PFC. REINHOLD HERZOG

We bade goodbye and good luck to Pvt. Neal Ipoliti, Pvt. Robert Rude, Pvt. Leslie Potter and Pvt. William Waring, who have been transferred to other stations. We were sorry to see them go and hope they will make out well at their new posts.

We welcomed back Pvt. Nelson Lieber, Pvt. Thomas Rogers, Pvt. Toddy Rogers, Pvt. Charles Rogers, Pvt. Raymond Johnson and Pvt. Gerald Browne, who have been away to school since January.

Pfc. Clarence Ouillette with Aux. Peggy Sofi (of the W.A.A.C.'s) as his partner, won the waltzing contest at the Community center, the evening of March 15th. They competed against 40 other couples but their nifty footwork brought them to the fore. Clarence won a rubber doll and Peggy won a toy trumpet, (yes, that's right). We wonder what Clarence will do with the doll. (He claims he gave it to his partner, but we're still wondering.)

Cpl.-T John Bryant has been a very happy man this past week because his wife is visiting him. We hope she likes it here and comes again soon.

The Signal Corps made a very good showing in the physical tests and came out in third place. The three men who made the best showing were Pfc. John O'Donnell and Pvt. William Waring, both of whom made scores of 110 and Pvt. Samuel Profeta, who made 109. We hope to do even better in the next tests.

It makes us proud when we see films such as "At the African Front" and the training films, to see the heading "Filmed by the Signal Corps." Those photographers are doing a swell job and one that everyone in the corps can well be proud of.

Ordnance Flames

By CPL. SAM CHIMOFF

There are times in every columnist's career when he is at a loss as to what to write. However, I'll do my best. Here goes . . .

Pvt. Frank Leone (alias the Gunner) has left on a furlough which he awaited with much

Cocktail Lounge

Dining Room

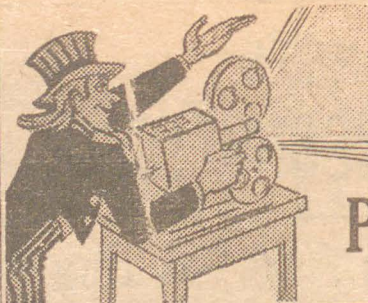
We Welcome the Boys in the Service

Penobscot

Exchange Hotel

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Dial 4501



Post Theatre PROGRAMS

Monday, March 22—THE DESPERADOES (Technicolor)—Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor

Tuesday, March 23—DIXIE DUGAN—James Ellison, Lois Andrews

BEHIND PRISON WALLS—Alan Baxter, Gertrude Michael, Tully Marshall

Wednesday, March 24—DESPERATE JOURNEY (Revival)—Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Alan Hale

Thursday and Friday, March 25 and 26—IT AIN'T HAY—Bud Abbott and Lou Costello

This is America; Movietone News No. 55

Saturday, March 27—CORREGIDOR—Otto Kruger, Elissa Landi, Donald Woods

Sunday and Monday, March 27 and 28—HIT PARADE OF 1943—John Carroll, Susan Hayward

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

HE'S MY GUY—Dick Foran, Irene Harvey

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

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

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

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

Also: Community Sing

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

THE PURPLE V—John Loder, Mary McLeod

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

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

Also: THE MARCH OF TIME No. 8

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

First Show, 1800; Second Show, 2000

Short Subjects Featured Daily

anxiety. We all hope he has the best of times.

One of the boys upstairs has the art of saying "Hello"—from the back of a truck—to young women down to perfection. This invariably causes the young women to turn around. That's because Pfc. Joe Hammond seems to get plenty of sugar into this otherwise ordinary salutation.

Things I see around the barracks: Pete Tumminelli brushing his teeth with his hat on . . . and he brushes them for a long time, too. . . . Pfc. George reading his Hercules Special. . . . Pvts. Deddazio and Cacopardo talking about their respective girl friends. . . . Pvt. Heidman walking about with a worried expression. Don't worry, Bill, you'll pass the board. . . . Pvts. Aroosian and Laetzo arguing like Abbott and Costello.

Why does Bill Heidman get a stomach ache every time he goes out with a girl?

It was quite a thrill being on the radio Friday night. I hope I was as good as the play.

'The Nazis Strike' Is Special Film At Post Theatre

All you Dow Field men who saw "Prelude To War" remember the excellence of its production and the interesting way it told what it had to say. Well, the sequel continues the story began in the first film and the sequel is just as informative, exciting, and interest-holding as the first film.

"The Nazis Strike" is the name of it and it will play at the Post Theatre starting Saturday, March 27th through Wednesday, March 31st. The film will show at 1100 and 1315 during this period. Military personnel should make every effort to see it. Remember to see what happens when—"The Nazis Strike!"

for NEATNESS

INVISIBLE UNDER THE COLLAR

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SELF ADJUSTING

HOLDS COLLAR POINTS DOWN

Neatness counts in the army—just as it does in civilian life. That's what the officers say.

Collar neatness gives you that smart, snappy, crisp appearance. SPIFFY is doing a swell job in dressing up the army.

Easy On—Easy Off

Quick as a wink to put on and take off. It's self adjusting and stays put.

ON SALE AT ARMY AND PX STORES

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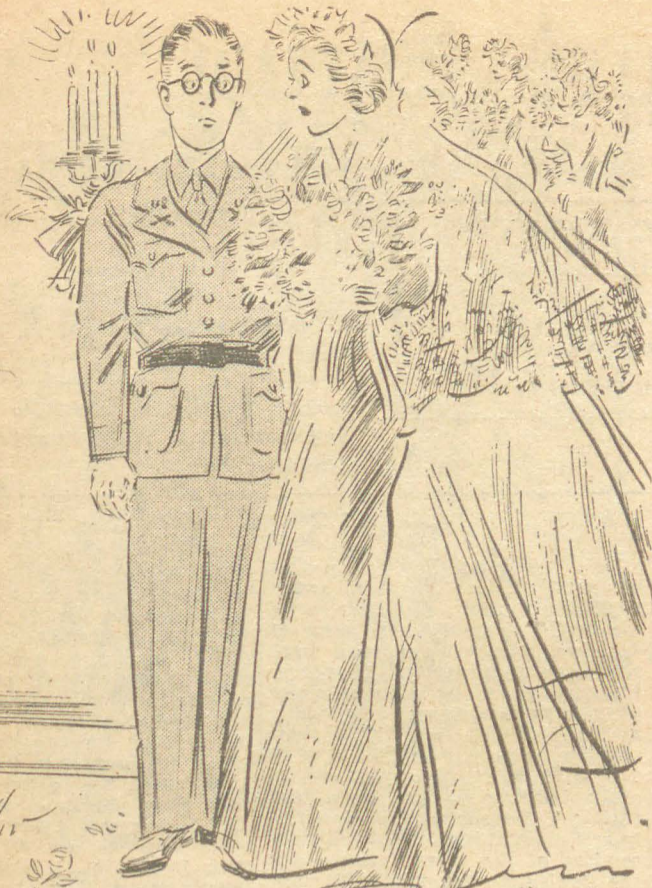
Books

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9 A. M.—9 P. M. Weekdays
2 P. M.—6 P. M. Sundays



—But couldn't they let you wear some gold braid or medals or something just for this ONE day?"

KHAKI KOMICS

A musician we know says they are telling this one around Broadway. It's about two lunatics (yes, the same two) who were playing a little game.

"What have I got here?" asked one, with his hands cupped.

"Three Navy Patrol Bombers," was the answer.

The first looked carefully into his cache. "Nope," said he.

"The Empire State Building?"

"No."

"The Philadelphia Symphonic Orchestra?"

The other looked into his hands again, and said slyly. "Who's conducting?"

The head of a high school is the principal. The principal is a large amount of money. A large amount of money is an extraordinarily lucky parlay. People who play parlays are jerks. Therefore the head of a high school is a jerk.

Late to bed and early to rise Makes a man saggy, draggy, and baggy Under the eyes.

Jim: Looks like a smart dog

Aviation Squadron

By PFC. BRUCE O. SAMUELS

The Tea for the wives of the Squadron was quite a success.

Pfc. Haywood Bardlving received a special commendation for his excellence during a tour of guard. He was really on the ball.

Joe Buckley had planned to fly home on a visit, but I think someone dealt him some bad hands and rattled him down to train fare.

Leroy Brown is back girls but don't get panicky.

King Caffe has been separated from his treasure room (the Rec-Hall) and is now a challenging sentinel on post for democracy, and unconditional surrender.

Dr. Harry Levine has been very thoughtful, sincere and friendly to the men of the Squadron and we want him to know we appreciate it.

Who's Who in the Aviation Squadron: Pvt. Randolph Alexander: "Little Fats" Alexander comes from the "Worlds Play-

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DROP IN, SOLDIER
Fill Your Lighter and Look Us
Over
OPEN EVERY NIGHT

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you've got there.

Tim: Smart? All I gotta say is, "Are you coming or aren't you?" and he either comes or he doesn't.

Phil: What time is it?

Jill: Its not one o'clock yet.

Phil: Are you sure?

Jill: Wel, I've got to be back at the office at one o'clock yet and I'm not there yet.

Your opening sale has closed. What now?

Our closing sale opens.

I've got a pet pig. I call him Waterman.

Is that his real name?

No, that's his pen name.

He: I'm going to open a pet shop. When next you find me, I'll be among my little dumb animals.

She: Wear a hat so we'll know you.

Smith is a man who takes his hat off to nobody.

How does he get a haircut?

(These jokes aren't nearly as funny as the ones you'll hear on Thursday night's Dow Field Radio Show.)

ground," Atlantic City, N. J. Before coming into the army he was a distribution agent in the circulation dept. of an Atlantic City newspaper publishing house. He is single, he says he is strictly a "field man" meaning he intends to stay single. He thinks there is safety in numbers. He has travelled quite a bit throughout the East. He was educated in the Public Schools of Atlantic City where he excelled at football. This is not saying he was backward in his studies. He is one of the best humored men in the outfit and is very popular.

Sgt. Leroy Corker was married at four p. m. Saturday, March 20, to Miss Louise Hart at the Columbia street U. S. O. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Bernice Hart. Sgt. Tyrus Bingham was best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Milton Geary of Bangor. A wedding reception followed. The many friends of the bride and bridegroom were there. A good time was had by all, to say the least. I know I had a good time so Henry Norman and Reginald Pinn say. Some of us were there in body only.

Thursday afternoon some of the boys had their chance to show their stuff in giving commands and they were really good with a few exceptions: Who was the man that gave parade rest while the troops were at right shoulder arms? But you should have heard "Sgt." Cicero Gaskin. What a riot!

We now have an inter Squadron telephone system which was recently installed, but this calling up the Mess Hall asking what is on the menu, will have to stop.

I just saw Mrs. Willis and the baby taking a walk around the base this afternoon, this beautiful first day of spring.

Dow Field Inquires:

This week's question was: "What Is the Best Motion Picture You've Ever Seen?" Here are the answers:

Pvt. Ralph Bruen (Aviation Sqdn.)—"The best motion picture I ever saw was titled 'Over the Hill.' This was about 15 years ago. The story was about a young soldier who was in the army and had left his brother to care for their mother. Our young soldier hero had been sending money home to help care for the mother but the brother had been spending it on wine, women and song and had put the mother in the Poor House, 'Over the Hill.' I'll never forget that picture." (Ed. Note: We seem to remember that picture, too, Ralph, but wasn't the name of it, "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse"? Or are we thinking of something else?)

M-Sgt. Milton Kestenbaum (Finance)—"As far as motion pictures are concerned, I've seen many good ones. However, I'd like to mention one of the most enjoyable plays I've ever seen. It is 'Life With Father.' The play has run about four years in New York. It is the story of a father, who is a newspaperman, and his family. He was a very eccentric and amusing gentleman. The play has no particular story but tells about what his family went through living with him. He not only was eccentric, but caused miseries in a humorous way. Father is fun in spite of all the trials and tribulations his family went through. All in all, it was very entertaining."

Cpl. Jack Bullman (Fire Dept.)—"The best picture I've ever seen was 'Air Force,' which I haven't seen yet."

Cpl. Ed Thomas (Air Base Sqdn.)—"The best picture I ever saw was 'San Francisco.' That was years ago. Plenty of good acting."

Sgt. Ed Psenko (Quartermaster)—"To my belief, no truer love could be shown than was seen in 'Random Harvest.' It shows what the power of great faith will do when a person really believes. There is no doubt in my mind that it would change the ways of many people to go on and follow the same pattern of love."

Pfc. A Nonny Muss—"I've seen a great many films. Some of them are: 'The Parson of Panamint,' 'We Art Not Alone,' 'I Met a Murderer,' 'Major Barbara,' 'Tobacco Road,' 'The Green Pastures,' 'Citizen Kane,' 'The Stars Look Down,' 'Reaching For the Sun,' 'Our Town,' 'The Wizard of Oz,' 'The Good Job,' 'The Shop Around the Corner,' 'Lost Horizon,' 'So Ends Our Night,' and 'Sing You Sinners'."

Next week's question is: "Who's Your Favorite Radio Comedian?"

Guard Squadron

By CPL. FRANK SHEA

It was a very entertaining social arranged by Capt. Aaron W. Nelson for the members of this squadron last Sunday evening at the Squadron Mess Hall. Sgt. Tom Shanley, Cpl. Joe Fiers and Pvt. Elmer Fingerhoo served as a committee to supervise the serving of the delightful repast consisting of assorted cold cuts, fresh oysters, cheese, crackers and cold beer along with many other appetizing tidbits. The affair was well attended and enjoyed by all. Pvts. Victor Dark, Carl Steifel, Bert Stogner and Rodney Bass entertained with their stringed instruments, while Pvts. Bill Whalen and Sulo Sevilla rendered many a tune-ful solo. All favorable comment was duly noted and plans are now under way for more of these socials in the future.

M-Sgt. Paul Streeter is hard put these days. Just as soon as he gets acquainted with the newer members of this organization, they are off to the various trade and clerical schools throughout the country. Some of the Guardsmen who will

WHERE GOOD FELLOWS

GET TOGETHER

AT THE
COCKTAIL BAR

BANGOR EXCHANGE HOTEL

PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR

The Base Library Recommends

By MRS. ALYCE CONNOR

MATHEMATICS REFRESHER

We have three more copies of this excellent mathematics book. All you men who have not been able to get a copy, come to the library and get one.

Have you seen our collection of technical books? We have technical books on nearly all subjects that you will find useful in your work and study. I will list a few of these:

Aeronautical Meteorology, by George Taylor.

Elements of Astronomy, by Edward A. Fath.

Weather Elements, by George F. Taylor.

College Algebra, by William Hart.

Radio Navigational Aids, 1942.

Air Navigation, T. M. 1-205.

Fundamentals of Radio, by Frederick E. Terman.

Organic Chemistry, by Robin C. Berrell.

ARMY INSTITUTE COURSE

Every day more boys are taking advantage of this opportunity offered by the Army Institute to study while in the army and to further their education. Don't delay, come in today, and find out what courses are available and fill out an application.

Fiction:

The Song of Bernadette by Franz Werfel.

In Lourdes over 80 years ago, the daughter of a poor family was visited by a vision of kindness and

indescribable beauty. She also saw the lady of the Grotto. There were strong reasons for the church and state to discredit a miracle and cruel attempts were made to prove the girl a fraud. All France was swept by the conviction that the Mother of God had appeared on earth. No matter what your faith is or what you believe, you will be moved by this amazing story.

A Woman Is Witness by Ernst Lothar.

A novel based on a diary of an anti-Nazi Viennese girl who fled Austria to Paris in 1938. This girl fell in love and married a French journalist who was wounded during the bitter fighting of the Maginot line. He later died at an American hospital in Paris where his wife was a nurse. Two months later she shot a Gestapo agent who came to arrest her father. She was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot.

This novel is based on fact as the author was a friend of this girl.

The Ox Bow Incident by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.

This is a most unusual western story. It has all the usual characters of a western such as cow-punchers, cattle rustlers, poker games, bar room brawls and a lynching. It is unusual in that it is a psychology study in a western setting. A fast-moving novel filled with excitement.

attend these special schools are as follows: Cpls. R. A. Rush and W. R. Tudsbury, Pvts. First Class H. J. Sullivan, George Truran, Joe Boackle, Charles Sluka, John Sargent, Floyd Schuler, Ralph Tindall, Ray Anderson, James Crosby, H. R. Linenschmidt, Albert Britt, Alex Magnes, Rudolph Volkmann and Irving Berkson.

On March 15, the officers, non-coms and privates of the Guard received a commendation from Major Deuel for their splendid military appearance and soldierly performance of duty at Guard Mount. Nice going, boys. We are always glad to hear praise for this outfit.

Privates First Class Ed. Yanko, Everett Wilkinson, Julian Lillevold, and Manuel Silva were in attendance at the special classes schooled in the methods of removing the mechanism of live bombs. Nice work if you can get it.

That often threatened golf match in early spring between Pfc. Irving Berkson and Pvt. Frank Petan has gone by the boards, as Brother Berkson has taken off for the far west. Petan is cursing his ill luck, figuring his would be opponent for a push over.

At Captain Nelson's direction the personnel of this organization will undergo a series of instructions by Lieut. Warren R. Smith on alert drills. It is desired with this practice to bring out the fastest amount of speed and efficiency at a moment's notice. As all members of this outfit are assigned to gun crews and other important stations, it is highly essential that all hands be schooled on this matter, just in case the real thing comes along.

Pvt. Joe George came hobbling back to duty after spending a furlough at Francisco, N. C. Claims he was a victim of the many barn dances held in that vicinity. Joe further claims that at one spot known as the "Flying Heel" a special ambulance exit is arranged for the victims of this hillbilly sport.

General Mess

By PVT. EARL T. DOWELL

For the benefit of the new men who have arrived at Dow Field and are making use of our mess hall, we have a suggestion box placed for your convenience as you enter the serving line. Any suggestions you have, please drop them in the box and our Mess Sergeant, R. O. Weeks,

will give them his proper and immediate attention.

Welcome! S-Sgt. Raymond O. Weeks, and we hope you had a swell trip. We are proud to welcome you to our barracks, No. T-217 and we'll do everything possible to make you feel at home.

Yes! Cpl. Claude Speer is back on the job baking those tasty and delicious cakes and pies after spending his furlough at his home.

Cpl. Jeremiah Sullivan (QM) is home spending his furlough. We all wish him a swell time.

We all agree that Cpl. Edward Yanuski is improving since he returned from his furlough. He has only been to town five nights this week and never stays later than 12:30 a. m.

I can honestly say that we have one man who really enjoys our meals. Always seconds and sometimes even goes back for a third serving but he never wastes food and is very polite. You guessed it—this is none other than Pvt. Jack Gottesman!

Take it easy on that furlough Sgt. Charles B. Hart and hurry back for we all miss you and are anxiously but patiently waiting for your safe return.

Pvt. George Hagan was confronted with this question by Pvt. William Ford: What is that which never uses its teeth for eating purposes? Pvt. Hagan's answer: A comb!

Pfc. Raymond Stowe is quite a ladies' man since he returned to the mess hall. To town every night and back just on time. You should see the powder and tonic he uses!

Pfc. John Francese is back after spending his furlough in New York.

Asst. Mess Sgt. W. R. Neale is sure doing his part during the furlough trips. He is pulling from one job to another and helping all ends meet on both shifts.



REGULAR SERVICE

7:30 A. M. to 12 M.

DOW FIELD
TO
DOWNTOWN
BANGOR

PENOBSCOT
TRANSPORTATION
COMPANY

The Chapel Spire

My Private Opinion

By Pvt. Adolf Hannes

During the past week the newspapers have been brining us editorials and reports on one of the world's outstanding women, who is touring the United States on behalf of her country's war effort. I am referring to Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, wife of China's Generalissimo, and one of the famous Soong sisters, of whom the other two are: Mme. Sun and Mme. Kung. Although equally well-known as China's "First Ladies," it is Mme. Chiang who is the more familiar to American audiences. It was she who was hostess to Wendell Willkie on his late trip to the Far East.

Mme. Chiang, or Mayling, as she is affectionately known by her friends and intimates, belongs to a distinguished family. Her father, Charlie Soong, was one of the pioneers in modernizing China economically and politically. Educated in the United States, he quickly adapted himself to Western ideas, and through his influence his daughters became the bearers of our democratic heritage in their own country. It is most interesting to compare the development of these women, intellectually and spiritually, with the development of China during the same period. The similarity is profound and striking. This is particularly true of Mme. Chiang's career.

After finishing her education at Wellesley, the stronghold of Methodism, she returned to China to find herself in a country that had become a total stranger to her. Belonging to one of China's most prominent families, she was, nevertheless, pushed into the foreground, and as a result began what was to become the complete transformation of Chinese womanhood. From her ancient, almost superstitious past, the Chinese woman of today has emerged into a self-reliant, almost spartan-like being. No longer is she the clinging dependent of the male, but the audacious and leading partner of her husband. Thanks to Mme. Chiang and her tireless and inexhaustible effort, her respect and pride for her own sex, and her indomitable will, Chinese women today deserve the same merit and honor bestowed upon the gallant Russian women who are fighting for their soil.

And now Mme. Chiang has come back to her former adopted land to ask its help in China's struggle for her existence. This struggle has been going on for eight years, and still China is undaunted and her spirit unbroken. I like to think of Mme. Chiang in the same way. She is always optimistic, always possessing faith in the final outcome. Since we have joined the struggle, on China's side, its final outcome has become as much our problem as that of the Chinese. Unfortunately, not enough of us share that opinion. China is something still very vague in the minds of most people, and that is why they believe her problems can hardly affect us. How wrong they are can be seen by the very fact that Chinese bases are of the utmost importance in our war upon the Japanese.

Mme. Chiang has reiterated time and time again that all she asks—all China asks—are the implements necessary to wage war. Food and clothing, although essentials, are not on her list. She wants no more than our other Allies are getting, but gradually she has been receiving less and less, so it was necessary for her to come here personally to voice her plea for more aid. Some people argue that we must send most of our supplies to the European theatre of war. Mme. Chiang contends that the Pacific and Chinese fronts are of greater importance. Whatever the case may be, this much is certain: We have fallen behind in our promises to China, and it's high time we made up for them. Japan is no less our enemy than Germany, and if we are to vanquish her, then China is the best stepping stone to Tokyo.

The acclaim and acknowledgement that Mme. Chiang has been receiving these past few weeks is ample proof, I believe, that we are in sympathy with her cause, and that we are going to give concrete help immediately. China could not have chosen a more able, nor a more likeable ambassador. She embodies the nobility of the Chinese character with American popularity, a quality that endears her to the peoples of both nations. No finer tribute could have been paid her than when Mayor LaGuardia of New York, at a recent reception in her honor, called her: "One of the truly great women of all time."

Pvt. Adolf Hannes

CAPT. JOHN P. FELLOWS

Base Chaplain

Services

8:30—Week-day Morning Prayer (Daily)
8:00 A. M. and 10:00 A. M., Sunday Worship

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

DR. HARRY C. H. LEVINE

Jewish Welfare Board

Representative Services

7:00 P. M. each Friday Night

1st LT. ALFRED J. CARMODY

Catholic Chaplain

Masses

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

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

Know Your Officers



Captain
Richard N. Peale, A. C.

Capt. Richard N. Peale, an officer of the Aviation Squadron was born in Lynn, Mass., Feb. 6, 1918. After graduation from high school he entered Northeastern University from which he received his degree in 1940. He then completed one year of law school before enlisting as an aviation cadet in the United States air forces.

Capt. Peale graduated from a school of armament on Dec. 27, 1941. He was commissioned a second lieutenant here at Dow Field on Jan. 16, 1942, was promoted to first lieutenant on Aug. 28, 1942 and to the rank of captain March 5, 1943.

Air Base Squadron

By CPL. DAVID KARP

Ring out a universal shout because Pfc. John Pimental received his new set of teeth last Tuesday at exactly 2 p. m. . . . John said, "There is nothing like eating my favorite victuals once more." . . . Good chopping kid . . .

What officer in Air Base Headquarters loaded a cigarette and then a little later smoked it himself? . . . We didn't figure Fatimas to have a kick as great as that . . .

Everything has been quiet with M-Sgt. Frank Pawlowski and Sgt. Jim Dearth due to an extensive basketball schedule that we will not mention . . . Tough luck fellows . . .

A certain Lt. corrected your reporter by saying he didn't really spend his complete leave of absence at the Hotel Commodore in New York . . . It was merely his theatre of Operations . . . Statistics have proven his point . . .

There was quite a get together in Cpl. Duran's place of business last Monday morning at 1 a. m. . . . It sounded as though he was giving the boys their laundry . . . or was it a typical T-219 fraternity party? . . .

Our own Pfc. Fred Slate informed your reporter that he will finally make the West . . . He is on his way to pursue a course of study at an Army Service School . . . easy travel to you Fred . . .

The three rollicking Privates, Stan Kenefic, Art McEllen, and Harold Nelson have completed ten days of their Army life without being restricted . . . The boys are definitely using the other side of that famous leaf . . .

Cpl. Joe Stepien (ski) the neatest soldier of Air Base Headquarters has taken over the Printing Dept. of



Lt. David J. Barnett

Lieut. Barnett is a resident of New York and he has had much Army service, all of which has been in the regular army. Between the years 1926 and 1937 he has served in all of the following organizations: 13th U. S. Infantry, 5th U. S. Infantry, 18th Brigade Hdqs. Co., 99th Observation Squadron, A. C., 5th Observation Squadron, A. C., 97th Observation Squadron, A. C., 99th Bombardment Squadron, A. C. He then left the army and was employed by the New York State Insurance Co., in the management of real estate. In 1941 Lieut. Barnett re-enlisted in the regular army in the 7th Pursuit Wing, A. C., and since then has come up through the ranks and in August, 1942 was commissioned 1st Lieut., AUS, A. C. He came to this Base in September, 1942 and was assigned duty as Air Base Squadron Adjutant. He has since been assigned to the Guard Squadron, A. C., and his present duty assignment is Assistant S-4 Officer of the Air Base Squadron.

Lieut. Barnett has attended many of the Army Service Schools and has performed many of the different specific jobs assigned soldiers. He has always been interested in athletics, having played most of the better known games, and has excelled in ice hockey, speed skating and softball.

Lieut. Barnett asserts that the army has always treated him well, and is thoroughly convinced it is a very essential establishment.

Headquarters . . . Big job Joe but we know you can handle it . . .

Some of you may think that a sugar report from the little women is something to rave about . . . Pfc. Will Roy received a rose enclosed in his last report . . . Four days have elapsed and Will is still raving and chirping . . .

It is a \$4.40 show to attend Pfc. Ken Bishop's class in First Aid as it applies to the Army . . . His choice bits of humor thrown into his series of lectures makes for interesting listening . . . Come early for seats . . .

The membership of The Sad-Sackers is close to the four hundred mark . . . That gentlemen is news . . . Orchids to Sgt. Andy Zufall and Cpl. Pearce Parkhurst for founding this organization . . .

SAD SACKERS SCANDAL
An example of how wide world the membership in the club is proven by a V-letter received by Cpl. Pearce Parkhurst, president of the club, from a friend in his home town of Gloucester, Mass., who is a Lt. in the Signal Corps somewhere in North Africa. The Lt. writes: "Our newspaper carried a short bit

LENT BEGINS WELL AT DOW FIELD

Lent began on the 10th, and is now twelve days along on its sweep to Easter Sunday, and already we are beginning to feel the surge of devotion that will rise to a crescendo on Resurrection Day. Sgt. Marshall Clark, by dint of a lot of glueing and fancy foot-work, managed to distribute the distinctive Lenten posters entitled "COME TO CHAPEL!" that you see in every building on the Post, and those who have heeded that friendly invitation are legion. All religious services of the three faiths—since the Jewish service man will come upon the Passover Season just prior to Easter—have picked up in gratifying fashion. Yesterday we found an inspiring voice in Pvt. Frank Chamberlain of Communications, who, accompanied by Pvt. Jim Davis of the Aviation Squadron, literally lifted us out of ourselves with his rendition of "The Lord's Prayer" at the 1000 o'clock service. Here's hoping that he soon gets his long-awaited call to OCS—but not until we have a chance to share the beauty of that baritone voice of his a couple of times, at least!

Sgt. Bob Scott carries the console these days for both the Catholic and the Protestant services Sunday mornings, while Miss Priscilla Blaisdell, who works hard enough in Bangor teaching the little tots of the elementary school system their "do, see, la, sol do" all week, continues to turn to and provide us with such talent as she can graciously persuade to favor us. This week we heard Mrs. Ray Sherman sing "Prayer" in a lovely and inspiring manner.

So it goes, Miss Miriam Landon, whom we have to thank for the renewed interest of the Jewish Community Center on French street, is just as actively interesting Jewish men and women of our community in the worship services which are conducted at the Chapel each Friday evening at 1900. We look for a continued rise in the attendance at this important featured of our Chapel program.

HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH DEVOTIONAL LITERATURE?

If you haven't stocked up on devotional booklets, Bibles, Prayer Books, and magazines published by the major Christian denominations, you have a treat awaiting you any day that you care to drop by and pick some up. A varied selection awaits your scrutiny, and we have enough envelopes to allow you to pick up a convenient supply without fear of dropping them over the muddy landscape en route to

of news on the Sad sackers club here in Africa. I guess you are getting famous. An enclosing copy of the news release (which told about the club and mentioned the officers). I wonder if I rate membership? . . . Proven news certainly does travel . . .

Then there was the Private who sent in 5c for 25 years membership and the Lt. who mailed in 20c for 100 years membership (Dues are 10c every 50 years) . . .

Letter of the month should be credited to a USO hostess out in Fort Wayne, Ind., who wrote us a letter seeking membership stating that she kept the morale of the soldiers up by dancing with hundreds of them every month at the USO club house. As proof and evidence of this she attached her 10c dues to one corn plaster and mailed same with her application . . .

Sad Sacker Pfc. Perkins to trip (and I do mean trip) the light fantastic towards the altar with a Lowell gal . . . orchids to you to Perky . . .

Pfc. Willard Moore a new member of the Sackers is on his way to clerical school . . .

T-Sgt. Paul Bolden sporting a Sad Sackers membership card these days . . .

Sad Sacker Pfc. Sam Lyon is by no means a typical Sacker . . . With a gleaming smile on ones puss like Sammy has, guess we will have to change the name of the club to the Happy Sackers club . . .

Thanks Andy and Parky says David

your desk or your foot locker.

WE ADMIRE THIS GUY

He's left us now, and we're sorry he's gone. Don't inquire what his faith was—but HE HAD A FAITH, AND HE WORKED AT IT LOYALLY! In fact, he worked at it so conscientiously that one of the gang in his barracks tried to shame him one night when he knelt at his bedside to say his prayers. We're the last ones in the world to maintain that a prayer is only valid when you kneel, but we were glad to know that the rest of the outfit rose as a man to defend their buddy in his right to continue a custom that linked him to his home and the type of life he enjoyed. In fact, let the truth be fully known: a couple of other G. I.'s, who hadn't dared to continue their old habits for fear of censure, perked up and joined the fellow who dared to take a chance. SHE PREACHES A SERMON BY LIVING THAT WAY

Her name is Mrs. Esther Van Renslaer, and she lives in Lakeville, Conn. I get the home town paper each week, and was amazed to see a letter and a prayer in it from her pen. It's good enough to become part of our spiritual equipment. Mrs. Van is a colored lady of a good many years, and is a semi-invalid at present. She has always been a devout Protestant Christian, with a host of friends of every hue and degree of intelligence and education. She's one of those delightfully unconventional Christians who delight in shocking conventional people with generous and startling deeds. For instance, when her husband, Henry, died a few years ago, she requested that all flowers that were sent to be made up with long stems. After the funeral, at which a great many friends were present, she quipped, "I untangled the sprays and bouquets and distributed small handfuls of them to all who attended the funeral, 'as a last gift from Henry to you.'" That's the kind of a lady who has written the short poem-prayer below:

"When a stranger asks a home, all his toils to end;
When the hungry child craves food, and the poor need a friend;
When the sailor on the wave bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field lifts his burdened heart to Thee;
Hear them in Heaven, Thy dwelling place on high."

Finance

By CPL. CARL P. HESSING

A keen sense of responsibility and the ambition to get ahead is the key-note for Finance men. Two-thirds of the office force hits the ball on lessons every night.

Jim Winters looks a little better these days. Why? Seems as some of his favorite WAACs have left him.

New members we welcome to the Finance Detachment are T-Sgt. Walter J. Zurek of Chicago, Ill., Robert W. Harper of Corraopolis, Pa., and Robert D. Hoffman of Milwaukee, Wis. You are in a fine organization men. We hope you like it.

Back among us again is Pfc. Duke Lilley and Cpl. Don Donna. We missed you boys and we hope Duke has his ukelele back in playing condition again.

M-Sgt. Milton Kestenbaum, has this suggestion to offer: "Anyone answering letters from men, formerly attached to the Finance Detachment and now away at school or on duty elsewhere, should invite others to enclose a short note of their own."

Competition is still keen among the office bowling teams. Practice was held by Coach Chief Miller to get his boys in tip top shape. The match with office league team will be held this week. The loser pays and the challengers along with the Chief anticipate a free evening of bowling.



NICE RESCUE WORK—The gal in the breeches buoy is demonstrating the system of being rescued by the Coast Guards. Now we'd like to show her how the Air Corps would rescue her from the Coast Guard.

Dow Field Activities

Monday and Tuesday—Tentative plans call for tryout readings of "Out Of The Frying Pan" at T-15 (Recreation Hall) at 8:00 p. m. For full particulars, see front page story.

Thursday—The regular Dow Field On The Air Broadcast at 9:00 p. m. from the stage at T-6. After the broadcast, there is a dance until 11:30 p. m.

Sunday—Party in T-15 for the Ordnance.



Tuesday (March 30th)—Country Dance in T-6. Fellows will wear fatigue suits, girls will be dressed as farmerettes.

Medical Corps

By SGT. ROBERT KENDRIGAN

Monday night the Medics took up the challenge of the Air Base Squadron to a Ping-Pong match. With Vim and Vigor, a team of five men was chosen to represent us down to the challengers' day-room. The first match was won by our Cpl.-T Zerwiriki, over the top man of the Squadron. Second contest was won by our topman Pfc. Bradley, after a real hard tussle. The third and fourth matches were lost due to the fine playing of the men down the field. Our participants were Sgt. T Sundberg and Cpl. Flynn. The ruber was won by Pfc. Cable, but only after a long enduring hard fought game. Our turn to entertain the men from the Base Squadron will be next Friday night in our own day-room. Let's turn out and cheer the men on in their willingness to entertain us.

The fine work of Pvt. Nick Montalabano is appreciated by all of us men. The day-room does have a real homey feeling to it. It's cleanliness, neatness and brightness speak well of it's care. Let all us men continue to give Nick a helping hand in doing our part in as-



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HOT DOGS - - -

ALE & BEER
ON DRAUGHT

POST OFFICE SQ.

sisting him in keeping the day-room clean. Remember men, it's your home.

The men of Barracks III, along with the rest of us men, will miss the now civilian Pfc. Charles Zaccarelle. Your fine fellowship was a benefit to us all. Take good care of "Fix Your Tie" De Salvo for us.

NEWS BITS: Cpl.-T Howard, hide such wonderful talent from us. Let's be hearing your fine music, in the near future. Pfc. Polman is our pianist of good music. More good group singing is expected when he finds time to play for us. Pfc. Coffin continues to write those daily letters to his gal in Maine. Where do you hide your pictures of her? No fellows, that accent of Pfc. Kendrigan's isn't a southern drawl. He's from the Bean Town of Boston, Mass. Yes, he and Pfc. Sheean will talk Massachusetts to anyone. Pfc. Walters hasn't been seen at the U. S. O. of late. Excuse is?! Let him tell you, fellows. Pfc. Toothman is one of the few remaining men from the state of Ohio. You know, the state that's round on the ends and hi in the middle. Pfc. Hardy was a knife maker in civilian life and thinks that is the reason he was put in the Medical Corps.

This poem was submitted by Pvt. R. Rosenzweig, a Wardman. It was inspired by the hard and industrious work of the corpmen. To these men he directs this poem. It goes to the tune of "The Cassions Go Rolling Along."

Round about, in and out
Through the ward you hear us shout

And the White Coats go marching along.

Pick up here,
Clean up there,

Mop the floor, and dust that chair,
Still the White Coats go marching along.

For it's work, work, work,
All the whole day long

Still you can hear us sing this song:
Round about, in and out,

Through the ward you hear us shout,

We will always go marching along.

Church call is one of the most beautiful calls sounded by our buglers. It makes a man feel wonderful to see so many men attending services during Lent. Many more men could join these others, if they would set their minds to it. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker states no man has enough religion when he is in

Training Films

The following training films will be shown at the Post Theatre this week at 1315.

Mon. Tues., Wed.—Next To Kin (a picture everyone should see)

Thurs. and Fri.—Your Army in the Making, The Detection of Booby Traps, Amphibious Force, Decontamination of Combat Vehicles.

Promotions

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

TO BE MASTER SERGEANT
S-Sgt. Archie N. Parlee.

TO BE STAFF SERGEANT
Sgt. Pete P. Scarnati

TO BE SERGEANT
Cpl. Edward F. Yanuski.

TO BE CORPORAL
Pfc. Vincent W. Duff.,
Pfc. Andrew Recchia,
Pfc. Donald F. McAvey,
Pfc. Jeremiah G. Lucey,
Pfc. Richard B. Sturkie,
Pfc. Everett E. Perkins,
Pfc. Samuel Lyon.

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
Pvt. Eugene G. Condon.
Pvt. Clarence H. Lumsden, Jr.

The following men of the Guard Squadron are also to be congratulated on their promotions:

TO BE PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
Pvt. Raymond A. Anderson,
Pvt. Albert Britt,
Pvt. James W. Crosby,
Pvt. Howard R. Linenschmidt,
Pvt. Alexander Magnes,
Pvt. Morris Pollech,
Pvt. John B. Sargent,
Pvt. Floyd W. Schuler,
Pvt. Harold J. Sullivan,
Pvt. George A. Truran,
Pvt. Rudolph Volkmann.

The Band

By SGT. ROBERT B. SCOTT

Sgt. William Sheridan is on an emergency furlough brought about by the sudden death of his father—Pappy and his family have our deepest sympathy.

Pfc. Vahe Boyajian has returned from a furlough looking very happy about the whole thing—but like most of us wishing it could have been extended a few more days. The many requests that he do another guitar solo on a broadcast were taken care of when Vahe plucked the too seldom heard and lovely Pagan Love Song from underneath the pile and with his own unique interpretation of same made us conscious that we had neglected a choice tune.

Has Sgt. Al Jarusevice been holding out on us—his impersonation of an inebriate was pretty realistic! Black Magic sobered him up pronto and his singing of this produced the usual magic effect on his audience.

The man of the broadcast half hour seems to be Cpl. Egidio Bisceglia. His zany and dialectic impersonations of famous names in history are tops. He may play Nero—Henry the 8th and Romeo

contact with the enemy.

Gone but not forgotten are five more of our buddies. Yes, off to the southern sunshine has gone S-Sgt. Eddie Mirth, as fine a fellow as one could want to know. Your tenor voice will be missed by us all, Ed, but your radio program will long remain in our hearts. S-Sgt. Cohen, the mess hall, will be remembered by us all as the last place of your workmanship. Sgt. Silvestri, the lab, will be missed for your fine work and by the patients for your kind help. Sgt. Joseph, every place you worked in will miss your fine assistance and fellowship. To you, Cpl. Jaffery, Sick Call, will carry on, but you can be assured the Gold Bricks will miss your guidance. The special of yours will be looked after, if rumors are correct. Best wishes of all us men go with you five in making a grand success of your schooling.

Congratulations!

Promoted from Master Sergeant to Warrant Officer, David Cordell is a man we're proud to salute. Recently celebrating his twenty-fourth year in the Army, Warrant Officer Cordell has been our bowling expert for some time. His promotion is well-deserved and we all wish him lots of good luck.

What's Doing This Week For Service People

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MONDAY

U.S.O. Center. Pool tournament, 8:00 p. m.

TUESDAY

U.S.O. Center. Ping pong, 8:00 p. m.

WEDNESDAY

U.S.O. Center. Pool, 8:00 p. m.

THURSDAY

U.S.O. Center. Basketball game and dance, 8:00 p. m. (Brown Bombers play the Aviation Sqdn.)

FRIDAY

U.S.O. Center. Cards and games, 8:00 p. m.

SATURDAY

U.S.O. Center. Talent and cabaret show.

SUNDAY

U.S.O. Center. Motion pictures; quartette, 8:00 p. m.

Community Center. Supper and informal dance.

but his greatest role will always be that of the unforgettable Bicycle.

Mrs. John De Forrest Eaves came up from Boston last Friday to spend the weekend with her husband Cpl. Jack Eaves and was present in the studio of WLBZ during the premiere of Pfc. Larry Kaye's radio play, "The Man With Two Heads." Jackson's portrayal of Mr. Fletch, private investigator, was put over with his usual zeal and finesse. Sgt. Al Jarusevice also played a prominent role—that of Mr. Garfield, gentler of the two heads.

The Saint Patrick's party and dance at the USO was well attended—The Troubadors furnished the music and although not the full orchestra, the seven pieces sufficed.

We wish to thank Mrs. Shaw for the swell party she arranged for us—and we are looking forward with great anticipation to another in the near future.

Two recruits en route to Australia stood by the ship's rail, gazing out over the blue Pacific.

"Just think," said one, "this here Pacific Ocean's more'n twice as big as the Atlantic."

The second one shaded his eye and scanned the empty waters diligently. After a moment, he spoke.

"It sure is," he said.

ATTENTION ENLISTED MEN



See

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SERVICE and DRESS BELTS

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55 PICKERING SQUARE
BANGOR, MAINE

The Hangar Line

By "THE FLAME"

A few faces were red when the flame's column came out and threats have been heard that the flame's life is in danger. However, the flame is not worried, as being one of the boys, he knows that everything that's put in this column, is taken in a good natured way by all.

We congratulate Sgt. Dick Topping on his latest engagement. The boys are on pins and needles waiting for him to announce his marriage to a sweet thing by the name of "June."

Koch take heed! Pvt. Ronalter claims he can beat you at Ping Pong with his eyes shut. What say? Also, the boys want to know why you failed to show up the night a certain lieutenant was to play you.

M-Sgt. "Little Benito" Senerchia is on the ball with his crew and we take this opportunity to congratulate him and hope that he keeps the fine work up. Also, we know that he was shopping in one of the best jewelry stores in town and we are all wondering why.

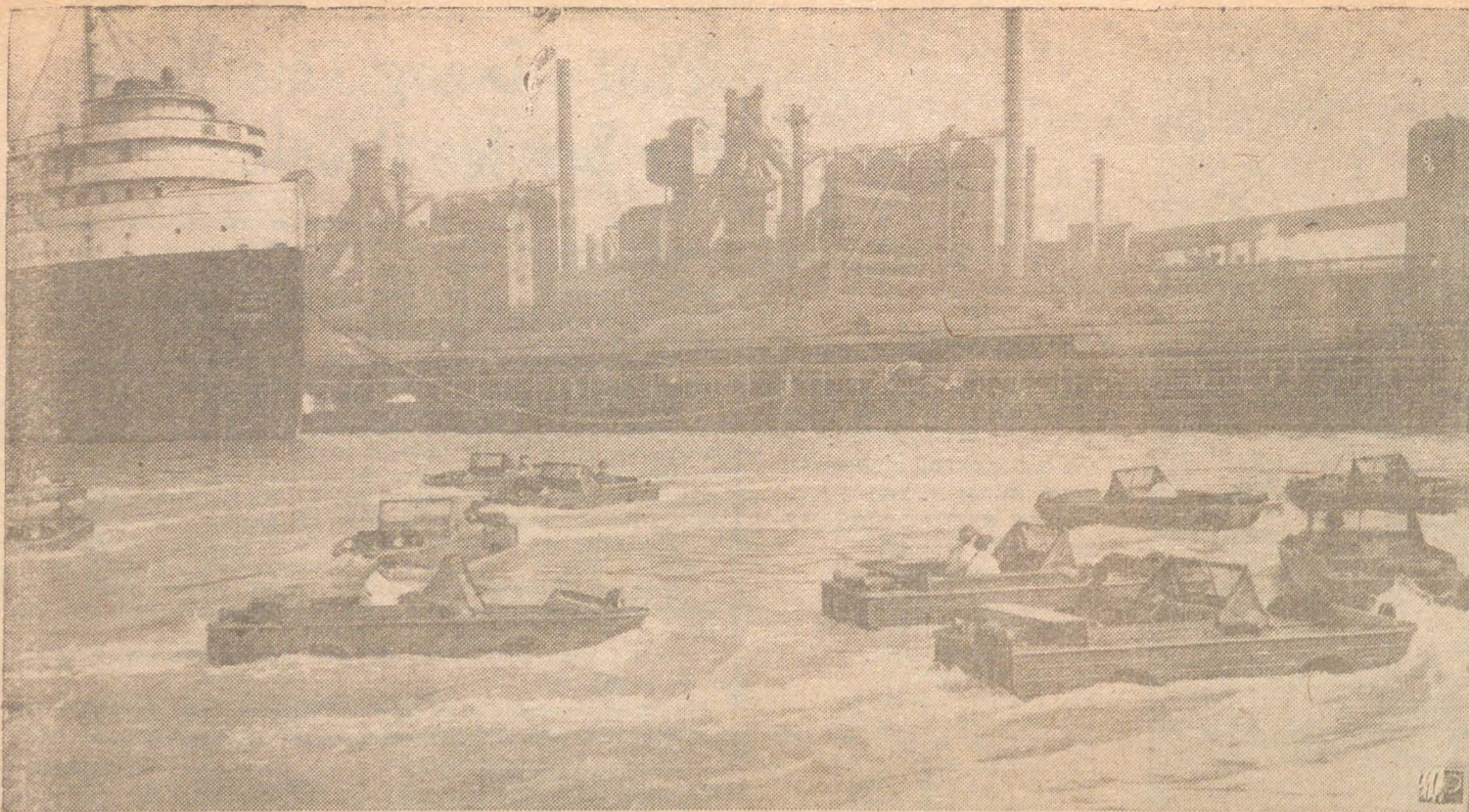
Cpl. Stein from the flight section is considered the champ Coke drinker. Cpl. Stein can be located at the coke machine when he is not busy with tech. orders.

Manhattan Taxi

Telephone 9241

Park Theatre Building

Telephone. 9241, Bangor, Maine



'AMPHIPEEPS' FOR THE ARMY—These new versions of the U. S. Army's peep, equally at home on land or water, undergo tests on the Rouge river near Detroit. The four-wheel drive cars now come off the former Ford assembly line.

Quartermaster

By CPL. TED JOHNS

The dancing classes are still being held at the pin ball machines, located in the PX. M-Sgt. Skypok showed the boys a new one he learned while in the Philippines. It really is a hip breaker. To date, little Sgt. Russo between his calls downtown reporting to WAAC O'kern, still holds the wiggle title.

The past two weeks rigid inspections have been held. Without a doubt we are second to none. Although some of the boys try to pull a fast one now and then. At the latest inspection Pfc. Tom Kilcoyne tried the invisible dog chain trick, but to no avail. His dog tags were neatly tucked in his blouse with half showing. An inner urge of Mr. Pozzi spurred him on to inspect them. When they fell to the floor it might as well have been a block buster.—The invisible chain failed to hold. Need more be said?

Saw by the local newspaper where Pvt. Boyd had his picture taken with some R. C. A. F. men on a tour of inspection of an aircraft school. Looks as if he had a desire for that type of work.

Pvt. Bruno will be missed by the majority of the boys. He was a first class tailor and did the boys many a favor. The entire QM barracks wish him luck wherever he goes.

There is no meat shortage at the home of T-Sgt. Butler. He is living off the fat of the land. Venison tastes mighty good these days, according to the Sgt.

The match of the week takes place Wednesday, with the Finance Dept. as the opponents. So don't forget to come out and cheer on your champ team to another title.

The ball hawks should be getting the kinks out of their arms soon. Wonder who is going to do the managing? This is the time to get together and make plans for a successful team, so you ball hawks get on the ball.

Some of the boys want to know if there is a shortage on cigars and what are the new NCO's waiting for? Memories last longer than cigars, so they say.

Pfc. Saladino has been extremely quiet lately. Can't get one bit of

news from him. He usually is the spark plug of the barrack. What's wrong, soldier?

Pfc. Cooky Adams has finally been spotted as to where he spends some of his spare time. For the sake of his companions we won't mention their names, but just wanted to let him know that we know also.

Some of the NCOs can now appreciate good singing. They have all they can do to bark out commands when drilling the men. You can find some of them spraying their throat as do the talented singers. After a little practice they will be able to eliminate the spray.

The Finance boys have been looking for some news from Q. M. Just to let them know, that in the last two issues their special paragraph has been omitted. When such things happen, it must have been red hot. Nevertheless we meet the 24th so we shall not divulge any secrets. They are so good at figures, so we will let them try to figure us' out.

Your reporter had his first visit to the gas station this past week and I found Pvt. Cunningham laboring at the gas pumps. He is about the only man in Q. M. that I have not seen in action, and he was really busy as a bee. I asked who was in charge and to my amazement he said, Cpl. Solomon. I was always under the impression that the Cpl. worked at 202, that is where I see him most. Well at least I can say that the forgotten man has been found.

It has been noticed that Q. M. is at the bottom of the list in the physical tests. How about us helping Pfc. Roy and Saladino boost our averages. Roy has 103 and Frankie 90 odd.

Pvt. McGuinness seems to be preparing for the dog sentry school, as he has been practicing with a certain pup, or is he getting ready for the coming hikes?

Wonder if that pup chewed up Lt. Mahoney's field hat. He has been seen sporting a new style, something he has never worn while in the company. Maybe the pup should have a change of diet, after observing the actions of him the past week.

Cpl. Barr must be looking for a freight job now that he has his present job down pat. He has been visiting the freight sheds and box

I Began Boxing At Twelve

By PVT. JACK SHARMINS

Invariably, you will find that most of the prominent fighters have had some incident in their early youth which has been influential in carving for them a boxing career. In most cases, however, it will have been their natural love for a good fight and their ability to use their fists. It is very rare that a shy youngster who worships a boxing hero and dreams of the day when he will climb into his shoes ever gets anywhere. But it has been done.

There are also cases which paralleled my own—where a youngster has never been interested nor wanted to be interested in boxing until something happens to him, where he is surprised at his own ability. From there on, his love for the sport increases with every victory and the accompanying popularity.

It happened when I was twelve years old. At the time, I was a student at a British public school, which is equivalent to our combined

cars, with special attention to the box cars.

Pfc. Payne is a sad boy the past few days. There was a feminine NCO down town that has taken off for parts unknown. We hope she writes so that familiar smile will reappear again.

Guard Commendations

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

Sunday—Pvt. Melvin McConnell, Guard Sqdn; Pvt. C. Lumeden, Air Base Sqdn; Pvt. Vivian Yancey, Aviation Sqdn.

Monday—Pvt. V. Young, Guard Sqdn; Pvt. N. Evans, Aviation Sqdn; Pfc. G. Collins, Air Base Sqdn.

Tuesday—Pvt. George Bever, Guard Sqdn; Pvt. Allen Jackson, Aviation Sqdn.

Wednesday—Pvt. Harvey Patterson, Guard Sqdn; Pvt. Bernard Koch, Air Base Sqdn; Sgt. G. Christian, Aviation Sqdn.

Thursday—Pvt. Gordon Timmons, Guard Sqdn; Pvt. George Hanlon, Aviation Sqdn.

Friday—Pvt. Cecil Harrison, Guard Sqdn; Pvt. R. Alexander, Aviation Sqdn; Pfc. Alozy P. Krasiewski, Air Base Sqdn.

Saturday—Pvt. Victor I. Dark, Guard Sqdn; Pvt. Walter Burke, Aviation Sqdn.

"With a single stroke of the brush," said the school teacher, taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning one."

"So can my mother," said a small boy. —(A. C. Edgerton)



grammar and high schools. The only difference was that it was strictly a boys' school.

It was customary in British schools to set up a ring and have the boys fight it out with gloves, whenever there is a grudge to be settled. These fights contain two minute rounds and continue indefinitely until either boy gives up or one is knocked out. In other words, they are known as "fight to the finish."

Although boys in such schools are on an average good sports and fair, you will always find bullies in every class. There was one in mine, and being a boy with a rather quiet and retired nature, I became an easy target. A simple matter of picking a quarrel and a report to the Physical Instructor brought about my first fight with gloves on.

The ring was all set up that same afternoon. Sponges, buckets of water, towels, and seconds were provided. A fight was always a show to both students and teachers, the latter lining the balcony above and the boys milling around the ring below. I know I was scared stiff—more about my certainty of the things about to happen than the huge crowd of spectators. I looked at the buckets of water and wondered what they were for—visualizing a bloody body being washed.

Mr. Parks, our instructor, who referred, blew his whistle and I shivered into the center of the ring. I felt very awkward with those huge gloves weighing down my skinny arms and reaching below my knees. I will never forget my first approach into the center of a ring with my opponent already there and grinning at me.

I was knocked all over the ring, but mind you, I did not say "chased," for 12 rounds, each seeming endless, I was massacred. I managed to sneak in a "push" now and then during the early rounds, until my arms gave out and I could not lift them. Bathed in blood and ducking with closed eyes every time I saw a swing coming, I was wondering what it was all about and when it would end.

The 13th round was called and I barely managed to stagger into the center of the ring. By this time, I had lost all sense of stage-fright—in fact, I had forgotten the spectators. I stood there, all alone, my arms hanging almost to the floor, waiting. Nothing happened. I saw Mr. Parks bending over my opponent's chair, talking to him, and half lifting him out. He merely flopped back into his chair and his hanging head shook from side to side, as though he were saying "No." After a while Mr. Parks gave up urging, came to me and lifted up my arm, announcing me the winner.

That is how I started to box. Mr. Parks asked me to join the S. A. B. C. (Shanghai Amateur Boxing Club) and told me I was excellent material. In that school, it was a privilege to join such a club, and one had to be invited to join by the instructor. Mr. Parks was an excellent teacher, former welterweight champion of India, and an Army man.

I graduated to Middle School Champion (there is Lower, Midl

Dow Field Sports

By CPL. EDWARD THOMAS

The Dow Field Bombers basketball club was defeated by the Presque Isle quintet, on last Monday night, at the Presque Isle Air Base field house, in a First Service Command tourney game, by the score of 48 to 39, the Bombers, playing without the services of Dick Carlson, who was high point man on the team all year, played a very good game, but without Carlson, were not quite the same team that had been playing together all year. Leaving here Monday noon, by plane, in fact, three planes, and landed in Presque Isle at one p. m. The Game was played at eight o'clock on the base. We are all very proud of the team's record of twelve games won, and seven lost, playing against the best competition the State of Maine had to offer, winning from such clubs as the Bath Iron Works, Foxcroft, Coast Guard, and Fay & Scott of Dexter, and forcing the Maine State champions into overtime periods, both games, also lost to Colby varsity by two points.

The team was tendered a banquet at the Bangor House, last Saturday night, a fitting end to a very successful season.

The first game of the Post League championship playoffs, was Friday night, at the Fifth street gym. The second half winners Guard Sqdn. defeated the first half winners Aviation Sqdn. by the score of 37 to 25, with Downing and Wilson leading the attack of the winning club totaling twenty points between them to put the game on ice. Tony was high man for the Aviation club with nine points. The next game will be played at the Garland street gym, on next Monday night at seven o'clock. The Guard Sqdn. can wind up the series, and championship by winning this game, and be crowned as field champions for the 1942-43 season.

dle, and Upper School) within a year, and at 13 was matched with men of the British Navy. Whenever a warship came into port, the S. A. B. C. gave bouts at the Town Hall. It really looked odd in those days during the last war. Here I was, stripped to the waist, white and with every rib showing, facing a hairy-chested tattooed little sailor.

Since those days, I have found that my knowledge to box, my early physical training have stood me good stead, and although I have not been active for the last 12 years, I feel I can still give a good account of myself.

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

BIJOU Theatre TEL. 5307

Today and Tuesday
TARZAN TRIUMPHS
Johnny Weissmuller

Wed., Thurs., Fri.
HI YA, CHUM
The Ritz Brothers and
Jane Frazee

TEL. 5309
OPERA HOUSE

Today, Tues., Wed.
TENNESSEE JOHNSON

Thurs., Fri., Sat.
I MARRIED A WITCH
Robert Benchley and
Susan Hayward

PARK THEATRE BANGOR TEL. 3660

DOUBLE FEATURES
Mon., Tues.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON
Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers

—Plus—
The Musical of the Minute
7 DAYS LEAVE

Wed., Thurs.
THE MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR

John Zoder and Eleanor Parker
—Plus—
CINDERELLA SWINGS IT

Guy Kibbee and Gloria Warren

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We carry a complete line of high quality uniforms and equipment

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